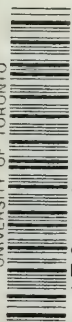


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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WORDSWORTH.

Xmas / 89

Wm. D. Jackson









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THE "ALBION" EDITION.

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WORDSWORTH.

WITH

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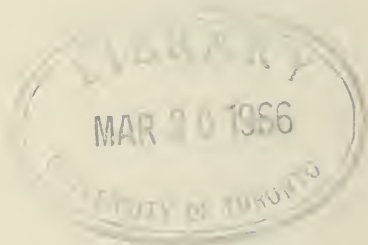


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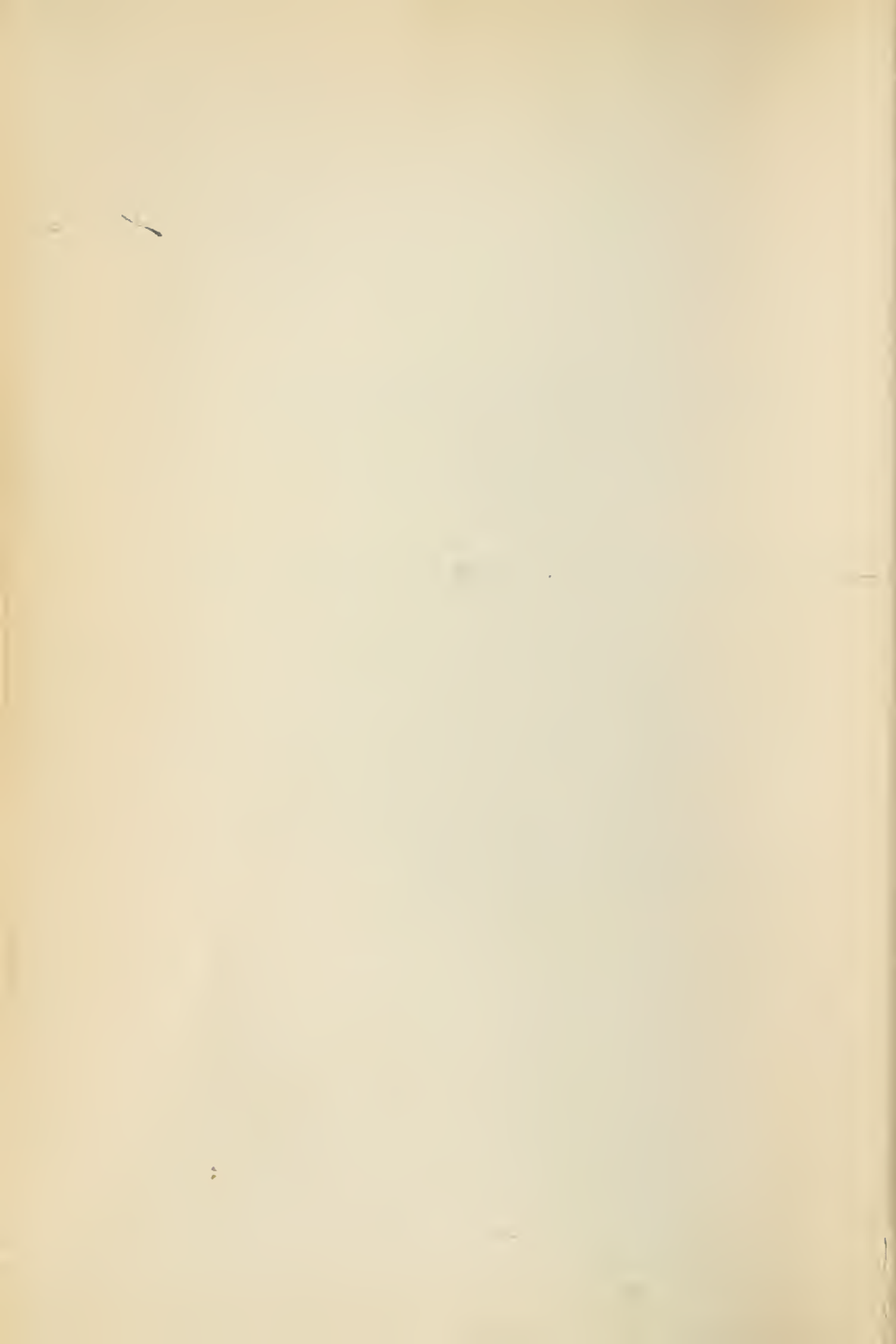
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## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.



THE present Edition of Wordsworth includes almost the whole of his poems; the few exceptions being the pieces which appeared in 1842, and (it may be) some posthumous ones. All his finest and best-known poems will be found in this volume, with his latest corrections up to a few years before his death.



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## MEMOIR.

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**W**ILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the most distinguished philosophical poet that England has produced, was born at Cockermonth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770.

The family of Wordsworth appears to have been of some little antiquity, as members of it are found settled at Pennistone, near Doncaster, so far back as the reign of Edward III., and the poet himself had in his possession an antique oak chest, or almery, of the reign of Henry VIII. (1525), on which was recorded, in curious carving, some generations of the family pedigree. But the branch from which he sprang was originally planted at Falthwaite, near Stainborough, and removed thence to Sockbridge, in Westmoreland, about the beginning of the last century.

The poet's father, who is said to have been a man of vigorous mental powers and of some eloquence, was an attorney, and held the appointment of law-agent to the Earl of Lonsdale. Ann Cookson, the poet's mother, was the daughter of a mercer of Penrith, and was descended, on her mother's side, from a very ancient family—the Crackanthorpes—who had been seated at Newbiggen Hall, in Westmoreland, for more than five hundred years. She appears to have been a woman of gentle and affectionate disposition, of much wisdom, high moral principle, and unaffected piety. She died when the poet was in his eighth year; so that, like Cowper, he had hardly listened to the language of maternal love when it was lost to him for ever. Henceforth he was confided to the care of strangers. But the impressions left upon his mind by his mother's tender treatment, and by the liberal and enlarged, yet gentle and confiding spirit in which she conducted the moral and mental training of his childhood, appear to have been deep and abiding, for he has embodied them in one or two passages of his poems, in lines as full of truthful feeling and tender pathos as any in the language.

The family consisted of five children—four sons and one daughter. The eldest son became an attorney and died in 1816; the third went to sea, became commander of the *Earl of Aberavenny*, East Indiaman, and perished by shipwreck off Wymouth in 1805. The youngest, Christopher, entered the Church, and became well known as Dr. Wordsworth,\* author of a work entitled 'Ecclesiastical

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\* Two of Dr. Wordsworth's sons have become somewhat distinguished. One of them—Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.—is the present able and learned Bishop of Lincoln, the writer of

Biography," and for many years Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Dorothy Wordsworth, the only daughter, and the constant companion of the poet down to the day of her death, was, like her mother, a woman of gentle and affectionate nature, but of exquisite sensibility, and of considerable literary and poetic power.

But the poet, it would appear, was the only one of the family about whose future welfare his mother was anxious. He, she is recorded to have said, would be remarkable either for good or for evil. "The cause of this was," he says, "that I was of a stiff, moody, and violent temper; so much so, that I remember going once into the attics of my grandfather's house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with the intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew was kept there. I took the foil in hand—but my heart failed." Another and better destiny was in store for him.

He received the first rudiments of learning at a dame-school at Penrith, where he was often taken when a child to reside with his maternal grand-parents. And here he had for classmate a little girl, a few months younger than himself, named Mary Hutchinson, who, some thirty years afterwards, became sole mistress of his house and heart.

After having spent a year or two at school at Cocker-mou'n, he was, in 1778, when in the ninth year of his age, sent to the endowed Grammar-school of Hawkshead, in Lancashire, where he remained till he was fourteen. And it was while here his first attempts at verse-making were made. One of the pieces he composed unmistakably presaged two of his most prominent mental characteristics. "It was," he says, "a long poem running upon my own adventures, and the scenery of the country in which I was brought up." These verses, he adds, were admired far more than they deserved, "for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style." The days he spent at school here, he says, were amongst the happiest of his life, chiefly because he was at liberty to read whatever books he liked. "I read," he says, "all Fielding's works, 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Tale of a Tub;' the two latter," he adds, "being much to my taste," a circumstance which may account for the remarkable strength and purity of his English style.

In 1783 his father died, leaving little fortune to his children, beyond some heavy claims for professional labour rendered to the Earl of Lonsdale, whose law-agent, as already mentioned, he was. But as this nobleman refused to recognise these claims, or to meet them in any way, they remained unpaid till his death in 1802. In the meantime, the poet, and his three brothers and his sister, were thrown upon the care of their two uncles—Richard Wordsworth and Christopher

the poet's life, and the author of various valuable works on religious, classical, historical, literary, and polemical subjects. The other—Charles Wordsworth, D.D.—equally able and learned, and the author of the best and most popular Greek Grammar of the present day, and of a number of other works on religious and literary topics—is Bishop of St. Andrews in the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

Crackanthorpe—who appear to have treated them with the greatest kindness and consideration.

In 1787 Wordsworth, when in his eighteenth year, was sent by his uncles to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he remained for four years. But his university career was neither pleasant to himself nor satisfactory to his friends. His early scholastic training does not appear to have been of a kind to enable him to pursue his university studies with the same prospect of success as was within reach of youths who had been reared at the great public schools; and he consequently felt inwardly dissatisfied and ill at ease, and spent his time in aimless projects and in desultory pursuits. Besides, in other respects, the cloistered silence and constraint of these classic shades seem to have been unsuited to his nature. They “froze the genial current of his soul,” for the only poem composed while he was at Cambridge was the “Evening Walk,” none of the imagery of which is derived from academic scenes. It certainly does appear, at first sight, somewhat singular, that a mind so meditative, so calmly philosophical, should have felt so ill at ease in this “garden of great intellects.” But the cause is clear. His love of nature from childhood upwards was intense. “The sounding cataract, the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, their glorious colours and their glowing forms,” haunted him like a passion; so that, amid these grand old halls, grey with age and rich in historic and intellectual renown—for centuries “the sacred nurseries of blooming youth”—his spirit pined for the freedom of its native hills and dales; and at every convenient opportunity he seems to have escaped from academic rule, and to have rambled at will, for months together, among his beloved lakes and mountains.

In the autumn of 1790, his last college vacation, he made, in the company of a fellow-collegian, Mr. Jones, afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England, a pedestrian tour through France and Switzerland to the north of Italy. “We went staff in hand,” he says, “without knapsacks, and carrying each his necessaries tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, with about £20 apiece in our pockets.” During this journey he seems to have become infected with the prevailing revolutionary fever, which had just then become epidemic in France; and he hailed the rising revolution with feelings of enthusiastic admiration, as a new era of liberty and happiness that was about to burst upon mankind.

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be *alive*;  
But to be *young* was very heaven.”

Few of the younger spirits of the time escaped the contagion—the poets especially, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell all felt the flame more or less intensely. The poem entitled “Descriptive Sketches” arose out of materials obtained during this ramble.

In January, 1791, he took his degree of B.A. and left Cambridge; and, after a few months' residence in London, he paid a visit to his friend Jones, at the house of his father in Wales, and with him made a pedestrian excursion among the magnificent mountains of North Wales.

About this time he was urged by some of his friends to enter the Church ; but probably his republican sentiments, and the unsettled state of his mind, rendered him averse to such a step. In the meantime he resolved to visit France again.

The first thrilling scenes of the great revolutionary drama which was then enacting on the soil of France seem to have stirred his soul "like the sound of a trumpet." The flutter of the tricolor was for ever in his eyes, and the deep roll of the tocsin for ever in his ears, and he became too excited to remain a mere distant spectator. In November, 1791, therefore, he hurried across the little strip of silver sea that separated him from them, and spent the following year in the midst of them. He passed a few days at Paris, listened to the harangues in the National Assembly and at the Club of the Jacobins, picked up a stone as a relic from the ruins of the Bastille ; and

"Became a patriot—and his heart was all  
Given to the people ; and his love was theirs."

From Paris he proceeded to Orleans ; and, as he marched along the endless avenues of elms, and passed each vine-clad slope, it seemed, to his excited mind, as if

"From every cot the watchful bird  
Crowd with ear-piercing power till then unheard."

At Orleans he became acquainted with the republican General Beauvais, whom he has described in glowing and affectionate terms as an ardent patriot, a brave soldier, and a wise and virtuous philosopher. On the banks of the Loire, and in the woods near Orleans, the enthusiastic and delighted pair took long and frequent walks, in which they talked in rapt and hopeful terms of an approaching "progeny of golden years" that were about to bless mankind. His friend ultimately fell—"fighting in supreme command"—in one of the many engagements which took place on the banks of the Loire.

In the spring of 1792 Wordsworth left Orleans for Blois, where he spent the summer. In the autumn he proceeded to Paris, which he reached while the blood of the massacres of September may be said to have still clung to the streets. Royalty had fallen, and was speedily to perish. The unfortunate king, and his still more unfortunate family, were in prison, and apart. France was a republic. And everywhere the general joy was being proclaimed amidst the roll of drums, the rattle of arms, and the shouts of maddened multitudes marching to the music of the *Marseillaise*. But clouds had already begun to gather. The first red drops had fallen—ominous precursors of the coming torrents that were to drench the soil with blood. Such were the libations poured out to so-called Liberty ! The poet, says his nephew, visited the dungeon and the palace, and the Place du Carrousel, where

"So late had lain  
The dead upon the dying heaped."

"He describes the awe which he felt by night in the high, dark, lonely chamber in which he lodged, when he thought of those scenes of carnage, until he seemed



To hear a voice that cried,  
To the whole city, 'Sleep no more !'

These scenes are said to have made so deep an impression on him, that for years afterwards they haunted him in his dreams !

Appalled by what he saw, and stung with disappointment that no great spirit had emerged to crush the impious leaders of "the atheist crew," he began to forebode the approach of the Reign of Terror. Yet, as if by some mysterious spell, he seemed fascinated by what he saw, and felt riveted to the fatal spot. Fortunately for him however, circumstances compelled him to return to England, and he reluctantly tore himself away. Had he remained but a little longer, he would, in all probability, have been swept away with the innumerable victims that perished in the excesses of that sanguinary period. He afterwards gratefully acknowledged that he had been rescued "by the gracious providence of Heaven" from a bloody and untimely end.

Yet, notwithstanding what he had witnessed, he clung for some years unfalteringly to his republican faith. Gradually, however, as he grew older, his political opinions changed, and he ultimately became "the constant advocate of a strong government, which should rigidly administer the institutions matured in a long course of ages, and only suffer them to be altered slowly and gradually according to the dictates of experience." In other words, he became a Conservative in politics. For this change in his political opinions, however, he was frequently and bitterly attacked. And there cannot be a doubt but that much of the hostility which greeted the literary efforts of his earlier years arose from the strong feelings engendered by a knowledge of this fact. For in those times party spirit ran so high, that the light in which a man's productions were regarded, whether in literature, science, or art, depended almost entirely on the special political bias of the party regarding them. In reference to this change, however, the poet, in his defence, said,—"I should think that I had lived to little purpose if my notions on the subject of government had undergone no modification. My youth must, in that case, have been without enthusiasm, and my manhood endued with small capability of profiting by *reflection*." His conservatism, he asserted, arose from reflection on the frightful excesses he had seen perpetrated on the soil of France in the sacred name of Liberty ; and from indignation and abhorrence at the insane ambition and sanguinary and oppressive measures of the imperial despot who had sprung phoenix-like from the ashes of that Liberty whose coming had been so long and so hopefully looked for, and whose birth had been so universally and so enthusiastically welcomed, but whose existence, alas ! had been at once so brief and so bloody.

In 1793 his first pieces appeared—"The Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches." They attracted little public attention ; but Coleridge, into whose hands they had fallen, thought highly of them, and asserted with some warmth, that "scidom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced."

For the next year or two Wordsworth wandered about, making various pedestrian excursions, accompanied by his sister Dorothy ; who, for the rest of his days, was to be the faithful and revered companion of his life and labours. And during this period he seems to have become gradually impressed with the belief that the vocation of the poet was the calling for which he had been born. But while he thought so, he was, for the time, compelled to look about for some other means of livelihood. He planned a monthly publication—*The Philanthropist*—which was to have been republican, but not revolutionary ; but it came to nothing. He then tried to find employment in connexion with the metropolitan newspaper press ; and while he was still in doubt as to whether he should succeed, the liberality of an amiable young friend, whose sick-bed he had attended, placed him for a time beyond all anxiety on this score. This generous friend—Raisley Calvert, son of a gentleman who was steward to the Duke of Norfolk—was so impressed with the belief that Wordsworth, if possessed of independent means, would benefit mankind by his writings, that he left him a legacy of £900 that he might devote himself to the vocation that was to be the sole business of his life. Upon the interest of this sum, £400 having been laid out in annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and £100, a legacy his sister had been left, and £100 more which he had for “*The Lyrical Ballads*,” his sister and himself contrived to live for nearly eight years, at the end of which period Lord Lonsdale died, and his successor at once discharged the debt due to the Wordsworth family, which amounted to £8500. Of this sum £1800 apiece fell to his sister and himself, an amount which, for their moderate desires, amply sufficed to support them in comfort for many additional years.

In the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown Lodge, in Dorsetshire, where they industriously employed themselves in reading, writing, and gardening. Here he wrote his tragedy of “*The Borderers*,” which he sent to Mr. Harris, who was then manager of Covent Garden Theatre ; but which that gentleman returned as unsuited for the stage. It appears to have been thrown aside, as it was not published till nearly fifty years afterwards (1842). Here, also, he first made the acquaintance of Coleridge, whom he described at that time as “*a noticeable man, with large grey eyes*,” but “*depressed by weight of musing fantasy*.” The two poets appear to have been so delighted with each other’s society, that they became eager for closer intimacy. In July, 1797, therefore, Wordsworth and his sister removed to Alfoxden, a beautiful and romantic spot in the neighbourhood of Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where Coleridge then resided. The house they occupied is described by Miss Wordsworth as charmingly situated on a slope within sight of the sea, and “*in the midst of woods as wild as fancy ever painted*.” Here they remained for about a year—a period which the poet describes as a most pleasant and productive time of his life.

It was during his residence here, also, that the “*Lyrical Ballads*” originated. Their plan was the joint production of himself and Coleridge, and a distinct part in its execution was assigned to each. It had arisen out of the idea that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be in part supernatural ; in the other, the subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life.



Accordingly, the supernatural or romantic section was assigned to Coleridge, while Wordsworth was "to give the charm of novelty to things of every day," and to awaken "the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and to direct it to the levelness and the wonders of the world around us." In the autumn of 1798, therefore, the "Lyrical Ballads" were published in one volume, consisting of twenty-three poems ("The Ancient Mariner" and two others having been contributed by Coleridge), by Joseph Cottle, a bookseller of Bristol, who gave thirty guineas for the copyright.

The poems were published as a protest against the prevailing artificial literature of the period. The false and unnatural diction of that literature, its general inattention to the beauties of external nature, and its utter want of sympathy with the ordinary events and common feelings of mankind, the poet had long perceived and lamented; and he felt that he possessed the power of producing poetry in which these faults should not only be avoided, but in which he should "impart moral grandeur to poverty, and invest the objects of irrational and inanimate nature with a beauty and grace, of which, it seemed to him, they had long been stripped by a heartless and false taste pretending to the title of delicacy and refinement." But in this his first attempt to run full tilt against the popular taste, he was singularly unfortunate. The refined and sentimental school of verse, with its elegant and polished diction, had far too firm a hold of the public mind to be so easily overthrown. And the transition from such polish and refinement to the extreme simplicity, and, in many instances, childish nature, of the subjects of the "Lyrical Ballads," and the homely and colloquial style in which they were treated, was far too great either to escape censure or insure success. But although assailed on all hands by a storm of ridicule, they succeeded in creating a public for themselves; and the poet was, therefore, not without hope that he should ultimately succeed in freeing men's minds from the fetters of a false and pernicious system of ethics and of art, and in leading them into the freedom of the broad, clear light of day, where they might behold, with unveiled eyes, and face to face, the surpassing beauty and sublime grandeur of external nature; and where, while they gazed, chastened and subdued, they might feel "a sense sublime"—a pervading "presence,"—

"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!"

Strong in resolution, and firm in his faith in himself and in the future, he set out in September, 1798, accompanied by his sister and Coleridge, for Germany. At Hamburg the party separated—Coleridge going on to Ratzeburg, and Wordsworth and his sister proceeding to Goslar, in Hanover, a town situated at the foot of a cluster of mountains which form part of the Hartz forest, and where they spent the winter of 1798-99, the severest of the century. Here he wrote several of his most beautiful pieces, such as "Ruth," "Lucy Grey," "Nutting," and the blank-verse lines beginning "There was a boy," and "Wisdom and Spirit of the universe."

Here, also, he began his great blank-verse poem, "The Prelude," the subject of which was to be the growth of his mind and his personal history—"his travels, hopes, aspirations, disappointments, and distresses—his inward conflicts and perplexities."

During his absence from England, the sale of the "Lyrical Ballads," (the edition of which consisted of 500 copies,) had been so small, and the severity of the leading reviews so great, that his publisher thought their progress to oblivion seemed certain. And some idea may be formed of the *general* estimate in which they were held, when it is stated, that, when the publisher, shortly after their publication, gave up business, and transferred all his copyrights to Messrs. Longman and Co., of London, the copyright of the "Ballads" was valued at *nil*. The publisher therefore begged that it might be returned, which it was, and he presented it to the author.

In February, 1799, Wordsworth and his sister returned to England; and, in the end of the same year, he took up his abode, which was to be a life-long one, among the lakes and mountains of his native district, having settled, with his sister, in a small cottage, pleasantly situated in the midst of a plot of orchard ground, overlooking the lake of Grasmere. Here he remained for eight years.

About the close of 1800, the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" was published, along with a reprint of the first. For two editions of the two volumes, the poet received from Messrs. Longman & Co., of London, his publishers, the sum of £100. This time, their appearance excited even more intense hostility than at first, the critics almost to a man being against them. And this hostility was chiefly provoked by the preface prefixed to the second edition, in which the poet, with considerable power, sets forth and defends certain principles of poetry which he deemed the main articles of his philosophical and poetical creed. What these principles were, and whether true or false, need not now be discussed. As embodied in his works, with some few modifications of his maturer years, they have been so long before the world, and have formed the subject of so many elaborate and laudatory essays by some of the ablest intellects of the age, that, in their present popularity, we may almost be said to hear the judgment of posterity on them. But no amount of adverse criticism had the slightest effect upon the poet. He kept the noiseless tenor of his way, and continued to write and publish, regardless of the storm he raised.

In October, 1802, he bade a brief "Farewell!" to the "little nook of mountain ground," his residence at Grasmere, and set out for Penrith, in company with his sister, to bring home one who was to be his bride—the school companion of his boyish days—Mary Hutchinson—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;"

and to whose graces of person, charms of manner, and sweetness of temper, his poems pay warm and beautiful tributes. To this lady he now united himself in marriage.

In 1803, accompanied by his sister and Coleridge, he paid a visit to Scotland. Of this tour his sister kept a very interesting diary, from which it appears that he visited the house and grave of Burns, Loch Lomond, the Trosachs, the Pass of Killicrankie, and a host of other places hallowed by their sacred associations, celebrated for their beauty, famous in history, or renowned in tradition and song. And wherever he went his genius kindled and poured itself forth in consecrating and antistrophic song. On their return south, they met with Scott at Melrose, who conducted them to the abbey, pointed out its beauties, and related its history, and with whom they afterwards dined at the inn there, he being at that time travelling to the assizes at Jedburgh in his capacity of Sheriff of Selkirk. They seem to have been delighted with him, and long remembered the visit with pleasure.

Shortly after the poet's return home, he became acquainted with Sir George Beaumont, a descendant of the celebrated Elizabethan dramatist, in whom he found a generous and admiring friend, and at whose seat of Coleorton, in Leicestershire, he was a frequent and welcome guest.

In February, 1805, he sustained a severe shock in the loss of his brother, Captain Wordsworth, who went down in the *Abergavenny*, East Indiaman, off the coast of Weymouth. A man of warm and susceptible temperament, of pure and simple manners, and of remarkable literary taste and critical discernment, considering the calling he followed, his untimely death seems to have been one of the heaviest blows the poet ever experienced. In this year Scott visited Grasmere, and, in company with Wordsworth and Sir Humphry Davy, ascended to the top of Helvellyn. In this year, also, were composed "The Waggoner," the "Ode to Duty," and "The Happy Warrior;" and the autobiographical poem of "The Prelude" was finished, and consigned to the poet's desk for the next forty-five years.

Undeterred by the reception given to the two volumes of the "Lyrical Ballads," in 1807 he gave to the world two other volumes of poems, which had been composed since the publication of the second volume of the former. They consisted, in addition to some very fine ballads, and a number of the most beautiful of his smaller pieces, of "Miscellaneous Sonnets," "Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty," and the "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland." But the poet's persistency in his principles, and the evident vitality of his poetic powers, would seem to have provoked afresh the hostility of his critics; for no sooner had the poems appeared, than they were assailed with a fierceness of feeling and a licence of language wholly disproportioned to the faults condemned—which nothing could justify, and which few indeed would have had the courage to combat or the spirit to endure. But his opponents, says his nephew, "were irritated by the energy of that which they despised. Their own character for critical acumen seemed to be at stake; and they conspired to crush a reputation whose existence was a practical protest against their own literary principles and practice, and which doubtless appeared to them to be fraught with pernicious consequences to the dignity of English literature, and the progress of English intelligence." The effect of these ungenerous strictures in

checking the sale of the poems was such, that no edition of them was required between 1807 and 1815.

But contempt and neglect were alike ineffectual. The poet lived and wrote as if he knew of neither. And, amidst all the hostility and obloquy which for years he endured, the just and discriminating estimate which he formed of his works, and the calm confidence with which he regarded its ultimate ratification both by his contemporaries and by posterity, are perhaps the most astonishing circumstances in his remarkable literary career. A few sentences from himself, therefore, on this subject, may be fitly quoted here. "I distinctly foresaw," he said, in writing to a friend, "what you and my other friends would have to encounter in defending me. But trouble not yourself about their present reception [his poems]; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny?—to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we are mouldered in our graves. I am well aware how far it would seem to many I overrate my own exertions when I speak in this way. I am not, however, afraid of such censure. . . . Let the poet first consult his own heart as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity. . . . There is scarcely one of my poems which does not aim to direct the attention to some moral sentiment, or to some general principle, or law of thought, or of our intellectual constitution." And in reference to the "Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty," he says, "I would boldly say at once that these sonnets, while they each fix the attention upon some important sentiment, separately considered, do, at the same time, collectively make a poem on the subject of civil liberty and national independence, which, either for simplicity of style or grandeur of moral sentiment, is, alas! likely to have few parallels in the poetry of the present day." . . . "But, the fact is," he says, "the English *public* are at this moment in the same state of mind with respect to my poems, if small things can be compared with great, as the French are in respect to Shakspeare, and not the French alone, but almost the whole Continent. I am condemned for the very thing for which I ought to have been praised, namely, that I have not written down to the level of superficial observers and unthinking minds. Every great poet is a teacher. I wish either to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing." Again, he says, "Never forget what I believe was observed by Coleridge—that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen."

In the spring of 1808, the poet removed to Allan Bank, a new house which stood at the head of the lake of Grasmere, where he resided for three years. This period was perhaps the least prolific of his life in poetry, a circumstance which his nephew attributes to the many inconveniences of his new residence. "But, on the other hand," says the same authority, "the time of his sojourn here was rendered memorable by the production of two works in prose by two poets—the 'Essay on the Convention of Cintra,' by Wordsworth, and *The Friend*, by

Coleridge, who *dictated* it (for he did not write it with his own hand) under Wordsworth's roof."

Although the greater part of the poet's life was spent in comparative retirement, and in the contemplation of scenes and objects far removed from the turmoil and fierce contention of political strife, it would be a great mistake to suppose that he was an inattentive observer of public events. "Few persons," says his nephew, "though actually engaged in the great struggle of that period, felt more deeply than Wordsworth did in his peaceful retreat, for the calamities of European nations suffering at that time from the imbecility of their governments, and from the withering oppression of a prosperous despotism. His heart burned within him when he looked forth upon the contest; and impassioned words proceeded from him both in poetry and in prose. 'It would not,' he said himself in conversation, 'be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French. Many times have I gone from Allan Bank in Grasmere Vale, to the Raise-Gap, as it is called, so late as two o'clock in the morning, to meet the carrier bringing the newspaper from Keswick.'"

In his "Essay on the Convention of Cintra," the poet appears before the world as depressed in mind and indignant in spirit, because the war in the Peninsula had not been carried on by England against France with all the vigour that it might have been, and because, when it was, as he believed, in the power of England to have emancipated Spain and Portugal from the intolerable thralldom of French tyranny, she allowed the enemy to escape by a retreat similar to a triumph. Although lucidly conceived, and written in a strain of impassioned prose, and said to have been pronounced by Canning to be the most eloquent production that had appeared since the days of Burke, it yet fell almost still-born from the press, and attracted so very little attention, that there is scarcely any production of the century so difficult to be met with as this tract. As a specimen of the spirit and style of this little known but noble essay, a single extract may be given. In the following passage the poet contends for the supremacy of moral over physical power, and shows how the spirit of freedom, when actuated by pure passions and high actions, must always ultimately triumph over all the tools and implements of tyranny:—

"There is no middle course: two masters cannot be served:—Justice must either be enthroned above might, and the moral law take the place of the edicts of selfish passion; or the heart of the people, which alone can sustain the efforts of the people, will languish; their desires will not spread beyond the plough and the loom, the field and the fireside; the sword will appear to them an emblem of no promise; an instrument of no hope; an object of indifference, of disgust or fear. Was there ever—since the earliest actions of men which have been transmitted by affectionate tradition, or recorded by faithful history, or sung to the impassioned harp of poetry—was there ever a people who presented themselves to the reason and the imagination, as under more holy influences than the dwellers upon the Southern peninsula; as roused more instand-



tanously from a deadly sleep to a more hopeful wakefulness ; as a mass fluctuating with one motion under the breath of a mightier wind ; as breaking themselves up, and settling into several bodies, in more harmonious order ; as reunited and embattled under a standard which was reared to the sun with more authentic assurance of final victory? . . . Let the fire, which is never wholly to be extinguished, break out afresh ; let but the human creature be roused ; whether he have lain headless and torpid in religious or civil slavery ; have languished under a thralldom, domestic or foreign, or under both these alternately ; or have drifted about, a helpless member of a clan of disjointed and feeble barbarians,—let him rise and act ; and his domincering imagination, by which from childhood he has been betrayed, and the debasing affections which it has imposed upon him, will from that moment participate in the dignity of the newly-ennobled being whom they will now acknowledge for their master ; and will further him in his progress, whatever be the object at which he aims. Still more inevitable and momentous are the results, when the individual knows that the fire which is reanimated in him is not less lively in the breasts of his associates ; and sees the signs and testimonies of his own power, incorporated with those of a growing multitude, and not to be distinguished from them, accompany him wherever he moves. Hence those marvellous achievements which were performed by the first enthusiastic followers of Mohammed, and by other conquerors, who with their armies have swept large portions of the earth like a transitory wind, or have founded new religions or empires. But if the object contended for be worthy and truly great (as, in the instance of the Spaniards, we have seen that it is) ; if cruelties have been committed upon an ancient and venerable people, which shake the human frame with horror ; if not alone the life which is sustained by the bread of the mouth, but that—without which there is no life—the life in the soul has been directly and mortally warred against ; if reason has had abominations to endure in her inmost sanctuary ; then does intense passion, consecrated by a sudden revelation of justice, give birth to those higher and better wonders which I have described ; and exhibit true miracles to the eyes of men, and the noblest which can be seen. It may be added that,—as this union brings back to the right road the faculty of imagination, where it is prone to err and has gone furthest astray ; as it corrects those qualities which are in their essence indifferent, and cleanses those affections which (not being inherent in the constitution of man, nor necessarily determined to their object), are more immediately dependent upon the imagination, and which may have received from it a thorough taint of dishonour ;—so the domestic loves and sanctities which are in their nature less liable to be stained—so these, wherever they have flowed with a pure and placid stream, do instantly, under the same influence, put forth their strength as in a flood ; and without being sullied or polluted, pursue—exultingly and with song—a course which leads the contemplative reason to the ocean of eternal love.”

In 1810, he wrote the introduction to a folio volume of “ Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire,” which, as a description of the beauty and magnificence of the lake scenery, of the inhabitants, their homesteads,

and their manner of living, of the most striking and characteristic features of each district, with instructions as to the best manner of seeing these, is reckoned the most accurate and interesting thing of the kind ever written.

In the spring of 1813, after one temporary change of residence, he took up his abode at Rydal Mount, about two miles distant from Grasmere, and here he continued to reside till the day of his death, thirty-seven years after. The house, which has since become so famous, is a two-storied, sober-hued, modest mansion, tinged with weather stains, mantled over here and there with roses, ivy, jessamine, and Virginia creeper, and stands on the sloping side of a rocky hill, with a southern aspect, overlooking the lake of Windermere, and commanding beautiful views of the romantic vale of the Rothay, and of the distant wood-fringed waters of the lake; while around the dark waters rise the gracefully-rounded, richly-wooded mountains—soft as the scenery of a still Dreamland; beautiful with cultured picturesqueness, as of the gardens of the Titans; clothed with the “infinite enchantment” of atmospheric effects ever varying and always lovely; and glowing—“in the light of setting suns”—with a glory of colour—orange, and bronze, purple and amethyst,—against the loftier and remoter peaks that rise in the far distance, faint and unsubstantial in the wide lapse of light, like high-piled cloud on cloud.

The poet's good fortune seems to have followed him to this beautiful abode; for he had hardly taken possession of it when he received the appointment of distributor of stamps in the county of Westmoreland—an office which added about £500 a year to his income, and the duties of which were discharged by a clerk, so that he was still left ample liberty to follow his literary pursuits. For this desirable appointment he was indebted to the influence of the Earl of Lonsdale, who had been for many years his constant and generous friend, and whose kindness on this occasion he gratefully acknowledged by dedicating “The Excursion” to him in a complimentary prefatory sonnet.

A second tour in Scotland early in 1814, in company with his wife and his sister, gave birth to a few poems, amongst which was “Yarrow Visited.” And in the summer of the same year appeared his great poem, “The Excursion.” It need scarcely be said, that, with the leading reviewers of the day, it fared no better than his former less ambitious attempts had done; and that, with hardly a single exception, and in the strongest terms of condemnation, they doomed it to oblivion! And it is a somewhat remarkable fact in literary history that a single edition of 500 copies of this poem satisfied the English public for a period of six years. Another edition, also confined to 500 copies, published in 1827, was found sufficient for the following seven years. But, notwithstanding these discouragements, the poet's equanimity was undisturbed. “Let the age continue to love its own darkness,” he said, in a letter to Southey, “I shall continue to write, with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me.” “If ‘The Excursion’ is to be judged of by its best passages,” says one of his admirers, “hardly any poem in the language is equal to it. Some of its scenes, extending to hundreds of lines, many smaller passages, and innumerable verses and phrases, are among the most exquisite things to which any poetic

mind ever gave expression." "In power of intellect," says another, Hazlitt, "in lofty conception, in the depth of feeling, at once simple and sublime, which pervades every part of it, and which gives to every object an almost preternatural and preter-human interest, this work has seldom been surpassed!"

In 1815 appeared the "White Doe of Rylstone," a beautiful legendary poem, which the poet considered, in conception, the highest work he had ever produced. In the preceding and two following years were composed "Laodamia," "Dion," and the "Ode to Lycoris," in conception and expression the purest and most richly classic pieces he ever penned. The "Thanksgiving Ode," and a rhymed translation, in the style of Pope, of three books of the "Æneid," were produced in 1816.

In 1819, appeared "Peter Bell," which had been written nearly twenty years before, and which is really remarkable as having been more in request than any of his previous publications. An edition of 500 copies was printed in April, and another impression of it was required in the following month. "The Waggoner," which appeared at the same time, was not, however, so successful. To this year, also, belonged the beautiful series of "Sonnets on the River Duddon."

In 1820, Wordsworth, accompanied by his wife and sister, made a tour of four months on the Continent, which gave birth to a volume of sonnets and other poems, published in 1822, under the title of "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent." In this year, too, a brief visit to his friend, Sir George Beaumont, at his seat of Coleorton, in Leicestershire, suggested the splendid series of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets."

During the next few years the poet appears to have done little else than travel about, either on special tours, or on visits to his friends; and in the autumn of 1831 he set off from Rydal Mount, in company with his daughter, to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure, ruined in fortune, and weakened in body and mind, for Italy.

They reached Abbotsford on Monday. "How sadly changed," says Wordsworth, "did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful a few years before. The inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart; Mr. Liddell, his lady and brother, Mr. Allan, the painter, and Mr. Laidlaw. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted old stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, and, indeed, were we all, as far as circumstances would allow. On Tuesday morning Sir Walter accompanied us to Newark Castle, on the Yarrow. . . . Of that excursion the verses, 'Yarrow Revisited,' are a memorial. . . . On our return, in the afternoon, we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. . . . A rich but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the following sonnet:—



“ 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 !”

On Thursday morning Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation, *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life, which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her ; and while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her, in my presence, ‘ I should not have done anything of this kind but for your father's sake ; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.’ They showed how much his mind was impaired ; not by the strain of thought, but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes.” At noon on the same day the poets parted ; and on Wordsworth expressing a hope that Sir Walter's health would be benefited by the climate of the country to which he was going, and by the interest he would take in the classic remembrances of Italy, he, with a flash of fitting recollection, but in a tone of deepest sadness, made answer in Wordsworth's own words—a quotation from “ Yarrow Unvisited ”—“ When I am there, although 'tis fair, 'twill be *another* Yarrow.”

This visit, and another, which he paid to Scotland in 1833, accompanied by his son, and Henry Crabb Robinson, Esq., furnished materials for a volume which he published in 1835, entitled, “ Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems.”

A five months' tour in Italy in the spring and summer of 1837 suggested several pieces, which appeared in 1842, in a volume entitled “ Poems Chiefly of Early and Late Years.” This was the last volume published during his lifetime.

About this time public feeling and critical opinion began to change, and the mists of prejudice, which had so long lowered over his greatness, and concealed or obscured it, gradually vanished. Henceforth, year by year, the fame of the Poet of the Lakes grew wider and wider ; and long before his death he was acknowledged to be the greatest English poet of his age, and regarded with reverence as one of the purest and most blameless of English writers. Honours now flowed fast upon him, and the remaining years of his life were passed in the midst of that which should accompany old age—“ as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

In the summer of 1839, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the students, the University of Oxford honoured him with the degree of D.C.L. In 1842 he resigned the Government appointment he held in favour of his son, who had for some time acted as his deputy. A few months afterwards, he received, through Sir Robert Peel, a grant from the Crown of £300 a year. In 1843, on the death of his friend

Southey, he was offered, in flattering terms, the vacant Laureateship, which, after some hesitation, on account of his age, he accepted, on the assurance that it was to be entirely nominal and honorary. In 1844, Lord Jeffrey, perhaps the severest of his literary censors, in republishing his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, took occasion, in graceful and fitting terms, to acknowledge the poet's many and great merits.

In 1846, his brother, Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., died; and in the following year he sustained a still greater grief in the death of his accomplished and darling daughter, Dora (Mrs. Quillinan).

Two years afterwards, at Rydal Mount, on the 23rd of April, 1850, the poet himself passed peacefully away in the eightieth year of his age. His remains were laid near those of his children, in Grasmere Churchyard.

"His own prophecy," says his nephew, "in the lines to the daisy—

"Sweet flower! belike one day to have  
A place upon thy poet's grave,  
I welcome thee once more,"

is now fulfilled. He reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamores and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, amid the mountains which he loved; and a solemn voice seems to breathe from his grave, which blends its tones in sweet and holy harmony with the accents of his poetry, speaking the language of humility and love, of adoration and faith, and preparing the soul, by a religious exercise of the kindly affections, and by a devout contemplation of natural beauty, for a translation to a purer, and nobler, and more glorious state of existence, and for a fruition of heavenly felicity."

In this brief and necessarily imperfect sketch, it would be impossible to enter at any length into the merits of Wordsworth's poetry. But a very fair estimate may be formed of the poet's artistic power, and of the pervading spirit of his poetry from the two following brief extracts. The first few justly-discriminating and happily-expressed sentences, descriptive of the higher characteristics of his poetry, are from the able and admirably drawn literary and poetical character of the poet by his friend Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*. The second series, equally able, and quite as felicitously expressed, are from the pen of William Ellery Channing, and describe those simpler, but, for the popular mind, more attractive, characteristics which so touchingly and so powerfully appeal to the instincts and feelings of our common humanity

Wordsworth's poetry is marked by—"First, An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. Secondly, A correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditations. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. Even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original

reflection. *Thirdly*, The sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs, the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. *Fourthly*, The perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. *Fifthly*, A meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility : a sympathy with man as man ; the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate (*spectator, haud particeps*), but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature ; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. *Last*, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research, rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed, and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects—

‘Add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet’s dream.’”

“The great poet of our times, Wordsworth—one of the few who are to live—has gone to common life, to the feelings of our universal nature, to the obscure and neglected portions of society, for beautiful and touching themes. Genius is not a creator, in the sense of fancying or feigning what does not exist. Its distinction is to discern more of truth than common minds. It sees under disguises and humble forms everlasting beauty. This it is the prerogative of Wordsworth to discern and reveal in the ordinary walks of life, in the common human heart. He has revealed the loveliness of the primitive feelings, of the universal affections of the human soul. **T**he grand truth which pervades his poetry, is that the beautiful is not confined to the rare, the new, the distant—to scenery and modes of life open only to the few ; but that it is poured forth profusely on the common earth and sky, that it gleams from the loneliest flower, that it lights up the humblest sphere, that the sweetest affections lodge in lowliest hearts, that there is sacredness, dignity, and loveliness in lives which few eyes rest on—that, even in the absence of all intellectual culture, the domestic relations can quietly nourish that disinterestedness which is the element of all greatness, and without which intellectual power is a splendid deformity. Wordsworth is the poet of humanity ; he teaches reverence for our universal nature ; he breaks down the factitious barriers between human hearts.”



# POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## Juvenile Poems.

### EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A PGEM,  
COMPOSED UPON LEAVING SCHOOL.

DEAR native regions, I foretell,  
From what I feel at this farewell,  
That, wheresoe'er my steps shall tend,  
And whensoe'er my course shall end,  
If in that hour a single tie  
Survive of local sympathy,  
My soul will cast the backward view,  
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, when the sun, prepared for rest,  
Hath gained the precincts of the west  
Though his departing radiance fail  
To illuminate the hollow vale,  
A lingering light he fondly throws  
On the dear hills where first he rose.

### AN EVENING WALK,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

FAR from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to  
rove [pastoral cove;  
Through bare gray dell, high wood, and  
Where Derwent stops his course to hear  
the roar  
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high  
Lodore ;  
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island  
leads, [meads ;  
To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald  
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and  
cottaged grounds, [bounds ;  
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland

Where, deep embosomed, shy\* Winander  
peeps [steeps ;  
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled  
Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's  
shore,  
And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes! ere-while I taught, a happy  
child,  
The echoes of your rocks my carols wild:  
Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand  
Sad tides of joy from Melanctoly's hand;  
In youth's keen eye the livelong day was  
bright,  
The sun at morning, and the stars of night,  
Alike, when heard the bittern's hollow bill,  
Or the first woodcock† roamed the moon-  
light hill.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,  
And hope itself was all I knew of pain.  
For then, even then, the little heart would  
beat [seat,  
At times, while young Content forsook her  
And wild Impatience, pointing upward,  
showed [summits glowed.  
Where, tipped with gold, the mountain-  
Alas! the idle tale of man is found  
Depicted in the dial's moral round;  
Hope with Reflection blends her social rays  
To gild the total tablet of his days;

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

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

Yet still, the sport of some malignant  
power, [hour:  
He knows but from its shade the present

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle  
pain?  
To show what pleasures yet to me remain,  
Say, will my friend with unreluctant ear,  
The history of a poet's evening hear?

When, in the south, the wan noon,  
brooding still, [hill,  
Breathed a pale steam around the glaring  
And shades of deep-embattled clouds  
were seen, [between;  
Spotting the northern cliffs, with lights  
When, at the barren wall's unsheltered end,  
Where long rails far into the lake extend,  
Crowded the shorten'd herds, and beat the  
tides [speckled sides;  
With their quick tails, and lashed their  
When school-boys stretched their length  
upon the green; [jing scene!  
And round the humming elm, a glimmer-  
In the brown park, in herds, the troubled  
deer [ear;

Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing  
When horses in the sunburnt intake\* stood,  
And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,  
Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress,  
With forward neck the closing gate to  
press--- [rill

Then while I wandered where the huddling  
Brightens with water-breaks the sombrous  
ghyll,†

As by enchantment, an obscure retreat  
Opened at once, and stayed my devious  
feet. [close,

While thick above the rill the branches  
In rocky basin its wild waves repose,  
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy  
green, [weeds between;

Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-  
Save that aloft the subtle sunbeams shine  
On withered briars that o'er the crags  
recline,

Sole light admitted here, a small cascade,  
Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious  
shade;

Beyond, along the vista of the brook,  
Where antique roots its bustling course  
o'erlook,

\* The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain inclosure.

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

The eye reposes on a secret bridge†  
Half gray, half shagged with ivy to its  
ridge;

Whence hangs, in the cool shade, the list-  
less swain

Lingering behind his disappearing wain.  
—Did Sabine grace adorn n., living line,  
Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should  
yield to thine!

Never shall ruthless minister of death  
'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel  
unsheath; [flowers,

No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with  
No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy  
bowers;

The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove  
A more benignant sacrifice approve;  
A mind, that, in a calm angelic mood  
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,  
Beholds, of all from her high powers  
required [desired,—

Much done, and much designed, and more  
Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth re-  
fined,

Entire affection for all human-kind

Sweet rill, farewell! To-morrow's noon  
again [strain;  
Shall hide me, wooing long thy wildwood  
But now the sun has gained his western  
road, [abroad.  
And eve's mild hour invites my steps

While, near the midway cliff, the silvered  
kite

In many a whistling circle wheels her flight;  
Slant watery lights, from parting clouds,  
apace

Travel along the precipice's base;  
Cheering its naked waste of scattered  
stone, [grown;

By lichens gray, and scanty moss, o'er-  
Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or thistle's  
beard: [heard.

And restless stone-chat, all day long, is

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to  
view

The spacious landscape change in form  
and hue!

Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood  
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;

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



There, objects, by the searching beams  
betrayed,  
Come forth, and here retire in purple  
shade; [white,  
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage  
Soften their glare before the mellow light:  
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage  
wide [hide,  
Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house  
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's  
slant beam, [lous stream:  
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremu-  
Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty  
cloud [moving shroud;  
Mounts from the road, and spreads its  
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of  
fire, [lost entire.  
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is

Into a gradual calm the zephyrs sink:  
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink;  
And now, on every side, the surface breaks  
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening  
streaks; [bright  
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble  
With thousand thousand twinkling points  
of light; [away,  
There, waves that, hardly weltering, die  
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray,  
And now the universal tides repose,  
And, brightly blue, the burnished mirror  
glows,  
Save where, along the shady western marge,  
Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal  
barge; [sleeps,  
The sails are dropped, the poplar's foliage  
And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy  
deeps.

Their panniered train a group of potters  
goad,  
Winding from side to side up the steep road;  
The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge  
Shot, down the headlong path darts with  
his sledge: [illumine,  
Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse  
Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings,"\*  
and broom; [confounds,  
While the sharp slope the slackened team  
Downward the ponderous timber-wain re-  
sounds;  
In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,  
Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps  
along;

From lonesome chapel at the mountain's  
feet,  
Three humble bells their rustic chime re-  
peat; [boat;  
Sounds from the water-side the hammered  
And *blasted* quarry thunders, heard remote!

Even here, amid the sweep of endless  
woods, [floods,  
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and alling  
Not undelightful are the simplest charms,  
Found by the grassy door of mountain  
farms.

Sweetly ferocious,† round his native  
walks, [stalks;  
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch  
Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his  
tread;

A crest of purple tops his warrior head.  
Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-ball  
Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls; [hurls  
On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion  
throat, [remote:  
Threatened by faintly-answering farms  
Again with his shrill voice the mountain  
rings, [sound his wings!  
While, flapped with conscious pride, re-

Brightening the cliffs between, where  
sombrous pine  
And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline;  
I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,  
Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and  
numerous wains:

How busy all the enormous hive within,  
While Echo dallies with the various din!  
Some (hardly heard their chisels' clinking  
sound)

Toil, small as pigmies in the gulf profound;  
Some, dim between the aerial cliffs de-  
scribed, [side:  
O'erwalk the slender plank from side to  
These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless  
ring,  
Glad from their airy baskets hang and sing,

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that  
rears [pears;  
An edge all flame, the broadening sun ap-  
A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,  
And breaks the spreading of its golden  
tides;

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

\* "Vivid rings of green."—Greenwood's Poem on Shooting.

And now it touches on the purple steep  
 That flings his shadow on the pictured deep.  
 'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the cliffs  
 aspire [fire;"  
 With towers and woods a "prospect all on  
 The coves and secret hollows, through a  
 ray  
 Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray;  
 The gilded turf invests with richer green  
 Each speck of lawn the broken rocks be-  
 tween; [illumine;  
 Deep yellow beams the scattered stems  
 Far in the level forest's central gloom;  
 Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the  
 vale,  
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,  
 That, barking busy, mid the glittering  
 rocks, [flocks.  
 Hunts, where he points, the intercepted  
 Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance  
 shoots [roots;  
 On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted  
 The Druid stones their lighted fane unfold,  
 And all the babbling brooks are liquid  
 gold;  
 Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,  
 Gives one bright glance, and drops behind  
 the hill.\*

In these secluded vales, if village fame,  
 Confirmed by silver hairs, belief may claim;  
 When up the hills, as now, retired the  
 light,  
 Strange apparitions mocked the gazer's  
 sight.

A desperate form appears, that spurs his  
 steed  
 Along the midway cliffs with violent speed;  
 Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while  
 all  
 Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.  
 Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show  
 Of horsemen shadows moving to and fro;  
 At intervals imperial banners stream,  
 And now the van reflects the solar beam,  
 The rear through iron brown betrays a  
 sullen gleam; [they go,  
 Lost gradual, † o'er the heights in pomp  
 While silent stands the admiring crowd  
 below;

\* From Thomson. See Scott's Critical  
 Essays.

† See a description of an appearance of this  
 kind in Clark's "Survey of the Lakes," accom-  
 panied by vouchers of its veracity that may  
 amuse the reader.

Till, save the lonely beacon, all is fled,  
 That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry  
 head.

Now, while the solemn evening  
 shadows sail, [vale;  
 On red slow-waving pinions, down the  
 And, fronting the bright west, yon oak  
 entwines [lines,  
 Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger  
 How pleasant near the tranquil lake to  
 stray  
 Where winds the road along a secret bay:  
 Along the "wild meandering shore" to  
 view  
 Obsequious grace the winding swan pursue:  
 He swells his lifted chest, and backward  
 flings [wings;  
 His bridling neck between his towering  
 In all the majesty of ease, divides,  
 And, glorying, looks around, the silent  
 tides;  
 On as he floats, the silvered waters glow,  
 Proud of the varying arch and moveless  
 form of snow. [loves,  
 While tender cares and mild domestic  
 With furtive watch pursue her as she  
 moves;  
 The female with a meeker charm succeeds,  
 And her brown little-ones around her  
 leads,  
 Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,  
 Or playing wanton with the floating grass.  
 She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride  
 Forgets, unwearied watching every side;  
 She calls them near, and with affection  
 sweet  
 Alternately relieves their weary feet;  
 Alternately they mount her back, and rest  
 Close by her mantling wings' embraces  
 prest.

Long may ye float upon these floods  
 serene; [green,  
 Yours be these holms untrodden, still, and  
 Whose lofty shades fence off the blustering  
 gale,  
 Where breathes in peace the lily of the vale.  
 Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-  
 maid's feet, [more sweet,\*  
 Yet hears her song, "by distance made  
 Yon isle conceals your home, your cottage  
 bower,  
 Fresh water-rushes strew the verdant floor;  
 Long grass and willows form the woven  
 wall,  
 And swings above the roof the poplar tall.



Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,  
 With broad black feet ye crush your  
 flowery walk; [morn  
 Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at  
 The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow  
 horn; [rings,  
 Involve your serpent necks in changeful  
 Rolled wantonly between your slippery  
 wings,  
 Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,  
 Force half upon the wave your cumbrous  
 flight.

Fair swan! by all a mother's joys  
 caressed, [thee blessed;  
 Haply some wretch has eyed, and called  
 The whilst upon some sultry summer's day  
 She dragged her babes along this weary  
 way; [road  
 Or taught their limbs along the burning  
 A few short steps to totter with their load.

I see her now, denied to lay her head,  
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built  
 shed.

Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,  
 By pointing to a shooting star on high:  
 I hear, while in the forest depth, he sees  
 The moon's fixed gaze between the opening  
 trees,

In broken sounds her elder child demand,  
 And skyward lift, like one that prays, his  
 hand,

If, in that country, where he dwells afar,  
 His father views that good, that kindly star;  
 —Ah me! all light is mute amid the gloom,  
 The interlunar cavern, of the tomb.

—When low-hung clouds each star of  
 summer hide,

And fireless are the valleys far and wide,  
 Where the brook brawls along the painful  
 road, [broad,

Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching  
 Oft has she taught them on her lap to play  
 Delighted, with the glow-worm's harmless  
 ray [the ground

Tossed light from hand to hand; while on  
 Small circles of green radiance gleam  
 around.

Oh! when the sleety showers her path  
 assail,

And roars between the hills the torrent gale;  
 No more her breath can thaw their fingers  
 cold, [fold;

Their frozen arms her neck no more can  
 Weak roof a cowering form two babes to  
 shield,

And faint the fire a dying heart can yield!

Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly  
 fears [tears;  
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its  
 No tears can chill them, and no bosom  
 warms, [arms.  
 Thy breast their death-bed, coffined in thine

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from  
 afar, [star,  
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding  
 Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling  
 sedge, [edge,  
 And feeding pike starts from the water's  
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and  
 bill  
 Wetting, that drip upon the water still;  
 And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,  
 Shoots upward, darting his long neck  
 before.

Now with religious awe, the farewell  
 light [night;  
 Blends with the solemn colouring of the  
 'Mid groves of clouds that crest the moun-  
 tain's brow, [shadows throw,  
 And round the west's proud lodge their  
 Like Una shining on her gloomy way,  
 The half-seen form of Twilight roams  
 astray; [small,

Shedding, through paly loopholes mild and  
 Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom  
 fall; [pale,

Soft o'er the surface creep those lustrous  
 Tracking the fitful motions of the gale.  
 With restless interchange at once the bright  
 Wins on the shade, the shade upon the  
 light.

No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze  
 On lovelier spectacle in fairy days;  
 When gentle spirits urged a sportive  
 chase,

Brushing with lucid wands the water's face;  
 While music, stealing round the glimmer-  
 ing deeps, [steeps,

Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted  
 —The lights are vanished from the watery  
 plains:

No wreck of all the pageantry remains.  
 Unheeded night has overcome the vales:  
 On the dark earth the baffled vision fails;

The latest lingerer of the forest train,  
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain;  
 Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no  
 more, [hoar;

Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers  
 And, towering from the sullen dark-brown  
 mere, [appear,

Like a black wall, the mountain steeps

—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we  
feel

A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,  
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find  
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil  
mind.

Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!  
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away:  
Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;  
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear  
retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light,  
to thread  
Silent the hedge or streaming rivulet's bed,  
From his gray re-appearing tower shall  
soon

Salute with boding note the rising moon,  
Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground,  
And pouring deeper blue to ether's bound;  
And pleased her solemn pomp of clouds to  
fold

In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

See, o'er the eastern hill, where darkness  
broods [woods;  
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and  
Where but a mass of shade the sight can  
trace,

She lifts in silence up her lovely face;  
Above the gloomy valley flings her light,  
Far to the western slopes with hamlets  
white; [upland strew,  
And gives, where woods the chequered  
To the green corn of summer autumn's  
hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her  
blessed horn [own morn;  
Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's  
Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer  
The weary hills, impervious, blackening  
near; [while  
Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the  
On darling spots remote her tempting  
smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant  
scene, [between)  
(For dark and broad the gulf of time  
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,  
(Sole bourne, sole wish, sole object of my  
way; [appear!  
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods  
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine  
car!) [rise,  
Where we, my friend, to happy days shall  
Till our small share of hardly-paining  
sighs

(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)  
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of  
death.

But now the clear-bright moon her zenith  
gains,  
And riny without speck extend the plains;  
The deepest dell the mountain's front dis-  
plays, [rays;  
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching  
From the dark-blue faint silvery threads  
divide

The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;  
The scene is awakened, yet its peace unbroke,  
By silvered wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke,  
That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood,  
Steal down the hill, and spread along the  
flood.

The song of mountain streams, unheard  
by day, [way.  
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward  
All air is, as the sleeping water, still,  
Listening the aerial music of the hill,  
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,  
Or shout that wakes the ferryman from  
sleep,

Soon followed by his hollow-parting oar,  
And echoed hoof approaching the far  
shore; [borne,  
Sound of closed gate, across the water  
Hurrying the feeding hare through rustling  
corn;

The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;  
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;  
The distant forge's swinging thump pro-  
found;  
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely  
hound.

---

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT  
EVENING.

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

Such views the youthful bard allure;  
But, heedless of the following gloom,  
He deems their colours shall endure  
Till peace go with him to the tomb,

And let him muse his fond deceit,  
 And what if he must die in sorrow !  
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,  
 Though grief and pain may come to-mor-  
 row ?

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES, NEAR  
 RICHMOND.

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

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

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

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR  
 AMONG THE ALPS.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground  
 Where from distress a refuge might be  
 found,  
 And solitude prepare the soul for heaven ;  
 Sure, nature's God that spot to man had  
 given,

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

Where falls the purple morning far and  
 wide  
 In flakes of light upon the mountain side ;  
 Where with loud voice the power of water  
 shakes  
 The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall  
 roam,  
 Who at the call of summer quits his home,  
 And plods through some far realm o'er vale  
 and height,  
 Though seeking only holiday delight ;  
 At least, not owning to himself an aim  
 To which the sage would give a prouder  
 name.

No gains too cheaply earned his fancy cloy,  
 Though every passing zephyr whispers joy :  
 Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,  
 Feeds the clear current of his sympathies.  
 For him sod-seats the cottage door adorn ;  
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening  
 bourn !

Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,  
 And dear the velvet greensward to his  
 tread :  
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming  
 Upward he looks—" and calls it luxury ;"  
 Kind nature's charities his steps attend ;  
 In every babbling brook he finds a friend ;  
 While chastening thoughts of sweetest use,  
 bestowed

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

Blesses the moon that comes with kindly  
 To light him shaken by his rugged way ;  
 With bashful fear no cottage children steal  
 From him, a brother at the cottage meal ;  
 His humble looks no shy restraint impart,  
 Around him plays at will the virgin heart.  
 While unsuspected wheels the village dance,  
 The maidens eye him with inquiring glance,  
 Much wondering what sad stroke of craz-  
 ing care [there.  
 Or desperate love could lead a wanderer

Me, lured by hope her sorrows to remove,  
 A heart that could not much herself ap-  
 prove,

† The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

O'er Gallia's wastes of corn dejected led,  
Her road elms rustling high above my head,  
Or through her truant pathways' native  
    charms,  
By secret villages and lonely farms,  
To where the Alps ascending white in air,  
To y with the sun, and glitter from afar.

And now, emerging from the forest's  
    gloom,  
I heave a sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom.  
Where now is fled that power whose frown  
    severe [fear?  
Tamed sober reason till she crouched in  
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms,  
And blasphemy the shuddering fane alarms;  
Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubled  
    heads; [o'erspreads;  
Spires, rocks, and lawns, a browner night  
Strong terror checks the female peasant's  
    sighs, [eyes.  
And start the astonished shades at female  
That thundering tube the aged angler hears,  
And swells the groaning torrent with his  
    tears; [jay,  
From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted  
And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.  
The cross, with hideous laughter, demons  
    mock,  
By angels planted on the aerial rock.\*  
The "parting genius" sighs with hollow  
    breath [Death.†  
Along the mystic streams of Life and  
Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds  
Portentous through her old woods' track-  
    less bounds,  
Vallombre, ‡ mid her falling fanes, deploras,  
For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

More pleased, my foot the hidden mar-  
    gin roves  
Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves,  
No meadows thrown between, the giddy  
    steeps [deeps.  
Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow  
—To towns, whose shades of no rude sound  
    complain, [wain,  
To ringing team unknown and grating  
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's  
    bound,  
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,

\* Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the  
spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every  
appearance of being inaccessible.

† Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

‡ Name of one of the valleys of the Char-  
treuse.

Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,  
And o'er the whitened wave their shadows  
    fling.  
The pathway leads, as round the steeps it  
    twines,  
And Silence loves its purple roof of vines;  
The viewless lingerer hence, at evening,  
    sees [the trees;  
From rock-hewn steps the sail between  
Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-  
    eyed maids [glades,  
Tend the small harvest of their garden  
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to  
    view [and blue,  
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad  
Tracking the yellow sun from steep to  
    steep,  
As up the opposing hills with tortoise foot  
    they creep.  
Here, half a village shines, in gold arrayed,  
Bright as the moon; half hides itself in  
    shade: [spire,  
While, from amid the darkened roofs the  
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like  
    fire:  
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw  
Rich golden verdure on the waves below.  
Slow glides the sail along the illumined  
    shore,  
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;  
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious  
    sighs,  
And amorous music on the water dies.

How blest, delicious scene! the eye that  
    greet  
Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;  
The unwearied sweep of wood thy cliffs  
    that scales;  
The never-ending waters of thy vales;  
The cots, those dim religious groves em-  
    bower,  
Or, under rocks that from the water tower,  
Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore;  
Each with its household boat beside the  
    door, [droop,  
Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic  
Brightening the gloom where thick the  
    forests stoop; [sky,  
Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue  
Thy towns, that cleave, like swallows' nests,  
    on high; [descried  
That glimmer hoar in eve's last light  
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,  
Whence lutes and voices down the en-  
    chanted woods [floods;  
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten



—Thy lake, 'mid smoking woods, that blue  
and gray [morning's ray  
Gleams, streaked or dappled, hid from  
Slow travelling down the western hills, to  
fold [gold ;  
Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of  
From thickly-glittering spires, the matin  
bell

Calling the woodman from his desert cell,  
A summons to the sound of oars, that pass,  
Spotting the steaming deeps, to early mass;  
Slow swells the service, o'er the water  
borne, [of morn.

While fill each pause the ringing woods  
Farewell those forms that in thy noontide  
shade, [glade ;

Rest, near their little plots of wheaten  
Those charms that bind the soul in power-  
less trance,

Lip-dewing song, and ringleet-tossing dance.  
Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles  
illuminate

The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.  
—Alas ! the very murmur of the streams  
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous  
dreams, [dwell

While slavery, forcing the sunk mind to  
On joys that might disgrace the captive's  
cell, [marge,

Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's  
And winds, from bay to bay, the vocal  
barge.

Yet arts are thine that soothe the unquiet  
heart,

And smiles to solitude and want impart.  
I loved by silent cottage-doors to roam,  
The far-off peasant's day-deserted home ;  
And once I pierced the mazes of a wood,  
Where, far from public haunt, a cabin  
stood ;

There by the door a hoary-headed sire  
Touched with his withered hand an ancient  
lyre ;

Beneath an old gray oak, as violets lie,  
Stretched at his feet with steadfast up-  
ward eye, [sound :

His children's children joined the holy  
—A hermit with his family around !

But let us hence, for fair Locarno smiles  
Embowered in walnut slopes and citron  
isles ;

Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,\*  
While, 'mid dim towers and woods, her  
waters gleam ;

From the bright wave, in solemn gloom,  
retire

The dull-red steeps, and, darkening, still  
aspire,

To where afar rich orange lustres glow  
Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks,  
and snow,

Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine  
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,  
Hang o'er the abyss :—the else impervious  
gloom

His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

The Grison gipsy here her tent hath  
placed,

Sole human tenant of the piny waste ;  
Her tawny skin, dark eyes, and glossy  
locks, [rocks.

Bend o'er the smoke that curls beneath the  
The mind condemned, without reprieve, to  
go [woe,

O'er life's long deserts with its charge of  
With sad congratulation joins the train,  
Where beasts and men together o'er the  
plain

Move on—a mighty caravan of pain ;  
Hope, strength, and courage, social suffer-  
ing brings, [and springs.

Freshening the waste of sand with shades  
She, solitary, through the desert drear  
Spontaneous wanders, hand in hand with  
Fear.

A giant moan along the forest swells  
Protracted, and the twilight storm fore-  
tells,

And, ruining from the cliffs, their deafen-  
ing load [abroad ;

Tumbles,—the wildering thunder slips  
On the high summits darkness comes and  
goes, [snows ;

Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and  
The torrent, traversed by the lustre  
broad,

Starts like a horse beside the flashing  
road ;  
In the roofed bridge, † at that terrific hour,  
She seeks a shelter from the battering  
shower. [ing wood

—Fierce comes the river down ; the crash-  
Gives way, and half its pines torment the  
flood ;

† Most of the bridges among the Alps are of  
wood and covered ; these bridges have a heavy  
appearance, and rather injure the effect of the  
scenery in some places.

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

Fearful, beneath the water-spirits call,\*  
And the bridge vibrates, tottering to its  
fall,

Heavy, and dull, and cloudy is the night;  
No star supplies the comfort of its light,  
Glimmer the dim-lit Alps, dilated round,  
And one sole light shifts in the vale pro-  
found ;

While opposite, the waning moon hangs  
still

And red, above the melancholy hill.  
By the deep gloom appalled, the gipsy  
sighs, [eyes,

Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary  
She hears, upon the mountain-forest's  
brow, [below ;

The death-dog, howling loud and long,  
On viewless fingers counts the valley-clock,  
Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock.  
The dry leaves stir as with a serpent's walk,  
And, far beneath, banditti voices talk ;

Behind her hill, the moon, all crimson,  
rides,

And his red eyes the slinking water hides.  
—Vexed by the darkness, from the piny  
gulf

Ascending, nearer howls the famished wolf,  
While through the stillness scatters wild  
dismay [prey.

Her babe's small cry, that leads him to his

Now, passing Urseren's open vale serene,  
Her quiet streams, and hills of downy  
green, [Terror's breath,

Plunge with the Reuss embrowned by  
Where danger roofs the narrow walks of  
death ; [dizzy height,

By floods, that, thundering from their  
Swell more gigantic on the steadfast sight;  
Black drizzling crags, that, beaten by the  
din,

Vibrate, as if a voice complained within ;  
Bare steeps, where Desolation stalks, afraid,  
Unsteadfast, by a blasted yew upstayed ;  
By cellst whose image, trembling as he  
prays, [surveys ;

Awe-struck, the kneeling peasant scarce

\* "Red came the river down and loud, and oft  
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd."  
—HOME'S *Douglas*.

† The Catholic religion prevails here ; these  
cells are, as is well known, very common in  
Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman  
tombs, along the roadside.

Loose-hanging rocks the day's blessed eye  
that hide,

And crosses† rear'd to death on every side,  
Which with cold kiss Devotion planted  
near,

And, bending, watered with the human tear,  
That faded silent from her upward eye,  
Unmoved with each rude form of danger  
nigh,

Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves  
Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

On as we move, a softer prospect opes,  
Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan  
slopes. [gale,

While mists, suspended on the expiring  
Moveless o'erhang the deep secluded vale,  
The beams of evening slipping soft between,  
Gently illuminate a sober scene ;

Winding its dark-green wood and emerald  
glade,

The still vale lengthens underneath the  
shade ; [recede,

While in soft gloom the scattering bowers  
Green dewy lights adorn the freshened mead,  
On the low brown wood-huts § delighted  
sleep

Along the brightened gloom reposing deep.  
While pastoral pipes and streams the land-  
scape lull,

And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,  
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye  
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,

Huge convent domes with pinnacles and  
towers, [showers.

And antique castles seen through drizzling

From such romantic dreams, my soul,  
awake !

Lo! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake,  
Where by the unpathwayed margin, still  
and dread, [tread.

Was never heard the plodding peasant's  
Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or reach  
Far o'er the secret water dark with beech ;  
More high, to where creation seems to end,  
Shade above shade, the aerial pines ascend,  
Yet with his infants man undaunted creeps  
And hangs his small wood-cabin on the  
steeps.

‡ Crosses commemorative of the deaths of  
travellers by the fall of snow, and other acci-  
dents, are very common along this dreadful  
road.

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

Where'er below amid the savage scene  
Peeps out a little speck of smiling green,  
A garden-plot the desert air perfumes,  
'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms;  
A zig-zag path from the domestic skiff,  
Threading the painful crag, surmounts the cliff.

—Before those hermit doors, that never  
The face of traveller passing to and fro,  
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell  
For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell;

Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark  
Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes;

The grassy seat beneath their casement  
The pilgrim's wistful eye hath never stayed.

—There, did the iron genius not disdain  
The gentle power that haunts this myrtle plain,

There might the love-sick maiden sit, and  
The insuperable rocks and severing tide;  
There watch at eve her lover's sun-gilt sail  
Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale;  
There list at midnight till is heard no more,  
Below, the echo of his parting oar.

'Mid stormy vapours ever driving' by,  
Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry,  
Hovering o'er rugged wastes too bleak to rear

That common growth of earth, the foodful  
Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,  
And pines the unripened pear in summer's  
kindest ray;

Even here Content has fixed her smiling  
reign

With Indifference, child of high Disdain.  
Exulting, 'mid the winter of the skies,  
Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,  
And often grasps her sword, and often eyes;  
Her crest a bough of winter's bleakest pine,  
Strange weeds and Alpine plants her helm  
entwine,

And, wildly-pausing, oft she hangs aghast,  
While thrills the "Spartan fife," between  
the blast.

'Tis storm; and hid in mist from hour to  
hour,

All day the floods a deepening murmur  
The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight:  
Dark is the region as with coming night;  
But what a sudden burst of overpowering  
light!

Triumphant on the bosom of the storm  
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;

Eastward, in long perspective glittering,  
shine

The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake  
Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams  
unfold,

At once to pillars turned that flame with  
Behind his sail the peasant strives to 'hun  
The west that burns like one dilated sun,  
Where in a mighty crucible expire

The mountains, glowing-hot, like coals of  
fire.

But lo! the boatman, overawed, before  
The pictured fane of Tell suspends his oar;  
Confused the Marathonian tale appears,  
While burn in his full eyes the glorious  
tears.

And who that walks where men of ancient  
Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds  
of praise,

Feels not the spirit of the place control,  
Exalt, and agitate his labouring soul?

Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,  
Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,  
On Zutphen's plain; or where, with softened  
gaze,

The old gray stones the plaided chief sur-  
Can guess the high resolve, the cherished  
pain,

Of him whom passion rivets to the plain,  
Where breathed the gale that caught  
Wolfe's happiest sigh,

And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye;  
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,  
And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" expired!

But now with other mind I stand alone  
Upon the summit of this naked cone,  
And watch, from peak to peak amid the sky  
Small as a bird the chamois chaser fly,\*  
Through vacant worlds where nature never  
gave

A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,  
Which unsubstantial phantoms sacred  
keep;

Through worlds where life, and sound,  
Where silence still her death-like reign  
extends,

Save when the startling cliff unfrequent  
In the deep snow the mighty ruin drowned,  
Mocks the dull car of time with deaf  
abortive sound.

—'Tis his while wandering on, from height

\* For most of the images in the next sixteen  
verses I am indebted to M. Raymond's inter-  
esting observations annexed to his translation  
of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.

To see a planet's pomp and steady light  
In the least star of scarce-appearing night,  
While the near moon, that coasts the vast  
profound

Wheels pale and silent her diminished round,  
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,  
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:  
To him the day-star glitters small and  
bright,

Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,  
And he can look beyond the sun, and view  
Those fast-receding depths of sable blue,  
Flying till vision can no more pursue!  
—At once bewildering mists around him  
close,

And cold and hunger are his least of woes;  
The demon of the snow, with angry roar  
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.  
Then with despair's whole weight his spirits  
sink, [drink,  
No bread to feed him, and the snow his  
While, ere his eyes can close upon the day,  
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.

Hence shall we turn where, heard with  
fear afar, [long Aar?  
Thunders through echoing pines the head-  
Or rather stay to taste the mild delights  
Of pensive Underwalden's \* pastoral  
heights?

Is there who 'mid these awful wilds  
has seen  
The native genii walk the mountain green?  
Or heard, while other worlds their charms  
reveal,

Soft music from the aerial summit steal?  
While o'er the desert, answering every close,  
Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and  
goes. [reigns

—And sure there is a secret power, that  
Here, where no trace of man the spot pro-  
fanes, [upward, creep,  
Nought† but the herds that, pasturing  
Hung dim-discovered from the dangerous  
steep,

Or summer hamlet, flat and bare, on high  
Suspended, 'mid the quiet of the sky.  
How still! no irreligious sound or sight  
Rouses the soul from her severe delight.  
An idle voice the Sabbath region fills  
Of deep that calls to deep across the hills,

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

† This picture is from the middle region of the Alps.

Broke only by the melancholy sound  
Of drowsy bells for ever tinkling round;  
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue  
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's steady  
*sugh*; ‡

The solitary heifer's deepened low;  
Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow;  
Save that, the stranger seen below, the boy  
Shouts from the echoing hills with savage  
joy.

When warm from myrtle bays and tran-  
quil seas, [breeze,  
Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal  
When hums the mountain-bee in May's  
glad ear,

And emerald isles to spot the heights appear,  
When shouts and lowing herds the valley  
fill,

And louder torrents stun the noontide hill,  
When fragrant scents beneath the en-  
chanted tread [spread,

Spring up, his choicest wealth around him  
The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale,  
To silence leaving the deserted vale;  
Mounts, where the verdure leads, from  
stage to stage,

And pastures on as in the Patriarchs' age:  
O'er lofty heights serene and still they go,  
And hear the rattling thunder far below;  
They cross the chasmy torrent's foam-lit  
bed,

Rocked on the dizzy larch's narrow tread;  
Or steal beneath loose mountains, half  
deterred,

That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd.  
—I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps  
To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,  
Thence down the steep a pile of grass he  
throws,

The fodder of his herds in winter snows.  
Far different life to what tradition hoar  
Transmits of days more blest in times of  
yore; [bland,

Then summer lengthened out his season  
And with rock-honey flowed the happy land.  
Continual fountains welling cheered the  
waste, [deadly taste,

And plants were wholesome, now of  
Nor winter yet his frozen stores had piled;  
Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled;  
Nor hunger forced the herds from pastures  
bare [dare,

For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to

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



Then the milk-thistle bade those herds demand  
 [hand.  
 'Three times a day the pail and welcome  
 But human vices have provoked the rod  
 Of angry nature to avenge her God.  
 Thus does the father to his sons relate,  
 On the lone mountain top, their changed  
 estate.  
 Still, nature, ever just, to him imparts  
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

"Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows,  
 [rose.  
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of  
 Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills  
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,  
 A solemn sea! whose vales and mountains  
 round  
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.  
 A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide  
 And bottomless, divides the midway tide.  
 Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear  
 The pines that near the coast their summits  
 rear; [shore  
 Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant  
 Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and  
 hoar; [sound  
 Loud through that midway gulf ascending,  
 Unnumbered streams with hollow roar pro-  
 found: [of birds,  
 Mout through the nearer mist the chant  
 And talking voices, and the low of herds,  
 The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,  
 And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest  
 swell.

Think not, suspended from the cliff on high,  
 He looks below with undelighted eye.  
 —No vulgar joy is his, at eventide  
 Stretched on the scented mountain's purple  
 side.  
 For as the pleasures of his simple day  
 Beyond his native valley seldom stray,  
 Nought round its darling precincts can he  
 find  
 But brings some past enjoyment to his mind,  
 While Hope, that ceaseless leans on Plea-  
 sure's urn, [return.  
 Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his

Once Man, entirely free, alone and wild,  
 Was blest as free—for he was nature's  
 child.

He, all superior but his God disdained,  
 Walked none restraining, and by none re-  
 strained, [taught,  
 Confessed no law but what his reason  
 Did all he wished, and wished but what he  
 ought.

As man in his primeval dower arrayed  
 The image of his glorious Sire displayed,  
 Even so, by vestal nature guarded, here  
 The traces of primeval man appear  
 The native dignity no forms debase,  
 The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace.  
 The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,  
 He marches with his flute, his book, and  
 sword; [pared  
 Well taught by that to feel his rights, pre-  
 With this "the blessings he enjoys to  
 guard."

And, as his native hills encircle ground  
 For many a wondrous victory renowned,  
 The work of freedom daring to oppose,  
 With few in arms,\* innumerable foes,  
 When to those glorious fields his steps are  
 led, [dead.  
 An unknown power connects him with the  
 For images of other worlds are there;  
 Awful the light, and holy is the air.  
 Uncertain through his fierce uncultured  
 soul [roll;  
 Like lighted tempests troubled transports  
 To viewless realms his spirit towers amain,  
 Beyond the senses and their little reign.

And oft, when passed that solemn vision  
 by, [high,  
 He holds with God himself communion  
 Where the dread peal of swelling torrents  
 fills  
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills;  
 Or, when upon the mountain's silent brow  
 Reclined, he sees, above him and below,  
 Bright stars of ice and azure fields of  
 snow;  
 While needle peaks of granite shooting bare  
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of air:  
 —Great joy, by horror tamed, dilates his  
 heart, [impart.  
 And the near heavens their own delights  
 —When the sun bids the gorgeous scene  
 farewell,  
 Alps overlooking Alps their state up-swell;  
 Huge Pikes of Darkness named, of Fear  
 and Storms,†  
 Lift, all serene, their still, illumined forms,  
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him  
 spread,  
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red.

\* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss  
 in very small numbers have gained over their  
 oppressors, the house of Austria.

† As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror;  
 Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, &c. &c.

When downward to his winter hut he goes,  
 Dear and more dear the lessening circle  
 That hut which from the hills his eye employs  
 So oft, the central point of all his joys.  
 And as a swift, by tender cares oppress,  
 Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,  
 So to the untrodden floor, where round him looks  
 His father, helpless as the babe he rocks,  
 Oft he descends to nurse the brother pair,  
 Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.  
 There, safely guarded by the woods behind,  
 He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,  
 Hears Winter, calling all his terrors round,  
 Rush down the living rocks with whirlwind sound.

Through nature's vale his homely pleasures glide  
 Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride;  
 The bound of all his vanity, to deck,  
 With one bright bell, a favourite heifer's neck;  
 Well-pleased upon some simple annual  
 Remembered half the year and hoped the rest,  
 If dairy produce from his inner hoard  
 Of thrice ten summers consecrate the board.  
 —Alas! in every clime a flying ray  
 Is all we have to cheer our wintry way.  
 But, ah! the unwilling mind may more  
 than trace  
 The general sorrows of the human race:  
 The churlish gales, that unremitting blow  
 Cold from necessity's continual snow,  
 To those the gentle groups of bliss deny  
 That on the noonday bank of leisure lie.  
 Yet more;—compell'd by powers which  
 only deign  
 That *solitary* man disturb their reign,  
 Powers that support a never-ceasing strife  
 With all the tender charities of life,  
 The father, as his sons of strength become  
 To pay the filial debt, for food to roam,  
 From his bare nest amid the storms of  
 heaven  
 Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was  
 His last dread pleasure watches to the  
 plain—  
 And never, eagle-like, beholds again!

When the poor heart has all its joys resigned,  
 Why does their sad remembrance cleave

Lo! where through flat Batavia's willow groves,  
 Or by the lazy Seine the exile roves;  
 Soft o'er the waters mournful measures swell,  
 Unlocking tender thought's "memorial cell;"  
 Past pleasures are transformed to mortal pains,  
 While poison spreads along the listener's veins,  
 Poison which not a frame of steel can brave,  
 Bows his young head with sorrow to the

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume!  
 Fair smiling lights the purpled hills illumine!  
 Soft gales and dews of life's delicious morn,  
 And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return!  
 Soon flies the little joy to man allowed,  
 And grief before him travels like a cloud:  
 For come diseases on, and penury's rage,  
 Labour, and care, and pain, and dismal age,  
 Till, hope-deserted, long in vain his breath  
 Implores the dreadful untried sleep of death.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine  
 Between interminable tracts of pine,  
 A temple stands; which holds an awful shrine,  
 By an uncertain light revealed, that falls  
 On the mute image and the troubled walls:  
 Pale, dreadful faces round the shrine appear,  
 Abortive joy, and hope that works in fear;  
 While strives a secret power to hush the crowd,  
 Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her

Oh! give not me that eye of hard disdain  
 That views undimmed Ensiedlen's wretched fane.  
 'Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torture clap  
 of hands, distracted chafe of feet;  
 While, loud and dull, ascends the weeping cry,  
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.  
 If the sad grave of human ignorance bear  
 One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it there.

\* The effect of the famous air called in French Ranz des Vaches upon the Swiss troops.

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

The tall sun, tiptoe on an Alpine spire,  
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire ;  
Now let us meet the pilgrims ere the day  
Close on the remnant of their weary way ;  
While they are drawing toward the sacred  
floor [gnaw no more.

Where the charmed worm of pain shall  
How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste  
The fountains\* reared for them amid the  
waste ! [greet,

There some with tearful kiss each other  
And some, with reverence, wash their toil-  
worn feet.

Yes, I will see you when ye first behold  
Those holy turrets tipped with evening  
gold, [prest  
In that glad moment when the hands are  
In mute devotion on the thankful breast.

Last let us turn to where Châmouny  
shields [fields ;  
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile  
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,  
And with wild flowers and blooming or-  
chards blend. [feigns

A scene more fair than what the Grecian  
Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains ;  
Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets  
fanned,

Here all the seasons revel hand in hand.  
—Red stream the cottage-lights ; the land-  
scape fades,

Erroneous wavering 'mid the twilight shades.  
Alone ascends that hill of matchless height, †  
That holds no commerce with the summer  
night.

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

At such an hour I heaved a pensive sigh,  
When roared the sullen Arve in anger by,  
That not for thy reward, delicious vale !  
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal  
gale ; [to pine ;

That thou, the slave of slaves, art doomed  
Hard lot !—for no Italian arts are thine,  
To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.

\* Rude fountains built and covered with  
sheds for the accommodation of the pilgrims, in  
their ascent of the mountain.

† It is only from the higher part of the valley  
of Châmouny that Mont Blanc is visible.

Beloved freedom ! were it mine to stray,  
With shrill winds roaring round my lonely  
way, [clad moors,

O'er the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-  
Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's  
shores, [rose,

To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing  
And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows ;  
In the wide range of many a varied round,  
Fleet as my passage was, I still have  
found

That where despotic courts their gems  
display,

The lilies of domestic joy decay,  
While the remotest hamlets blessings share  
In thy dear presence known, and only  
there ! [bine binds,

The casement's shed more luscious wood-  
And to the door a neater pathway winds ;  
At early morn, the careful housewife, led  
To cull her dinner from its garden bed,  
Of weedless herbs a healthier prospect  
sees,

While hum with busier joy her happy bees ;  
In brighter rows her table wealth aspires,  
And laugh with merrier blaze her evening  
fires ;

Her infants' cheeks with fresher roses glow,  
And wilder graces sport around their  
brow ;

By clearer taper lit, a cleaner board  
Receives at supper hour her tempting  
hoard : [spread,

The chamber hearth with fresher boughs is  
And whiter is the hospitable bed.

And oh ! fair France ! though now along  
the shade [strayed,

Where erst at will the gray-clad peasant  
Gleam war's discordant vestments through  
the trees,

And the red banner fluctuates in the breeze ;  
Though martial songs have banished songs  
of love,

And nightingales forsake the village grove,  
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's  
alarms, [arms ;

And the short thunder, and the flash of  
While, as night bids the startling uproar  
die, [ful cry !

Sole sound, the sord† renews his mourn-  
—Yet, hast thou found that freedom  
spreads her power [door :  
Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage

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

All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes

Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.  
Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide  
Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,

When from October clouds a milder light  
Fell, where the blue flood rippled into white,  
Methought from every cot the watchful bird

Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard ;

Each clacking mill, that broke the mur-  
Rocked the charmed thought in more del-  
ightful dreams ;

Chasing those long, long dreams, the fall-  
Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief ;  
The measured echo of the distant flail  
Wound in more welcome cadence down  
the vale ;

A more majestic tide the water rolled,  
And glowed the sun-gilt groves in richer  
gold.

—Though Liberty shall soon, indignant,  
Red on the hills his beacon's comet blaze ;  
Bid from on high his lonely cannon  
sound,

And on ten thousand hearths his shout re-  
bound ;

His larum-bell from village-tower to tower  
Swing on the astonished ear its dull un-  
dying roar ;

Yet, yet rejoice, though pride's perverted ire  
Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills in  
fire !

Lo ! from the innocuous flames, a lovely  
With its own virtues springs another earth :  
Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign  
Begins, and love and truth compose her  
train ;

While, with a pulseless hand, and steadfast  
Unbreathing justice her still beam surveys.

Oh, give, great God, to freedom's waves  
sublime

O'er conquest, avarice, and pride,  
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty  
bowers,

And dark oppression builds her thick rib-  
—Give them, beneath their breast while  
gladness springs,

To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like  
And grant that every sceptred child of clay,  
Who cries, presumptuous, "Here their  
tides shall stay,"

Swept in their anger from the affrighted  
With all his creatures sink—to rise no  
more !

To-night, my friend, within this humble  
cot

Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot  
In timely sleep ; and when at break of  
day,

On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams  
play,

With lighter heart our course we may re-  
The first whose footsteps print the moun-  
tain dew.

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LINES

Left upon a seat in a yew-tree, which stands  
near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate  
part of the shore, commanding a beautiful  
prospect.

NAY, traveller ! rest. This lonely yew-tree  
stands

Far from all human dwelling : what if here  
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant  
herb ?

What if these barren boughs the bee not  
loves ?

Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the eurling  
That break against the shore, shall lull thy  
mind

By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

Who he was

That piled these stones, and with the  
mossy sod

First covered o'er, and taught this aged  
With its dark arms to form a circling bower  
I well remember.—He was one who owned  
No common soul. In youth by science  
nursed,

And led by nature into a wild scene  
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth

A favoured being, knowing no desire  
Which genius did not hallow,—'gainst the  
taint

Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and  
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,  
All but neglect. The world, for so it  
thought,

Owed him no service : wherefore he at once  
With indignation turned himself away,

And with the food of pride sustained his  
soul

In solitude.—Stranger ! these gloomy  
Had charms for him ; and here he loved  
to sit,

His only visitants a straggling sheep,  
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper :  
And on these barren rocks, with fern and  
hoath,



And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,  
 Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour  
 A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here  
 An emblem of his own unfruitful life :  
 And, lifting up his head, he then would  
 gaze  
 On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis  
 Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it  
 became  
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain  
 The beauty, still more beauteous ! Nor,  
 that time,  
 When nature had subdued him to herself,  
 Would he forget those beings, to whose  
 minds,  
 Warm from the labours of benevolence,  
 The world, and human life, appeared a  
 scene  
 Of kindred loveliness, then he would sigh  
 With mournful joy, to think that others felt  
 What he must never feel : and so, lost man !  
 On visionary views would fancy feed,  
 Till his eye streamed with tears. In this  
 deep vale  
 He died,—this seat his only monument.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
 Of young imagination have kept pure,  
 Stranger ! henceforth be warned ; and  
 know that pride,  
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
 Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt  
 For any living thing, hath faculties  
 Which he has never used ; that thought  
 with him  
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
 Is ever on himself doth look on one,  
 The least of nature's works, one who might  
 move [holds  
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom  
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, thou !  
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to  
 love,  
 True dignity abides with him alone  
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
 In lowliness of heart.

THE FEMALE VAGRANT.

My father was a good and pious man,  
 An honest man by honest parents bred,  
 And I believe that soon as I began  
 To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
 And in his hearing there my prayers I said :  
 And afterwards, by my good father taught,

I read, and loved the books in which I read ;  
 For books in every neighbouring house I  
 sought, [sure brought.  
 And nothing to my mind a sweeter plea-

Can I forget what charms did once adorn  
 My garden, stored with pease, and mint,  
 and thyme,  
 And rose, and lily, for the Sabbath morn ?  
 The Sabbath bells, and their delightful  
 chime ;  
 The gambols and wild freaks at shearing  
 time ; [scarce espied ;  
 My hen's rich nest through long grass  
 The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy  
 prime ; [side,  
 The swans that, when I sought the water-  
 From far to meet me came, spreading their  
 snowy pride ?

The staff I yet remember which upbore  
 The bending body of my active sire :  
 His seat beneath the honeyed sycamore  
 Where the bees hummed, and chair by  
 winter fire ;  
 When market morning came, the neat attire  
 With which, though bent on haste, myself  
 I decked ; [ire,  
 My watchful dog, whose starts of furious  
 When stranger passed, so often I have  
 checked ; [my casement pecked.  
 The redbreast known for years, which at

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

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

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

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

We lived in peace and comfort, and were  
 blest [plied.  
 With daily bread, by constant toil sup-  
 Three lovely infants lay upon my breast ;  
 And often viewing their sweet smiles, I  
 sighed, [died  
 And knew not why. My happy father  
 When sad distress reduced the children's  
 meal : [hide  
 Thrice happy ! that for him the grave did  
 The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent  
 wheel, [could not heal.  
 And tears that flowed for ills which patience

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

There long were we neglected, and we  
 bore [weighed ;  
 Much sorrow, ere the fleet its anchor

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

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

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

Peaceful as some immeasurable plain  
 By the first beams of dawning light im-  
 prest, [main,  
 In the calm sunshine slept the glittering  
 The very ocean hath its hour of rest.  
 I, too, forgot the heavings of my breast.  
 Oh, me, how quiet sky and ocean were !  
 As quiet all within me. I was blest :  
 And looked, and looked along the silent air,  
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my  
 despair.

Ah ! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,  
 And groans, that rage of racking famine  
 spoke ! [heaps !  
 The unburied dead, that lay in festering  
 The breathing pestilence that rose like  
 smoke ! [broke !  
 The shriek that from the distant battle  
 The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid  
 host

Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-  
stroke  
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick  
anguish tossed, [lost!  
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was

Some mighty gulf of separation past,  
I seemed transported to another world :—  
A thought resigned with pain, when from  
the mast

The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,  
And whistling, called the wind that hardly  
curled [of home

The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts  
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.  
For me—farthest from earthly port to roam  
Was best, could I but shun the spot where  
man might come.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)  
That I, at last, a resting-place had found ;  
“Here will I dwell,” said I, “my whole  
life long,

Roaming the illimitable waters round :  
Here will I live, of every friend disowned,  
And end my days upon the ocean flood.”—  
To break my dream the vessel reached its  
bound : [stood,

And homeless near a thousand homes I  
And near a thousand tables pined, and  
wanted food.

By grief enfeebled, was I turned adrift,  
Helpless as sailor cast on desert rock ;  
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,  
Nor dared my hand at any door to knock.  
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock  
From the cross timber of an out-house hung :  
Dismally tolled that night the city clock !  
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely  
stung, [frame my tongue.  
Nor to the beggar's language could I

So passed another day, and so the third :  
Then did I try in vain the crowd's resort.  
—In deep despair, by frightful wishes  
stirred,

Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort ;  
There pains, which nature could no more  
support, [fall,

With blindness linked, did on my vitals  
And after many interruptions short  
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could  
crawl ; [recall.

Unsought for was the help that did my life

Borne to an hospital, I lay with brain  
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory ;

I heard my neighbours in their beds, com-  
plain

Of many things which never troubled me ;  
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee ;  
Of looks where common kindness had no  
part :

Of service done with careless cruelty,  
Fretting the fever round the languid heart ;  
And groans, which, as they said, might  
make a dead man start.

These things just served to stir the torpid  
sense,

Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.  
With strength did memory return ; and,  
thence

Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,  
At houses, men, and common light amazed.  
The lanes I sought, and as the sun retired,  
Came where beneath the trees a faggot  
blazed ; [quired,

The travellers saw me weep, my fate in-  
And gave me food,—and rest, more wel-  
come, more desired.

They with their panniered asses semblance  
made

Of potters wandering on from door to door :  
But life of happier sort to me portrayed,  
And other joys my fancy to allure ;  
The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight  
moor,

In barn uplighted, and companions boon  
Well met from far with revelry secure,  
Among the forest glades, when jocund  
June [genial moon,  
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and

But ill they suited me—those journeys dark  
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft  
to hatch ! [bark,

To charm the surly house-dog's faithful  
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.

The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue  
match, [shrill,

The black disguise, the warning whistle  
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,  
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill ;  
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts  
were brooding still.

What could I do, unaided and unblest ?  
My father ! gone was every friend of thine :  
And kindred of dead husband are at best  
Small help ; and after marriage such as  
mine,

With little kindness would to me incline,



Ill was I then for toil or service fit :  
With tears whose course no effort could  
confine,

By the roadside forgetful would I sit  
Whole hours, my idle arms in moping  
sorrow knit.

I led a wandering life among the fields :  
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
I lived upon what casual bounty yields,  
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
The ground I for my bed have often  
used :

But, what afflicts my peace with keenest  
ruth  
Is, that I have my inner self abused,

Foregone the home delight of constant truth  
And clear and open soul, so prized in  
fearless youth.

Three years thus wandering, often have I  
viewed,

In tears, the sun towards that country tend  
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude :  
And now across this moor my steps I bend  
—Oh, tell me whither—for no earthly  
friend [away,

Have I.—She ceased, and weeping turned  
As if because her tale was at an end  
She wept ; because she had no more to say  
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit  
lay.

## Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood.

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.

### TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight !  
A little longer stay in sight !  
Much converse do I find in thee,  
Historian of my infancy !  
Float near me ; do not yet depart !  
Dead times revive in thee :  
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art !  
A solemr image to my heart,  
My father's family !

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
'The time, when, in our childish plays,  
My sister Emmeline and I  
Together chased the butterfly !  
A very hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey :—with leaps and springs  
I followed on from brake to bush ;  
But she, God love her ! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.

### FORESIGHT,

THAT is work of waste and ruin—  
Do as Charles and I are doing !  
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all ;  
We must spare them—here are many :  
Look at it—the flower is small,  
Small and low, though fair as any :  
Do not touch it ! summers two  
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne !  
Pull as many as you can.  
—Here are daisies, take your fill ;  
Pansies, and the cuckow flower :  
Of the lofty daffodil  
Make your bed, and make your bower ;  
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;  
Only spare the strawberry-blossom !

Primroses, the spring may love them :  
Summer knows but little of them :  
Violets, a barren kind,  
Withered on the ground must lie ;  
Daisies leave no fruit behind  
When the pretty flowerets die ;  
Pluck them, and another year  
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power  
To the favoured strawberry-flower,  
When the months of spring are fled  
Hither let us bend our walk ;

Lurking berries, ripe and red,  
Then will hang on every stalk,  
Each within its leafy bower ;  
And for that promise spare the flower !

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### CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild ;  
And innocence hath privilege in her  
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ;  
And feats of cunning ; and the pretty round  
Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.  
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,  
Not less if unattended and alone  
Than when both young and old sit gathered  
And take delight in its activity, [round  
Even so this happy creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her  
Is blithe society, who fills the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs.  
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's  
Forth-startled from the fern where she lay  
couched ;  
Unthought of, unexpected, as the stir  
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow  
flowers ;  
Or from before it chasing wantonly  
The many-coloured images impressed  
Upon the bosom of a placid lake

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### ADDRESS TO A CHILD DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY A FEMALE FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

WHAT way does the wind come? What  
way does he go ?  
He rides over the water and over the snow,  
Through wood, and through vale ; and o'er  
rocky height,  
Which the goat cannot climb takes his  
sounding flight ;  
He tosses about in every bare tree,  
As, if you look up, you plainly may see ;  
But how he will come and whither he goes  
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook  
And ring a sharp larum !—but if you  
should look, [snow  
There's nothing to see but a cushion of

Round as a pillow and whiter than milk,  
And softer than if it were covered with silk.  
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ;  
—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find  
in the place ?  
Nothing but silence and empty space ;  
Save, in a corner a heap of dry leaves,  
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or  
thieves !

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me  
You shall go to the orchard, and then you  
will see [rout,  
That he has been there, and made a great  
And cracked the branches, and strewn  
them about ; [upright twig  
Heaven grant that he spare but that one  
That looked up at the sky so proud and big  
All last summer, as well you know,  
Studded with apples, a beautiful show !

Hark ! over the roof he makes a pause,  
And growls as if he would fix his claws  
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle  
Drive them down like men in a battle ;  
—But let him range round ; he does us no  
harm,  
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;  
Untouched by his breath see the candle  
shines bright,  
And burns with a clear and steady light ;  
Books have we to read,—but that half-  
stifed knell—  
Alas ! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell  
—Come now, we'll to bed ! and when we  
are there [we care ?  
He may work his own will and what shall  
He may knock at the door,—we'll not let  
him in ; [his din ;  
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at  
Let him seek his own home wherever it be :  
Here's a *cosie* warm house for Edward  
and me.

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### THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY THE SAME.

A MONTH, sweet little ones, is passed  
Since your dear mother went away,—  
And she to-morrow will return ;  
To-morrow is the happy day.

Oh, blessed tidings ! thought of joy !  
The eldest heard with steady glee ;  
Silent he stood ; then laughed amain.  
And shouted, " Mother, come to me !"

Louder and louder did he shout,  
With witless hope to bring her near;  
"Nay, patience! patience, little boy!  
Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off towns,  
And long, long vales to travel through;—  
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,  
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast:  
She wars not with the mystery  
Of time and distance, night and day,  
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy  
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;  
She dances, runs without an aim,  
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,  
And echoes back his sister's glee;  
They hug the infant in my arms,  
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,  
We rested in the garden bower;  
While sweetly shone the evening sun  
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—  
Our rambles by the swift brook's side  
Far as the willow-skirted pool,  
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,  
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,  
Of birds that build their nests and sing,  
And "all since mother went away."

To her these tales they will repeat,  
To her our new-born tribes will show,  
The goslings green, the ass's colt,  
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But, see, the evening star comes forth!  
To bed the children must depart;  
A moment's heaviness they feel,  
A sadness at the heart:

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit  
They run up stairs in gamesome race;  
I, too, infected by their mood,  
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, oh, the change!  
Asleep upon their beds they lie;  
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,  
And closed the sparkling eye.

### LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.

OFF I had heard of Lucy Gray:  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go;  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do:  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot band;  
He plied his work;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:  
She wandered up and down;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb;  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,  
"In heaven we all shall meet:"  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge  
They track the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

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#### ALICE FELL; OR, POVERTY.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had  
drowned;

When suddenly I seemed to hear  
A moan, a lamentable 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 ;  
And soon I heard upon the blast  
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,  
" What can it be, this piteous moan ?"  
And there a little girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

" My cloak !" the word was last and first,  
And loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her very heart would burst ;  
And down from oft 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 scarecrow dangled.

'Twas twisted between nave and spoke ;  
Her help she lent, and with good heed  
Together we released the cloak ;  
A wretched, wretched 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."

She sate like one past all relief ;  
Sob after sob she forth did send  
In wretchedness, 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."  
And then, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong ;  
And all was for her tattered cloak.

The chaise drove on ; our journey's end  
Was nigh ; and sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend,  
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post ;  
Of Alice and her grief I told ;  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old.

" And let it be of duffil gray,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell !"  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell !

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#### 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 churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the churchyard 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 churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

33 "You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

36  
37 "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 churchyard 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!"

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#### ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

SHOWING HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING  
MAY BE TAUGHT.

I HAVE a boy of five years old;  
His face is fair and fresh to see;  
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,  
Our quiet home all full in view,  
And held such intermitted talk  
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;  
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,  
Our pleasant home when spring began,  
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
Some fond regrets to entertain;  
With so much happiness to spare,  
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet  
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,  
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet  
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—every trace  
Of inward sadness had its charm;  
"Kilve," said I, "was a favourite place,  
And so is Liswyn farm."



My boy was by my side, so slim  
And graceful in his rustic dress!  
And, as we talked, I questioned him,  
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"  
I said, and took him by the arm,  
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green  
Or here at Liswyn farm?" [sea,

In careless mood he looked at me,  
While still I held him by the arm,  
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be  
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so;  
My little Edward, tell me why."  
"I cannot tell, I do not know."  
"Why, this is strange," said I.

"For here are woods and green-hills  
warm:  
There surely must some reason be  
Why you would change sweet Liswyn  
For Kilve by the green sea." [farm

At this my boy hung down his head,  
He blushed with shame, nor made reply;  
And five times to the child I said,  
"Why, Edward, tell me why?"

His head he raised—there was in sight,  
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—  
Upon the housetop, glittering bright,  
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock;  
And thus to me he made reply,  
"At Kilve there was no weathercock,  
And that's the reason why."

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.

### RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Fleming,  
and Reginald Shore,  
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the high-  
est not more  
Than the height of a counsellor's bag;  
To the top of Great How\* were once  
tempted to climb;

\* Great How is a single and conspicuous hill,  
which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on

And there they built up, without mortar  
or lime,  
A man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as  
they lay;  
They built him and christened him all in  
one day,  
An urchin both vigorous and hale;  
And so without scruple they called him  
Ralph Jones. [his bones:  
Now Ralph is renowned for the length of  
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied  
forth, [north  
And, in anger or merriment, out of the  
Coming on with a terrible pother,  
From the peak of the crag blew the giant  
away. [next day  
And what did these school-boys?—The very  
They went and they built up another.

Some little I've seen of blind boisterous  
works [Turks,  
By Christian disturbers more savage than  
Spirits busy to do and undo:  
At remembrance whereof my blood some-  
times will flag; [crag,  
Then, light-hearted boys, to the top of the  
And I'll build up a giant with you.

### THE PET-LAMB: A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began  
to blink; [ture, drink!"  
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty crea-  
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I  
espied [at its side.  
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden

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

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his  
supper took,  
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and  
his tail with pleasure shook.

the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said  
in such a tone [own.  
That I almost received her heart into my

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

Towards the lamb she looked; and from  
that shady place [her face:  
I unobserved could see the workings of  
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? [and board?  
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed  
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass  
can be; [aileth thee?  
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that

"What is it thou would'st seek? What is  
wanting to thy heart?  
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beau-  
tiful thou art:  
This grass is tender grass; these flowers  
they have no peers; [thy ears!  
And that green corn all day is rustling in

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch  
thy woollen chain, [canst gain;  
This beech is standing by, its covert thou  
For rain and mountain storms? the like  
thou need'st not fear—  
The rain and storm are things that scarcely  
can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast  
forgot the day [far away,  
When my father found thee first in places  
Man; 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 year [have been.  
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have  
brought thee in this can  
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as  
ever ran; [wet with dew,  
And twice in the day, when the ground is  
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk  
it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout  
as they are now, [in the plough;  
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony  
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the  
wind is cold [be thy fold.  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall

"It will not, will not rest!—poor creature,  
can it be [ing so in thee?  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is work-  
Things that I know not of belike to thee  
are dear, [neither see nor hear.  
And dreams of things which thou canst

"Alas, the mountain tops that look so  
green and fair!  
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness  
that come there; [and all play,  
The little brooks that seem all pastime  
When they are angry, roar like lions for  
their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in  
the sky; [is hard by.  
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage  
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at  
thy chain? [thee again!"  
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to

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, [of it was mine.  
That but half of it was hers, and one half

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

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS; OR,  
DUNGEON-GHYLL-FORCE.\*

A PASTORAL.

The valley rings with mirth and joy;  
Among the hills the echoes play

\* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and



A never, never-ending song,  
To welcome in the May.  
The magpie chatters with delight;  
The mountain raven's youngling brood  
Have left the mother and the nest;  
And they go rambling east and west  
In search of their own food;  
Or through the glittering vapours dart  
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock upon the grass,  
Two boys are sitting in the sun;  
Boys that have had no work to do,  
Or work that now is done.  
On pipes of sycamore they play  
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;  
Or with that plant which in our dale  
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,  
Their rusty hats they trim;  
And thus, as happy as the day,  
Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge  
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;  
The thrush is busy in the wood,  
And carols loud and strong.  
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,  
All newly born! both earth and sky  
Keep jubilee; and more than all,  
Those boys with their green coronal;  
They never hear the cry,  
That plaintive cry! which up the hill  
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,  
"Down to the stump of yon old yew  
We'll for our whistles run a race."  
—Away the shepherds flew.  
They leapt—they ran—and when they came  
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
Seeing that he should lose the prize,  
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries—  
James stopped with no good will:  
Said Walter then, "Your task is here,  
'Twill baffle you for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—  
Come on, and in my footsteps tread!"  
The other took him at his word,  
And followed as he led.  
It was a spot which you may see  
If ever you to Langdale go;

Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part,  
a steep narrow valley, with a stream running  
through it. *Force* is the word universally em-  
ployed in these dialects for waterfall.

Into a chasm a mighty block  
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of  
rock:  
The gulf is deep below;  
And in a basin black and small  
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft  
The challenger pursued his march;  
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained  
The middle of the arch.  
When list! he hears a piteous moan—  
Again!—his heart within him dies—  
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,  
He totters, pallid as a ghost,  
And, looking down, espies  
A lamb, that in the pool is pent  
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,  
And safe without a bruise or wound  
The cataract had borne him down  
Into the gulf profound.  
His dam had seen him when he fell,  
She saw him down the torrent borne:  
And, while with all a mother's love  
She from the lofty rocks above  
Sent forth a cry forlorn,  
The lamb, still swimming round and  
round,  
Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,  
That sent this rueful cry; I ween,  
The boy recovered heart, and told  
The sight which he had seen.  
Both gladly now deferred their task;  
Nor was there wanting other aid—  
A poet, one who loves the brooks  
Far better than the sages' books,  
By chance had hither strayed;  
And there the helpless lamb he found  
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it gently from the pool,  
And brought it forth into the light;  
The shepherds met him with his charge,  
An unexpected sight!  
Into their arms the lamb they took,  
Said they, "He's neither maimed nor  
scarred."

Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
And placed him at his mother's side;  
And gently did the bard  
Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid,  
And bade them better mind their trade.

## TO H. C. SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are  
brought; [apparel,  
Who of thy words dost make a mock  
And fittest to unutterable thought  
The breeze-like motion and the self-born  
carol;  
Thou faery voyager! that dost float,  
In such clear water, that thy boat  
May rather seem  
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;  
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky  
Where earth and heaven do make one  
imagery!  
O blessed vision! happy child!  
That art so exquisitely wild,  
I think of thee with many fears  
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when pain might be  
thy guest,  
Lord of thy house and hospitality!  
And grief, uneasy lover! never rest  
But when she sate within the touch of thee.  
Oh! too industrious folly!  
Oh! vain and causeless melancholy!  
Nature will either end thee quite;  
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,  
Preserve for thee, by individual right,  
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown  
flocks.  
What hast thou to do with sorrow,  
Or the injuries of to-morrow? [forth,  
Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn brings  
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks;  
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth!  
A gem that glitters while it lives,  
And no forewarning gives;  
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife  
Slips in a moment out of life.

◆

### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHEN-  
ING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD  
AND EARLY YOUTH.

[This extract is reprinted from "The Friend."  
WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou soul, that art the eternity of thought!  
And giv'st to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion! not in vain,  
By day or star light, thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood did'st thou intertwine for me

The passions that build up our human soul;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of  
man,—  
But with high objects, with enduring things,  
With life and nature; purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours rolling down the valleys  
made [woods  
A lonely scene more lonesome; among  
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer  
nights, [lake,  
When, by the margin of the trembling  
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward  
went

In solitude, such intercourse was mine:  
'Twas mine among the fields both day and  
night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long;  
And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and visible for many a mile,  
The cottage windows through the twilight  
blazed,  
I heeded not the summons:—happy time  
It was indeed for all of us; for me  
It was a time of rapture!—Clear and loud  
The village clock tolled six—I wheeled  
about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home.—All shod  
with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding  
horn, [hare,  
The pack loud-bellowing, and the hunted  
So through the darkness and the cold we  
flew,

And not a voice was idle: with the din  
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the  
stars, [west  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the  
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay,—or sportively [through,  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous  
To cut across the reflex of a star,  
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed

Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning  
still

The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had  
rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round !  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

### THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO —

LET us quit the leafy arbour,  
And the torrent murmuring by :  
Sol has dropped into his harbour,  
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters  
Fashioned by the glowing light ;  
All that breathe are thankful debtors  
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended  
Eve renews her calm career ;  
For the day that now is ended  
Is the longest of the year.

Laura ! sport, as now thou sportest,  
On this platform, light and free ;  
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,  
Are indifferent to thee !

Who would check the happy feeling  
That inspires the linnet's song ?  
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling  
On her pinions swift and strong ?

Yet at this impressive season,  
Words which tenderness can speak  
From the truths of homely reason,  
Might exalt the loveliest cheek ;

And, while shades to shades succeeding  
Steal the landscape from the sight,  
I would urge this moral pleading,  
Last forerunner of " Good night ! "

Summer ebbs ;—each day that follows  
Is a reflux from on high,  
Tending to the darksome hollows  
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,  
In his providence, assigned  
Such a gradual declination  
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ;—fruits redden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden !  
And when thy decline shall come,  
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,  
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,  
Fix thine eyes upon the sea  
That absorbs time, space, and number ;  
Look towards eternity !

Follow thou the flowing river  
On whose breast are thither borne  
All deceived, and each deceiver,  
Through the gates of night and morn

Through the year's successive portars ;  
Through the bounds which many a stat  
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,  
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled  
Towards the mighty gulf of things,  
And the mazy stream unravelled  
With thy best imaginings :

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,  
Think how pitiful that stay,  
Did not virtue give the meanest  
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown ;  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While thy brow youth's roses crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,  
Fairest damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine queen ;

And insures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the donor,  
Lord of heaven's unchanging year !

## Poems Founded on the Affections.

## THE BROTHERS.

"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 neighbour'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 Enner-  
dale.

It was a July evening; and he sate  
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the  
eaves [day,

Of his old cottage,—as it chanced, that  
Employed in winter's work. Upon the  
stone [wool,

His wife sate near him, teasing matted  
While, from the twin cards toothed with  
glittering wire,

He fed the spindle of his youngest child,  
Who turned her large round wheel in the  
open air [the field

With back and forward steps. 'Towards  
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 [led,

That from his cottage to the church-yard  
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 intrust  
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 green wave and  
sparkling foam [wrought

Flashed round him images and hues that  
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 [trees,

On verdant hills—with dwellings among  
And shepherds clad in the same country  
gray

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

\* This description of the Calenture is sketched from an imperfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of "The Hurricane."

When, whether it blew foul or fair, they  
two  
Were brothershepherds on their native hills.  
They were the last of all their race: and  
now, [his heart  
When Leonard had approached his home,  
Failed in him; and, not venturing to in-  
quire  
Tidings of one whom he so dearly loved,  
Towards the church-yard he had turned  
aside;  
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 he had hopes  
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 the 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, [changed.  
And everlasting hills themselves were  
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, [with himself,  
The good man might have communed  
But that the stranger, who had left the  
grave, [once,  
Approached; he recognised the priest at

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 [other,  
And welcome gone, they are so like each  
They cannot be remembered? Scarce a  
funeral [months;  
Comes to this churchyard once in eighteen  
And yet, some changes must take place  
among you; [rocks,  
And you, who dwell here, even among these  
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 [tall pike  
That does not play you false.—On that  
(It is the loneliest place of all these hills)  
There were two springs which bubbled side  
by side,  
As if they had been made that they might be  
Companions for each other: the huge crag  
Was rent with lightning—one hath dis-  
appeared;  
The other, left behind, is flowing still.  
For accidents and changes such as these,  
We want not store of them:—a water-spout  
Will bring down half a mountain; what a  
feast  
For folks that wander up and down like you,  
To see an acre's breadth of that wide clift  
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— [homes!  
A wood is felled:—and then for our own  
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; [dates

And hence, so far from wanting facts or  
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— [historians,

Yours was a stranger's judgment: for  
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: [of brass,

Here's neither head nor footstone, plate  
Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our earthly  
state [home

Nor emblem of our hopes: the dead man's  
Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

*Priest.* Why, there, sir, is a thought  
that's new to me! [their bread

The stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg  
If every English church-yard were like  
ours; [truth:

Yet your conclusion wanders from the  
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 forefathers o'erflowed the  
bounds

Of their inheritance, that single cottage—  
You see it yonder!—and those few green  
fields. [to son,

They toiled and wrought, and still, from sire  
Each struggled, and each yielded as before  
A little—yet a little—and old Walter,

They left to him the family heart, and land  
With other burthens than the crop it bore.  
Year after year the old man still kept up

A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with bond,  
Interest, and mortgages; at last he sank,  
And went into his grave before his time.

Poor Walter! whether it was care that  
spurred him

God only knows, but to the very last  
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale:

His pace was never that of an old man:  
I almost see him tripping down the path  
With his two grandsons after him:—but you,

Unless our landlord be your host to-night,  
Have far to travel,—and on these rough  
paths

Even in the longest day of midsummer—  
*Leonard.* But those two orphans!

*Priest.* Orphans!—Such they were—  
Yet not while Walter lived:—for, though  
their parents

Lay buried side by side as now they lie,  
The old man was a father to the boys,

Two fathers in one father: and if tears,  
Shed when he talked of them where they  
were not,

And hauntings from the infirmity of love,  
Are aught of what makes up a mother's  
heart,

This old man, in the day of his old age,  
Was half a mother to them.—If you weep,  
sir,

To hear a stranger talking about strangers,  
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. For,

Though from their cradles they had lived  
with Walter,

The only kinsman near them, and though he  
Inclined to them 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  
perhaps [the fords

Remained at home, go staggering through  
Bearing his brother on his back. I've 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 finest Sunday that the autumn saw,  
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,  
Could never keep these 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  
Where foot could come, to one or both of  
them [grow there.

Was known as well as to the flowers that  
Like roebucks they went bounding o'er  
the hills ; [the crags :

They played like two young ravens on  
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 is 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— [you?

*Leonard.* Then James still is left among  
*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, [know,

A pretty flock, and which, for aught I  
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 passed since we had  
tidings from him.

If there were one among us who had heard  
That Leonard Ewbank was come home  
again, [banks,

From the great Gavel,\* down by Leeza's  
And down the Enna, far as Egremont,  
The day would be a very 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— [him

Living or dead.—When last we heard of  
He was in slavery among the Moors

Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a  
little [doubt,

That would bring down his spirit ; and no  
Before it ended in his death, the youth

Was sadly crossed—Poor Leonard! when  
we parted,

He took me by the hand, and said to me,  
If ever the day came when he was rich,

He would return, and on his father's land  
He would grow old among us.

\* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from  
its resemblance to the gable end of a house, is  
one of the highest of the Cumberland moun-  
tains.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the  
Lake of Ennerdale : on issuing from the Lake,  
it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne,  
or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below  
Egremont.



*Leonard.* If that day  
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day  
for him ;

He would himself, no doubt, be happy then  
As any that should meet him—

*Priest.* Happy! Sir—

*Leonard.* You said his kindred all were  
in their graves,

And that he had one brother—

*Priest.* That is but  
A fellow tale of sorrow. From his youth  
James, though not sickly, yet was delicate;  
And Leonard being always by his side  
Had done so many offices about him,  
That, though he was not of a timid nature,  
Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy  
In him was somewhat checked ; and when  
his brother

Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,  
The little colour that he had was soon  
Stolen from his cheek ; he drooped, and  
pined, and pined—

*Leonard.* But these are all the graves of  
full-grown men !

*Priest.* Ay, sir, that passed away : we  
took him to us ;

He was the child of all the dale—he lived  
Three months with one and six months  
with another ;

And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor  
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 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  
With two or three companions, whom  
their course

Of occupation led from height to height  
Under a cloudless sun, till he, at length,  
Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge  
The humour of the moment, lagged behind.

You see on precipice ;—it wears the shape  
Of a vast building made of many crags ;  
And in the midst is one particular rock  
That rises like a column from the vale,

Whence by our shepherds it is called THE  
PILLAR.

Upon its æry summit crowned with heath,  
The loiterer, not unnoticed by his comrades,  
Lay stretched at ease ; but, passing by the  
place

On their return, they found that he was gone.  
No ill was feared ; but one of them by  
chance

Entering, when evening was far spent, the  
house

Which at that time was James's home, there  
That nobody had seen him all that day :  
The morning came, and still he was un-  
heard of :

The neighbours were alarmed, and to the  
Some hastened, some towards the lake :  
ere noon

They found him at the foot of that same  
Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third  
day after

I buried him, poor youth, and there he lies!  
*Leonard.* And that then is his grave !—  
Before his death

You say that he saw many happy years ?

*Priest.* Ay, that he did—

*Leonard.* And all went well with him ?—

*Priest.* If he had one, the youth had  
twenty homes.

*Leonard.* And you believe, then, that  
his mind was easy ?—

*Priest.* Yes, long before he died, he  
found that time

Is a true friend to sorrow ; and unless  
His thoughts were turned on Leonard's  
luckless fortune,

He talked about him with a cheerful love.  
*Leonard.* He could not come to an un-  
hallowed end !

*Priest.* Nay, God forbid!—You recollect  
I mentioned

A habit which disquietude and grief  
Had brought upon him ; and we all con-  
jectured

That, as the day was warm, he had lain  
Upon the grass,—and waiting for his com-  
rades,

He there had fallen asleep ; that in his  
He to the margin of the precipice  
Had walked, and from the summit had  
fallen headlong.

And so, no doubt, he perished : at the time,  
We guess, that in his hands he must have  
held

His shepherd's staff ; for midway in the cliff  
It had been caught ; and there for many  
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 ; [yard gate,

And Leonard, when they reached the church—  
As the priest lifted up the latch, turned  
round,— [Brother !"

And looking at the grave, he said, " My  
The vicar did not hear the words : and now,  
Pointing towards the cottage, he entreated  
That Leonard would partake his homely  
fare : [voice;

The other thanked him with a fervent  
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, [viewed

And, sitting down beneath the trees, re-  
All that the priest had said : his early years  
Were with him in his heart : his cherished  
hopes, [before,

And thoughts which had been his an hour  
All pressed on him with such a weight,  
that now, [seemed

This vale, where he had been so happy,  
A place in which he could not bear to live:  
So he relinquished all his purposes.

He travelled on to Egremont : and thence,  
That night, he wrote a letter to the priest,  
Reminding him of what had passed between  
them ;

And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,  
That it was from the weakness of his heart  
He had not dared to tell him who he was.

This done, he went on shipboard, and is  
now

A seaman, a gray-headed mariner.

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### ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF  
MONMOUTH, AND MILTON'S HISTORY  
OF ENGLAND.)

WHERE be the temples which, in Britain's  
Isle,

For his paternal gods, the Trojan raised?  
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile  
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed !

Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,  
They sank, delivered o'er

To fatal dissolution ; and, I ween,  
No vestige then was left that such had ever  
been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed  
In old Armorica, whose secret springs  
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed  
The wondrous current of forgotten things;  
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,

And Albion's giants quelled,—  
A brood whom no civility could melt,  
" Who never tasted grace, and goodness  
ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,  
And rooted out the intolerable kind ;  
And this too-long-polluted land imbued  
With goodly arts and usages refined ;  
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike  
towers,

And pleasure's sumptuous bowers,  
Whence all the fixed delights of house and  
home, [that cannot roam,  
Friendships that will not break, and love

O happy Britain ! region all too fair  
For self-delighting fancy to endure  
That silence only should inhabit there,  
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure !  
But, intermingled with the generous seed,  
Grew many a poisonous weed ?

Thus fares it still with all that takes its  
birth [breast of earth.  
From human care, or grows upon the

Hence, and how soon ! that war of ven-  
geance waged

By Guendolen against her faithless lord ;  
Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged,  
Had slain his paramour with ruthless  
sword :

Then, into Severn hideously defiled,  
She flung her blameless child,  
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream should  
bear [to declare.  
That name through every age, her hatred

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear  
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.  
Ye lightnings hear his voice !—they cannot  
hear,

Nor can the winds restore his simple neck.  
But one there is, a child of nature meek,

Who comes her sire to seek ;  
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast  
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect  
rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,  
And those that Milton loved in youthful  
years ;

The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes ;  
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers ;  
Of Arthur,—who, to upper light restored

With that terrific sword

Which yet he wields in subterranean war,  
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar  
star !

What wonder, then, if in such ample field  
Of old tradition, one particular flower  
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,  
And bloom unnoticed even to this late  
hour ?

Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,  
While I this flower transplant

Into a garden stored with poesy ;

Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply  
some weeds be, [mischief free !

That, wanting not wild grace, are from all

A KING more worthy of respect and love  
Than wise Gorbonian, ruled not in his day ;  
And grateful Britain prospered far above

All neighbouring countries through his  
righteous sway ; [good ;

He poured rewards and honours on the

The oppressor he withstood ;

And while he served the gods with rever-  
ence due, [and cities grew.

Field smiled, and temples rose, and towns

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son ;  
But how unworthy of such sire was he !

A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,  
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.

From crime to crime he mounted, till at  
length

The nobles leagued their strength  
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased ;

And, on the vacant throne, his worthier  
brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled exile  
went,

Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain ;  
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,  
He urged his persevering suit in vain.

Him, in whose wretched heart ambition  
failed,

Dire poverty assailed ;

And, tired with slights which he no more  
could brook, [look.

Towards his native soil he cast a longing

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage  
sped ;

He landed ; and, by many dangers scared,  
“ Poorly provided, poorly followed,”

To Calaterius's forest he repaired.  
How changed from him who, born to  
highest place,

Had swayed the royal mace,  
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,

In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's  
side !

From that wild region where the crownless  
king

Lay in concealment with his scanty train,  
Supporting life by water from the spring,

And such chance food as outlaws can ob-  
tain,

Unto the few whom he esteems his friends  
A messenger he sends ;

And from their secret loyalty requires  
Shelter and daily bread,—the amount of  
his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn  
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced

to hear [horn,  
A startling outcry made by hound and

From which the tusky boar hath fled in  
fear ; [plain,

And, scouring towards him o'er the grassy  
Behold the hunter train !

He bids his little company advance  
With seeming unconcern and steady coun-  
tenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,  
Hath checked his foaming courser—Can it

be ? [face,  
Methinks that I should recognise that

Though much disguised by long adversity !  
He gazed, rejoicing, and again he gazed,

Confounded and amazed—  
“ It is the king, my brother !” and, by

sound [the ground,  
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace  
he gave,

Feebly returned by daunted Artegal ;  
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,  
And apprehensions dark and criminal.

Loth to restrain the moving interview,  
The attendant lords withdrew ;

And, while they stood upon the plain apart,  
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his strug-  
gling heart :

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;  
O brother! to my knowledge lost so long,  
But neither lost to love, nor to regret,  
Nor to my wishes lost;—forgive the wrong,  
(Such it may seem) if I thy crown have  
Thy royal mantle worn: [borne,  
I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just  
That now I should restore what hath been  
held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegal stood mute,  
Then thus exclaimed—"To me, of titles  
shorn, [tute,  
And stripped of power!—me, feeble, desti-  
To me a kingdom!—spare the bitter  
scorn!

If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,  
Then, on the wide-spread wings  
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;  
This will I here avow, not dreading thy  
despite."

"I do not blame thee," Elidure replied;  
"But, if my looks did with my words agree,  
I should at once be trusted, not defied,  
And thou from all disquietude be free.  
May the unsullied goddess of the chase,  
Who to this blessed place  
At this blest moment led me, if I speak  
With insincere intent, on me her vengeance  
wreak!

"Were this same spear, which in my hand  
I grasp,  
The British sceptre, here would I to thee  
The symbol yield; and would undo this  
clasp,  
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.  
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,  
And joyless sylvan sport, [lorn,  
While thou art roving, wretched and for-  
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the  
forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake—"I only sought,  
Within this realm a place of safe retreat;  
Beware of rousing an ambitious thought;  
Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!  
Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind  
Art pitifully blind; [rue,  
Full soon this generous purpose thou mayst  
When that which has been done no wishes  
can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon his  
head, [right with right?  
Would balance claim with claim, and

But thou—I know not how inspired, how  
led— [men's sight!  
Wouldst change the course of things in all  
And this for one who cannot imitate  
Thy virtue—who may hate:  
For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,  
He reign, thou still must be his king, and  
sovereign lord.

"Lifted in magnanimity above  
Aught that my feeble nature could perform,  
Or even conceive; surpassing me in love  
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm;  
I, brother! only should be king in name,  
And govern to my shame;  
A shadow in a hated land, while all  
Of glad or willing service to thy share  
would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect  
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most  
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,  
Which stands the universal empire's boast;  
This can thy own experience testify:  
Nor shall thy foes deny  
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,  
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to  
breathe again.

"And what if o'er that bright unbosoming  
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune  
past!  
Have we not seen the glories of the spring  
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?  
The frith that glittered like a warrior's  
shield,  
The sky, the gay green field,  
Are vanished;—gladness ceases in the  
groves, [mountain coves,  
And trepidation strikes the blackened

"But is that gloom dissolved? how pass-  
ing clear [before!  
Seems the wide world—far brighter than  
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,  
Gladdening the people's heart from shore-  
to shore, [atone;  
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall  
Re-seated on thy throne,  
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune,  
pain, [right to reign.  
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native

"But, not to overlook what thou mayst  
know,  
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;  
And circumspect must be our course, and  
slow,



Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.  
Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly  
Such change in thy estate [wait  
As I already have in thought devised ;  
And which, with caution due, may soon be  
realised."

The story tells what courses were pursued,  
Until King Elidure, with full consent  
Of all his peers, before the multitude,  
Rose,—and, to consummate this just intent,  
Did place upon his brother's head the  
crown,

Relinquished by his own;  
Then to his people cried, " Receive your  
lord, [king restored !"  
Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful

The people answered with a loud acclaim:  
Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic  
deed,

The reinstated Artegal became  
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage  
freed

Of vice,—thenceforth unable to subvert  
Or shake his high desert.

Long did he reign; and, when he died, the  
tear [bier.  
Of universal grief bedewed his honoured

'Thus was a brother by a brother saved;  
With whom a crown (temptation that hath  
set [braved

Discords in hearts of men till they have  
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)  
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did  
seem

A thing of no esteem,  
And, from this triumph of affection pure,  
He bore the lasting name of " pious  
Elidure !"

#### THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
On me the chance-discovered sight  
Gleamed like a vision of delight.

I started—seeming to espay  
The home and sheltered bed,—  
The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by,  
My father's house, in wet or dry,  
My sister Emmeline and I  
Together visited.

She looked at it as if she feared it;  
Still wishing, dreading to be near it :

Such heart was in her, being then  
A little prattler among men.  
The blessing of my later years  
Was with me when a boy :  
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love, and thought, and joy.

#### TO A BUTTERFLY.

I'VE watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
And, little butterfly ! indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless!—not frozen seas  
More motionless ! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;  
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !  
Come often to us, fear no wrong;  
Sit near us, on the bough !  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;  
And summer days when we were young;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.

#### A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, thou little nook of mountain  
ground,  
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair  
Of that magnificent temple which doth  
bound [rare;  
One side of our whole vale with grandeur  
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,  
The loveliest spot that man hath ever  
found, [peaceful care,  
Farewell!—we leave thee to Heaven's  
Thee, and the cottage which thou dost  
surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,  
And safely she will ride when we are gone;  
The flowering shrubs that decorate our  
door  
Will prosper, though untended and alone:  
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have  
none: [store  
These narrow bounds contain our private

Of things earth makes and sun doth shine  
upon; [more.  
Here they are in our sight—we have no

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and  
bell! [sought;  
For two months now in vain we shall be  
We leave you here in solitude to dwell  
With these our latest gifts of tender thought;  
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron  
coat, [well!  
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, fare-  
Whom from the borders of the lake we  
brought,  
And placed together near our rocky well.

We go for one to whom ye will be dear;  
And she will prize this bower, this Indian  
shed,

Our own contrivance, building without peer!  
A gentle maid, whose heart is lowly bred,  
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,  
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful  
cheer,

Will come to you; to you herself will wed—  
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

Dear spot! which we have watched with  
tender heed, [blown  
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms  
Among the distant mountains, flower and  
weed,

Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,  
Making all kindness registered and known;  
Thou for our sakes, though nature's child  
indeed,

Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,  
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little  
need.

And oh, most constant, yet most fickle  
place, [dost show  
That hast thy wayward moods, as thou  
To them who look not daily on thy face;  
Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost  
know, [them go!"  
And say'st when we forsake thee, "Let  
Thou easy-hearted thing, with thy wild race  
Of weeds and flowers, till we return be  
slow,  
And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell her tales of years gone by,  
And this sweet spring the best beloved and  
best.

Joy will be flown in its mortality;  
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.

Here, thronged with primroses, the steep  
rock's breast  
Glittered at evening like a starry sky;  
And in this bush our sparrow built her  
nest,  
Of which I sung one song that will not die.

Oh, happy garden! whose seclusion deep  
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours;  
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep  
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of  
flowers, [bowers;  
And wild notes warbled among leafy  
Two burning months let summer overleap,  
And, coming back with her who will be  
ours,  
Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

---

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOM-  
SON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

WITHIN our happy castle there dwelt one  
Whom without blame I may not overlook;  
For never sun on living creature shone  
Who more devout enjoyment with us took;  
Here on his hours he hung as on a book;  
On his own time here would he float away,  
As doth a fly upon a summer brook;  
But go to-morrow—or belike to-day—  
Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither none  
can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful  
home,  
And find elsewhere his business or delight;  
Out of our valley's limits did he roam:  
Full many a time, upon a stormy night,  
His voice came to us from the neighbour-  
ing height:  
Oft did we see him driving full in view  
At mid-day when the sun was shining  
bright;  
What ill was on him, what he had to do,  
A mighty wonder bred among our quiet  
crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this man  
When he came back to us, a withered  
flower,—  
Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan.  
Down would he sit; and without strength  
or power [hour:  
Look at the common grass from hour to  
And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,



Where apple-trees in blossom made a  
bower,  
Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay:  
And, like a naked Indian, slept himself  
away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was  
Whenever from our valley he withdrew;  
For happier soul no living creature has  
Than he had, being here the long day  
through.

Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:  
Some thought far worse of him, and judged  
him wrong: [to;

But verse was what he had been wedded  
And his own mind did like a tempest  
strong

Come to him thus, and drove the weary  
wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly  
guise,

Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,  
A noticeable man with large gray eyes,  
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly  
As if a blooming face it ought to be;  
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear  
Prepound by weight of musing phantasy;  
De profundis his forehead was, though not  
severe; [ness here.

Yet some did think that he had little busi-

Sweet heaven forefend! his was a lawful  
right;

Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy;  
His limbs would toss about him with de-  
light [annoy.

Like branches when strong winds the trees  
Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy  
To banish listlessness and irksome care;  
He would have taught you how you might  
employ

Yourself; and many did to him repair,—  
And, certes, not in vain; he had inventions  
rare.

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried:  
Long blades of grass, plucked round him  
as he lay,

Made—to his ear attentively applied—  
A pipe on which the wind would deftly play;  
Glasses he had, that little things display,  
The beetle panoplied in gems and gold,  
A mailed angel on a battle day;  
The mysteries that cups of flowers infold,  
And all the gorgeous sights which fairies  
do behold.

He would entice that other man to hear  
His music, and to view his imagery;  
And, sooth, these two did love each other  
dear,

As far as love in such a place could be;  
There did they dwell—from earthly labour  
free,

As happy spirits as were ever seen;  
If but a bird, to keep them company,  
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,  
As pleased as if the same had been a  
maiden queen.

---

LOUISA.

I MET Louisa in the shade;  
And having seen that lovely maid,  
Why should I fear to say  
That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong;  
And down the rocks can leap along,  
Like rivulets in May?

And she hath smiles to earth unknown;  
Smiles, that with motion of their own  
Do spread, and sink, and rise;  
That come and go with endless play,  
And ever, as they pass away,  
Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her cottage-home;  
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
In weather rough and bleak;  
And, when against the wind she strains,  
Oh, might I kiss the mountain rains,  
That sparkle on her cheek!

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"  
If I with her but half a noon  
May sit beneath the walls  
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
When up she winds along the brook  
To hunt the waterfalls.

---

STRANGE fits of passion I have known:  
And I will dare to tell,  
But in the lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befel.

When she I loved was strong and gay,  
And like a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath the evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
All over the wide lea;

My horse trudged on—and we drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot ;  
And as we climbed the hill,  
Towards the roof of Lucy's cot  
The moon descended still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind nature's gentlest boon !  
And all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on ; hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopped :  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
Into a lover's head !—  
"Oh, mercy !" to myself I cried,  
" If Lucy should be dead !"

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye !  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me !

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

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time ; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire ;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played ;  
And thine is too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew  
Had mingled tears of thine,  
I grieved, fond youth ! that thou should'st  
sue  
To haughty Geraldine.

Immoveable by generous sighs,  
She glories in a train  
Who drag, beneath our native skies,  
An oriental chain.

Pine not like them with arms across,  
Forgetting in thy care  
How the fast-rooted trees can toss  
Their branches in mid air.

The humblest rivulet will take  
Its own wild liberties ;  
And, every day, the imprisoned lake  
Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant kneec,  
But scorn with scorn outbrave ;  
A Briton, even in love, should be  
A subject, not a slave !

TO —.

LOOK at the fate of summer flowers,  
Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-  
song ; [that ours,  
And, grieved for their brief date, confess  
Measured by what we are and ought to be,  
Measured by all that trembling we foresee,  
Is not so long !

If human life do pass away,  
Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower  
Whose frail existence is but of a day ;  
What space hath virgin's beauty to disclose  
Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing  
Not even an hour ! [rose !

The deepest grove whose foliage hid  
The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,  
Could not the entrance of this thought  
forbid :  
Oh, be thou wise as they, soul-gifted maid !  
Nor rate too high what must so quickly  
So soon be lost. [fade,

Then shall love teach some virtuous youth  
 "To draw out of the object of his eyes,"  
 The whilst on thee they gaze in simple truth,  
 Hues more exalted, "a refinèd form,"  
 That dreads not age, nor suffers from the  
 And never dies. [worm,

Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,  
 And stir not in the gale.  
 For thus to see thee nodding in the air,—  
 To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,  
 Thus rise and thus descend,—  
 Disturbs me till the sight is more than I  
 can bear."

'Tis said that some have died for love :  
 And here and there a church-yard grave is  
 found

In the cold North's unhallowed ground,—  
 Because the wretched man himself had  
 slain,

His love was such a grievous pain.  
 And there is one whom I five years have  
 He dwells alone [known ;

Upon Helvellyn's side :  
 He loved—the pretty Barbara died,  
 And thus he makes his moan :  
 Three years had Barbara in her grave been  
 When thus his moan he made— [laid

"Oh, move, thou cottage, from behind  
 that oak !

Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,  
 That in some other way you smoke  
 May mount into the sky !  
 The clouds pass on ; they from the heavens  
 depart :

I look—the sky is empty space ;  
 I know not what I trace ; [my heart.  
 But when I cease to look, my hand is on

"Oh ! what a weight is in these shades ?  
 Ye leaves, [prest !

When will that dying murmur be sup-  
 Your sound my heart of peace bereaves,  
 It robs my heart of rest. [and free,

'Thou thrush, that singest loud—and loud  
 Into yon row of willows flit,  
 Upon that alder sit ; [tree.  
 Or sing another song, or choose another

"Roll back, sweet rill ! back to thy moun-  
 tain bounds,

And there for ever be thy waters chained !  
 For thou dost haunt the air with sounds  
 That cannot be sustained ; [bough

If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged  
 Headlong yon waterfall must come,  
 Oh, let it then be dumb !—  
 Be any thing, sweet rill, but that which  
 thou art now.

"Thou eglantine, whose arch so proudly  
 towers, [vale,  
 Even like a rainbow spanning half the

The man who makes this feverish com-  
 plaint

Is one of giant stature, who could dance  
 Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.  
 Ah gentle love ! if ever thought was thine  
 To store up kindred hours for me, thy face  
 Turn from me, gentle love ! nor let me walk  
 Within the sound of Emma's voice, or know  
 Such happiness as I have known to-day.

### A COMPLAINT.

THERE is a change—and I am poor ;  
 Your love hath been, nor long ago,  
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,  
 Whose only business was to flow ;  
 And flow it did ; not taking heed  
 Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count !  
 Blest was I then all bliss above !  
 Now, for this consecrated fount  
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,  
 What have I ? shall I dare to tell ?  
 A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—  
 I trust it is,—and never dry :  
 What matter ? if the waters sleep  
 In silence and obscurity.  
 Such change, and at the very door  
 Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

### TO —.

LET other hards of angels sing,  
 Bright suns without a spot ;  
 But thou art no such perfect thing ;  
 Rejoice that thou art not !

Such if thou wert in all men's view,  
 A universal show,  
 What would my fancy have to do  
 My feelings to bestow ?

The world denies that thou art fair ;  
 So, Mary, let it be  
 If nought in loveliness compare  
 With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
Whose veil is unremoved  
Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
And the lover is beloved.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse !  
How bright that heaven-directed glance !  
Waft her to glory, winged powers,  
Ere sorrow be renewed,  
And intercourse with mortal hours  
Bring back a humbler mood !  
So looked Cecilia when she drew  
An angel from his station ;  
So looked—not ceasing to pursue  
Her tuneful adoration !

But hand and voice alike are still ;  
No sound *here* sweeps away the will  
That gave it birth ;—in service meek  
One upright arm sustains the cheek,  
And one across the bosom lies—  
That rose, and now forgets to rise,  
Subdued by breathless harmonies  
Of meditative feeling ;  
Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,  
Through the pure light of female eyes  
Their sanctity revealing !

TO —.

OH, dearer far than light and life are  
dear,  
Full oft our human foresight I deplore ;  
Trembling, through my unworthiness, with  
fear [no more !  
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,  
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest ;  
While all the future, for thy purer soul,  
With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

If a faint sigh, not meant for human ear,  
Tell that these words thy humbleness offend,  
Cherish me still—else faltering in the rear  
Of a steep march ; uphold me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,  
And love is dutiful in thought and deed ;  
Through thee communion with that love I  
seek ;  
The faith Heaven strengthens where *He*  
moulds the creed.

### LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

SMILE of the moon !—for so I name  
That silent greeting from above ;  
A gentle flash of light that came  
From her whom drooping captives love ;  
Or art thou of still higher birth ?  
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,  
My torpor to reprove !

Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas !  
I may not trust thy placid cheer !  
Pondering that time to-night will pass  
The threshold of another year ;  
For years to me are sad and dull ;  
My very moments are too full  
Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
That struck perchance the farthest cone  
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
To visit me, and me alone ;  
Me, unapproached by any friend,  
Save those who to my sorrows lend  
Tears due unto their own.

To-night, the church-tower bells will ring  
Through these wide realms a festive peal ;  
To the new year a welcoming ;  
A tuneful offering for the weal  
Of happy millions lulled in sleep ;  
While I am forced to watch and weep,  
By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
Still higher—to be cast thus low !  
Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
On aught of more ambitious show  
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields !  
It is my royal state that yields  
This bitterness of woe.

Yet how ?—for I, if there be truth  
In the world's voice, was passing fair,  
And beauty, for confiding youth,  
Those shocks of passion can prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time,  
And blanch, without the owner's crime,  
The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinction ! showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains :—  
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
Is gone ;—but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit ; for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remainæ,

A woman rules my prison's key ;  
 A sister queen, against the bent  
 Of law and holiest sympathy,  
 Detains me, doubtful of the event ;  
 Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
 My thoughts are all that I possess,  
 Oh, keep them innocent !

Farewell desire of human aid,  
 Which abject mortals vainly court,  
 By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
 Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport ;  
 Nought but the world-redeeming cross  
 Is able to supply my loss,  
 My burthen to support.

Hark ! the death-note of the year  
 Sounded by the castle clock !  
 From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
 Stole forth, unsettled by the shock ;  
 But oft the woods renewed their green,  
 Ere the tired head of Scotland's queen  
 Reposed upon the block !

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### THE COMPLAINT

#### OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert, unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's "Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean." In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

BEFORE I see another day,  
 Oh, let my body die away !  
 In sleep I heard the northern gleams ;  
 The stars were mingled with my dreams ;  
 In rustling conflict through the skies,  
 I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
 And yet they are upon my eyes,  
 And yet I am alive ;  
 Before I see another day,  
 Oh, let my body die away !

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;  
 Yet is it dead, and I remain ;  
 All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;  
 And they are dead, and I will die.  
 When I was well, I wished to live,  
 For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;  
 But they to me no joy can give,  
 No pleasure now, and no desire.  
 Then here contented will I lie !  
 Alone I cannot fear to die.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on  
 Another day, a single one !  
 Too soon I yielded to despair ;  
 Why did ye listen to my prayer ?  
 When ye were gone my limbs were stronger ;  
 And, oh, how grievously I rue,  
 That, afterwards, a little longer,  
 My friends, I did not follow you ?  
 For strong and without pain I lay,  
 My friends, when ye were gone away.

My child ! they gave thee to another,  
 A woman who was not thy mother.  
 When from my arms my babe they took,  
 On me how strangely did he look !  
 Through his whole body something ran,  
 A most strange working did I see ;  
 As if he strove to be a man,  
 That he might pull the sledge for me.  
 And then he stretched his arms, how  
 wild ?  
 Oh, mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !  
 In two days more I must have died.  
 Then do not weep and grieve for me ;  
 I feel I must have died with thee.  
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
 The way my friends their course did  
 bend,  
 I should not feel the pain of dying,  
 Could I with thee a message send ;  
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;  
 For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow ;  
 Ye travel heavily and slow ;  
 In spite of all my weary pain  
 I'll look upon your tents again.  
 My fire is dead, and snowy white  
 The water which beside it stood ;  
 The wolf has come to me to-night,  
 And he has stolen away my food.  
 For ever left alone am I,  
 Then wherefore should I fear to die."



## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

IN distant countries have I been,  
 And yet I have not often seen  
 A healthy man, a man full grown,  
 Weep in the public roads alone.  
 But such a one, on English ground,  
 And in the broad highway, I met ;  
 Along the broad highway he came,  
 His cheeks with tears were wet.  
 Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad ;  
 And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,  
 As if he wished himself to hide ;  
 Then with his coat he made essay  
 To wipe those briny tears away.  
 I followed him, and said, " My friend,  
 What ails you ? wherefore weep you so ?"  
 " Shame on me, sir ! this lusty lamb,  
 He makes my tears to flow.  
 To-day I fetched him from the rock ;  
 He is the last of all my flock.

" When I was young, a single man,  
 And after youthful follies ran,  
 Though little given to care and thought,  
 Yet, so it was, a ewe I bought ;  
 And other sheep from her I raised,  
 As healthy sheep as you might see ;  
 And then I married, and was rich  
 As I could wish to be ;  
 Of sheep I numbered a full score,  
 And every year increased my store.

" Year after year my stock it grew ;  
 And from this one, this single ewe,  
 Full fifty comely sheep I raised,  
 As sweet a flock as ever grazed !  
 Upon the mountain did they feed,  
 They thrive, and we at home did thrive.  
 This lusty lamb of all my store  
 Is all that is alive ;  
 And now I care not if we die,  
 And perish all of poverty.

" Six children, sir ! had I to feed ;  
 Hard labour in a time of need !  
 My pride was tamed, and in our grief  
 I of the parish asked relief.  
 They said, I was a wealthy man ;  
 My sheep upon the mountain fed,  
 And it was fit that thence I took  
 Whereof to buy us bread.  
 ' Do this : how can we give to you,'  
 They cried, ' what to the poor is due ?'

" I sold a sheep, as they had said,  
 And bought my little children bread,  
 And they were healthy with their food ;  
 For me—it never did me good.  
 A woeful time it was for me,  
 To see the end of all my gains,  
 The pretty flock which I had reared  
 With all my care and pains,  
 To see it melt like snow away !  
 For me it was a woeful day.

" Another still ! and still another !  
 A little lamb, and then its mother !  
 It was a vein that never stopped—  
 Like blood-drops from my heart they  
 dropped.  
 Till thirty were not left alive.  
 They dwindled, dwindled, one by one ;  
 And I may say, that many a time  
 I wished they all were gone—  
 Reckless of what might come at last  
 Were but the bitter struggle past.

" To wicked deeds I was inclined,  
 And wicked fancies crossed my mind ;  
 And every man I chanced to see,  
 I thought he knew some ill of me.  
 No peace, no comfort could I find,  
 No ease, within doors or without ;  
 And crazily and wearily  
 I went my work about,  
 Bent oftentimes to flee from home,  
 And hide my head where wild beasts  
 roam.

" Sir, 'twas a precious flock to me,  
 As dear as my own children be ;  
 For daily with my growing store  
 I loved my children more and more.  
 Alas ! it was an evil time ;  
 God cursed me in my sore distress ;  
 I prayed, yet every day I thought  
 I loved my children less ;  
 And every week, and every day,  
 My flock it seemed to melt away.

" They dwindled, sir, sad sight to see !  
 From ten to five, from five to three,  
 A lamb, a wether, and a ewe ;  
 And then at last from three to two ;  
 And, of my fifty, yesterday  
 I had but only one ;  
 And here it lies upon my arm,  
 Alas ! and I have none ;—  
 To-day I fetched it from the rock ;  
 It is the last of all my flock."



## REPENTANCE.

## A PASTORAL BALLAD.

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

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

'There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their  
bowers ;  
Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;  
We could do what we chose with the land,  
it was ours ; [by its side.  
And for us the brook murmured that ran

But now we are strangers, go early or late;  
And often, like one overburdened with sin,  
With my hand on the latch of the half-  
opened gate,  
I look at the fields—but I cannot go in !

When I walk by the hedge on a bright  
summer's day, [tree,  
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's  
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,  
"What ails you, that you must come creep-  
ing to me ?"

With our pastures about us, we could not  
be sad ;  
Our comfort was near if we ever were crost,  
But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth  
that we had, [was lost.  
We slighted them all,—and our birthright

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son,  
Who must now be a wanderer!—but peace  
to that strain! [was done,  
Think of evening's repose when our labour  
The Sabbath's return—and its leisure's soft  
chain !

And in sickness, if night had been sparing  
of sleep, [stood,  
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I  
Looking down on the kine, and our trea-  
sure of sheep [in my blood!  
That besprinkled the field—'twas like youth

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as  
a snail ; [a sigh,  
And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with  
That follows the thought—We've no land  
in the vale, [lie !  
Save six feet of earth where our forefathers

## THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.

WHERE art thou, my beloved son,  
Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?  
Oh, find me, prosperous or undone !  
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
Why am I ignorant of the same,  
That I may rest; and neither blame  
Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received  
No tidings of an only child ;  
To have despaired, and have believed,  
And be for evermore beguiled ;  
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !  
I catch at them and then I miss ;  
Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,  
An object beautiful to behold;  
Well born, well bred; I sent him forth  
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:  
If things ensued that wanted grace,  
As hath been said, they were not base;  
And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the young one dream,  
When full of play and childish cares,  
What power hath even his wildest scream,  
Heard by his mother unawares !  
He knows it not, he cannot guess :  
Years to a mother bring distress ;  
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long  
From that ill thought; and, being blind,  
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong:  
Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed;" and that is true;  
I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door ;  
Think not of me with grief and pain ;  
I now can see with better eyes;  
And worldly grandeur I despise,  
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,  
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;  
They mount, how short a voyage brings  
The wanderers back to their delight!  
Chains tie us down by land and sea;  
And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;  
Or thou upon a desert thrown  
Inheritest the lion's den;  
Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts; but none will force  
Their way to me:—'tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Betwixt the living and the dead;  
For, surely, then I should have sight  
Of him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;  
I dread the rustling of the grass;  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass:  
I question things and do not find  
One that will answer to my mind;  
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief:  
If any chance to leave a sigh,  
They pity me and not my grief.  
Then come to me, my son, or send  
Some tidings that my woes may end;  
I have no other earthly friend.

#### THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY A FEMALE FRIEND.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
The north wind sings a doleful song;  
Then hush again upon my breast;  
All merry things are now at rest,  
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;  
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright

On the window-pane bedropped with rain;  
Then, little darling! sleep again!  
And wake when it is day.

#### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,  
A foggy day in winter time)  
A woman on the road I met,  
Not old, though something past her prime:  
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;  
And like a Roman matron's was her mien  
and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead;  
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;  
Proud was I that my country bred  
Such strength, a dignity so fair:  
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate;  
I looked at her again, nor did my pride  
abate.

When from those lofty thoughts I woke,  
"What treasure," said I, "do you bear  
Beneath the covert of your cloak,  
Protected from the cold damp air?"  
She answered, soon as she the question  
heard,  
"A simple burden, sir, a little singing-  
bird.

"I had a son,—the waves might roar,  
He feared them not, a sailor gay!  
But he will cross the deep no more:  
In Denmark he was cast away;  
And I have travelled weary miles to see  
If aught which he had owned might still  
remain for me.

"The bird and cage they both were his:  
'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim  
He kept it: many voyages  
This singing-bird had gone with him;  
When last he sailed, he left the bird be-  
hind:  
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon  
his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watched and fed,  
And pipe its song in safety;—there  
I found it when my son was dead;  
And now, God help me for my little wit!  
I bear it with me, sir! he took so much de-  
light in it."

## THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

"UP, Timothy, up with your staff and  
away! [will stay;  
Not a soul in the village this morning  
The hare has just started from Hamilton's  
grounds, [hounds."  
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the

Of coats and of jackets gray, scarlet, and  
green, [were seen;  
On the slopes of the pastures all colours  
With their comely blue aprons, and caps  
white as snow,  
The girls on the hills made a holiday show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six  
months before, [door;  
Filled the funeral basin\* at Timothy's  
A coffin through Timothy's threshold had  
past; [his last.  
One child did it bear, and that child was

Now fast up the dell came the noise and  
the fray, [away!  
The horse and the horn, and the hark! hark  
Old Timothy took up his staff, and he shut  
With a leisurely motion the door of his  
hut.

Perhaps to himself at that moment he said,  
"The key I must take, for my Ellen is  
dead." [speak,  
But of this in my ears not a word did he  
And he went to the chase with a tear on  
his cheek.

## THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned,  
In which a lady driven from France did  
dwell; [mourned,  
The big and lesser griefs, with which she  
In friendship, she to me would often tell.

This lady, dwelling upon English ground,  
Where she was childless, daily would repair  
To a poor neighbouring cottage; as I  
found, [there.  
For sake of a young child whose home was

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

Once, having seen her take with fond  
embrace  
This infant to herself, I framed a lay,  
Endeavouring, in my native tongue, to  
trace [say:  
Such things as she unto the child might  
And thus, from what I knew, had heard,  
and guessed, [pressed.  
My song the workings of her heart ex-

"Dear babe, thou daughter of another,  
One moment let me be thy mother!  
An infant's face and looks are thine,  
And sure a mother's heart is mine:  
Thy own dear mother's far away,  
At labour in the harvest-field:  
Thy little sister is at play;  
What warmth, what comfort would it yield  
To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be  
One little hour a child to me!

"Across the waters I am come,  
And I have left a babe at home:  
A long, long way of land and sea!  
Come to me—I'm no enemy:  
I am the same who at thy side  
Sate yesterday, and made a nest  
For thee, sweet baby!—thou hast tried,  
Thou know'st the pillow of my breast;  
Good, good art thou;—alas to me  
Far more than I can be to thee.

"Here, little darling, dost thou lie;  
An infant thou, a mother I!  
Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears;  
Mine art thou—spite of these my tears.  
Alas! before I left the spot,  
My baby and its dwelling-place;  
The nurse said to me, 'Tears should not  
Be shed upon an infant's face,  
It was unlucky'—no, no, no;  
No truth is in them who say so!

"My own dear little one will sigh,  
Sweet babe! and they will let him die.  
'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom.  
And you may see his hour is come.'  
Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles,  
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,  
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,  
And countenance like a summer's day,  
'They would have hopes of him—and then  
I should behold his face again!

"'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;  
There was a smile or two—yet—yet  
I can remember them, I see  
The smile worth all the world to me,

Dear baby! I must lay thee down;  
Thou troublest me with strange alarms;  
Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;  
I cannot keep thee in my arms,  
By those bewildering glances crost  
In which the light of his is lost.

“Oh! how I love thee!—we still stay  
Together here this one half day.  
My sister's child, who bears my name,  
From France to sheltering England came;  
She with her mother crossed the sea;  
The babe and mother near me dwell:  
My darling, she is not to me  
What thou art! though I love her well:  
Rest, little stranger, rest thee here!  
Never was any child more dear!

“—I cannot help it—ill intent  
I've none, my pretty innocent!  
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,  
These tears—and my poor idle tongue.  
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek  
How cold it is! but thou art good;  
Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,  
I think, to help me if they could,  
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,  
My heart again is in its place!

“While thou art mine, my little love,  
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;  
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,  
I seem to find them all in thee:  
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers;  
I'll call thee by my darling's name;  
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,  
Thy features seem to me the same;  
His little sister thou shalt be:  
And, when once more my home I see,  
I'll tell him many tales of thee.”

### VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

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

OH, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus  
My story may begin,) oh, balmy time,  
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!  
To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
[Fancy that sports more desperately with  
minds  
Than ever fortune hath been known to do]

The high-born Vaudracour was brought,  
by years  
Whose progress had a little overstepped  
His strippling prime. A town of small  
repute,  
Among the vine-clad mountains of  
Auvergne, [wooded a maid  
Was the youth's birthplace. There he  
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit  
With answering vows. Plebeian was the  
stock,  
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,  
From which her graces and her honours  
sprung: [youth,  
And hence the father of the enamoured  
With haughty indignation, spurned the  
thought  
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,  
With but a step between their several  
homes, [strife  
Twins had they been in pleasure; after  
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;  
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;  
And strangers to content if long apart,  
Or more divided than a sportive pair  
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are  
hovering  
Within the eddy of a common blast,  
Or hidden only by the concave depth  
Of neighbouring billows from each other's  
sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age  
Unknown to memory, was an earnest  
given,  
By ready nature, for a life of love,  
For endless constancy, and placid truth;  
But whatsoever of such rare treasure lay  
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support  
Of their maturer years, his present mind  
Was under fascination;—he beheld  
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.  
Arabian fiction never filled the world  
With half the wonders that were wrought  
for him. [spring;  
Earth breathed in one great presence of the  
Life turned the meanest of her implements,  
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;  
The house she dwelt in was a sainted  
shrine:  
Her chamber window did surpass in glory  
The portals of the dawn; all paradise  
Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
Let itself in upon him: pathways, walks,  
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit  
sank,  
Surcharged, within him,—overblest to move  
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world

To its dull round of ordinary cares;  
A man too happy for mortality!

So passed the time, till, whether through  
effect

Of some unguarded moment that dissolved  
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it  
not!

Deem rather that the fervent youth, who  
Was in his judgment tempted to decline  
And the dear haven where he wished to be  
In honourable wedlock with his love,  
To perilous weakness, and intrust his cause  
To nature for a happy end of all;  
Deem that by such fond hope the youth  
was swayed,

And bear with their transgression, when I  
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,  
Carried about her for a secret grief  
The promise of a mother.

To conceal

The threatened shame, the parents of the  
maid

Found means to hurry her away by night  
And unforwarned, that in some distant  
spot

She might remain shrouded in privacy,  
Until the babe was born. When morning  
came,

The lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,  
And all uncertain whither he should turn,  
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils; but  
soon

Discovering traces of the fugitives,  
Their steps he followed to the maid's re-  
treat.

The sequel may be easily divined,—  
Walks to and fro—watchings at every hour;  
And the fair captive, who, whenever she  
may,

Is busy at her casement as the swallow  
Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,  
About the pendent nest, did thus espy  
Her lover!—thence a stolen interview,  
Accomplished under friendly shade of  
night.

I pass the raptures of the pair;—such  
theme

Is, by innumerable poets, touched  
In more delightful verse than skill of mine  
Could fashion, chiefly by that darling bard  
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
And of the lark's note heard before its time,  
And of the streaks that laced the severing  
clouds

In the unrelenting east.—Through all her  
courts

The vacant city slept; the busy winds,  
That keep no certain intervals of rest,  
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy dis-  
played

Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat  
Aloft;—momentous but uneasy bliss!  
To their full hearts the universe seemed  
hung  
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

They parted; and the generous Vaudra-  
cour

Reached speedily the native threshold, bent  
On making (so the lovers had agreed)  
A sacrifice of birthright to attain  
A final portion from his father's hand;  
Which granted, bride and bridegroom then  
would flee

To some remote and solitary place,  
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,  
Where they may live, with no one to behold  
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.  
But *now* of this no whisper; not the less,  
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped  
Touching the matter of his passion, still,  
In his stern father's hearing, Vaudra-  
cour Persisted openly that death alone  
Should abrogate his human privilege  
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,  
Upon the altar, to the maid he loved.

"You shall be baffled in your mad intent  
If there be justice in the court of France,"  
Muttered the father.—From these words  
the youth

Conceived a terror,—and, by night or day,  
Stirred nowhere without weapons—that  
full soon

Found dreadful provocation: for at night  
When to his chamber he retired, attempt  
Was made to seize him by three armed  
men,

Acting, in furtherance of the father's will,  
Under a private signet of the state.  
One, did the youth's ungovernable hand  
Assault and slay, and to a second gave  
A perilous wound,—he shuddered to behold  
The breathless corpse; then peacefully re-  
signed

His person to the law, was lodged in prison,  
And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you beheld a tuft of winged seed  
That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,  
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use  
Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,



Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and  
 fro [marked  
 Through the wide element? or have you  
 The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,  
 Within the vortex of a foaming flood,  
 Tormented? by such aid you may conceiv  
 The perturbation of each mind;—ah, no!  
 Desperate the maid—the youth is stained  
 with blood!  
 But as the troubled seed and tortured bough  
 Is man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with the  
 court,  
 Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;  
 But not without exaction of a pledge  
 Which liberty and love dispersed in air.  
 He flew to her from whom they would  
 divide him— [peace—  
 He clove to her who could not give him  
 Yea, his first word of greeting was,—“All  
 right  
 Is gone from me; my lately-towering hopes,  
 To the least fibre of their lowest root,  
 Are withered;—thou no longer canst be  
 mine, [woo  
 I thine—the conscience-stricken must not  
 The unruffled innocent,—I see thy face,  
 Behold thee, and my misery is complete!”

“One, are we not?” exclaimed the  
 maiden—“One, [woe?”  
 For innocence and youth, for weal and  
 Then with the father’s name she coupled  
 words  
 Of vehement indignation; but the youth  
 Checked her with filial meekness; for no  
 thought  
 Uncharitable, no presumptuous rising  
 Of hasty censure, modelled in the eclipse  
 Of true domestic loyalty, did e’er  
 Find place within his bosom.—Once again  
 The persevering wedge of tyranny  
 Achieved their separation;—and once  
 more  
 Were they united,—to be yet again  
 Disparted—pitiable lot! But here  
 A portion of the tale may well be left  
 In silence, though my memory could add  
 Much how the youth, in scanty space of  
 time, [of thoughts  
 Was traversed from without; much, too,  
 That occupied his days in solitude  
 Under privation and restraint; and what,  
 Through dark and shapeless fear of  
 things to come,

And what, through strong compunction  
 for the past,  
 He suffered—breaking down in heart and  
 mind!

Doomed to a third and last captivity,  
 His freedom he recovered on the eve  
 Of Julia’s travail. When the babe was born,  
 Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes  
 Of future happiness. “You shall return,  
 Julia,” said he, “and to your father’s house  
 Go with the child.—You have been  
 wretched; yet [then weighs  
 The silver shower, whose reckless bur-  
 Too heavily upon the lily’s head,  
 Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.  
 Malice, beholding you, will melt away.  
 Go!—’tis a town where both of us were  
 born; [known;  
 None will reproach you, for our truth is  
 And if, amidst those once-bright bowers,  
 our fate  
 Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.  
 With ornaments—the prettiest nature yields  
 Or art can fashion, shall you deck your  
 boy, [sweet looks  
 And feed his countenance with your own  
 Till no one can resist him.—Now, even now,  
 I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;  
 My father from the window sees him too;  
 Startled, as if some new-created thing  
 Enriched the earth, or faery of the woods  
 Bounded before him;—but the unweaning  
 child [heart  
 Shall by his beauty win his grandsire’s  
 So that it shall be softened, and our loves  
 End happily—as they began!”

These gleams,  
 Appeared but seldom: oftener was he seen  
 Propping a pale and melancholy face  
 Upon the mother’s bosom; resting thus  
 His head upon one breast, while from the  
 other  
 The babe was drawing in its quiet food.  
 That pillow is no longer to be thine,  
 Fond youth! that mournful solace now  
 must pass  
 Into the list of things that cannot be!  
 Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears  
 The sentence, by her mother’s lip pro-  
 nounced, [shall tell,  
 That dooms her to a convent.—Who  
 Who dares report the tidings to the  
 lord  
 Of her affections? So they blindly asked  
 Who knew not to what quiet depths a  
 weight  
 Of agony had pressed the sufferer down;—



The word, by others dreaded, he can hear  
 Composed and silent, without visible sign  
 Of even the least emotion. Noting this  
 When the impatient object of his love  
 Upbraided him with slackness, he returned  
 No answer, only took the mother's hand  
 And kissed it—seemingly devoid of pain,  
 Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed,  
 Was a dependant on the obdurate heart  
 Of one who came to disunite their lives  
 For ever—sad alternative! preferred,  
 By the unbending parents of the maid,  
 To secret 'sponsals meanly disavowed.  
 So be it!

In the city he remainer  
 A season after Julia had withdrawn  
 To those religious walls. He, too, de-  
 parts— [little one!  
 Who with him?—even the senseless  
 With that sole charge he passed the city-  
 gates,  
 For the last time, attendant by the side  
 Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,  
 In which the babe was carried. To a hill,  
 That rose a brief league distant from the  
 town, [lodged  
 The dwellers in that house where he had  
 Accompanied his steps, by anxious love  
 Impelled:—they parted from him there,  
 and stood  
 Watching below, till he had disappeared  
 On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely  
 took,  
 Throughout that journey, from the vehicle  
 (Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!) that  
 veiled  
 The tender infant: and at every inn,  
 And under every hospitable tree  
 At which the bearers halted or reposed,  
 Laid him with timid care upon his knees,  
 And looked, as mothers ne'er were known  
 to look,  
 Upon the nursling which his arms em-  
 braced.

This was the manner in which Vaudra-  
 cour  
 Departed with his infant; and thus reached  
 His father's house, where to the innocent  
 child [spake  
 Admittance was denied. The young man  
 No words of indignation or reproof,  
 But of his father begged, a last request,  
 That a retreat might be assigned to him  
 Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,  
 With such allowance as his wants required;  
 For wishes he had none. To a lodge that  
 stood

Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age  
 Of four-and-twenty summers he withdrew;  
 And thither took with him his infant babe,  
 And onedomestic, for their common needs,  
 An aged woman. It consoled him here  
 To attend upon the orphan, and perform  
 Obsequious service to the precious child,  
 Which, after a short time, by some mis-  
 take  
 Or indiscretion of the father, died.  
 The tale I follow to its last recess  
 Of suffering or of peace, I know not which;  
 Theirs be the blame who caused the woe,  
 not mine!

From this time forth he never shared a  
 smile  
 With mortal creature. An inhabitant  
 Of that same town, in which the pair had  
 left  
 So lively a remembrance of their griefs,  
 By chance of business, coming within reach  
 Of his retirement, to the forest lodge  
 Repaired, but only found the matron there,  
 Who told him that his pains were thrown  
 away,  
 For that her master never uttered word  
 To living thing—not even to her.—Behold!  
 While they were speaking, Vaudracour  
 approached;  
 But, seeing some one near, even as his hand  
 Was stretched towards the garden gate, he  
 shrank—  
 And, like a shadow, glided out of view.  
 Shocked at his savage aspect, from the  
 place  
 The visitor retired.

Thus lived the youth  
 Cut off from all intelligence with man,  
 And shunning even the light of common  
 day; [through France  
 Nor could the voice of freedom, which  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
 Or personal memory of his own deep  
 wrongs,  
 Rouse him: but in those solitary shades  
 His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!

### 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 neighbour, Susan Gale,  
 Old Susan, she who dwells alone,  
 Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,  
 As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,  
 No hand to help them in distress;  
 Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,  
 And sorely puzzled are the twain,  
 For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,  
 Where by the week he doth abide,  
 A woodman in the distant vale;  
 There's none to help poor Susan Gale;  
 What must be done? what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched  
 Her pony, that is mild and good,  
 Whether he be in joy or pain,  
 Feeding at will along the lane,  
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—  
 And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy  
 Has 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 *hurry-burry* now  
 He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told  
 The boy, who is her best delight,  
 Both what to follow, what to shun,  
 What do, and what to leave undone,  
 How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,  
 Was, "Johnny! Johnny! mind that you  
 Come home again, nor stop at all,—  
 Come home again, whate'er befall,  
 My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,  
 Both with his head, and with his hand,  
 And proudly shook the bridle too;  
 And then! his words were not a few,  
 Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,  
 Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,  
 She gently pats the pony's side,  
 On which her Idiot Boy must ride,  
 And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the pony moved his legs,  
 Oh! then for the poor Idiot Boy!  
 For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
 For joy his head and heels are idle,  
 He's idle all for very joy.

And while the pony moves his legs,  
 In Johnny's left hand you may see  
 The green bough motionless and dead:  
 The moon that shines above his head  
 Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,  
 That till full fifty yards were gone,  
 He quite forgot his holly whip,  
 And all his skill in horsemanship,  
 Oh! happy, happy, happy, John.

And while the mother, at the door,  
 Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,  
 Proud of herself, and proud of him,  
 She sees him in his travelling trim,  
 How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,  
 What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!  
 He's at the guide-post—he turns right,  
 She watches till he's out of sight,  
 And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,  
 As loud as any mill, or near it;  
 Meek as a lamb the pony moves,  
 And Johnny makes the noise he loves,  
 And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:  
 Her messenger's in merry tune;  
 The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,  
 And Johnny's lips they hurr, burr, burr,  
 As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree ;  
 For of this pony there's a rumour,  
 That, should he lose his eyes and ears,  
 And should he live a thousand years,  
 He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks!  
 And when he thinks his pace is slack;  
 Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,  
 Yet, for his life, he cannot tell  
 What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,  
 And far into the moonlight dale,  
 And by the church, and o'er the down,  
 To bring a doctor from the town  
 To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,  
 Is in the middle of her story,  
 What 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 mishances not a few,  
 That Johnny may perhaps be drowned,  
 Or lost, perhaps, and never found;  
 Which they must both for ever rue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

"Or him that wicked pony's carried  
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall;  
Or in the castle he's pursuing  
Among the ghosts his own undoing;  
Or playing with the waterfall."

At poor old Susan then she railed,  
While to the town she 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 dezel!  
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 threescore;  
Such night as this was ne'er before,  
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear  
The foot of horse, the voice of man;  
The streams with softest sound are flowing,  
The grass you almost hear it growing,  
You hear it now if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night  
Are shouting to each other still:  
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob  
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,  
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,  
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin:  
A green-grown pond she just has past,  
And from the brink she hurries fast,  
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps;  
Such tears she never shed before;  
"Oh, dear, dear pony! my sweet joy!  
Oh, carry back my Idiot Boy!  
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head;  
"The pony he is mild and good,  
And we have always used him well;  
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,  
And carried Johnny to the wood."

Then up she springs as if on wings;  
 She thinks no more of deadly sin;  
 If Betty fifty ponds should see,  
 The last of all her thoughts would be  
 To drown herself therein.

O reader! now that I might tell  
 What Johnny and his horse are doing!  
 What they've been doing all this time,  
 Oh, could I put it into rhyme,  
 A most delightful tale pursuing!

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!  
 He with his pony now doth roam  
 The cliffs and peaks so high that are,  
 To lay his hands upon a star,  
 And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,  
 His face unto his horse's tail,  
 And, still and mute, in wonder lost,  
 All 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 yon, that, near the waterfall,  
 Which thunders down with headlong force,  
 Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,  
 As careless as if nothing were,  
 Sits upright on a feeding horse?

Unto his horse, there feeding free,  
 He seems, I think, the rein to give;  
 Of moon or stars he takes no heed;  
 Of such we in romances read:  
 '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 uphill 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.

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. [brook

But, courage! for around that boisterous  
The mountains have all opened out them-  
selves,

And made a hidden valley of their own.  
No habitation can be seen: but they  
Who journey thither find themselves alone  
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones,  
and kites

That overhead are sailing in the sky.

It is in truth an utter solitude;

Nor should I have made mention of this dell

But for one object which you might pass by,  
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook  
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!

And to that 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 spake to me

Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men

Whom I already loved;—not verily

For their own sakes, but for the fields and  
hills

Where was their occupation and abode.

And hence this tale, while I was yet a boy

Careless of books, yet having felt the power

Of nature, by the gentle agency

Of natural objects led me on to feel

For passions that were not my own, and think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)

On man, the heart of man, and human life.

Therefore, although it be a history

Homely and rude, I will relate the same

For the delight of a few natural hearts;

And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake

Of youthful poets, who among these hills

Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale

There dwelt a shepherd, Michael was his  
name; [limb.

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of

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

his day is  
night



And watchful more than ordinary men.  
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,

Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,  
When others heeded not, he heard the south  
Make subterraneous music, like the noise  
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.  
The shepherd, at such warning, of his flock  
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,  
"The winds are now devising work for me!"  
And, truly, at all times, the storm—that drives

The traveller to a shelter—summoned him  
Up to the mountains: he had been alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,  
That came to him and left him on the heights.  
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.  
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose  
That the green valleys, and the streams and  
Were things indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had  
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,  
So grateful in themselves, the certainty  
Of honourable gain; these fields, these hills,  
Which were his living being, even more  
Than his own blood—what could they less?  
had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him  
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in single-  
ness.

His helpmate was a comely matron, old—  
Though younger than himself full twenty  
years.

She was a woman of a stirring life,  
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels  
she had [wool,

Of antique form, this large for spinning  
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 labour did not cease; unless when all  
Turned to their cleanly supper-board, and  
there, [milk,

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed  
Sat round their basket piled with oaten  
cakes, [when their meal

And their plain home-made cheese. Yet  
Was ended, Luke (for so the son was named)  
And his old father both betook themselves  
To such convenient work as might employ  
Their hands by the 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  
Living a life of eager industry. [hopes,  
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 neighbourhood,  
And was a public symbol of the life  
The thrifty pair had lived. For, as it chanced,  
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground  
Stood single, with large prospect, north  
and south,

High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,  
And westward to the village near the lake;  
And from this constant light, so regular  
And so far seen, the house itself, by all  
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,  
Both old and young, was named THE

EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years,  
The shepherd, if he loved himself, must  
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 bare 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  
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  
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

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

With iron, making it throughou, 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 hindrance and a help;

And for this course 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

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could  
stand Against the mountain blasts; and to the  
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  
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  
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 forfeit  
A grievous penalty, but little less  
Than half his substance. This unlooked-  
for claim

At the first hearing, for a moment took  
More hope out of his life than he supposed  
That any old man ever could have lost.  
As soon as he had 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-  
est,

Another kinsman—he will be our friend  
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,  
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall  
go, [thrift

And with his kinsman's help and his own  
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, [paused,

What can be gained?" At this the old man  
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, [bought

And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours  
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 birthplace built a chapel floored  
With marble, which he sent from foreign  
lands, [sort,

These thoughts, and many others of like  
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. [best

Make ready Luke's best garments, of the  
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." [forth

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went  
With a light heart. The housewife for five  
days [long

Was restless morn and night, and all day  
Wrought on with her best fingers to pre-  
pare

Things needful for the journey of her son.  
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came  
To stop her in her work: for, when she lay  
By Michael's side, she through the two last  
nights [sleep:

Heard him, how he was troubled in his  
And when they rose at morning she could  
see [noon

That all his hopes were gone. That day at  
She said to Luke, while they two by them-  
selves [go:

Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not  
We have no other child but thee to lose,  
None to remember—do not go away,  
For if thou leave thy father he will die."

The youth made answer with a jocund  
voice;

And Isabel, when she had told her fears,  
Recovered heart. That evening her best  
fare

Did she bring forth, and all together sat  
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;  
And all the ensuing week the house ap-  
peared

As cheerful as a grove in spring: at length  
The expected letter from their kinsman  
came,

With kind assurances that he would do  
His utmost for the welfare of the boy;  
To which, requests were added, that forth-  
with [more

He might be sent to him. Ten times or  
The letter was read over; Isabel  
Went forth to show it to the neighbours  
round;

Nor was there at that time on English land

A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel  
Had to her house returned, the old man  
said, [word  
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this  
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; [stopped,  
And soon as they had reached the place he  
And thus the old man spake to him.—" My  
son, [heart  
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full  
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 [After thou  
Of things thou canst not know of.—  
First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls  
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep  
away [tongue  
Two days, and blessings from thy father's  
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed  
on,  
And still I loved thee with increasing love.  
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds  
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-  
side [tune;  
First uttering, without words, a natural  
When thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy  
joy [lowed month,  
Sing at thy mother's breast. Mouth fol-  
And in the open fields my life was passed  
And on the mountains, else I think that  
thou [knees.  
Hadst been brought up upon thy father's  
But we were playmates, Luke: among  
these hills, [young  
As well thou know'st, in us the old and  
I 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 [his hand,  
He sobbed aloud. The old man grasped  
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 loath  
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, [was free.  
And till these three weeks past the land  
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; [they stood,  
Then, pointing to the stones near which  
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. [live  
Nay, boy, be of good hope;—we both may  
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! [ing fast  
Thy heart these two weeks has been beat-  
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 purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,  
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,  
When thou art gone away, should evil men  
Be thy companions, think of me, my son,  
And of this moment; hither turn thy  
thoughts,

And God will strengthen thee: amid all  
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 return'st, thou in this place  
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  
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  
Began his journey, and when he had  
reached

The public way, he put on a bold face;  
And all the neighbours as he passed their  
doors  
Came forth with wishes and with farewell  
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  
The shepherd went about his daily work  
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and  
now  
Sometimes when he could find a leisure

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  
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 upon the sun,  
And listened to the wind; and as before  
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,  
And for the land his small inheritance.  
And to that hollow dell from time to  
time

Did he repair, to build the fold of which  
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet  
The pity which was then in every heart  
For the old man—and 'tis believed by all  
That many and many a day he thither  
went,  
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the 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  
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  
On which it stood; great changes have  
been wrought

In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak  
That grew beside their door; and the re-  
mains

Of the unfinished sheep-fold may be seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head  
Ghyll.



## THE WAGGONER.

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I sent you, a few weeks ago, the Tale of Peter Bell, you asked “why THE WAGGONER was not added?” To say the truth,—from the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I apprehended, this little piece could not accompany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806, if I am not mistaken, THE WAGGONER was read to you in manuscript: and, as you have remembered it for so long a time, I am the more encouraged to hope, that, since the localities on which it partly depends did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being therefore in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you must allow me the gratification of inscribing it to you; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your writings, and of the high esteem with which I am, very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *May 20, 1819.*

## CANTO I.

‘Tis spent—this burning day of June!  
Soft darkness o’er its latest gleams is steal-  
The dor-hawk, solitary bird, [ing;  
Round the dim crags on heavy pinions  
wheeling,  
Buzzes incessantly, a tiresome tune;  
That constant voice is all that can be heard  
In silence deeper far than that of deepest  
noon!

Confiding glow-worms! ‘tis a night  
Propitious to your earth-born light;  
But, where the scattered stars are seen  
In hazy straits the clouds between,  
Each, in his station twinkling not,  
Seems changed into a pallid spot.  
The air, as in a lion’s den,  
Is close and hot;—and now and then  
Comes a tired and sultry breeze  
With a haunting and a panting,  
Like the stifling of disease;  
The mountains rise to wondrous height,  
And in the heavens there hangs a weight;  
But the dews allay the heat,  
And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!  
‘Tis Benjamin the waggoner;—  
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,  
Companion of the night and day,  
That far-off tinkling’s drowsy cheer,  
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound  
In a moment lost and found,  
The wain announces—by whose side,  
Along the banks of Rydal Mere,  
He paces on, a trusty guide,—  
Listen! you can scarcely hear!  
Hither he his course is bending;—  
Now he leaves the lower ground,  
And up the craggy hill ascending  
Many a stop and stay he makes,  
Many a breathing-fit he takes;—  
Steep the way and wearisome,  
Yet all the while his whip is dumb!

The horses have worked with right good-  
will,  
And now have gained the top of the hill;  
He was patient—they were strong—  
And now they smoothly glide along,  
Gathering breath, and pleased to win  
The praises of mild Benjamin.  
Heaven shield him from mishap and snare!  
But why so early with this prayer?  
Is it for threatenings in the sky?  
Or for some other danger nigh?  
No, none is near him yet, though he  
Be one of much infirmity;  
For, at the bottom of the brow,  
Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH  
Offered a greeting of good ale  
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;  
And called on him who must depart  
To leave it with a jovial heart;—  
There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH  
Once hung, a poet harbours now,—  
A simple water-drinking bard;  
Why need our hero, then, (though frail  
His best resolves) be on his guard?  
He marches by, secure and bold,—  
Yet, while he thinks on times of old,  
It seems that all looks wondrous cold;  
He shrugs his shoulders—shakes his head—  
And, for the honest folk within,  
It is a doubt with Benjamin  
Whether they be alive or dead!

Here is no danger,—none at all!  
Beyond his wish is he secure;  
But pass a mile—and then for trial,—  
Then for the pride of self-denial;  
If he resist that tempting door,  
Which with such friendly voice will call,  
If he resist those casement panes,

And that bright gleam which thence will  
Upon his leaders' bells and manes, [fall  
Inviting him with cheerful lure ;  
For still, though all be dark elsewhere,  
Some shining notice will be *there*,  
Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin full well  
Is known, and by as strong a spell  
As used to be that sign of love  
And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and DOVE  
He knows it to his cost, good man !  
Who does not know the famous SWAN ?  
Uncouth although the object be,  
An image of perplexity ;  
Yet not the less it is our boast,  
For it was painted by the host ;  
His own conceit the figure planned,  
'Twas coloured all by his own hand ;  
And that frail child of thirsty clay,  
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,  
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction  
Quaint stories of the bird's attraction !\*

Well ! that is past—and in despite  
Of open door and shining light.  
And now the conqueror essays  
The long ascent of Dunmail-raise ;  
And with his team is gentle here  
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere ;  
His whip they do not dread—his voice  
They only hear it to rejoice.  
To stand or go is at *their* pleasure ;  
Their efforts and their time they measure  
By generous pride within the breast  
And, while they strain, and while they rest,  
He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—  
And never was my heart more light.  
I trespassed lately worse than ever—  
But Heaven will bless a good endeavour ;  
And, to my soul's delight, I find  
The evil one is left behind.  
Yes, let my master fume and fret,  
Here am I—with my horses yet !  
My jolly team, he finds that ye  
Will work for nobody but me !  
Good proof of this the country gained,  
One day, when ye were vexed and strained—  
Intrusted to another's care,  
And forced unworthy stripes to bear.  
Here was it—on this rugged spot  
Which now, contented with our lot,

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

We climb—that, piteously abused,  
Ye plunged in anger and confused :  
As chance would have it, passing by  
I saw you in your jeopardy :  
A word from me was like a charm—  
The ranks were taken with one mind ;  
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,  
Moved like a vessel in the wind !  
Yes, without me, up hills so high  
'Tis vain to strive for mastery.  
Then grieve not, jolly team ! though tough  
The road we travel, steep and rough.  
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,  
And all their fellow banks and braes,  
Full often make you stretch and strain,  
And halt for breath and halt again,  
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing  
That side by side we still are going !

While Benjamin in earnest mood  
His meditations thus pursued,  
A storm, which had been smothered long,  
Was growing inwardly more strong ;  
And, in its struggles to get free,  
Was busily employed as he.  
The thunder had begun to growl—  
He heard not, too intent of soul ;  
The air was now without a breath—  
He marked not that 'twas still as death.  
But soon large drops upon his head  
Fell with the weight of drops of lead ;—  
He starts—and, at the admonition,  
Takes a survey of his condition.  
The road is black before his eyes,  
Glimmering faintly where it lies ;  
Black is the sky—and every hill,  
Up to the sky, is blacker still ;  
A huge and melancholy room,  
Hung round and overhung with gloom !  
Save that above a single height  
Is to be seen a lurid light,  
Above Helm-crag†—a streak half dead,  
A burning of portentous red ;  
And, near that lurid light, full well  
The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,  
Where at his desk and book he sits,  
Puzzling on high his curious wits ;  
He whose domain is held in common  
With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,  
Cowering beside her rifted cell ;  
As if intent on magic spell ;—  
Dread pair, that spite of wind and weather,  
Still sit upon Helm-crag together !

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

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen  
 By solitary Benjamin :  
 But total darkness came anon,  
 And he and everything was gone.  
 And suddenly a ruffling breeze, [trees  
 (That would have sounded through the  
 Had aught of sylvan growth been there)  
 Was felt throughout the region bare :  
 The rain rushed down—the road was bat-  
 tered,  
 As with the force of billows shattered ;  
 The horses are dismayed, nor know  
 Whether they should stand or go ;  
 And Benjamin is groping near them,  
 Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.  
 He is astounded,—wonder not,—  
 With such a charge in such a spot ;  
 Astounded in the mountain gap  
 By peals of thunder, clap on clap !  
 And many a terror-striking flash ;—  
 And somewhere, as it seems, a crash,  
 Among the rocks ; with weight of rain,  
 And sullen motions long and slow,  
 That to a dreary distance go—  
 Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
 A rending o'er his head begins the fray again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,  
 And oftentimes compelled to halt,  
 The horses cautiously pursue  
 Their way, without mishap or fault ;  
 And now have reached that pile of stones,  
 Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones ;  
 He who had once supreme command,  
 Last king of rocky Cumberland ;  
 His bones, and those of all his power,  
 Slain here in a disastrous hour !

When, passing through this narrow  
 Stony, and dark, and desolate, [strait,  
 Benjamin can faintly hear  
 A voice that comes from some one near,  
 A female voice :—"Who'er you be,  
 Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me !"  
 And less in pity than in wonder,  
 Amid the darkness and the thunder,  
 The waggoner, with prompt command,  
 Summons his horses to a stand.

The voice, to move commiseration,  
 Prolonged its earnest supplication—  
 "This storm that beats so furiously—  
 This dreadful place ! oh, pity me !"

While this was said, with sobs between,  
 And many tears, but all unseen,  
 There came a flash—a startling glare,  
 And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare !

'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,  
 And Benjamin, without further question,  
 Taking her for some way-worn rover,  
 Said, "Mount, and get you under cover !"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse  
 As a swollen brook with rugged course,  
 Cried out, "Good brother, why so fast ?  
 I've had a glimpse of you—*avast !*  
 Or, since it suits you to be civil,  
 Take her at once—for good and evil !"

"It is my husband," softly said  
 The woman, as if half afraid :  
 By this time she was snug within,  
 Through help of honest Benjamin ;  
 She and her babe, which to her breast  
 With thankfulness the mother pressed ;  
 And now the same strong voice more near  
 Said cordially, "My fiend, what cheer ?  
 Rough doings these ! as God's my judge,  
 The sky owes somebody a grudge !  
 We've had in half an hour or less  
 A twelvemonth's terror and distress !"

Then Benjamin entreats the man  
 Would mount, too, quickly as he can :  
 The sailor, sailor now no more,  
 But such he had been heretofore,  
 To courteous Benjamin replied,  
 "Go you your way, and mind not me ;  
 For I must have, whate'er betide,  
 My ass and fifty things beside,—  
 Go, and I'll follow speedily !"

The waggon moves—and with its load  
 Descends along the sloping road ;  
 And to a little tent hard by  
 Turns the sailor instantly ;  
 For when, at closing-in of day,  
 The family had come that way,  
 Green pasture and the soft warm air  
 Had tempted them to settle there.  
 Green is the grass for beast to graze,  
 Around the stones of Dunmail-raise !

The sailor gathers up his bed,  
 Takes down the canvas overhead ;  
 And, after farewell to the place,  
 A parting word—though not of grace,  
 Pursues, with ass and all his store,  
 The way the waggon went before.

## CANTO II.

IF Wytheburn's modest house of prayer,  
 As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,  
 Had, with its belfry's humble stock,  
 A little pair that hang in air,

Been mistress also of a clock,  
 (And one, too, not in crazy plight)  
 Twelve strokes that clock would have been  
 telling

Under the brow of old Helvellyn—  
 Its bead-roll of midnight,  
 Then, when the hero of my tale  
 Was passing by, and down the vale  
 (The vale now silent, hushed I ween,  
 As if a storm had never been)  
 Proceeding with an easy mind;  
 While he, who had been left behind,  
 Intent to use his utmost haste,  
 Gained ground upon the waggon fast,  
 And gives another lusty cheer;  
 For spite of rumbling of the wheels,  
 A welcome greeting he can hear;—  
 It is a fiddle in its glee  
 Dinning from the CHERRY TREE!

Thence the sound—the light is there—  
 As Benjamin is now aware,  
 Who, to his inward thoughts confined,  
 Had almost reached the festive door,  
 When, startled by the sailor's roar,  
 He hears a sound and sees the light,  
 And in a moment calls to mind  
 That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT!<sup>‡</sup>

Although before in no dejection,  
 At this insidious recollection  
 His heart with sudden joy is filled,—  
 His ears are by the music thrilled,  
 His eyes take pleasure in the road  
 glittering before him bright and broad;  
 And Benjamin is wet and cold,  
 And there are reasons manifold [yearning  
 That make the good, towards which he's  
 Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and go,  
 To vibrate between yes and no;  
 "For," cries the sailor, "glorious chance  
 That blew us hither! Let him dance  
 Who can or will;—my honest soul  
 Our treat shall be a friendly bowl!"  
 He draws him to the door—"Come in,  
 Come, come," cries he to Benjamin;  
 And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!  
 Gave the word,—the horses heard  
 And halted, though reluctantly.

"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have  
 Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!" [we

\* A term well known in the north of England, and applied to rural festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.

This was the outside proclamation,  
 This was the inside salutation;  
 What bustling—jostling—high and low!  
 A universal overflow;  
 What tankards foaming from the tap!  
 What store of cakes in every lap!  
 What thumping—stumping—over-head!  
 The thunder had not been more busy;  
 With such a stir, you would have said,  
 This little place may well be dizzy!  
 'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—  
 'Tis what can be most prompt and  
 eager;  
 As if it heard the fiddle's call,  
 The pewter clatters on the wall;  
 The very bacon shows its feeling,  
 Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

A steaming bowl—a blazing fire—  
 What greater good can heart desire?  
 'Twere worth a wise man's while to try  
 The utmost anger of the sky;  
 To seek for thoughts of painful cast,  
 If such be the amends at last.  
 Now, should you think I judge amiss,  
 The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this;  
 For soon, of all the happy there,  
 Our travellers are the happiest pair,  
 All care with Benjamin is gone—  
 A Cæsar past the Rubicon!  
 He thinks not of his long, long strife;—  
 The sailor man, by nature gay,  
 Hath no resolves to throw away;  
 And he hath now forgot his wife,  
 Hath quite forgotten her—or may be  
 Deems that she is happier, laid  
 Within that warm and peaceful bed;  
 Under cover, terror over,  
 Sleeping by her sleeping baby.

With bowl in hand, (it may not stand,<sup>†</sup>)  
 Gladdest of the gladsome band,  
 Amid their own delight and fun,  
 They hear—when every dance is done—  
 They hear—when every fit is o'er—  
 The fiddle's *squawk*†—that call to bliss,  
 Ever followed by a kiss;  
 They envy not the happy lot,  
 But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jocund travellers fare,  
 Up springs the sailor from his chair—

† At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.



Limps (for I might have told before  
That he was lame) across the floor—  
Is gone—returns—and with a prize !  
With what ? a ship of lusty size ;  
A gallant stately man of war,  
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.  
Surprise to all, but most surprise  
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,  
Not knowing that he had befriended  
A man so gloriously attended !

“ This,” cries the sailor, “ a third-rate is,  
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis !  
This was the flag-ship at the Nile,  
The Vanguard—you may smirk and smile,  
But, pretty maid, if you look near,  
You'll find you've much in little here !  
A nobler ship did never swim,  
And you shall see her in full trim:  
I'll set, my friends, to do you honour,  
Set every inch of sail upon her.”  
So said, so done ; and masts, sails, yards,  
He names them all ; and interlards  
His speech with uncouth terms of art,  
Accomplished in the showman's part ;  
And then, as from a sudden cheek,  
Cries out—“ 'Tis there, the quarter-deck  
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—  
A sight that would have roused your blood !  
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,  
Burnt like a fire among his men ;  
Let this be land, and that be sea,  
Here lay the French—and *thus* came we !”

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,  
The dancers all were gathered round,  
And, such the stillness of the house,  
You might have heard a nibbling mouse ;  
While, borrowing helps where'er he may,  
The sailor through the story runs  
Of ships to ships and guns to guns ;  
And does his utmost to display  
The dismal conflict, and the might  
And terror of that wondrous night !  
“ A bowl, a bowl of double measure,”  
Cries Benjamin, “ a draught of length,  
To Nelson, England's pride and treasure,  
Her bulwark and her tower of strength !”  
When Benjamin had seized the bowl,  
The mastiff from beneath the waggon,  
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,  
Rattled his chain—'twas all in vain,  
For Benjamin, triumphant soul !  
He heard the monitory growl ;  
Heard—and in opposition quaffed  
A deep, determined, desperate draught !  
Nor did the battered tar forget,  
Or flinch from what he deemed his debt :

Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,  
Back to her place the ship he led ;  
Wheeled her back in full apparel ;  
And so, flag flying at mast-head,  
Re-yoked her to the ass :—anon,  
Cries Benjamin, “ We must be gone.”  
Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,  
Again behold them on their way !

## CANTO III.

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,  
When they the wished-for greeting heard,  
The whip's loud notice from the door,  
That they were free to move once more.  
You think these doings must have bred  
In them disheartening doubts and dread ;  
No, not a horse of all the eight,  
Although it be a moonless night,  
Fears either for himself or freight ;  
For this they know, (and let it hide,  
In part, the offences of their guide,)  
That Benjamin, with clouded brains,  
Is worth the best with all their pains ;  
And, if they had a prayer to make,  
The prayer would be that they may take  
With him whatever comes in course,  
The better fortune or the worse ; [them  
That no one else may have business near  
And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,  
And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,  
The triumph of your late devotion !  
Can aught on earth impede delight,  
Still mounting to a higher height ;  
And higher still—a greedy flight !  
Can any low-born care pursue her,  
Can any mortal clog come to her ?  
No notion have they—not a thought,  
That is from joyless regions brought !  
And, while they coast the silent lake,  
Their inspiration I partake ;  
Share their empyrean spirits—yea,  
With their enraptured vision, see—  
O fancy—what a jubilee !  
What shifting pictures—clad in gleam  
Of colour bright as feverish dreams !  
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,  
Involved and restless all—a scene  
Pregnant with mutual exaltation,  
Rich change, and multiplied creation !  
This sight to me the muse imparts ;—  
And then, what kindness in their hearts !  
What tears of rapture, what vow-making,  
Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking !



What solemn, vacant interlacing,  
As if they'd fall asleep embracing !  
Then, in the turbulence of glee,  
And in the excess of amity,  
Says Benjamin, " That ass of thine,  
He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine ;  
If he were tethered to the waggon,  
He'd drag as well what he is dragging ;  
And we, as brother should with brother,  
Might trudge it alongside each other ?"

Forthwith, obedient to command,  
The horses made a quiet stand ;  
And to the waggon's skirts was tied  
The creature, by the mastiff's side  
(The mastiff not well pleased to be  
So very near such company).  
This new arrangement made, the wain  
Through the still night proceeds again :  
No moon had risen her light to lend ;  
But indistinctly may be kenne'd  
The VANGUARD, following close behind,  
Sails spread, as if to catch the wind !

" Thy wife and child are snug and warm,  
Thy ship will travel without harm ;  
I like," said Benjamin, " her shape and  
stature ;

And this of mine—this bulky creature  
Of which I have the steering—this,  
Seen fairly, is not much amiss !  
We want your streamers, friend, you know ;  
But altogether, as we go,  
We make a kind of handsome show !  
Among these hills from first to last,  
We've weathered many a furious blast ;  
Hard passage forcing on, with head  
Against the storm, and canvas spread.  
I hate a boaster—but to thee  
Will say't, who know'st both land and sea,  
The unluckiest hulk that sails the brine  
Is hardly worse beset than mine,  
When cross winds on her quarter beat ;  
And, fairly lifted from my feet,  
I stagger onward—Heaven knows how—  
But not so pleasantly as now—  
Poor pilot I, by snows confounded,  
And many a foundrous pit surrounded !  
Yet here we are, by night and day [way,  
Grinding through rough and smooth our  
Through foul and fair our task fulfilling ;  
And long shall be so yet—God willing !"

" Ay," said the tar, " through fair and  
foul—

But save us from yon screeching owl !"  
That instant was begun a fray  
Which called their thoughts another way ;

The mastiff, ill-conditioned earl !  
What must he do but growl and snarl ;  
Still more and more dissatisfied  
With the meek comrade at his side ?  
Till, not incensed, though put to proof,  
The ass, uplifting a hind hoof,  
Salutes the mastiff on the head ;  
And so were better manners bred,  
And all was calmed and quieted.

" Yon screech-owl," says the sailor,  
turning  
Back to his former cause of mourning,  
" Yon owl !—pray God that all be well !  
"Tis worse than any funeral bell ;  
As sure as I've the gift of sight,  
We shall be meeting ghosts to-night !"  
Said Benjamin, " This whip shall lay  
A thousand if they cross our way.  
I know that wanton's noisy station,  
I know him and his occupation ;  
The jolly bird hath learned his cheer  
On the banks of Windermere ;  
Where a tribe of them make merry,  
Mocking the man that keeps the ferry ;  
Halloing from an open throat,  
Like travellers shouting for a boat.  
The tricks he learned at Windermere  
This vagrant owl is playing here—  
That is the worst of his employment ;  
He's in the height of his enjoyment !"

This explanation stilled the alarm,  
Cured the foreboder like a charm ;  
This, and the manner, and the voice,  
Summoned the sailor to rejoice ;  
His heart is up—he fears no evil  
From life or death, from man or devil ;  
He wheeled—and, making many stops,  
Brandished his crutch against the moun-  
tain tops ;  
And, while he talked of blows and scars,  
Benjamin, among the stars,  
Beheld a dancing—and a glancing ;  
Such retreating and advancing  
As, I ween, was never seen  
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars

#### CANTO IV.

THUS they, with freaks of proud delight,  
Beguile the remnant of the night ;  
And many a snatch of jovial song  
Regales them as they wind along ;  
While to the music from on high,  
The echoes make a glad reply.  
But the sage muse the revel heeds  
No farther than her story needs ;

Nor will she servilely attend  
 The loitering journey to its end.  
 Blithe spirits of her own impel  
 The muse who scents the morning air,  
 To take of this transported pair  
 A brief and unreprieved farewell ;  
 To quit the slow-paced waggon's side,  
 And wander down yon hawthorn dell,  
 With murmuring Greta for her guide.  
 There doth she ken the awful form  
 Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—  
 Glimmering through the twilight pale ;  
 And Gimmer-crag,\* his tall twin-brother,  
 Each peering forth to meet the other ;—  
 And, while she roves through St. John's  
 Vale,

Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,  
 By sheep-track, or through cottage lane,  
 Where no disturbance comes to intrude  
 Upon the pensive solitude,  
 Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,  
 With the rude shepherd's favoured glance,  
 Beholds the faeries in array,  
 Whose party-coloured garments gay  
 The silent company betray ;  
 Red, green, and blue ; a moment's sight !  
 For Skiddaw-top with rosy light  
 Is touched—and all the band take flight.  
 Fly also, muse ! and from the dell  
 Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;  
 Thence look thou forth o'er wood and  
 lawn,

Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn ;  
 Across yon meadowy bottom look,  
 Where close fogs hide their parent brook ;  
 And see, beyond that hamlet small,  
 The ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall,  
 Lurking in a double shade,  
 By trees and lingering twilight made !  
 There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,  
 Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
 To noble Clifford ; from annoy  
 Concealed the persecuted boy,  
 Well pleased in rustic garb to feed  
 His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed ;  
 Among this multitude of hills,  
 Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;  
 Which soon the morning shall unfold,  
 From east to west, in ample vest  
 Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed  
 Hung low, begin to rise and spread ;  
 Even while I speak, their skirts of gray  
 Are smitten by a silver ray ;

And lo !—up Castrigg's naked steep  
 (Where, smoothly urged, the vapours sweep  
 Along—and scatter and divide  
 Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)  
 The stately waggon is ascending  
 With faithful Benjamin attending,  
 Apparent now beside his team—  
 Now lost amid a glittering steam.  
 And with him goes his sailor friend,  
 By this time near their journey's end,  
 And, after their high-minded riot,  
 Sickening into thoughtless quiet ;  
 As if the morning's pleasant hour  
 Had for their joys a killing power.

They are drooping, weak, and dull ;  
 But the horses stretch and pull ;  
 With increasing vigour climb,  
 Eager to repair lost time ;  
 Whether by their own desert,  
 Knowing there is cause for shame,  
 They are labouring to avert  
 At least a portion of the blame,  
 Which full surely will alight  
 Upon *his* head, whom, in despite  
 Of all his faults they love the best ;  
 Whether for him they are distressed ;  
 Or, by length of fasting roused,  
 Are impatient to be housed ;  
 Up against the hill they strain—  
 Tugging at the iron chain—  
 Tugging all with might and main—  
 Last and foremost, every horse  
 To the utmost of his force !  
 And the smoke and respiration  
 Rising like an exhalation,  
 Blends with the mist,—a moving shroud  
 To form—an undissolving cloud ;  
 Which, with slant ray, the merry sun  
 Takes delight to play upon.  
 Never surely old Apollo  
 He, or other god as old,  
 Of whom in story we are told,  
 Who had a favourite to follow  
 Through a battle or elsewhere,  
 Round the object of his care,  
 In a time of peril, threw,  
 Veil of such celestial hue ;  
 Interposed so bright a screen  
 Him and his enemies between !

Alas, what boots it?—who can hide  
 When the malicious fates are bent  
 On working out an ill intent?  
 Can destiny be turned aside?  
 No—sad progress of my story !  
 Benjamin, this outward glory

\* The crag of the ewe-lamb.

Cannot shield thee from thy master,  
 Who from Keswick has pricked forth,  
 Sour and surly as the north ;  
 And, in fear of some disaster,  
 Comes to give what help he may,  
 Or to hear what thou canst say ;  
 If, as needs he must forebode,  
 Thou hast loitered on the road ! [flight—  
 His doubts—his fears may now take  
 The wished-for object is in sight ;  
 Yet, trust the muse, it rather hath  
 Stirred him up to livelier wrath ;  
 Which he stifles, moody man !  
 With all the patience that he can !  
 To the end that at your meeting  
 He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,  
 Till the waggon gains the top ;  
 But stop he cannot—must advance :  
 Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,  
 Espies, and instantly is ready,  
 Self-collected, poised, and steady ;  
 And, to be the better seen,  
 Issues from his radiant shroud,  
 From his close attending cloud,  
 With careless air and open mien.  
 Erect his port, and firm his going ;  
 So struts yon cock that now is crowing ;  
 And the morning light in grace  
 Strikes upon his lifted face,  
 Hurrying the pallid hue away  
 That might his trespasses betray.  
 But what can all avail to clear him,  
 Or what need of explanation,  
 Parley, or interrogation ?  
 For the master sees, alas !  
 That unhappy figure near him,  
 Limping o'er the dewy grass,  
 Where the road it fringes, sweet,  
 Soft and cool to way-worn feet ;  
 And, oh, indignity ! an ass,  
 By his noble mastiff's side,  
 Tethered to the waggon's tail :  
 And the ship, in all her pride,  
 Following after in full sail !  
 Not to speak of babe and mother ;  
 Who, contented with each other,  
 And, snug as birds in leafy arbour,  
 Kind, within, a blessed harbour !

With eager eyes the master pries :  
 Looks in and out—and through and  
 through ;  
 Says nothing—till at last he spies  
 A wound upon the mastiff's head,  
 A wound—where plainly might be read  
 What feats an ass's hoof can do !

But drop the rest :—this aggravation,  
 This complicated provocation,  
 A hoard of grievances unsealed ;  
 All past forgiveness it repealed ;—  
 And thus, and through distempered blood  
 On both sides, Benjamin the good,  
 The patient, and the tender-hearted,  
 Was from his team and waggon parted ;  
 When duty of that day was o'er,  
 Laid down his whip—and served no more.  
 Nor could the waggon long survive  
 Which Benjamin had ceased to drive :  
 It lingered on ;—guide after guide  
 Ambitiously the office tried ;  
 But each unmanageable hill  
 Called for *his* patience and *his* skill ;—  
 And sure it is, that through this night,  
 And what the morning brought to light,  
 Two losses had we to sustain,  
 We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN !

Accept, O friend, for praise or blame,  
 The gift of this adventurous song ;  
 A record which I dared to frame,  
 Though timid scruples checked me long ;  
 They checked me—and I left the theme  
 Untouched—in spite of many a gleam  
 Of fancy which thereon was shed,  
 Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
 Upon the side of a distant hill :  
 But nature might not be gainsaid ;  
 For what I have and what I miss  
 I sing of these—it makes my bliss !  
 Nor is it I who play the part,  
 But a shy spirit in my heart,  
 That comes and goes—will sometimes leap  
 From hiding-places ten years deep ;  
 Or haunts me with familiar face—  
 Returning, like a ghost unlaid,  
 Until the debt I owe be paid.  
 Forgive me, then ; for I had been  
 On friendly terms with this machine :  
 In him, while he was wont to trace  
 Our roads, through many a long year's  
 A living almanack had we : [space.  
 We had a speaking diary,  
 That, in this uneventful place,  
 Gave to the days a mark and name  
 By which we knew them when they came.  
 Yes, I, and all about me here,  
 Through all the changes of the year,  
 Had seen him through the mountains go,  
 In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
 Majestically huge and slow :  
 Or, with a milder grace adorning  
 The landscape of a summer's morning ;

While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain  
 The moving image to detain ;  
 And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
 Of echoes, to his march kept time ;  
 When little other business stirred,  
 And little other sound was heard ;  
 In that delicious hour of balm,  
 Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
 While yet the valley is arrayed,  
 On this side with a sober shade ;  
 On that is prodigally bright—  
 Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.  
 But most of all, thou lordly wain !  
 I wish to have thee here again,  
 When windows flap and chimney roars,  
 And all is dismal out of doors ;  
 And sitting by my fire, I see  
 Eight sorry carts, no less a train !  
 Unworthy successors of thee,

Come straggling through the wind and  
 And oft, as they pass slowly on, [rain  
 Beneath my window—one by one—  
 See, perched upon the naked height  
 The summit of a cumbrous freight,  
 A single traveller—and there  
 Another—then perhaps a pair—  
 The lame, the sickly, and the old ;  
 Men, women, heartless with the cold ;  
 And babes in wet and starveling plight ;  
 Which once, be weather as it might,  
 Had still a nest within a nest,  
 Thy shelter—and their mother's breast !  
 Then most of all, then far the most,  
 Do I regret what we have lost ;  
 Am grieved for that unhappy sin  
 Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;—  
 And of his stately charge, which none  
 Could keep alive when he was gone !

## Poems of the Fancy.

### A MORNING EXERCISE.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the  
 glad,  
 Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw ;  
 Sending sad shadows after things not sad,  
 Peopling the harmless fields with signs of  
 woe ;  
 Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
 Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death ; and when  
 the owl  
 Tries his two voices for a favourite strain—  
*Tu-whit—Tu-who!* the unsuspecting fowl  
 Forebodes mishap, or seems but to com-  
 plain ;  
 Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,  
 Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked  
 Indians stray,  
 Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill ;  
 A feathered task-master cries "WORK  
 AWAY!" [WILL !]\*  
 And, in thy iteration, "WHIP-POOR-

Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,  
 Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave !

What wonder? at her bidding, ancient  
 lays  
 Steeped in dire griefs the voice of Philomel ;  
 And that fleet messenger of summer days,  
 The swallow, twittered subject to like spell  
 But ne'er could fancy bend the buoyant  
 lark  
 To melancholy service—hark ! oh, hark !

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn.  
 Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed ;  
 But *he* is risen, a later star of dawn,  
 Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy  
 cloud ;  
 Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark ;  
 The happiest bird that sprang out of the  
 ark !

Hail, blest above all kinds—Supremely  
 skilled [low.  
 Restless with fixed to balance, high with  
 Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to  
 build  
 On such forbearance as the deep may show ;  
 Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly  
 ties,  
 Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise,

\* See Waterton's "Wanderings in South America."



Faithful, though swift as lightning, the  
meek dove ;  
Yet more hath nature reconciled in thee ;  
So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free ;  
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice  
In power of wing and never-wearied voice !

How would it please old ocean to partake,  
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
The harmony that thou best lov'st to make  
Where earth resembles most his blank  
domain ! [ear  
Urania's self might welcome with pleased  
These matins mounting towards her native  
sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no  
bars [suit,  
To day-light known deter from that pur-  
"Tis well that some sage instinct, when the  
stars [mute :  
Come forth at evening, keeps thee still and  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them, singing as they  
shine !

—◆—

### 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 rustelling ;  
By a daisy whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed ;  
Or a shady bush or tree ;  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man."—G. WITHER.

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

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 greet'st the traveller in the lane ;  
If welcome once thou count'st it gain ;  
Thou art not daunted,  
Nor car'st 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 liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
The poet's darling.

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

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love ; some brief delight ;  
Some memory that had taken flight ;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure ;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life, our nature breeds ;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

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.

\* His muse.



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 favourite.

A WHIRL-ELAST from behind the hill  
 Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound ;  
 Then—all at once the air was still,  
 And showers of hailstones pattered round.  
 Where leafless oaks towered high above,  
 I sat within an undergrove  
 Of tallest hollies, tall and green ;  
 A fairer bower was never seen.  
 From year to year the spacious floor  
 With withered leaves is covered o'er,  
 And all the year the bower is green.  
 But see ! where'er the hailstones drop,  
 The withered leaves all skip and hop,  
 There's not a breeze—no breath of air—  
 Yet here, and there, and every where  
 Along the floor, beneath the shade  
 By those embowering hollies made,  
 The leaves in myriads jump and spring,  
 As if with pipes and music rare  
 Some Robin Good-fellow were there,  
 And all those leaves, in festive glee,  
 Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

### THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
 Their snow-white blossoms on thy head,  
 With brightest sunshine round me spread  
     Of spring's unclouded weather,  
 In this sequestered nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !  
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
     My last year's friends together.

\* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
 In all this covert of the blest ;  
 Hail to thee, far above the rest  
     In joy of voice and pinion,  
 Thou, linnet ! in thy green array,  
 Presiding spirit here to-day,  
 Dost lead the revels of the May,  
     And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers  
 Make all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
     Art sole in thy employment ;  
 A life, a presence like the air,  
 Scattering thy gladness without care,  
 Too blest with any one to pair,  
     Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
     Yet seeming still to hover ;  
 There ! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
     That cover him all over.

My sight he dazzles, half deceives,  
 A bird so like the dancing leaves ;  
 Then flits, and from the cottage eaves  
     Pours forth his song in gushes ;  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mocked and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
     While fluttering in the bushes.

### THE CONTRAST.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,  
 I saw a dazzling belle,  
 A parrot of that famous kind  
 Whose name is NONPAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes ;  
 And, smoothed by nature's skill,  
 With pearl or gleaming agate vies  
 Her finely-curved bill.

Her plummy mantle's living hues  
 In mass opposed to mass,  
 Outshine the splendour that imbues  
 The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter mate  
 Did never tempt the choice  
 Of feathered thing most delicate  
 In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,  
And singleness her lot,  
She trills her song with tutored powers,  
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets  
With which she may have striven !  
Now but in wantonness she frets,  
Or spite, if cause be given ;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird  
By social glee inspired ;  
Ambitious to be seen or heard,  
And pleased to be admired !

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,  
Harbours a self-contented wren,  
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,  
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared  
She never tried, the very nest  
In which this child of spring was reared,  
Is warmed, through winter, by her feathery  
breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives  
A slender unexpected strain ;  
That tells the hermitess still lives, [vain.  
Though she appear not, and be sought in

Say, Dora ! tell me by yon placid moon,  
If called to choose between the favoured  
pair [saloon,  
Which would you be,—the bird of the  
By lady fingers tended with nice care,  
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,  
Or nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed ?

#### TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.\*

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies.  
Let them live upon their praises ;  
Long as there's a sun that sets  
Primroses will have their glory ;  
Long as there are violets,  
They will have a place in story :  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little celandine.

\* Common Pilewort.

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star ;  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout !  
I'm as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little flower !—I'll make a stir  
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf  
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;  
Since we needs must first have met  
I have seen thee, high and low,  
Thirty years or more, and yet  
'Twas a face I did not know ;  
Thou hast now, go where I may,  
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about its nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless prodigal ;  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth, or none

Poets, vain men in their mood !  
Travel with the multitude ;  
Never heed them ; I aver  
That they all are wanton wooers ;  
But the thrifty cottager,  
Who stirs little out of doors,  
Joys to spy thee near her home ;  
Spring is coming, thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
Kindly unassuming spirit ;  
Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
On the moor, and in the wood,  
In the lane—there's not a place,  
Howsoever mean it be,  
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
Children of the flaring hours !  
Buttercups, that will be seen  
Whether we will see or no ;  
Others, too, of lofty mien ;  
They have done as worldlings do,  
Taken praise that should be thine,  
Little, humble celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Scorned and slighted upon earth !  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing,

Singing at my heart's command,  
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love !

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TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet  
When they lie about our feet :  
February last, my heart  
First at sight of thee was glad ;  
All unheard of as thou art,  
Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
Celandine ! and long ago,  
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,  
Whosoe'er the man might be,  
Who the first with pointed rays  
(Workman worthy to be sainted)  
Set the sign-board in a blaze,  
When the risen sun he painted,  
Took the fancy from a glance  
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
News of winter's vanishing,  
And the children build their bowers,  
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould  
All about with full-blown flowers,  
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold !  
With the proudest thou art there,  
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure  
By myself a lonely pleasure,  
Sighed to think, I read a book  
Only read, perhaps, by me ;  
Yet I long could overlook  
Thy bright coronet and thee,  
And thy arch and wily ways,  
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek ;  
While the patient primrose sits  
Like a beggar in the cold,  
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,  
Slipp'st into thy sheltered hold ;  
Bright as any of the train  
When ye all are out again.

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
But a thing "beneath our shoon :"  
Let the bold adventurer thrid  
In his bark the polar sea ;

Rear who will a pyramid ;  
Praise it is enough for me,  
If there be but three or four  
Who will love my little flower.

---

THE WATERFALL AND THE  
EGLANTINE.

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous elf,"  
Exclaimed a thundering voice,  
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self  
Between me and my choice !"  
A small cascade fresh swoln with snows  
Thus threatened a poor briar-rose,  
That, all bespattered with his foam,  
And dancing high and dancing low,  
Was living, as a child might know,  
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block ?  
Off, off ! or, puny thing !  
I'll hur! thee headlong with the rock  
To which thy fibres cling."  
The flood was tyrannous and strong ;  
The patient briar suffered long,  
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,  
Hoping the danger would be past :  
But, seeing no relief, at last  
He ventured to reply.

"Ah !" said the briar, "blame me not ;  
Why should we dwell in strife ?  
We who in this sequestered spot  
Once lived a happy life !  
You stirred me on my rocky bed—  
What pleasure through my veins you spread !  
The summer long, from day to day,  
My leaves you freshened and bedewed ;  
Nor was it common gratitude  
That did your cares repay.

"When spring came on with bud and bell,  
Among these rocks did I  
Before you hang my wreaths, to tell  
The gentle days were nigh !  
And in the sultry summer hours,  
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers ;  
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,  
The linnet lodged, and for us two  
Chanted his pretty songs, when you  
Had little voice or none.

"But now proud thoughts are in your  
What grief is mine you see. [breast—  
Ah ! would you think, even yet how blest  
Together we might be !

Though of both leaf and flower bereft,  
Some ornaments to me are left—  
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,  
With which I in my humble way,  
Would deck you many a winter's day,  
A happy eglantine !”

What more he said I cannot tell,  
The torrent thundered down the dell  
With aggravated haste ;  
I listened, nor aught else could hear ;  
The briar quaked, and much I fear  
Those accents were his last.

### THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

#### A PASTORAL.

HIS simple truths did Andrew glean  
Beside the babbling rills ;  
A careful student he had been  
Among the woods and hills.  
One winter's night, when through the trees  
The wind was roaring, on his knees  
His youngest born did Andrew hold :  
And while the rest, a ruddy quire,  
Were seated round their blazing fire,  
This tale the shepherd told :—

“ I saw a crag, a lofty stone  
As ever tempest beat !  
Out of its head an Oak had grown,  
A Broom out of its feet.  
The time was March, a cheerful noon—  
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,  
Breathed gently from the warm south-west :  
When, in a voice sedate with age,  
This Oak, a giant and a sage,  
His neighbour thus addressed :

“ Eight weary weeks, through rock and  
Along this mountain's edge, [clay,  
The frost hath wrought both night and day,  
Wedge driving after wedge.  
Look up ! and think above your head  
What trouble, surely, will be bred ;  
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,  
The splinters took another road—  
I see them yonder—what a load  
For such a thing as you !

“ You are preparing as before,  
To deck your slender shape ;  
And yet, just three years back—no more—  
You had a strange escape.  
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke ;  
In thunder down, with fire and smoke,

And hitherward pursued its way :  
This ponderous block was caught by me,  
And o'er your head, as you may see,  
'Tis hanging to this day !

“ The thing had better been asleep  
Whatever thing it were,  
Or breeze, or bird, or dog, or sheep,  
That first did plant you there.  
For you and your green twigs decoy  
The little witless shepherd-boy  
To come and slumber in your bower ;  
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,  
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon :  
Will perish in one hour.

“ From me this friendly warning take'—  
The Broom began to doze,  
And thus to keep herself awake  
Did gently interpose :  
' My thanks for your discourse are due ;  
That more than what you say is true  
I know, and I have known it long ;  
Frail is the bond by which we hold  
Our being whether young or old,  
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

“ Disasters, do the best we can,  
Will teach both great and small ;  
And he is oft the wisest man  
Who is not wise at all.  
For me, why should I wish to roam !  
This spot is my paternal home,  
It is my pleasant heritage ;  
My father many a happy year  
Here spent his careless blossoms, here  
Attained a good old age.

“ Even such as his may be my lot.  
What cause have I to haunt  
My heart with terrors ? Am I not  
In truth a favoured plant !  
On me such bounty summer pours,  
That I am covered o'er with flowers ;  
And, when the frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay  
That you might look at me and say,  
This plant can never die.

“ The butterfly, all green and gold,  
To me hath often flown,  
Here in my blossoms to behold  
Wings lovely as his own.  
When grass is chill with rain or dew,  
Beneath my shade, the mother ewe  
Lies with her infant lamb ; I see  
The love they to each other make,  
And the sweet joy, which they partake,  
It is a joy to me.”

\* Her voice was blithe, her heart was light ;  
The Broom might have pursued  
Her speech, until the stars of night  
Their journey had renewed :  
But in the branches of the Oak  
Two ravens now began to croak  
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air ;  
And to her own green bower the breeze  
That instant brought two stripling bees  
To rest, or murmur there.

"One night, my children ! from the north  
There came a furious blast ;  
At break of day I ventured forth,  
And near the cliff I passed.  
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,  
And struck him with a mighty stroke,  
And whirled, and whirled him far away ;  
And, in one hospitable cleft,  
The little careless Broom was left  
To live for many a day."

---

### SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT  
AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES  
OF WESTMORELAND.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel !  
Night has brought the welcome hour,  
When the weary fingers feel  
I help, as if from faëry power ;  
Dewy night o'ershades the ground ;  
Turn the swift wheel round and round !

Now, beneath the starry sky,  
Crouch the widely-scattered sheep ;—  
Ply the pleasant labour, ply !  
For the spindle, while they sleep,  
Runs with motion smooth and fine,  
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred  
By a glance from fickle eyes ;  
But true love is like the thread  
Which the kindly wool supplies,  
When the flocks are all at rest  
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

---

### THE REDBREAST AND BUTTERFLY.

ART thou the bird whom man loves best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English robin ;

The bird that comes about our doors  
When autumn winds are sobbing ?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors ?

Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland ?

The bird, who by some name or other  
All men who know thee call their brother,  
The darling of children and men ?  
Could father Adam open his eyes,\*  
And see this sight beneath the skies,  
He'd wish to close them again.

If the butterfly knew but his friend,  
Hither his flight he would bend ;  
And find his way to me  
Under the branches of the tree :  
In and out, he darts about ;  
Can this be the bird, to man so good,  
That, after their bewildering,  
Did cover with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood ?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou couldst  
pursue

A beautiful creature,  
That is gentle by nature ?  
Beneath the summer sky  
From flower to flower let him fly ;  
'Tis all that he wishes to do.  
The cheerer thou of our indoor sadness,  
He is the friend of our summer gladness :  
What hinders, then, that ye should be  
Playmates in the sunny weather,  
And fly about in the air together !  
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,  
A crimson as bright as thine own :  
If thou wouldst be happy in thy nest,  
O pious bird ! whom man loves best,  
Love him, or leave him alone !

---

### THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my infant, lo !  
What a pretty baby show !  
See the kitten on the wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—  
From the lofty elder-tree!  
Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,

---

\* See "Paradise Lost," book xi., where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plume," and the gentle hart and hind pursued by their enemy.



Eddling round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly: one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or faery hither tending,—  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute.  
—But the kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!  
First at one, and then its fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow;  
There are many now—now one—  
Now they stop; and there are none—  
What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire!  
With a tiger-leap half way  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again:  
Now she works with three or four  
Like an Indian conjuror;  
Quick as he in feats of art,  
Far beyond in joy of heart.  
Were her antics played in the eye  
Of a thousand standers-by,  
Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
What would little tabby care  
For the plaudits of the crowd?  
Over happy to be proud,  
Over wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty baby-treat,  
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;  
Here, for neither babe nor me,  
Other playmate can I see.  
Of the countless living things,  
That with stir of feet and wings,  
(In the sun or under shade  
Upon bough or grassy blade)  
And with busy revellings,  
Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
Made this orchard's narrow space,  
And this vale so blithe a place;  
Multitudes are swept away  
Never more to breathe the day:  
Some are sleeping; some in bands  
Travelled into distant lands;  
Others slunk to moor and wood,  
Far from human neighbourhood;  
And, among the kinds that keep  
With us closer fellowship,  
With us openly abide,  
All have laid their mirth aside.  
Where is he that giddy sprite,  
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,

Who was blest as bird could be,  
Feeding in the apple-tree;  
Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
Turning blossoms inside out;  
Hung with head towards the ground,  
Fluttered, perched, into a round  
Bound himself, and then unbound?  
Lithest, gaudiest harlequin!  
Prettiest tumbler ever seen!  
Light of heart, and light of lim  
What is now become of him!  
Lambs that through the mountains went  
Frisking, bleating merriment,  
When the year was in its prime,  
They are sobered by this time.  
If you look to vale or hill,  
If you listen, all is still,  
Save a little neighbouring rill,  
That from out the rocky ground  
Strikes a solitary sound.  
Vainly glitters hill and plain,  
And the air is calm in vain;  
Vainly morning spreads the lure  
Of a sky serene and pure;  
Creature none can she decoy  
Into open sign of joy:  
Is it that they have a fear  
Of the dreary season near?  
Or that other pleasures be  
Sweeter even than gaiety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
In the impenetraole cell  
Of the silent heart which nature  
Furnishes to every creature;  
Whate'er we feel and know  
Too sedate for outward show,  
Such a light of gladness breaks,  
Pretty kitten! from thy freaks,—  
Spreads with such a living grace  
O'er my little Laura's face;  
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
Thee, baby, laughing in my arms,  
That almost I could repine  
That your transports are not mine,  
That I do not wholly fare  
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!  
And I will have my careless season  
Spite of melancholy reason;  
Will walk through life in such a way  
That, when time brings on decay,  
Now and then I may possess  
Hours of perfect gladness.  
—Pleased by any random toy;  
By a kitten's busy joy,  
Or an infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the ecstasy;

Thus then, each to other dear,  
 Let them all in quiet lie,  
 Andrew there, and Susan here,  
 Neighbours in mortality.  
 And, should I live through sun and rain,  
 Seven widowed years without my Jane,  
 O sexton, do not then remove her,  
 Let one grave hold the loved and lover!

---

THE CORONET OF SNOWDROPS.

Who fancied what a pretty sight  
 This rock would be if edged around  
 With living snowdrops? circlet bright!  
 How glorious to this orchard-ground!  
 Who loved the little rock, and set  
 Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humour of a child?  
 Or rather of some love-sick maid,  
 Whose brows, the day that she was styled  
 The shepherd queen, were thus arrayed?  
 Of man mature, or matron sage?  
 Or old-man toying with his age?

I asked—'twas whispered—The device  
 To each and all might well belong:  
 It is the spirit of Paradise  
 That prompts such work, a spirit strong,  
 That gives to all the self-same bent  
 Where life is wise and innocent.

---

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains  
 Roar down many a craggy steep,  
 Yet they find among the mountains  
 Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,  
 Ere the storm its fury stills,  
 Helmet-like themselves will fasten  
 On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre  
 Of the Alps the chamois bound,  
 Yet he has a home to enter  
 In some nook of chosen ground.

If on windy days the raven  
 Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
 Not the less she loves her haven  
 In the bosom of the cliff.

Though the sea-horse in the ocean  
 Own no dear domestic cave,  
 Yet he slumbers—by the motion  
 Rocked of many a gentle wave.

The fleet ostrich, till day closes  
 Vagrant over desert sands,  
 Brooding on her eggs reposes  
 When chill night that care demands.

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

---

THE SEVEN SISTERS;

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,  
 All children of one mother:  
 I could not say in one short day  
 What love they bore each other.  
 A garland of seven lilies wrought!  
 Seven sisters that together dwell;  
 But he, bold knight as ever fought,  
 Their father, took of them no thought,  
 He loved the wars so well.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
 And from the shores of Erin,  
 Across the wave, a rover brave  
 To Binnorie is steering:  
 Right onward to the Scottish strand  
 The gallant ship is borne;  
 The warriors leap upon the land,  
 And hark! the leader of the band  
 Hath blown his bugle horn.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,  
 With boughs above them closing,  
 The seven are laid, and in the shade  
 They lie like fawns reposing.  
 But now, upstarting with affright  
 At noise of man and steed,  
 Away they fly to left, to right—  
 Of your fair household, father knight,  
 Methinks you take small heed!  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,  
 And, over hill and hollow,  
 With menace proud, and insult loud,  
 The youthful rovers follow.

Cried they, "Your father loves to roam :  
Enough for him to find  
The empty house when he comes home ;  
For us your yellow ringlets comb,  
For us be fair and kind !"  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,  
Like clouds in stormy weather,  
They run, and cry, "Nay let us die,  
And let us die together."  
A lake was near ; the shore was steep ;  
There never foot had been ;  
They ran, and with a desperate leap  
Together plunged into the deep,  
Nor ever more were seen.  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,  
As through the glen it rambles,  
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
For those seven lovely Campbells.  
Seven little islands, green and bare,  
Have risen from out the deep :  
The fishers say, those sisters fair  
By fairies are all buried there,  
And there together sleep.  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie.

#### A FRAGMENT.

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills  
There is a spot that seems to lie  
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,  
And sacred to the sky.  
And in this smooth and open dell  
There is a tempest-stricken tree ;  
A corner-stone by lightning cut,  
The last stone of a cottage hut ;  
And in this dell you see  
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,  
The shadow of a Danish boy.\*

In clouds above, the lark is heard,  
But drops not here to earth for rest :

\* These stanzas were designed to introduce a ballad upon the story of a Danish prince who had fled from battle, and for the sake of the valuables about him, was murdered by the inhabitant of a cottage in which he had taken refuge. The house fell under a curse, and the spirit of the youth, it was believed, haunted the valley where the crime had been committed.

Within this nook the lonesome bird  
Did never build her nest.  
No beast, no bird hath here his home ;  
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,  
Pass high above those fragrant bells  
To other flowers ; to other dells  
Their burthens do they bear ;  
The Danish boy walks here alone :  
The lovely dell is all his own.

A spirit of noon-day is he ;  
He seems a form of flesh and blood ;  
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,  
Nor herd-boy of the wood.  
A regal vest of fur he wears,  
In colour like a raven's wing ;  
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew ;  
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue  
As budding pines in spring ;  
His helmet was a vernal grace,  
Fresh as the bloom upon his face

A harp is from his shoulder slung ;  
He rests the harp upon his knee ;  
And there, in a forgotten tongue,  
He warbles melody.  
Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill  
He is the darling and the joy ;  
And often, when no cause appears,  
The mountain ponies prick their ears,  
They hear the Danish boy,  
While in the dell he sits alone  
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

There sits he : in his face you spy  
No trace of a ferocious air,  
Nor ever was a cloudless sky  
So steady or so fair.  
The lovely Danish boy is blest  
And happy in his flowery cove :  
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far,  
And yet he warbles songs of war,  
That seem like songs of love,  
For calm and gentle is his mien ;  
Like a dead boy he is serene.

#### THE PILGRIM'S DREAM ;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A PILGRIM, when the summer day  
Had closed upon his weary way,  
A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof ;  
But him the haughty warden spurned ;  
And from the gate the pilgrim turned,  
To seek such covert as the field  
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,  
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along ; and, pensively,  
 Halting beneath a shady tree,  
 Whose moss-grown root might serve for  
 couch or seat,  
 Fixed on a star his upward eye ;  
 Then, from the tenant of the sky  
 He turned, and watched with kindred look,  
 A glow-worm, in a dusky nook,  
 Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream  
 Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,  
 A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy  
 bounds  
 He recognised the earth-born star,  
 And *that* which glittered from afar ;  
 And (strange to witness !) from the frame  
 Of the ethereal orb, there came  
 Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humbler light  
 That now, when day was fled, and night  
 Hushed the dark earth—fast closing weary  
 eyes,

A very reptile could presume  
 To show her taper in the gloom,  
 As if in rivalry with one  
 Who sate a ruler on his throne  
 Erected in the skies.

“ Exalted star !” the worm replied,  
 “ Abate this unbecoming pride,  
 Or with a less uneasy lustre shine ;  
 Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays  
 Are mastered by the breathing haze ;  
 While neither mist, nor thickest cloud  
 That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,  
 Hath power to injure mine.

“ But not for this do I aspire  
 To match the spark of local fire,  
 That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,  
 With thy acknowledged glories ;—No !  
 Yet, thus upbraided, I may show  
 What favours do attend me here,  
 Till, like thyself, I disappear  
 Before the purple dawn.”

When this in modest guise was said,  
 Across the welkin seemed to spread  
 A boding sound—for aught but sleep unfit !  
 Hills quaked—the rivers backward ran—  
 That star, so proud of late, looked wan ;  
 And reeled with visionary stir  
 In the blue depth, like Lucifer  
 Cast headlong to the pit !

Fire raged,—and when the spangled floor  
 Of ancient ether was no more,  
 New heavens succeeded, by the dream  
 brought forth :  
 And all the happy souls that rode  
 Transfigured through that fresh abode,  
 Had heretofore, in humble trust,  
 Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,  
 The glow-worms of the earth !

This knowledge, from an angel's voice  
 Proceeding, made the heart rejoice  
 Of him who slept upon the open lea :  
 Waking at morn he murmured not ;  
 And, till life's journey closed, the spot  
 Was to the pilgrim's soul endeared,  
 Where by that dream he had been cheered  
 Beneath the shady tree.

---

### HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

“ WHO but hails the sight with pleasure  
 When the wings of genius rise,  
 Their ability to measure  
 With great enterprise ;  
 But in man was ne'er such daring  
 As yon hawk exhibits, pairing  
 His brave spirit with the war in  
 The stormy skies !

“ Mark him, how his power he uses,  
 Lays it by, at will resumes !  
 Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses  
 Clouds and utter glooms !  
 There he wheels in downward mazes ;  
 Sunward now his flight he raises,  
 Catches fire, as seems, and blazes  
 With uninjured plumes !”

### ANSWER.

“ Stranger, 'tis no act of courage  
 Which aloft thou dost discern ;  
 No bold *bird* gone forth to forage  
 'Mid the tempest stern ;  
 But such mockery as the nations  
 See, when public perturbations  
 Lift men from their native stations,  
 Like yon TUFT OF FERN ;

“ Such it is ;—the aspiring creature  
 Soaring on undaunted wing  
 (So you fancied) is by nature  
 A dull helpless thing,

Dry and withered, light and yellow;—  
That to be the tempest's fellow!  
Wait and you shall see how hollow  
Its endeavouring!"

### STRAY PLEASURES.

*"Pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall  
find."*

By their floating mill,  
That lies dead and still,  
Behold you prisoners three,  
The miller with two dames, on the breast  
of the Thames! [them all;  
The platform is small, but gives room for  
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes  
To their mill where it floats,  
To their house and their mill tethered fast;  
To the small wooden isle where, their work  
to beguile, [given;—  
They from morning to even take whatever is  
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,  
All alive with the fires  
Of the sun going down to his rest,  
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,  
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as  
free,  
While they dance on the calm river's breast.

Men and maidens wheel,  
They themselves make the reel,  
And their music's a prey which they seize;  
It plays not for them,—what matter? 'tis  
theirs; [cares,  
And if they had care, it has scattered their  
While they dance, crying, "Long as ye  
please!"

They dance not for me,  
Yet mine is their glee!  
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever  
shall find; [kind,  
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly  
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring  
Rouse the birds, and they sing;  
If the wind do but stir for his proper delight,  
Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour will  
kiss; [his brother;  
Each wave, one and t'other, speeds after  
They are happy, for that is their right!

### ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP,

THE WORK OF E. M. S.

FROWNS are on every muse's face,  
Reproaches from their lips are sent,  
That mimicry should thus disgrace  
The noble instrument.

A very harp in all but size!  
Needles for strings in apt gradation!  
Minerva's self would stigmatize  
The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued  
Arachne's rival spirit,  
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,  
Like station could not merit.

And this, too, from the laureate's child,  
A living lord of melody!  
How will her sire be reconciled  
To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voice,  
"Bard! moderate your ire;  
Spirits of all degrees rejoice  
In presence of the lyre.

"The minstrels of pygmean bands,  
Dwarf genii, moonlight-loving fays,  
Have shells to fit their tiny hands  
And suit their slender lays.

"Some, still more delicate of ear,  
Have lutes (believe my words)  
Whose framework is of gossamer,  
While sunbeams are the chords.

"Gay sylphs this miniature will court,  
Made vocal by their brushing wings,  
And sullen gnomes will learn to sport  
Around its polished strings;

"Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,  
While in her lonely bower she tries  
To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,  
By fanciful embroideries.

"Trust, angry bard! a knowing sprite,  
Nor think the harp her lot deploras;  
Though 'mid the stars the lyre shines bright,  
Love *swoops* as fondly as he soars."



ADDRESS TO MY INFANT  
DAUGHTER,ON BEING REMINDED, THAT SHE WAS A  
MONTH OLD ON THAT DAY.

HAST thou then survived,  
Mild offspring of infirm humanity,  
Meek infant! among all forlornest things  
The most forlorn, one life of that bright star,  
The second glory of the heavens?—Thou  
hast:

Already hast survived that great decay;  
That transformation through the wide earth  
felt,

And by all nations. In that Being's sight  
From whom the race of human kind proceed,  
A thousand years are but as yesterday;  
And one day's narrow circuit is to Him  
Not less capacious than a thousand years.  
But what is time? What outward glory?  
Neither

A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend  
Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet  
hail to thee, [methinks,

Frail, feeble monthling!—by that name,  
Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out  
Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian birth,  
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,  
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,  
Or to the churlish elements exposed  
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the  
night,

Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face  
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,  
Would, with imperious admonition, then  
Have scored thine age, and punctually  
timed

Thine infant history, on the minds of those  
Who might have wandered with thee.—  
Mother's love,

Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,  
Will, among us warm clad and warmly  
housed,

Do for thee what the finger of the heavens  
Doth all too often harshly execute  
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds  
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace  
The affections, to exalt them or refine;  
And the maternal sympathy itself,  
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie  
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.

Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!  
Even now—To solemnize thy helpless state,  
And to enliven in the mind's regard  
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,  
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,  
Within the region of a father's thoughts,  
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.  
And first;—thy sinless progress, through a  
world

By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,  
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered  
clouds,

Moving untouched in silver purity,  
And cheering oft-times their reluctant  
gloom. [stain:

Fair are ye both, and both are free from  
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn  
With brightness!—leaving her to post  
along,

And range about—disquieted in change,  
And still impatient of the shape she wears.  
Once up, once down the hill, one journey,  
babe,

That will suffice thee; and it seems that now  
Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task  
is thine;

Thou travell'st so contentedly, and sleep'st  
In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon  
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,  
Changed countenance, like an object sullied  
o'er

By breathing mist! and thine appears to be  
A mournful labour, while to her is given  
Hope—and a renovation without end.

That smile forbids the thought;—for on  
thy face [dawn,  
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of  
To shoot and circulate;—smiles have there  
been seen,—

Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports  
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers  
Thy loneliness;—or shall those smiles be  
called

Feelers of love,—put forth as if to explore  
This untried world, and to prepare thy way  
Through a strait passage intricate and dim?  
Such are they,—and the same are tokens,  
signs, [arrived,

Which, when the appointed season hath  
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;  
And reason's godlike power be proud to  
own.

## Poems of the Imagination.

+ THERE was a boy; ye knew him well, ye  
     cliffs  
 And islands of Winander! many a time,  
 At evening, when the earliest stars began  
 To move along the edges of the hills,  
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
 Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;  
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both  
     hands [mouth  
 Pressed closely palm to palm and to his  
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
 That they might answer him.—And they  
     would shout  
 Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
 Responsive to his call,—with quivering  
     peals, [loud  
 And long halloos, and screams, and echoes  
 Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild  
 Of mirth and jocund din! And, when it  
     chanced  
 That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,  
 Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he  
     hung  
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
 Has carried far into his heart the voice  
 Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene  
 Would enter unawares into his mind  
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,  
     received  
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates, and  
     died [old.  
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years  
 Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale  
 Where he was born: the grassy church-yard  
     hangs  
 Upon a slope above the village school;  
 And through that church-yard when my  
     way has led  
 At evening, I believe, that oftentimes  
 A long half-hour together I have stood  
 Mute—looking at the grave in which he  
     lies!

TO —,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT  
OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,  
 Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed,

From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;  
 Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee,  
 Not unwilling to obey;  
 For blue ether's arms, flung round thee,  
 Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows!  
 What a vast abyss is there!  
 Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,  
 And the glistenings—heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion  
 Which a thousand ridges yield;  
 Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean  
 Gleaming like a silver shield!

Take thy flight;—possess, inherit  
 Alps or Andes—they are thine!  
 With the morning's roseate spirit,  
 Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey the bright dominions  
 In the gorgeous colours drest,  
 Flung from off the purple pinions,  
 Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the choral fountains  
 Warbling in each sparry vault  
 Of the untrodden lunar mountains;  
 Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphate's top invited,  
 Whither spiteful Satan steered;  
 Or descend where the ark alighted,  
 When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,  
 As was witnessed through thine eye  
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee  
 To confess their majesty!

### 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 gras  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off and near.

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

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

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

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

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

O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial faëry place;  
That is fit home for thee!

### A NIGHT-PIECE.

THE sky is overcast  
With a continuous cloud of texture close,  
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the moon,  
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,  
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,  
Chequering the ground—from rock, plant,  
tree, or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam  
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads  
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye  
Bent earthwards: he looks up—the clouds  
are split  
Asunder,—and above his head he sees  
The clear moon, and the glory of the  
heavens.

There, in a black blue vault she sails along,  
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small  
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss  
Drive as she drives;—how fast they wheel  
away,

Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,  
But they are silent;—still they roll along  
Immeasurably distant;—and the vault,

Built round by those white clouds,  
enormous clouds,  
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.  
At length the vision closes; and the mind,  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

### WATER-FOWL.

“Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe  
the evolutions which these visitants sometimes  
perform, on a fine day towards the close of  
winter.”—*Extract from the Author's Book on  
the Lakes.*

MARK how the feathered tenants of the flood,  
With grace of motion that might scarcely  
Inferior to angelical, prolong [seem  
Their curious pastime! shaping in mid air  
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that  
soars

High as the level of the mountain tops)  
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,  
Their own domain;—but ever, while intent  
On tracing and retracing that large round,  
Their jubilant activity evolves  
Hundreds of curves and circles, to and fro,  
Upward and downward, progress intricate  
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed  
Their indefatigable flight.—’Tis done—  
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;  
But lo! the vanished company again  
Ascending;—they approach—I hear their

wings [sound  
Faint, faint at first; and then an eager  
Past in a moment—and as faint again!  
They tempt the sun to sport amid their  
plumes;

They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,  
To show them a fair image;—’tis them-  
selves, [plain,  
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering  
Painted more soft and fair as they descend  
Almost to touch;—then up again aloft,  
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,  
As if they scorned both resting-place and  
rest!

### YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,  
Which to this day stands single, in the midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched  
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed  
the sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,  
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference and gloom profound  
This solitary tree!—a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still of  
note  
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;  
Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk  
a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,—  
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks  
That threaten the profane;—a pillared  
shade, [hue,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage  
tinged  
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling  
Hope,  
Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton,  
And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate,  
As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
United worship; or in mute repose  
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

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#### VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB.\*

THIS height a ministering angel might  
select. [name  
For from the summit of Black Comb (dread  
Derived from clouds and storms!) the  
amplest range  
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen  
That British ground commands:—low  
dusky tracts, [Cambrian hills  
Where Trent is nursed, far southward!  
To the south-west, a multitudinous show;  
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these,  
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth  
To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and  
Clyde;—

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\* Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland; its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in these parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.

Crowding the quarter whence the sun  
comes forth  
Gigantic mountains rough with crags,  
beneath, [base,  
Right at the imperial station's western  
Main Ocean, breaking audibly and  
stretched  
Far into silent regions blue and pale;—  
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,  
That, as we left the plain, before our sight  
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly,  
(Above the convex of the watery globe)  
Into clear view the cultured fields that  
streak  
Her habitable shores; but now appears  
A dwindled object, and submits to lie  
At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,  
Is it a perishable cloud? Or there  
Do we behold the frame of Erin's coast?  
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd  
swain  
(Like the bright confines of another world)  
Not doubtfully perceived.—Look home-  
ward now!  
In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene  
The spectacle, how pure! Of nature's  
works,  
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,  
A revelation infinite it seems;  
Display august of man's inheritance,  
Of Britain's calm felicity and power.

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#### NUTTING.

It seems a day  
(I speak of one from many singled out)  
One of those heavenly days which cannot  
die;  
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth  
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,  
A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my  
steps  
Towards the distant woods, a figure quaint,  
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off  
weeds  
Which for that service had been husbanded,  
By exhortation of my frugal dame.  
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile  
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and  
in truth, [woods,  
More ragged than need was! Among the  
And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my  
way,  
Until, at length, I came to one dear nook  
Unvisited, where not a broken bough



Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign

Of devastation, but the hazels rose [hung,  
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters  
A virgin scene !—A little while I stood,  
Breathing with such suppression of the heart

As joy delights in ; and with wise restraint  
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sate  
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;

A temper known to those, who, after long  
And weary expectation, have been blest  
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—  
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves

The violets of five seasons re-appear  
And fade, unseen by any human eye ;  
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
For ever,—and I saw the sparkling foam,  
And with my cheek on one of those green stones [trees,  
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady  
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep, [sound,  
I heard the murmur and the murmuring  
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay

Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure,  
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,  
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash

And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook  
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being : and, unless I now  
Confound my present feelings with the past, [away

Even then, when from the bower I turned  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—  
Then, dearest maiden ! move along these shades

In gentleness of heart : with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

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 betwixt 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.

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art  
A creature of a fiery heart :— [pierce ;  
These notes of thine—they pierce and  
Tumultuous harmony and fierce !  
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine  
Had helped thee to a valentine ;  
A song in mockery and despite  
Of shades, and dews, and silent night ;  
And steady bliss, and all the loves  
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say  
His homely tale this very day ;  
His voice was buried among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze ;  
He did not cease ; but cooed—and cooed ;  
And somewhat pensively he wooed :  
He sang of love with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin, and never ending ;  
Of serious faith and inward glee ;  
That was the song—the song for me !

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then nature said, " A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown ;  
This child I to myself will take ;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.



"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse : and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend :  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus nature spake—the work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;  
I had no human fears :  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;  
She neither hears nor sees,  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks and stones and trees !

THE HORN OF EGREMONT  
CASTLE.\*

WHEN the brothers reached the gateway,  
Eustace pointed with his lance  
To the horn which there was hanging ;  
Horn of the inheritance.  
Horn it was which none could sound,  
No one upon living ground,  
Save he who came as rightful heir  
To Egremont's domains and castle fair.

Heirs from ages without record  
Had the house of Lucie born,  
Who of right had claimed the lordship  
By the proof upon the horn :  
Each at the appointed hour  
Tried the horn,—it owned his power ;  
He was acknowledged : and the blast,  
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the  
last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,  
And to Hubert thus said he—  
"What I speak this horn shall witness  
For thy better memory.  
Hear, then, and neglect me not !  
At this time, and on this spot,  
The words are uttered from my heart,  
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

"On good service we are going  
Life to risk by sea and land,  
In which course if Christ our Saviour  
Do my sinful soul demand,  
Hither come thou back straightway,  
Hubert, if alive that day ;  
Return, and sound the horn, that we  
May have a living house still left in thee !"

"Fear not !" quickly answered Hubert ;  
"As I am thy father's son,  
What thou askest, noble brother,  
With God's favour shall be done."  
So were both right well content :  
From the castle forth they went,  
And at the head of their array  
To Palestine the brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought, (the Lucies  
Were a line for valour famed,)  
And where'er their strokes alighted,  
There the Saracens were tamed.

\* This story is a Cumberland tradition : I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Huddlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.

Whence, then, could it come—the thought—  
By what evil spirit brought ?  
Oh ! can a brave man wish to take [sake ?  
His brother's life, for land's and castle's

"Sir !" the ruffians said to Hubert,  
"Deep he lies in Jordan's flood,"  
Stricken by this ill assurance,  
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.  
"Take your earnings."—Oh ! that I  
Could have *seen* my brother die !  
It was a pang that vexed him then ;  
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace !  
Nor of him were tidings heard.  
Wherefore, bold as day, the murderer  
Back again to England steered.  
To his castle Hubert sped ;  
He has nothing now to dread.  
But silent and by stealth he came,  
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,  
Night or day, at even or morn ;  
For the sound was heard by no one  
Of the proclamation-horn.  
But bold Hubert lives in glee :  
Months and years went smilingly ;  
With plenty was his table spread ;  
And bright the lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters ;  
And, as good men do, he sate  
At his board by these surrounded,  
Flourishing in fair estate,  
And while thus in open day  
Once he sate, as old books say,  
A blast was uttered from the horn,  
Where by the castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace !  
He is come to claim his right :  
Ancient castle, woods, and mountains  
Hear the challenge with delight.  
Hubert ! though the blast be blown  
He is helpless and alone :  
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word !  
And there he may be lodged, and thou be  
lord.

Speak !—astounded Hubert cannot ;  
And if power to speak he had,  
All are daunted, all the household  
Smitten to the heart, and sad.  
'Tis Sir Eustace ; if it be  
Living man, it must be he !  
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,  
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of :  
To his brother then he came,  
Made confession, asked forgiveness,  
Asked it by a brother's name,  
And by all the saints in heaven ;  
And of Eustace was forgiven :  
Then in a convent went to hide  
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels  
Had preserved from murderers' hands,  
And from pagan chains had rescued,  
Lived with honour on his lands.  
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs :  
And through ages, heirs of theirs,  
A long posterity renowned, [sound.  
Sounded the horn which they alone could

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### 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 grey, and flannel fine ;  
He has a blanket on his back,  
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;  
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still !  
At night, at morning, and at noon,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;  
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still !

Young Harry was a lusty drover,  
And who so stout of limb as he ?  
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;  
His voice was like the voice of three.  
Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;  
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;  
And any man who passed her door  
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling :  
And then her three hours' work at night,  
Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
It would not pay for candle-light.  
Remote from sheltered village green,  
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,  
Where from sea-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.

Oh, joy for her ! when'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout ;  
And scattered many a lusty splinter  
And many a rotten bough about.  
Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days.

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

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake ;  
And vowed that she should be detected,  
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,  
Oh, may he never more be warm ! "  
The cold, cold moon above her head,  
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,  
Young Harry heard what she had said :  
And icy cold he turned away

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

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter—  
And blankets were about him pinned ;  
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,  
Like a loose casement in the wind.  
And Harry's flesh it fell away ;  
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,  
That, live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,  
A-bed or up, to young or old ;  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
" Poor Harry Gill is very cold."  
A-bed or up, by night or day ;  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,  
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a cloud,  
A host of golden daffodils ;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :—  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company :  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought .

For oft when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

---

#### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when day-  
light appears, [for three years :  
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has  
heard [bird.  
In the silence of morning the song of the

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

Green pastures she views in the midst of  
the dale, [her pail ;  
Down which she so often has tripped with  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a  
dove's [loves.  
The one only dwelling on earth that she

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but  
they fade, [shade :  
The mist and the river, the hill and the  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will  
not rise, [her eyes.  
And the colours have all passed away from

#### POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus ! an Orpheus !—yes, faith may  
grow bold, [old ;—  
And take to herself all the wonders of  
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with  
the same [its name.  
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed

His station is there ;—and he works on the  
crowd, [loud ;  
He sways them with harmony merry and  
He fills with his power all their hearts to  
the brim— [him ?  
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and

What an eager assembly ! what an empire  
is this ! [bliss ;  
The weary have life and the hungry have  
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious  
have rest ; [oppress.  
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer

As the moon brightens round her the clou  
of the night,  
So he, where he stands, is a centre of light ;  
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-  
browed Jack, [on back  
And the pale-visaged baker's, with basket

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing  
in haste— [runs to waste—  
What matter ! he's caught—and his time  
The newsman is stopped, though he stops  
on the fret, [in the net !  
And the half-breathless lamplighter—he's

The porter sits down on the weight which  
he bore ; [her store ;—  
The lass with her barrow wheels hither  
If a thief could be here he might pilfer at  
ease ;  
She sees the musician, tis all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ;—he abates  
not his din ; [ping in,  
His hat gives him vigour, with boons drop-  
From the old and the young, from the  
poorest ; and there ! [spare.  
The one-pennied boy has his penny to

Oh, blest are the hearers, and proud be  
the hand [thankful a band ;  
Of the pleasure it spreads through so  
I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all the  
while [with a smile.  
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,

Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;  
Can he keep himself still, if he would ? oh,  
not he ! [tree.

The music stirs in him like wind through a

Mark that cripple who leans on his crutch ;  
like a tower

That long has leaned forward, leans hour  
after hour !— [bound,

That mother, whose spirit in fetters is  
While she dandles the babe in her arms to  
the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots ! roar on like  
a stream ; [dream :

Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a  
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care  
not for you,

Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue !

---

#### STAR-GAZERS.

WHAT crowd is this ? what have we here !  
we must not pass it by ;

A telescope upon its frame, and pointed to  
the sky : [little boat,

Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of  
Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on  
Thames's waters float.

The showman chooses well his place, 'tis  
Leicester's busy Square,

And is as happy in his night, for the  
heavens are blue and fair ;

Calm, though impatient, is the crowd ;  
each stands ready with the fee,

And envies him that's looking—what an  
insight must it be !

Yet, showman, where can lie the cause ?  
Shall thy implement have blame,

A boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and  
is put to shame ?

Or is it good as others are, and be their  
eyes in fault ?

Their eyes, or minds ? or, finally, is this  
resplendent vault ?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good  
as we have here ?

Or gives a thing but small delight that  
never can be dear ?

The silver moon with all her vales, and  
hills of mightiest fame,

Doth she betray us when they're seen ! or  
are they but a name ?

Or is it rather that conceit rapacious is  
and strong,

And bounty never yields so much but  
it seems to do her wrong ?

Or is it that when human souls a journey  
long have had,

And are returned into themselves they  
cannot but be sad ?

Or must we be constrained to think that  
these spectators rude,

Poor in estate, of manners base, men of  
the multitude,

Have souls which never yet have risen,  
and therefore prostrate lie ?

No, no, this cannot be—men thirst for  
power and majesty !

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought  
the blissful mind employ

Of him who gazes, or has gazed ? a grave  
and steady joy.

That doth reject all show of pride, admits  
no outward sign,

Because not of this noisy world, but  
silent and divine !

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they  
who pry and pore

Seem to meet with little gain, seem less  
happy than before ;

One after one they take their turn, nor  
have I one espied

That doth not slackly go away, as if dis-  
satisfied.

---

#### THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO —

THOSE sylvan clouds collected round the  
sun [less

His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming  
To overshadow than multiply his beams

By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,  
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our

human sense  
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy

More ample than the time-dismantled oak  
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now,  
attired

In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords  
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use [art,

Was fashioned ; whether by the hand of  
That eastern sultan, amid flowers en-

wrought  
On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs



In languor ; or, by nature, for repose  
 Of panting wood-nymph wearied by the  
 O lady ! fairer in thy poet's sight [chase.  
 Than fairest spiritual creature of the groves,  
 Approach—and thus invited crown with  
 rest [there are

The noon-tide hour ;—though truly some  
 Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid  
 This venerable tree ; for, when the wind  
 Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking  
 sound

(Above the general roar of woods and crags)  
 Distinctly heard from far—a doleful note !  
 As if (so Grecian shepherds would have  
 deemed)

The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed  
 Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbeliev'd,  
 By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost  
 Haunts this old trunk ; lamenting deeds  
 of which [wind

The flowery ground is conscious. But no  
 Sweeps now along this elevated ridge ;  
 Not even a zephyr stirs ;—the obnoxious  
 tree [down,

Is mute,—and, in his silence, would look  
 O lovely wanderer of the trackless hills,  
 On thy reclining form with more delight  
 Than his coevals, in the sheltered vale  
 Seem to participate, the whilst they view  
 Their own far stretching arms and leafy  
 heads

Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,  
 That, for a brief space, checks the  
 hurrying stream !

---

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 youngest  
 Are at work with the strongest ;  
 The cattle are grazing,  
 Their heads never raising ;  
 There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated  
 The snow hath retreated,  
 And now doth fare ill  
 On the top of the bare hill ;  
 The plough-boy 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 !

---

GIPSIES.

YET are they here the same unbroken knot  
 Of human beings, in the self-same spot !

Men, women, children, yea, the frame  
 Of the whole spectacle the same !

Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,  
 Now deep and red, the colouring of night ;

That on their gipsy-faces falls,  
 Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.

Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours,  
 are gone, while I

Have been a traveller under open sky,  
 Much witnessing of change and cheer,  
 Yet as I left I find them here !

The weary sun betook himself to rest,  
 Then issued vesper from the fulgent west,

Outshining like a visible god  
 The glorious path in which he trod.

And now, ascending, after one dark hour  
 And one night's diminution of her power,

Behold the mighty moon ! this way  
 She looks as if at them—but they

Regard not her :—oh better wrong and  
 strife,

(By nature transient) than such torpid life ;  
 Life which the very stars reprove

As on their silent tasks they move !  
 Yet witness all that stirs in heaven or earth !

In scorn I speak not ; they are what their  
 birth

And breeding suffer them to be ;  
 Wild outcasts of society !

---

BEGGARS.

SHE had a tall man's height, or more ;  
 No bonnet screened her from the heat ;  
 Nor claimed she serviee from the hood  
 Of a blue mantle, to her feet  
 Depending with a graceful flow ;  
 Only she wore a cap pure as unsullied snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown ;  
 Haughty as if her eye had seen  
 Its own light to a distance thrown,  
 She towered—fit person for a queen,  
 To head those ancient Amazonian files ;  
 Or ruling bandit's wife among the Grecian  
 isles.

Her suit no faltering scruples checked ;  
 Forth did she pour, in current free,  
 Tales that could challenge no respect  
 But from a blind credulity;  
 And yet a boon I gave her ; for the creature  
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious  
 feature :

I left her and pursued my way ;  
 And soon before me did espy  
 A pair of little boys at play,  
 Chasing a crimson butterfly:  
 The taller followed with his hat in hand,  
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers the  
 gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown  
 With leaves of laurel stuck about ;  
 And, while both followed up and down,  
 Each whooping with a merry shout,  
 In their fraternal features I could trace  
 Unquestionable lines of that wild suppliant's  
 face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit  
 For finest tasks of earth or air :  
 Wings let them have, and they might flit  
 Precursors of Aurora's car,  
 Scattering fresh flowers ; though happier  
 far, I ween,  
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and  
 level green.

They dart across my path—but lo,  
 Each ready with a plaintive whine !  
 Said I, " Not half an hour ago  
 Your mother has had alms of mine."  
 " That cannot be," one answered—" she  
 is dead"—  
 I looked reproof—they saw—but neither  
 lung his head.

" She has been dead, sir, many a day."  
 " Sweet boys ; Heaven hears that rash reply ;  
 It was your mother, as I say !"  
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
 " Come ! come !" cried one, and without  
 more ado, [flew !  
 Off to some other play the joyous vagrants

---

### SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING,

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton boys?  
 For whose free range the dædal earth  
 Was filled with animated toys,  
 And implements of frolic mirth ;

With tools for ready wit to guide ;  
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,  
 More fresh, more bright, than princes wear ;  
 For what one moment flung aside,  
 Another could repair ;  
 What good or evil have they seen  
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,  
 Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer?  
 I ask—but all is dark between !

Spirits of beauty and of grace !  
 Associates in that eager chase ;  
 Ye, by a course to nature true,  
 The sterner judgment can subdue ;  
 And waken a relenting smile  
 When she encounters fraud or guile ;  
 And sometimes ye can charm away  
 The inward mischief, or allay,  
 Ye, who within the blameless mind  
 Your favourite seat of empire find !

They met me in a genial hour,  
 When universal nature breathed  
 As with the breath of one sweet flower,—  
 A time to overrule the power  
 Of discontent, and check the birth  
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife.  
 The most familiar bane of life  
 Since parting innocence bequeathed  
 Mortality to earth !  
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,  
 Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran  
 clear ;

The lambs from rock to rock were bounding ;  
 With songs the budded groves resounding ;  
 And to my heart is still endeared  
 The faith with which it then was cheered ;  
 The faith which saw that gladsome pair  
 Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.  
 Or, if such thoughts must needs deceive,  
 Kind spirits ! may we not believe  
 That they so happy and so fair,  
 Through your sweet influence, and the care  
 Of pitying Heaven, at least were free  
 From touch of *deadly* injury?  
 Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,  
 For mercy and immortal bloom !

---

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 savannas 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  
 Dear 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 savannas, 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 share  
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw  
With men to whom no better law  
Nor better life was known ;  
Deliberately, and undeceived,  
Those wild men's vices he received,  
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame  
Were thus impaired, and he became  
The slave of low desires :  
A man who without self-control  
Would seek what the degraded soul  
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight  
Had wooed the maiden, day and night  
Had loved her, night and morn :  
What could he less than love a maid  
Whose heart with so much nature played ?  
So kind and so forlorn !

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,  
" O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;  
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,  
Encompassed me on every side  
When 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  
That she in half a year was mad, [had,  
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 knell  
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,  
There came a respite to her pain ;

She from her prison fled ;  
But of the vagrant none took thought ;  
And where it liked her best she sought  
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again ;  
The master-current of her brain  
Ran permanent and free ;  
And, coming to the banks of Tone,\*  
There did she rest ; and dwell alone  
Under the greenwood tree.

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

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

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

If she is pressed 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 caten 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 !

\* A river in Somersetshire, at no great distance from the Quantock Hills.

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,  
Ill-fated Ruth ! in hallowed mould  
Thy corpse shall buried be ;  
For thee a funera' 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 in-  
spired ; {forlorn,  
And from the infernal gods, mid shades  
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 ; [grows ;  
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—  
O joy ! [behold ?  
What doth she look on ?—whom doth she  
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?  
His vital presence—his corporeal mould ?  
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he !  
And a god leads him—wingèd Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with  
his wand [crowned thy prayer,  
That calms all fear : “ Such grace hath  
Laodamia ! that at Jove's command  
Thy husband walks the paths of upper  
air : [space ;  
He comes to tarry with thee three hours'  
Accept the gift—behold him face to face !”

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her  
lord to clasp !  
Again that consummation she essayed ;  
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,  
And re-assume his place before her sight.

“ Protesilaus, lo ! thy guide is gone !  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice ;  
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne :



Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will  
rejoice.  
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed  
This precious boon,—and blest a sad  
abode."

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

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle fore-  
told [Trojan strand  
That the first Greek who touched the  
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 [the grave ;

That thou shouldst cheat the malice of  
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 ! [kiss

Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial  
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? [years,

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of  
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful  
peers.

"The gods to us are merciful—and they  
Yet further may relent : for mightier far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the  
sway

Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
And though his favourite seat be feeble  
woman's breast.

"But if thou goest I follow—" "Peace!"  
he said—

She looked upon him and was calmed and  
cheered ;

The ghastly colour from his lips had fled ;  
In his department, shape, and mien, ap-  
peared

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 beautiful—imaged  
there

In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purple 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 [and night :  
While tears were thy best pastime,—day

“ And while my youthful peers, before my  
eyes,  
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were de-  
tained ;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

“ The wished-for wind was given :—I then  
revolved  
The oracle, upon the silent sea ;  
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should  
be [strand,—  
The foremost prow in pressing to the  
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 foun-  
tains—flowers ;  
My new-planned cities, and unfinished  
towers.

“ But should suspense permit the foe to  
cry, [array,  
“ Behold, they tremble !—haughty their  
Yet of their number no one dares to die !—  
In soul I swept the indignity away :  
Old frailties then recurred :—but lofty  
thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

“ And thou, though strong in love, art all  
too weak  
In reason, in self-government too slow ;  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blest re-union in the shades below.  
The invisible world with thee hath sympa-  
thized ;  
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 re-  
appears !

Round the dear shade she would have  
clung—’tis vain.

The hours are past—too brief had they  
been years ;

And him no mortal effort can detain :  
Swift, toward the realms that know not  
earthly day,

He through the portal takes his silent way,  
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse 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 wander in a grosser clime,  
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 ! \*

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,  
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair ;  
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,  
And she came far from over the main.

\* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny’s Natural History, lib. 16, cap. 44 ; and for the features in the character of Proteus see the “ Iphigenia in Aulis ” of Euripides.—Virgil places the shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy lovers.

Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will  
rejoice.  
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed  
This precious boon,—and blest a sad  
abode."

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

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle fore-  
told [Trojan strand  
That the first Greek who touched the  
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 [the grave;  
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of  
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! [kiss  
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial  
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 corpse  
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal  
bloom? [years,  
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for the features in the character of Protesilaus  
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region, among unhappy lovers.

She has a baby on her arm,  
Or else she were alone ;  
And underneath the hay-stack warm,  
And on the green-wood stone,  
She talked and sung the woods among,  
And it was in the English tongue.

" Sweet babe ! they say that I am mad,  
But nay, my heart is far too glad ;  
And I am happy when I sing  
Full many a sad and doleful thing :  
Then, lovely baby, do not fear !  
I pray thee have no fear of me,  
But, safe as in a cradle, here,  
My lovely baby ! thou shalt be :  
To thee I know too much I owe ;  
I cannot work thee any woe.

A fire was once within my brain,  
And in my head a dull, dull pain ;  
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,  
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me.  
But then there came a sight of joy :  
It came at once to do me good ;  
I waked, and saw my little boy,  
My little boy of flesh and blood ;  
Oh, joy for me that sight to see !  
For he was here, and only he.

" Suck, little babe, oh, suck again !  
It cools my blood ; it cools my brain :  
Thy lips I feel them, baby ! they  
Draw from my heart the pain away.  
Oh ! press me with thy little hand ;  
It loosens something at my chest ;  
About that tight and deadly band  
I feel thy little fingers prest.  
The breeze I see is in the tree :  
It comes to cool my babe and me.

" Oh ! love me, love me, little boy !  
Thou art thy mother's only joy ;  
And do not dread the waves below,  
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go ;  
The high crag cannot work me harm,  
Nor leaping torrents when they howl ;  
The babe I carry on my arm,  
He saves for me my precious soul :  
Then happy lie, for blest am I ;  
Without me my sweet babe would die.

" Then do not fear, my boy ! for thee  
Bold as a lion I will be ;  
And I will always be thy guide,  
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.  
I'll build an Indian bower ; I know  
The leaves that make the softest bed :

And, if from me thou wilt not go,  
But still be true till I am dead,  
My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing  
As merry as the birds in spring.

" Thy father cares not for my breast,  
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest ;  
'Tis all thine own !—and, if its hue  
Be changed, that was so fair to view,  
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove !  
My beauty, little child, is flown ;  
But thou wilt live with me in love,  
And what if my poor cheek be brown ?  
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see  
How pale and wan it else would be.

" Dread not their taunts, my little life ;  
I am thy father's wedded wife ;  
And underneath the spreading tree  
We two will live in honesty,  
If his sweet boy he could forsake,  
With me he never would have stayed :  
From him no harm my babe can take,  
But he, poor man ! is wretched made ;  
And every day we two will pray  
For him that's gone and far away

" I'll teach my boy the sweetest things  
I'll teach him how the owl sings.  
My little babe ! thy lips are still,  
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.  
Where art thou gone, my own dear child !  
What wicked looks are those I see ?  
Alas ! alas ! that look so wild,  
It never, never came from me :  
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,  
Then I must be for ever sad.

" Oh, smile on me, my little lamb !  
For I thy own dear mother am.  
My love for thee has well been tried :  
I've sought thy father far and wide.  
I know the poisons of the shade,  
I know the earth-nuts fit for food ;  
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid ;  
We'll find thy father in the wood.  
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away !  
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

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#### RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night ;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods :



Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove  
broods ;  
The jay makes answer as the magpie chat-  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise  
of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors :  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on  
the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth ;  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist ; that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she  
doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor ;  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;  
I heard the woods, the distant waters, roar,  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :  
The pleasant season did my heart employ :  
My old remembrances went from me  
wholly ; [melancholy !  
And all the ways of men so vain and

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the  
might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low,  
To me that morning did it happen so ;  
And fears, and fancies, thick upon me came ;  
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew  
not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky ;  
And I bethought me of the playful hare :  
Even such a happy child of earth am I ;  
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;  
Far from the world I walk, and from all care ;  
But there may come another day to me—  
Solitude, pain of ' eart, distress, and poverty?

My whole life I have lived in pleasant  
thought,  
As if life's business were a summer mood ;  
As if all needful things would come un-  
sought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;  
But how can he expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him, who for himself will take no  
heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;  
Of him who walked in glory and in joy

Following his plough, along the mountain-  
side :  
By our own spirits are we deified :  
We poets in our youth begin in gladness ;  
But thereof comes in the end despondency  
and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
A leading from above, a something given,  
Yet it betel, that, in this lonely place,  
When I with these untoward thoughts had  
striven,  
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven  
I saw a man before me unawares :  
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore  
gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;  
Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
By what means it could thither come, and  
whence ;  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense :  
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a  
shelf  
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself ;

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age :  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame  
had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and  
face,  
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood :  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood ;  
That heareth not the loud winds when they  
call ;  
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he paced,  
As if he had been reading in a book :  
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
" This morning gives us promise of a glo-  
rious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly  
drew :

And him with further words I thus bespake,  
 "What occupation do you there pursue?  
 This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
 He answered, while a flash of mild surprise  
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid  
 eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
 But each in solemn order followed each,  
 With something of a lofty utterance drest ;  
 Choice word, and measured phrase, above  
 the reach

Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;  
 Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,  
 Religious men, who give to God and man  
 their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come  
 To gather leeches, being old and poor :  
 Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
 And he had many hardships to endure :  
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor  
 to moor ; [or chance ;  
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice  
 And in this way he gained an honest main-  
 tenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side ;  
 But now his voice to me was like a stream  
 Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I  
 divide ;

And the whole body of the man did seem  
 Like one whom I had met with in a  
 dream ;

Or like a man from some far region sent,  
 To give me human strength, by apt ad-  
 monishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear that  
 kills ;  
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;  
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;  
 And mighty poets in their misery dead,  
 Perplexed, and longing to be comforted  
 My question eagerly did I renew,  
 "How is it that you live, and what is it you  
 do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;  
 And said, that, gathering leeches, far and  
 wide

He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet  
 The waters of the pools where they abide.  
 "Once I could meet with them on every  
 side ;

But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;  
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I  
 may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
 The old man's shape, and speech, all  
 troubled me :

In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
 About the weary moors continually,  
 Wandering about alone and silently.

While I these thoughts within myself pur-  
 sued, [course renewed.  
 He, having made a pause, the same dis-

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
 But stately in the main ; and when he ended,  
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find  
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.

"God," said I, "be my help and stay  
 secure ; [lonely moor !"  
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the

### THE THORN.

"THERE is a thorn—it looks so old,  
 In truth, you'd find it hard to say  
 How it could ever have been young,  
 It looks so old and gray.

Not higher than a two years' child  
 It stands erect, this aged thorn ;  
 No leaves it has, no thorny points ;  
 It is a mass of knotted joints,  
 A wretched thing forlorn.  
 It stands erect, and like a stone  
 With lichens it is overgrown.

"Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,  
 With lichens to the very top,  
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
 A melancholy crop ;  
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
 And this poor thorn they clasp it round  
 So close, you'd say, that they were bent  
 With plain and manifest intent  
 To drag it to the ground ;  
 And all had joined in one endeavour  
 To bury this poor thorn for ever.

"High on a mountain's highest ridge,  
 Where oft the stormy winter gale  
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds  
 It sweeps from vale to vale ;  
 Not five yards from the mountain path,  
 This thorn you on your left espy ;  
 And to the left, three yards beyond,  
 You see a little muddy pond  
 Of water—never dry ;  
 Though but of compass small, and bare  
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

"And, close beside this aged thorn,  
There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,  
Just half a foot in height.  
All lovely colours there you see,  
All colours that were ever seen ;  
And mossy net-work too is there,  
As if by hand of lady fair  
The work had woven been ;  
And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
So deep is their vermilion dye.

"Ah me ! what lovely tints are there !  
Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,  
Green, red, and pearly white.  
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
Which close beside the thorn you see,  
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
Is like an infant's grave in size,  
As like as like can be :  
But never, never any where,  
An infant's grave was half so fair.

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

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

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

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

"But wherefore to the mountain-top  
Can this unhappy woman go,  
Whatever stars in the skies,  
Whatever wind may blow ?"  
" 'Tis known, that twenty years are passed  
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)  
Gave with a maiden's true good will  
Her company to Stephen Hill ;  
And she was blithe and gay,  
While friends and kindred all approved  
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

"And they had fixed the wedding day,  
The morning that must wed them both ;  
But Stephen to another maid  
Had sworn another oath ;  
And with this other maid to church  
Unthinking Stephen went—  
Poor Martha ! on that woeful day  
A pang of pitiless dismay  
Into her soul was sent ;  
A fire was kindled in her breast,  
Which might not burn itself to rest.

"They say, full six months after this,  
While yet the summer leaves were green,  
She to the mountain-top would go,  
And there was often seen.  
Alas ! her lamentable state  
Even to a careless eye was plain ;  
She was with child, and she was mad ;  
Yet often she was sober sad  
From her exceeding pain.  
O guilty father,—would that death  
Had saved him from that breach of faith !

"Sad case for such a brain to hold  
Communion with a stirring child !  
Sad case, as you may think, for one  
Who had a brain so wild !  
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,  
And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen  
Held that the unborn infant wrought  
About its mother's heart, and brought  
Her senses back again :  
And when at last her time drew near,  
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

"More know I not, I wish I did,  
And it should all be told to you ;  
For what became of this poor child  
No mortal ever knew ;  
Nay—if a child to her was born  
No earthly tongue could ever tell ;  
And if 'twas born alive or dead,  
Far less could this with proof be said ;  
But some remember well,  
That Martha Ray about this time  
Would up the mountain often climb.

"And all that winter, when at night  
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,  
'Twas worth your while, though in the  
dark,

The church-yard path to seek ;  
For many a time and oft were heard  
Cries coming from the mountain-head :  
Some plainly living voices were ;  
And others, I've heard many swear,  
Were voices of the dead :  
I cannot think, whate'er they say,  
They had to do with Martha Ray.

"But that she goes to this old thorn,  
The thorn which I described to you,  
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,  
'I will be sworn is true.

For one day with my telescope,  
To view the ocean wide and bright,  
When to this country first I came,  
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,  
I climbed the mountain's height :  
A storm came on, and I could see  
No object higher than my knee.

"'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain ;  
No screen, no fence could I discover ;  
And then the wind ! in faith it was  
A wind full ten times over,  
I looked around, I thought I saw  
A jutting crag,—and off I ran,  
Head-foremost, through the driving rain,  
The shelter of the crag to gain ;  
And as I am a man,  
Instead of jutting crag, I found  
A woman seated on the ground.

"I did not speak—I saw her face ;  
Her face !—it was enough for me ;  
I turned about and heard her cry,  
'Oh, misery ! oh, misery !'  
And there she sits, until the moon  
Through half the clear blue sky will go ;  
And, when the little breezes make  
The waters of the pond to shake,

As all the country know,  
She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
'Oh, misery ! oh, misery !'

"But what's the thorn? and what the  
pond?

And what the hill of moss to her?  
And what the creeping breeze that comes  
The little pond to stir?"

"I cannot tell ; but some will say  
She hanged her baby on the tree ;  
Some say she drowned it in the pond,  
Which is a little step beyond :  
But all and each agree,  
The little babe was buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

"I've heard the moss is spotted red  
With drops of that poor infant's blood :  
But kill a new-born infant thus,  
I do not think she could !  
Some say, if to the pond you go,  
And fix on it a steady view,  
The shadow of a babe you trace,  
A baby and a baby's face,  
And that it looks at you ;  
Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain  
The baby looks at you again.

"And some had sworn an oath that she  
Should be to public justice brought ;  
And for the little infant's bones  
With spades they would have sought.  
It might not be—the hill of moss  
Before their eyes began to stir !  
And for full fifty yards around,  
The grass—it shook upon the ground !  
Yet all do still aver  
The little babe is buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

"I cannot tell how this may be ;  
But plain it is, the thorn is bound  
With heavy tufts of moss, that strive  
To drag it to the ground ;  
And this I know, full many a time,  
When she was on the mountain high,  
By day and in the silent night,  
When all the stars shone clear and bright,  
That I have heard her cry,  
'Oh, misery ! oh, misery !'  
Oh, woe is me ! oh, misery !"

#### HART-LEAP WELL.

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 Rich-



mond 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 [stern ;  
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings  
But breath and eyesight fail : and, one by one, [fern,  
The dogs are stretched among the mountain

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, [feat :  
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious  
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 [still.  
The waters of the spring were trembling

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

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least  
Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found [hunted beast  
Three several hoof-marks which the  
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 arbour, made for rural joy ;  
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

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

"And, gallant stag ! to make thy praises known,  
Another monument shall here be raised ;  
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone, [grazed.  
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have



“And, in the summer-time when days are long,  
I will come hither with my paramour;  
And with the dancers and the minstrel’s song  
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

“Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
My mansion with its arbour shall endure;—  
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!”

Then home he went, and left the hart,  
stone-dead, [spring.  
With breathless nostrils stretched above the  
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  
[twined,—  
With trailing plants and trees were inter-  
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 II.

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:  
[green;  
Half-wasted the square mound of tawny  
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 at-  
tired,  
Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,  
And what this place might be I then in-  
quired.

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

“You see these lifeless stumps of aspen  
wood— [elms—  
Some say that they are beeches, others  
These were the bower: and here a mansion  
stood,  
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

“The arbour does its own condition tell;  
You see the stones, the fountain, and the  
stream; [well  
But as to the great lodge! you might as  
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 [part,  
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my  
I’ve guessed, when I’ve been sitting in the  
sun,  
That it was all for that unhappy hart.

"What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past! [steep,  
Even from the topmost stone, upon the  
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, [the well.  
And come and make his death-bed near

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lulled by this 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; [born  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was  
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; [mine:  
Small difference lies between thy creed and  
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, [gloom;  
This is no common waste, no common  
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."

SONG AT THE FEAST OF  
BROUGHAM CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.\*

HIGH in the breathless hall the minstrel  
sate, [song.—  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—

\* Henry Lord Clifford, etc., etc., who is the subject of this poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English history, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, "in part of revenge" (say the authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland); "for the earl's father had slain his." A deed which worthily blemished the author (says Speed); but who, as he adds, "dare promise anything temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this lord to speak." This, no doubt, I would observe by the by, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; "for the earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born), that he was the next child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that king was then eighteen years of age; and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent in his book of Nobility, page 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-nine years of age, had been a leading man and commander, two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would

“From town to town, from tower to  
The red rose is a gladsome flower. [tower,  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last ;  
She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming :  
Both roses flourish, red and white.  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.—  
Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her  
Who is the flower of Lancaster !  
Behold her how she smiles to-day  
On this great throng, this bright array !  
Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the hall ;  
But chiefly from above the board  
Where sits in state our rightful lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored !

“They came with banner, spear, and  
shield ;  
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.  
Not long the avenger was withstood—  
Earth helped him with the cry of blood :\*  
St. George was for us, and the might  
Of blessed angels crowned the right.

be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But independent of this act, at the best a cruel and savage one, the family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York ; so that after the battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years ; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, when called to parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely ; but otherwise came seldom to London or the court ; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles.” Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn ; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbour-hoop, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal edifices, spoken of in the poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these castles ; and we have seen that after

Loud voice the land has uttered forth,  
We loudest in the faithful north:  
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,  
Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;  
Our strong abodes and castles see  
The glory of their loyalty.

“How glad is Skipton at this hour—  
Though she is but a lonely tower !  
To vacancy and silence left ;  
Of all her guardian sons bereft—  
Knight, squire, or yeoman, page or groom,  
We have them at the feast of Brough'm.  
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep  
Of years be on her !—She shall reap  
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
As in a dream her own renewing.  
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
Beside her little humble stream ;  
And she that keepeth watch and ward  
Her staliier Eden's course to guard ;  
They both are happy at this hour,  
Though each is but a lonely tower :—  
But here is perfect joy and pride  
For one fair house by Ement's side,  
This day distinguished without peer  
To see her master and to cheer  
Him, and his lady mother dear !

the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt ; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, etc., etc. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th Chapter, 12th Verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his grandmother) at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader. “*And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places ; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations ; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.*” The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

\* This line is from the Battle of Bosworth Field, by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony.

“ Oh ! it was a time forlorn  
 When the fatherless was born—  
 Give her wings that she may fly,  
 Or she sees her infant die !  
 Swords that are with slaughter wild  
 Hunt the mother and the child.  
 Who will take them from the light ?  
 Yonder is a man in sight—  
 Yonder is a house—but where ?  
 No, they must not enter there.  
 To the caves, and to the brooks,  
 To the clouds of heaven she looks ;  
 She is speechless, but her eyes  
 Pray in ghostly agonies.  
 Blissful Mary, mother mild,  
 Maid and mother undefiled,  
 Save a mother and her child !

“ Now who is he that bounds with joy  
 On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy ?  
 No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
 Light as the wind along the grass.  
 Can this be he who hither came  
 In secret, like a smothered flame ?  
 O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
 For shelter, and a poor man's bread !  
 God loves the child ; and God hath willed  
 That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
 The lady's words, when forced away,  
 The last she to her babe did say,  
 ' My own, my own, thy fellow-guest  
 I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,  
 For lowly shepherd's life is best !'

“ Alas ! when evil men are strong  
 No life is good, no pleasure long.  
 The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,  
 And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,  
 And quit the flowers that summer brings  
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;  
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
 Be turned to heaviness and fear.  
 Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !  
 Hear it, good man, old in days !  
 Thou tree of covert and of rest  
 For this young bird that is distress ;  
 Among thy branches safe he lay,  
 And he was free to sport and play,  
 When falcons were abroad for prey.

“ A recreant harp, that sings of fear  
 And heaviness in Clifford's ear !  
 I said, when evil men are strong,  
 No life is good, no pleasure long,  
 A weak and cowardly untruth !  
 Our Clifford was a happy youth,  
 And thankful through a weary time,  
 That brought him up to manhood's prime.

Again he wanders forth at will,  
 And tends a flock from hill to hill :  
 His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen  
 Such garb with such a noble mien ;  
 Among the shepherd grooms no mate  
 Hath he, a child of strength and state !  
 Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,  
 And a cheerful company,  
 That learned of him submissive ways ;  
 And comforted his private days.  
 To his side the fallow-deer  
 Came, and rested without fear ;  
 The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
 Stooped down to pay him fealty ;  
 And both the undying fish that swim  
 Through Bowscale-Tarn\* did wait on him,  
 The pair were servants of his eye  
 In their immortality ;  
 They moved about in open sight,  
 To and fro, for his delight.  
 He knew the rocks which angels haunt  
 On the mountains visitant ;  
 He hath kenned them taking wing ;  
 And the caves where faeries sing  
 He hath entered ; and been told  
 By voices how men lived of old.  
 Among the heavens his eye can see  
 Face of thing that is to be ;  
 And, if men report him right,  
 He could whisper words of might.  
 Now another day is come,  
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom :  
 He hath thrown aside his crook,  
 And hath buried deep his book ;  
 Armour rusting in his halls  
 On the blood of Clifford calls ; —  
 ' Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance—  
 Bear me to the heart of France,  
 Is the longing of the shield—  
 Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;  
 Field of death, where'er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory !  
 Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our shepherd, in his power,

\* It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.

† The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history ; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines, and what follows, that, besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate progenitors of the person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the field.



Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
To his ancestors restored,  
Like a re-appearing star,  
Like a glory from afar,  
First shall head the flock of war!"

Alas! the fervent harper did not know  
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,  
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,  
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed

Love had he found in huts where poor men  
lie; [rills,  
His daily teachers had been woods and  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were  
dead:

Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place  
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage  
hearth; [and more:  
The shepherd lord was honoured more  
And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name  
he bore.

### THE ECHO.

YES, it was the mountain echo,  
Solitary, clear, profound,  
Answering to the shouting cuckoo,  
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply  
To a babbling wanderer sent;  
Like her ordinary cry,  
Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal life?  
Hear not we, unthinking creatures!  
Slaves of folly, love, and strife,  
Voices of two different natures?

Have not we too;—yes, we have  
Answers, and we know not whence;  
Echoes from beyond the grave,  
Recognised intelligence?

Such rebounds our inward ear  
Often catches from afar;—  
Giddy mortals! hold them dear;  
For of God,—of God they are.

### TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares  
abound? [eye  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at  
will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that  
music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted  
strain,  
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to  
All independent of the leafy spring. [sing

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine; [flood  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a  
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;  
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of heaven and  
home!

It is no spirit who from heaven hath flown,  
And is descending on his embassy;  
Nor traveller gone from earth the heavens  
to espy!

'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glit-  
tering crown,  
First admonition that the sun is down!  
For yet it is broad daylight! clouds pass  
by.

A few are near him still—and now the sky,  
He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.  
O most ambitious star! thy presence  
brought

A startling recollection to my mind  
Of the distinguished few among mankind,  
Who dare to step beyond their natural  
race,  
As thou seem'st now to do: nor was a  
thought

Denied—that even I might one day trace  
Some ground not mine; and, strong her  
strength above,  
My soul, an apparition in the place,  
Tread there, with steps that no one shall  
reprove!



## FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT  
ITS COMMENCEMENT.\* REPRINTED  
FROM "THE FRIEND."

OH! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
For mighty were the auxiliars, which then  
stood

Upon our side, we who were strong in love!  
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven!—Oh!  
times,

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance!  
When reason seemed the most to assert her  
rights,

When most intent on making of herself  
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,  
Which then was going forward in her name!  
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole  
earth,

The beauty wore of promise—that which  
(To take an image which was felt no doubt  
Among the bowers of paradise itself)

The budding rose above the rose full blown.  
What temper at the prospect did not wake  
To happiness unthought of? The inert  
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!  
They who had fed their childhood upon  
dreams,

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

Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had  
Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
As if they had within some lurking right  
To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood  
Had watched all gentle motions, and to  
these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers  
more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves;—  
Now was it that *both* found, the meek and  
lofty

Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could  
wish,—

Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia,—subterraneous fields,—

Or some secreted island, Heaven knows  
where!

But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where in the end  
We find our happiness, or not at all!

## THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,  
A deep delight the bosom thrills,  
Oft as I pass along the fork  
Of these fraternal hills:  
Where, save the rugged road, we find  
No appanage of human kind;  
Nor hint of man; if stone or rock  
Seem not his handy-work to mock  
By something cognizably shaped;  
Mockery—or model roughly hewn,  
And left as if by earthquake strewn,  
Or from the flood escaped:—  
Altars for Druid service fit;  
(But where no fire was ever lit,  
Unless the glow-worm to the skies  
Thence offer nightly sacrifice;  
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;  
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;  
Tents of a camp that never shall be raised;  
On which four thousand years have gazed!

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!  
Ye snow-white lambs that trip  
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props  
Of restless ownership!

Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall  
'To feed the insatiate prodigal!  
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,  
All that the fertile valley shields;

Wages of folly—baits of crime,—  
Of life's uneasy game the stake,  
Playthings that keep the eyes awake  
Of drowsy, dotard time;—

O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,  
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,  
A genius dwells, that can subdue  
At once all memory of you,—

Most potent when mists veil the sky,  
Mists that distort and magnify; {breeze,  
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping  
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

List to those shriller notes! *that* march  
Perchance was on the blast,  
When, through this height's inverted arch,  
Rome's earliest legion passed!  
They saw, adventurously impelled,  
And older eyes than theirs beheld,

\* This, and the extract ("The Influence of Natural Objects"), page 28, and the first piece of this class, are from the unpublished poem of which some account is given in the preface to "The Excursion."

This block—and yon, whose church-like  
frame

Gives to the savage pass its name.  
Aspiring road ! that lov'st to hide  
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,  
Not seldom may the hour return  
When thou shalt be my guide ;  
And I (as often we find cause,  
When life is at a weary pause,  
And we have panted up the hill  
Of duty with reluctant will)  
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,  
For the rich bounties of constraint ;  
Whence oft invigorating transports flow  
That choice lacked courage to bestow.

My soul was grateful for delight  
That wore a threatening brow ;  
A veil is lifted—can she slight  
The scene that opens now !  
Though habitation none appear,  
The greenness tells, man must be there ;  
The shelter—that the perspective  
Is of the clime in which we live ;  
Where toil pursues his daily round ;  
Where pity sheds sweet tears, and love,  
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,  
Inflicts his tender wound.  
Who comes not hither ne'er shall know  
How beautiful the world below ;  
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps  
The brook adown the rocky steps.  
Farewell, thou desolate domain !  
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,  
Carols like a shepherd-boy ;  
And who is she?—Can that be joy !  
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,  
Smoothly skims the meadows wide ;  
While faith, from yonder opening clou  
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,  
“ Whate'er the weak may dread, the  
wicked dare,  
Thy lot, O man, is good, thy portion fair ! ”

◆◆◆

### EVENING ODE,

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY.

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 ; [height,  
Or, ranged like stars along some sovereign  
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,  
Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
From hill or valley, could not move  
Sublimer transport, purer love,  
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—  
The shadow—and the peace supreme !

No sound is uttered,—but a deep  
And solemn harmony pervades  
The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
And penetrates the glades.  
Far-distant images draw nigh,  
Called forth by wondrous potency  
Of beamy radiance, that imbues  
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues  
In vision exquisitely clear,  
Herds range along the mountain side ;  
And glistening antlers are descried ;  
And gilded flocks appear.  
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpleal eve !  
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,  
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
That this magnificence is wholly thine !  
From worlds not quickened by the sun  
A portion of the gift is won ;  
An intermingling of heaven's pomp is spread  
On ground which British shepherds tread !

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 [raise  
On those bright steps that heavenward  
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  
Ye genii ! to his covert speed ; [ground,  
And wake him with such gentle heed  
As may attune his soul to meet the dower  
Bestowed on this transcendent hour !  
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  
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.  
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness  
serve

No less than nature's threatening voice,  
If aught unworthy be my choice,  
From THEE if I would swerve,  
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light  
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;  
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight  
Appears to shine, by miracle restored!  
My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
Rejoices in a second birth;  
'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;  
And night approaches with her shades.

*Note.*—The multiplication of mountain ridges, described at the commencement of the third stanza of this ode, as a kind of Jacob's ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze;—in the present instance, by the latter cause. Allusions to the ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing poem.

◆  
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,  
Arc clad in one green hue, and lose them-  
selves

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

Among the woods and copses, nor disturb  
The wild green landscape. Once again I  
see [lines  
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little  
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral  
farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up in silence, from among the trees;  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The hermit sits alone.

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

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration:—feelings, too,  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, 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 burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world, [mood,  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed  
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 [then

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature  
(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, [to me

Their colours and their forms, were then  
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 often—  
The still, sad music of humanity, [times  
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, [am I still

And rolls through all things. Therefore  
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,\*

\* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young, the exact expression of which I cannot recollect.

And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise

In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the  
nurse, [soul  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and  
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, [men,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish  
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 !

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PETER BELL, A TALE.

“What’s in a *name*?” . . .

“Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar !”

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P. L.  
 ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the public, has, in its manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*;—for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable 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 endeavours 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 may 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 boat twin-sister of the crescent moon !

" Ne'er in the breast of full-grown poet  
Fluttered so faint a heart before ;—  
Was it the music of the spheres  
That overpowered your mortal ears !  
Such an 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 realms 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 heaven and earth 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 pinnace, 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—or elevate ?  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life's daily prospect find,  
May find or there create ?

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

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

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

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

"There sits the vicar and his dame ;  
And there my good friend, Stephen Otter ;  
And, ere the light of evening fail,  
To them I must relate the tale  
Of Peter Bell the potter."

Off flew my sparkling boat in scorn,  
Spurning her freight with indignation ?  
And I, as well as I was able,  
On two poor legs, toward my stone-table  
Limped on with some vexation.

"Oh, here he is !" cried little Bess—  
She saw me at the garden door ;  
"We've waited anxiously and long,"  
They cried, and all around me throng,  
Full nine of them or more !

"Reproach me not—your fears be still—  
Be thankful we again have met ;—  
Resume, my friends ! within the shade  
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid  
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like one  
Not wholly rescued from the pale  
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion ;  
But, straight to cover my confusion,  
Began the promised tale.

## PART I.

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 :

\* In the dialect of the north, a hawker of earthenware is thus designated.

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 strerms,  
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-ery pursued,  
As ever ran a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,  
Of all that love their lawless lives,  
In city or in village small,  
He was the wildest far of all ;  
He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not !— wedded wives— and  
twelve !

But how one wife could e'er come near  
In simple truth I cannot tell ; [him,  
For-be it said of Peter Bell,  
To see him was to fear him.

Though nature could not teach 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  
A 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,—  
Heaved his lank sides, 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 carcase 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 demonic 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 his horrible bray!

What is there now in Peter's heart?  
Or whence the might of this strange sound?  
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,  
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,  
And the rocks staggered all around.

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped!  
Threat has he none to execute—  
"If any one should come and see  
That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,  
"I'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the ass from limb to limb;  
And 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 a gallows there portrayed?  
Is Peter of himself afraid?  
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud?

A grisly idol hewn in stone?  
Or imp from witch's lap let fall?  
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 !

## PART II.

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 has 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, whatsoe'er betide,  
I'll go, and he my way will guide  
To the cottage of the drowned man.

Encouraged by this hope, he mount,  
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 passed ;  
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 footsteps 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 counte-  
 nance,  
 And look at Peter Beil !

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,  
 Light 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  
    oves 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 !

## PART III.

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 colour, 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 !

Oh, would that some more skilful voice  
My further labour might prevent !  
Kind listeners, that around me sit,  
I feel that I am all unfit  
For such high argument.

I've played and danced with my narra-  
    tion—  
I loitered long ere I began :  
Ye waited then on my good pleasure,—  
Pour out indulgence still, in measure  
As liberal as ye can !

Our travellers, ye remember well,  
Are thridding a sequestered lane ;  
And Peter many tricks is trying,  
And many anodynes applying,  
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this nis 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  
 Brimful 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,  
 As if 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 altar  
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers ;—but soon  
She drooped and pined like one forlorn ;—  
From Scripture she a name did borrow ;  
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,  
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,  
And took it in most grievous part ;  
She to the very bone was worn,  
And, ere that little child was born,  
Died of a broken heart.

And now the spirits of the mind  
Are busy with poor Peter Bell ;  
Upon the rights of visual sense  
Usurping, with a prevalence  
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze  
(Above it shivering aspens play)  
He sees an unsubstantial creature,  
His very self in form and feature,  
Not four yards from the broad highway :

And stretched beneath the furze he sees  
The Highland girl—it is no other ;  
And hears her crying, as she cried,  
'The very moment that she died,  
" My mother ! oh, my mother !"

The sweat pours down from Peter's face,  
So grievous is his heart's contrition ;  
With agony his eye-balls ache  
While he beholds by the furze-brake  
This miserable vision !

Calm is the well-deserving brute,  
*His* peace, hath no offence betrayed ;—  
But now, while down that slope he wends,  
A voice to Peter's ear ascends,  
Resounding from the woody glade :

Though clamorous as a hunter's horn  
Re-echoed from a naked rock,  
'Tis from the 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.

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’s feet she fell ;  
At the same moment Peter Bell  
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

What could he do ?—The woman lay  
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 spied  
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.

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

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

At length, by Peter’s arm-sustained,  
The woman rises from the ground—  
“ Oh, mercy ! something must be done,—  
My little Rachel, you must run,—  
Some willing neighbour must be found.

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

Away goes Rachel, weeping loud ;—  
An infant, waked by her distress,  
Makes in the house a piteous cry,  
And Peter hears the mother sigh,  
“ Seven are they, and all fatherless ! ”

And now is Peter taught to feel  
That man’s heart is a holy thing ;  
And Nature, through a world of death,  
Breathes into him a second breath,  
More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the woman sits  
In agony of silent grief—  
From his own thoughts did Peter start ;  
He longs to press her to his heart,  
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb  
Had past a sudden shock of dread,  
The mother o’er the threshold flies,  
And up the cottage stairs she 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 neighbour 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 labour to maintain  
The widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,  
Had been the wildest of his clan,  
Forsook his crimes, repressed his folly,  
And after ten months' melancholy,  
Became a good and honest man.

## Miscellaneous Sonnets.

TO —.

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown  
In perfect shape (whose beauty time shall  
spare  
Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown  
For summer pastime into wanton air;  
Happy the thought best likened to a stone  
Of the sea-beach, when, polished with  
nice care,

Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,  
Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone  
That tempted first to gather it. O chief  
Of friends! such feelings if I here present,  
Such thoughts, with others mixed less for-  
tunate;  
Then smile into my heart a fond belief  
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,  
Receiv'st the gift for more than mild con-  
tent!

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow  
room;  
And hermits are contented with their cells;  
And students with their pensive citadels:  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for  
bloom,

High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:  
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground  
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs  
must be)

Who have felt the weight of too much  
liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have  
found.

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.  
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;  
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,  
Is cropping audibly his later meal: [steal  
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to  
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.  
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,  
Home-felt, and home-created, seems to heal

That grief for which the senses still supply  
Fresh food ; for only then, when memory  
Is hushed, am I at rest. My friends!  
restrain

Those busy cares that would allay my pain :  
Oh ! leave me to myself ; nor let me feel  
The officious touch that makes me droop  
again.

ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal of  
those who may have happened to be ena-  
moured of some beautiful place of retreat, in  
the country of the lakes.

WELL mayst thou halt, and gaze with  
brightened eye !

The lovely cottage in the guardian nook  
Hath stirred thee deeply ; with its own  
dear brook,

Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !  
But covet not the abode ;—forbear to sigh,  
As many do, repining while they look ;  
Intruders who would tear from nature's  
book

This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.  
Think what the home must be if it were  
thin, [window, door,

Even thine, though few thy wants !—Roof,  
The very flowers are sacred to the poor,  
The roses to the porch which they entwine :  
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the  
day [away.

On which it should be touched would melt

" BELOVED vale !" I said, "when I shall  
con

Those many records of my childish years,  
Remembrance of myself and of my peers  
Will press me down : to think of what is  
gone

Will be an awful thought, if life have one."  
But, when into the vale I came, no fears  
Distressed me ; from mine eyes escaped no  
tears ;

Deep thought, or awful vision, had I none.  
By doubts and thousand petty fancies  
cross,

I stood of simple shame the blushing thrall ;  
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so  
small.

A juggler's balls old time about him tossed ;  
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed ;  
and all

The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
Together in immortal books enrolled ;  
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold ;

And that inspiring hill which " did divide  
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;  
While not an English mountain 'we behold  
By the celestial muses glorified. [crowds :  
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in  
What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,  
Mount Skiddaw ? In his natural sovereignty  
Our British hill is fairer far : he shrouds  
His double front among Atlantic clouds,  
And pours forth streams more sweet than  
Castaly.

THERE is a little unpretending rill  
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught  
That ever among men or naiads sought  
Notice or name !—It quivers down the hill,  
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious  
will ; [brought

Yet to my mind this scanty stream is  
Oftener than Ganges or the Nile, a thought  
Of private recollection sweet and still !  
Months perish with their moons ; year treads  
on year ;

But, faithful Emma, thou with me canst  
say [pear,

That, while ten thousand pleasures disap-  
And flies their memory fast almost as they,  
The immortal spirit of one happy day  
Lingers beside that rill, in vision clear.

HER only pilot the soft breeze the boat  
Lingers, but fancy is well satisfied ; [side,  
With keen-eyed hope, with memory, at her  
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 ?

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether fade ;  
The sweetest notes must terminate and die ;  
O friend ! thy flute has breathed a harmony  
Softly resounded through this rocky glade ;  
Such strains of rapture as the genius played  
In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high ;\*  
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,

\* See the Vision of Mirza, in the Spectator.

Never before to human sight betrayed.  
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread!  
The visionary arches are not there,  
Nor the green islands, nor the shining seas;  
Yet sacred is to me this mountain's head,  
From which I have been lifted on the breeze  
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL  
PICTURE.

(Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.)

PRaised be the art whose subtle power  
could stay  
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;  
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,  
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the  
day; [their way,  
Which stopped that band of travellers on  
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;  
And showed the bark upon the glassy flood  
For ever anchored in her sheitering bay.  
Soul-soothing art! which morning, noon-  
tide even  
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;  
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast  
given [time  
To one brief moment caught from fleeting  
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

"WHY, minstrel, these untuneful mur-  
muring— [jar?"  
Dull, flagging notes that with each other  
"Think, gentle lady, of a harp so far  
From its own country, and forgive the  
strings."  
A simple answer! but even so forth springs,  
From the Castalian fountain of the heart,  
The poetry of life, and all that art  
Divine of words quickening insensate  
things.  
From the submissive necks of guiltless men  
Stretched on the block, the glittering axe  
recoils;  
Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils  
Of mortal sympathy: what wonder then  
If the poor harp distempered music yields  
To its sad lord, far from his native fields?

AERIAL rock—whose solitary brow  
From this low threshold daily meets my  
sight,  
When I step forth to hail the morning light;  
Or quit the stars with lingering farewell—  
how  
Shall fancy pay to thee a grateful vow?

How, with the muse's aid, her love attest?  
By planting on thy naked head the crest  
Of an imperial castle, which the plough  
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!  
That doth presume no more than to supply  
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream  
Want, through neglect of hoar antiquity.  
Rise, then, ye votive towers, and catch a  
gleam  
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die!

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE sleep; do they belong to thee,  
These twinklings of oblivion! Thou dost  
love  
To sit in meekness, like the brooding dove,  
A captive never wishing to be free.  
This tiresome night, O sleep! thou art to me  
A fly, that up and down himself doth shove  
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above  
Now on the water vexed with mockery.  
I have no pain that calls for patience, no;  
Hence am I cross and peevish as a child;  
Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,  
Yet ever willing to be reconciled:  
O gentle creature! do not use me so,  
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and breeze  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and  
seas, [pure sky;  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and  
By turns have all been thought of; yet I lie  
Sleepless, and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard  
trees;  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights more,  
I lay, [stealth:  
And could not win thee, sleep! by any  
So do not let me wear to-night away:  
Without thee what is all the morning's  
wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous  
health!

TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee,  
sleep! [names;  
And thou hast had thy store of tenderes/  
The very sweetest words that fancy frames



When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep !

Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost steep [tames

In rich reward all suffering ; balm that All anguish ; saint that evil thoughts and aims

Takest away, and into souls dost creep, Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,

I surely not a man ungently made, Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is crost ?

Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown, Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed, [most !

Still last to come where thou art wanted

#### THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE imperial consort of the fairy king Owns not a sylvan bower ; or gorgeous cell

With emerald floored, and with purpleal shell

Ceilinged and roofed ; that is so fair a thing As this low structure—for the tasks of spring [swell

Prepared by one who loves the buoyant Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell ; [brooding-wing.

And spreads in steadfast peace her Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree-bough,

And dimly-gleaming nest,—a hollow crown Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,

Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow : I gaze—and almost wish to lay aside

Humanity, weak slave of cumbrous pride !

#### WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN " THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport, [benign !

Shall live the name of Walton ;—sage Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line

Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort To reverend watching of each still report

That nature utters from her rural shrine. Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,

He found the longest summer day too short,

To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee, Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook !

Fairer than life itself, in this sweet book, The cowslip bank and shady willow tree,

And the fresh meads ; where flowed from every nook

Of his full bosom, gladsome piety !

#### TO THE POET, JOHN DYER,

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made [bright ;

That work a living landscape fair and Nor hallowed less with musical delight

Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,

Those southern tracts of Cambria, " deep embayed,

With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lulled,"

Though hasty fame hath many a chaplet cull'd [shade

For worthless crowns, while in the pensive Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced, [and still,

Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,

Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray

O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste ; Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill !

#### ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM.

See Milton's sonnet, beginning " A book was writ of late called "Tetrachordon." "

A BOOK came forth of late, called " Peter Bell ;" [good

Not negligent the style ;—the matter ?—As aught that song record of Robin Hood ;

Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell ;

But some (who brook these hackneyed themes full well, [blood)

Nor heat at Tam o'Shanter's name their Waxed wrath, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,

On bard and hero clamorously fell. Heed not, wild rover once through heath and glen, [choice,

Who mad'st at length the better life thy Heed not such onset ! nay, if praise of men

To thee appear not an unmeaning voice, Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and rejoice

In the just tribute of thy poet's pen !

#### TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved stream ! [sail,

Thou, near the eagle's nest—within bric 1, of his bold wing floating on the gale,



Where thy deep voice could lull me!—

Faint the beam  
Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale, [frail  
Such thy meek outset, with a crown though  
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath  
entwined [worn,  
Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was  
Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph  
borne [his car  
With captives chained; and shedding from  
The sunset splendours of a finished war  
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF  
WESTMORELAND ON EASTER SUNDAY.

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn  
That saw the Saviour in His human frame  
Rise from the dead, erewhile the cottage-  
dame

Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn;  
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had  
shorn, [fleece.

And she who span it culled the daintiest  
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of  
Peace, [thorn.

Whose temples bled beneath the platted  
A blest estate when piety sublime  
These humble props disdained not! O  
green dales!

Sad may be who heard your Sabbath chime  
When art's abused inventions were un-  
known; [own;  
Kind nature's various wealth was all your  
And benefits were weighed in reason's  
scales!

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend  
Now that the cottage spinning-wheel is  
mute;

And care—a comforter that best could suit  
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehenc;  
And love—a charmer's voice, that used to  
lend,

More efficaciously than aught that flows  
From harp or lute, kind influence to  
compose

The throbbing pulse,—else troubled  
without end; [rest  
Even joy could tell, joy craving truce and  
From her own overflow, what power sedate  
On those revolving motions did await  
Assiduously, to soothe her aching breast—  
And—to a point of just relief—abate  
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

TO S. H.

EXCUSE is needless when with love sincere  
Of occupation, not by fashion led,  
Thou turnst the wheel that slept with  
dust o'erspread;

My nerves from no such murmur shrink—  
though near,

Soft as the dorhawk's to a distant ear,  
When twilight shades bedim the mountain's  
head. [thread

She who was feigned to spin our vital  
Might smile, O lady! on a task once dear  
To household virtues. Venerable art,  
Torn from the poor! yet will kind Heaven  
protect

Its own, not left without a guiding chart,  
If rulers, trusting with undue respect  
'To proud discoveries of the intellect,  
Sanction the pillage of man's ancient heart.

DECAY OF PIETY.

OFT have I seen, ere time had ploughed  
my cheek, [call  
Matrons and sires—who, punctual to the  
Of their loved church, on fast or festival  
Through the long year the house of prayer  
would seek:

By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak  
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall  
They came to lowly bench or sculptured  
stall,

But with one fervour of devotion meek.  
I see the places where they once were known,  
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling  
crowds,

Is ancient piety for ever flown?  
Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy  
clouds [have worn

That, struggling through the western sky,  
Their pensive light from a departed sun!

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE  
MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND, IN THE  
VALE OF GRASMERE.

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands  
gay,

These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace?  
Angels of love, look down upon the place,  
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day!  
Yet no proud gladness would the bride  
display

Even for such promise;—serious is her face.  
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts  
keep pace

With gentleness, in that becoming way

Will thank you. Faultless doth the maid  
 appear,  
 No disproportion in her soul, no strife :  
 But, when the closer view of wedded life  
 Hath shown that nothing human can be  
 clear  
 From frailty, for that insight may the wife  
 To her indulgent lord become more dear.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

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 [less flower,  
 Of outward change, there blooms a death-  
 That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

FROM THE SAME.

No mortal object did these eyes behold  
 When first they met the placid light of thine,  
 And my soul felt her destiny divine,  
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :  
 Heaven-born, the soul a heaven-ward  
 course must hold ;  
 Beyond the visible world she soars to seek  
 (For what delights the sense is false and  
 weak)

Ideal form, the universal mould.  
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest  
 In that which perishes : nor will he lend  
 His heart to aught which doth on time  
 depend.

'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true  
 love, [best,  
 That kills the soul : love betters what is  
 Even here below, but more in heaven  
 above.

FROM THE SAME.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet  
 indeed

If 'Thou the spirit give by which I pray :  
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,

That of its native self can nothing feed :  
 Of good and pious works Thou art the  
 seed, [may :  
 That quickens only where Thou say'st it  
 Unless Thou show to us Thine own true  
 way [lead.  
 No man can find it. Father ! Thou must  
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into  
 my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred  
 That in Th' holy footsteps I may tread ;  
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
 That I may have the power to sing of Thee,  
 And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the wind  
 I turned to share the transport—Oh ! with  
 whom

But thee deep buried in the silent tomb,  
 That spot which no vicissitude can find,  
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my  
 mind— [power,  
 But how could I forget thee?—Through what  
 Even for the least division of an hour,  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
 To my most grievous loss?—That thought's  
 return

Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no  
 more ;

That neither present time, nor years unborn  
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne  
 Which mists and vapours from mine eyes  
 did shroud—

Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed ;  
 But all the steps and ground about were  
 strown

With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone  
 Ever put on ; a miserable crowd,  
 Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before  
 that cloud, [groan !

“Thou art our king, O Death ! to thee we  
 I seem to mount those steps ; the vapours  
 gave

Smooth way ; and I beheld the face of one  
 Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,  
 With her face up to heaven ; that seemed  
 to have [gone ;

Pleasing remembrance of a thought fore-  
 A lovely beauty in a summer grave !

“WEAK is the will of man, his judgment  
 blind ;

Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays ;



At wakes and fairs with wandering moun-  
banks,— [and mocks  
When she stands cresting the clown's head,  
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,  
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream  
Or map of the whole world : thoughts, link  
by link, [gleam  
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such  
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,  
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

## PERSONAL TALK.

## I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight  
To season my fireside with personal talk,—  
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,  
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight :  
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies  
bright, [stalk,  
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the  
These all wear out of me, like forms, with  
chalk [night,  
Painted on rich men's floors for one feast  
Better than such discourse doth silence long,  
Long, barren silence, square with my desire ;  
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

## II.

"YET life," you say, "is life ; we have seen  
and see,  
And with a living pleasure we describe ;  
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
The languid mind into activity.  
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth  
and glee  
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."  
Even be it so : yet still among your tribe,  
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not  
me ! [lies  
Children are blest, and powerful ; their world  
More justly balanced ; partly at their feet,  
And part far from them :—sweetest melodies  
Are those that are by distance made more  
sweet ; [eyes,  
Whose mind is but the mind of his own  
He is a slave ; the meanest we can meet !

## III.

WINGS have we,—and as far as we can go  
We may find pleasure : wilderness and  
wood, [mood  
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that  
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low,

Dreams, books, are each a world ; and  
books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good :  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh  
and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
There find I personal themes, a plenteous  
store ;  
Matter wherein right voluble I am :  
To which I listen with a ready ear ;  
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear—  
The gentle lady married to the Moor ;  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white  
lamb.

## IV.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby  
Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote  
From civil-speaking ; rancour, never sought,  
Comes to me not : malignant truth, or lie.  
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and  
joyous thought :  
And thus from day to day my little boat  
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.  
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—  
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !  
Oh ! might my name be numbered among  
theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

## TO R. B. HAYDON, ESQ.

HIGH is our calling, friend !—Creative art  
(Whether the instrument of words she use,  
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)  
Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,  
Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,  
While the whole world seems adverse to  
desert.  
And oh ! when nature sinks, as oft she may,  
Through long-lived pressure of obscure  
distress,  
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
And in the soul admit of no decay,  
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness ;  
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard !

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,  
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,  
Rise, Gillies, rise : the gales of youth shall  
bear  
Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed.  
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed



In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,  
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,  
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,  
 And reason govern that audacious fight  
 Which heaven-ward they direct.—Then  
 droop not thou,

Erroneously renewing a sad vow  
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove :  
 A cheerful life is what the muses love,  
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

FAIR prime of life ! were it enough to gild  
 With ready sunbeams every straggling  
 shower ;

And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,  
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build  
 For fancy's errands,—then, from fields half-  
 tilled [flower,

Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy  
 'Thee might thy minions crown, and chant  
 thy power,

Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.  
 Ah ! show that worthier honours are thy  
 due ;

Fair prime of life ! arouse the deeper heart ;  
 Confirm the spirit glorying to pursue  
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim ;  
 And, if there be a joy that slights the claim  
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

I HEARD (alas ! 'twas only in a dream)  
 Strains—which, as sage antiquity believed,  
 By waking ears have sometimes been re-  
 ceived

Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream ;  
 A most melodious requiem,—a supreme  
 And perfect harmony of notes, achieved  
 By a fair swan on drowsy billows heaved,  
 O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.  
 For is she not the votary of Apollo ?

And knows she not, singing as he inspires,  
 That bliss awaits her which the ungenial  
 hollow \*

Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires ?  
 Mount, tuneful bird, and join the immortal  
 quires ! [vain to follow.

She soared—and I awoke,—struggling in

#### RETIREMENT.

If the whole weight of what we think and  
 feel

Save only far as thought and feeling blend  
 With action, were as nothing, patriot friend !

\* See the "Phædo" of Plato, by which this sonnet was suggested.

From thy remonstrance would be no appeal !  
 But to promote and fortify the weal  
 Of our own being, is her paramount end ;  
 A truth which they alone shall comprehend  
 Who shun the mischief which they cannot  
 heal. [bliss ;

Peace in these feverish times is sovereign  
 Here, with no thirst but what the stream  
 can slake,

And startled only by the rustling brake,  
 Cool air I breathe ; while the unincumbered  
 mind,

By some weak aims at services assigned  
 To gentle natures, thanks not heaven amiss.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.

CALVERT ! it must not be unheard by them  
 Who may respect my name, that I to thee  
 Owed many years of early liberty.

This care was thine when sickness did con-  
 demn [stem :

Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and  
 That I, if frugal and severe, might stray

Where'er I liked ; and finally array  
 My temples with the muse's diadem.

Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth,  
 If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
 In my past verse ; or shall be, in the lays  
 Of higher mood, which now I meditate,—  
 It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived youth !  
 To think how much of this will be thy praise.

SCORN not the sonnet ; critic, you have  
 frowned,

Mindless of its just honours ;—with this key  
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's  
 wound ;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;  
 Camœns soothed with it 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 [a damp

To struggle through dark ways ; and when  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he  
 blew

Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

NOT love, nor war, nor the tumultuous  
 swell

Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,  
 Nor duty struggling with afflictions strange,



Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell ;  
But where untroubled peace and concord  
dwell,

There also is the muse not loth to range,  
Watching the bluesmoke of theelmy grange,  
Skyward ascending from the twilight dell.  
Meek aspirations please her, lone endea-  
vour,

And sage content, and placid melancholy ;  
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,  
Diaphanous, because it travels slowly ;  
Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded,—while the  
fields,

With ripening harvest prodigally fair,  
In brightest sunshine bask,—this nipping  
air, [wields

Sent from some distant clime where winter  
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields  
Of bitter change—and bids the flowers  
beware ;

And whispers to the silent birds, “ Prepare  
Against the threatening foe your trustiest  
shields.”

For me, who under kindlier laws belong  
To nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry  
Through leaves yet green, and yon crys-  
talline sky,

Announce a season potent to renew,  
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of  
song,

And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

NOVEMBER I.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously  
bright [head,

The effluence from yon distant mountain's  
Which, strewn with snow as smooth as  
heaven can shed,

Shines like another sun—on mortal sight  
Uprisen, as if to check approaching night,  
And all her twinkling stars. Who now  
would tread, [head—

If so he might, yon mountain's glittering  
Terrestrial—but a surface, by the flight  
Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing,  
Unswep, unstained ! Nor shall the aerial  
powers

Dissolve that beauty—destined to endure,  
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,  
Through all vicissitudes—till genial spring  
Have filled the laughing vales with wel-  
come flowers.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul  
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,  
Went forth—his course surrendering to the  
care [prowl

Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings  
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl ;  
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers  
tear

The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,  
And shivering wolves, surprised with dark-  
ness, howl

As if the sun were not. He raised his eye  
Soul-smitten—for, that instant, did appear  
Large space, 'mid dreadful clouds, of purest  
sky,

An azure orb—shield of tranquillity,  
Invisible, unlooked-for minister  
Of providential goodness ever nigh !

TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE flower, hemmed in with snows, and  
white as they,

But harder far, once more I see thee bend  
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by  
day, [waylay

Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops,  
The rising sun, and on the plains descend ;  
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend  
Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed  
May

Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers ;  
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of  
spring,

And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

COMPOSED A FEW DAYS AFTER THE  
FOREGOING.

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,  
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,  
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring  
Mature release, in fair society

Survive, and fortune's utmost anger try ;  
Like these frail snowdrops that together  
cling,

And nod their helmets smitten by the wing  
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.  
Observe the faithful flowers ! if small to  
great [to stand

May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used  
The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate ;

And so the bright immortal Theban band,  
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's com-  
mand,  
Might overwhelm—but could not separate!

THE stars are mansions built by nature's  
hand;  
The sun is peopled; and with spirits blest,  
Say, can the gentle moon be unpossessed?  
Huge ocean shows, within his yellow strand,  
A habitation marvellously planned,  
For life to occupy in love and rest;  
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,  
Or fort, erected at her sage command.  
Is this a vernal thought? Even so, the  
spring [heart,  
Gave it while cares were weighing on my  
'Mid song of birds, and insects mumuring;  
And while the youthful year's prolific art—  
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was  
fashioning  
Abodes, where self-disturbance hath no  
part.

## TO LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY! the songs of spring were in the  
grove [flowers;  
While I was shaping beds for winter  
While I was planting green unfading  
bowers,  
And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,  
And sheltering wall; and still, as fancy  
wove [powers  
The dream, to time and nature's blended  
I gave this paradise for winter hours,  
A labyrinth, lady! which your feet shall rove.  
Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,  
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom  
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring;  
And these perennial bowers and murmur-  
ing pines  
Be gracious as the music and the bloom  
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

## TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER,

With a selection from the poems of Anne, Coun-  
tess of Winchelsea; and extracts of similar  
character from other writers; transcribed by  
a female friend.

LADY! I rifled a Parnassian cave  
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;  
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store  
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave  
The azure brooks where Dian joys to lave

Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore  
Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's  
shore,  
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.  
To female hands the treasures were re-  
signed; [clear  
And lo this work!—a grotto bright and  
From stain or taint; in which thy blameless  
mind [austere;  
May feed on thoughts though pensive not  
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined  
To holy musing, it may enter here.

*There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which only poets know*;—'twas rightly said;  
Whom could the muses else allure to tread  
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest  
chains?  
When happiest fancy has inspired the strains,  
How oft the malice of one luckless word  
Pursues the enthusiast to the social board,  
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!  
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear  
At last of hindrance and obscurity,  
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of  
morn;  
Bright, speckless as a softly-moulded tear  
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,  
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

THE shepherd, looking eastward, softly  
said, [bright!"  
"Bright is thy veil, O moon, as thou art  
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread,  
And penetrated all with tender light,  
She cast away, and showed her fulgent hair,  
Uncovered; dazzling the beholder's sight  
As if to vindicate her beauty's right,  
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.  
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown  
aside, [went;  
Went floating from her, darkening as it  
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,  
Approached the glory of this firmament;  
Who meekly yields, and is obscured;—  
content  
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful  
hour!  
Not dull art thou as undiscerning night;  
But studious only to remove from sight  
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient  
power! [lower,  
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains  
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest  
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest

On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower  
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him  
was seen

The self-same vision which we now behold,  
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power!  
brought forth; [tween;

These mighty barriers, and the gulf be-  
The floods,—the stars,—a spectacle as old  
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

WITH how sad steps, O moon, thou  
climb'st the sky,

"How silently, and with how wan a face!"  
Where art thou? Thou whom I have seen  
on high [rac!

Running among the clouds a wood-nymph's  
Unhappy nuns, whose common breath's  
a sigh [pace!

Which they would stifle, move at such a  
The northern wind, to call thee to the chase,  
Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I  
The power of Merlin, goddess! this should  
be: [riven,

And the keen stars, fast as the clouds were  
Should sally forth, an emulous company,  
Sparkling, and hurrying through the clear  
blue heaven; [given,

But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm be  
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

EVEN as the dragon's eye that feels the stress  
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp  
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,  
So burns yon taper 'mid a black recess  
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:  
The lake below reflects it not; the sky  
Muffled in clouds affords no company  
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.

Yet round the body of that joyless thing,  
Which sends so far its melancholy light,  
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring  
A gay society with faces bright, [sing,  
Conversing, reading, laughing;—or they  
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

MARK the concentrated hazels that inclose  
Yon old gray stone, protected from the ray  
Of noontide suns: and even the beams  
that play [blows,

And glance, while wantonly the rough wind  
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows  
Upon that roof—amid embowering gloom  
The very image framing of a tomb,  
In which some ancient chieftain finds repose  
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye  
trees? [keep

And thou, gray stone, the pensive likeness

Of a dark chamber where the mighty sleep:  
Far more than fancy to the influence bends  
When solitary nature condescends  
To mimic time's forlorn humanities.

## CAPTIVITY.

"As the cold aspect of a sunless day  
Strikes through the traveller's frame with  
deadlier chill,

Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,  
Glistening with unparticipated ray,  
Or shining slope where he must never stray;  
So joys, remembered without wish or will,  
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—  
On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.  
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my  
mind

To fit proportion with my altered state!  
Quench those felicities whose light I find  
Reflected in my bosom all too late!  
Oh, be my spirit, like my thralldom, strait;  
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow,  
blind."

BROOK! whose society the poet seeks  
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;  
And whom the curious painter doth pursue  
Through rocky passes, among flowery  
creeks, [breaks;

And tracks thee dancing down thy water-  
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,  
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do  
Like Grecian artists, give thee human  
cheeks,

Channels for tears; no naiad shouldst thou  
be, [hairs;  
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor  
It seems the eternal soul is clothed in thee  
With purer robes than those of flesh and  
blood,

And hath bestowed on thee a better good;  
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

## COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

DOGMATIC teachers of the snow-white fur!  
Ye wrangling schoolmen of the scarlet hood!  
Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,  
Press the point home,—or falter and demur,  
Checked in your course by many a teasing  
burr;

These natural council-seats your acrid blood  
Might cool;—and, as the genius of the flood  
Stoops willingly to animate and spur  
Each lighter function slumbering in the  
brain,

Yon eddy balls of foam—these arrowy  
gleams,  
That o'er the pavement of the surging  
streams  
Welter and flash—a synod might detain  
With subtle speculations, haply vain,  
But surely less so than your far-fetched  
themes!

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE  
SUGGESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S  
VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN  
YORKSHIRE.

PURE element of waters ! wheresoc'er  
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,  
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-  
bearing plants,  
Rise into life and in thy train appear :  
And, through the sunny portion of the year,  
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pur-  
suiants :

And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants ;  
And hart and hind and hunter with his  
spear,  
Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt  
In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign ;  
And, haply, far within the marble belt  
Of central earth, where tortured spirits pine  
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs  
melt [with thine.\*  
Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs

## MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,  
When giants scooped from out the rocky  
ground  
Tier under tier—this semicirque profound ?  
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle  
That causeway with incomparable toil !)  
Oh, had this vast theatric structure wound  
With finished sweep into a perfect round,  
No mightier work had gained the plausible  
smile  
Of all-beholding Phœbus ! But, alas,  
Vain earth !—false world !—Foundations  
must be laid [WAS,  
In heaven ; for, 'mid the wreck of is and  
Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed  
Make sadder transits o'er truth's mystic  
glass  
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

\* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.

## GORDALE.

AT early dawn, or rather when the air  
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy eve  
Is busiest to confer and to bereave,  
Then, pensive votary ! let thy feet repair  
To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair  
Where the young lions couch ;—for so, by  
leave  
Of the propitious hour, thou mayst perceive  
The local deity, with oozy hair  
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn  
Recumbent. Him thou mayst behold, who  
hides  
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,  
Teaching the docile waters how to turn ;  
Or, if need be, impediment to spurn,  
And force their passage to the salt-sea tides !

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED  
LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR  
THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe not easy to be borne\*  
Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast  
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,  
When first I saw that sisterhood forlorn ;  
And her, whose massy strength and stature  
scorn [placed  
The power of years—pre-eminent, and  
Apart—to overlook the circle vast.  
Speak, giant-mother ! tell it to the morn  
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of  
night ;  
Let the moon hear, emerging from a cloud,  
At whose behest uprose on British ground  
Thy progeny ; in hieroglyphic round  
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the  
infinite,  
The inviolable God, that tames the proud !

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS  
THE HAMILTON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

DARK and more dark the shades of evening  
fell ; [the hour ;  
The wished-for point was reached, but late

\* The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle, eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number, and from more than three yards above ground, to less than so many feet : a little way out of the circle stands *Long Meg* herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When the author first saw this monument, as he came upon it by surprise, he might overrate its importance as an object ; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, he must



And little could be gained from all that  
dower

Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.  
Yet did the glowing west in all its power  
Salute us :—there stood Indian citadel,  
Temple of Greece, and minster with its  
tower

Substantially expressed—a place for bell  
Or clock to toll from. Many a tempting isle,  
With groves that never were imagined, lay  
'Mid seas how steadfast ! objects all for the  
eye

Of silent rapture ; but we felt the while  
We should forget them ; they are of the sky,  
And from our earthly memory fade away !

“ They are of the sky,  
And from our earthly memory fade away.”

THESE words were uttered as in pensive  
mood [sight :

We turned, departing from that solemn  
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,  
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed !  
But now upon this thought I cannot brood ;  
It is untable as a dream of night ;

Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,  
Disparaging man's gifts, and proper food.  
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built  
dome,

Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,  
Find in the heart of man no natural home ;  
The immortal mind craves objects that  
endure : [roam,

These cleave to it ; from these it cannot  
Nor they from it : their fellowship is secure.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,  
SEPT. 3, 1803.

EARTH has not anything to show more  
fair : [by

Dull would he be of soul who could pass  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples  
lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless  
air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;

say, he has not seen any other relique of those  
dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singu-  
larity and dignity of appearance.

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

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred nurseries of blooming youth !  
In whose collegiate shelter England's  
flowers [hours

Expand—enjoying through their vernal  
The air of liberty, the light of truth ;  
Much have ye suffered from time's gnawing  
tooth,

Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and  
towers ! [powers  
Garden, and groves ! your presence over-  
The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,  
Transformed, and rushing on a bold ex-  
change,

I slight my own beloved Cam, to range  
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;  
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown  
The stream-like windings of that glorious  
street,

An eager novice robed in fluttering gown !

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that could  
allow [space ;  
Such transport—though but for a moment's  
Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—  
The crescent moon clove with its glittering  
prow [bough,

The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady  
But in plain daylight :—She too, at my side,  
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,  
Maintains inviolate its slightest vow !

Sweet fancy ! other gifts must I receive ;  
Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim ;  
Take from *her* brow the withering flowers  
of eve, [restore :

And to that brow life's morning wreath  
Let *her* be comprehended in the frame  
Of these illusions, or they please no more.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF  
KING HENRY VIII. TRINITY LODGE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

The imperial stature, the colossal stride,  
Are yet before me ; yet do I behold  
The broad full visage, chest of amplest  
mould, [pride :

The vestments broidered with barbaric  
And lo ! a poniard, at the monarch's side,  
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy



With the keen threatenings of that fulgent  
 eye, [screed,  
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far de-  
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?  
 'Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty  
 king!  
 We rather think, with grateful mind sodate,  
 How Providence educeth, from the spring  
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of  
 good, [abate,  
 Which neither force shall check nor time

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY  
 GEORGE III.

'WARD of the law!—dread shadow of a  
 king! [room;  
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately  
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in  
 gloom, [fling,  
 Darkness as thick as life o'er life could  
 Save haply for some feeble glimmering  
 Of faith and hope; if thou, by nature's  
 doom,  
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,  
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow  
 cling, [flowing tears,  
 When thankfulness were best!—Fresh-  
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding  
 sigh,  
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply  
 Which justly it can claim. The nation  
 hears [years,  
 In this deep knell—silent for threescore  
 An unexampled voice of awful memory.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of groves—from England far  
 away\*—  
 Groves that inspire the nightingale to trill  
 And modulate, with subtle reach of skill  
 Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay;  
 Such bold report I venture to gainsay:  
 For I have heard the choir of Richmond  
 Hill  
 Chanting, with indefatigable bill,  
 Strains, that recalled to mind a distant  
 day; [wood,  
 When, haply under shade of that same  
 And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars  
 Plied steadily between those willow shores,  
 The sweet-souled poet of "The Seasons"  
 stood— [mood,  
 Listening, and listening long, in rapturous  
 Ye heavenly birds! to your progenitors.

\* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed  
 ends,  
 Is marked by no distinguishable line;  
 The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;  
 And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep  
 tends, [friends,  
 Garden, and that domain where kindred,  
 And neighbours rest together, here con-  
 found [sound  
 Their several features, mingled like the  
 Of many waters, or as evening blends  
 With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub  
 and flower, [grave;  
 Waft fragrant greetings to each silent  
 And while those lofty poplars gently wave  
 Their tops, between them comes and goes  
 a sky  
 Bright as the glimpses of eternity,  
 To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A  
 CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless  
 halls, [trayed,  
 Wandering with timid footstep oft be-  
 The stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid  
 Old Tiliac, though he, gentlest among the  
 thralls  
 Of destiny, upon these wounds hath laid  
 His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,  
 From the wan moon, upon the towers and  
 walls, [shade.  
 Light deepening the profoundest sleep of  
 Relic of kings! wreck of forgotten wars,  
 To winds abandoned and the prying stars,  
 'Time loves thee! at his call the seasons  
 twine [hour;  
 Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead  
 And, though past pomp no changes can  
 restore,  
 A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine!

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON.  
 MISS P.

Composed in the grounds of Plass Newidd, near  
 Llangollyn, 1824.  
 A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite  
 Dee,  
 Along the Vale of Meditation flows;\*  
 So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased  
 to see  
 In nature's face the expression of repose;

\* Glyn Myrvr.

Or haply there some pious hermit chose  
 To live and die, the peace of heaven his  
 aim; [owes,  
 To whom the wild sequestered region  
 At this late day, its sanctifying name.  
 Glyn Cafailgaroch, in the Cambrian  
 tongue, [spot  
 In ours the Vale of Friendship, let *this*  
 Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed  
 cot,  
 On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long ;  
 Sisters in love—a love allowed to climb,  
 Even on this earth, above the reach of  
 time!

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S  
 BRIDGE, NORTH WALES.

How art thou named? In search of what  
 strangle land [such force  
 From what huge height, descending? Can  
 Of waters issue from a British source,  
 Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the  
 band [hand  
 Of patriots scoop their freedom out, with  
 Desperate as thine? Or, come the in-  
 cessant shocks [throbbing rocks  
 From that young stream, that smites the  
 Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,  
 As in life's morn; permitted to behold,  
 From the dread chasm, woods climbing  
 above woods  
 In pomp that fades not, everlasting snows,  
 And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose:  
 Such power possess the family of floods  
 Over the minds of poets, young or old!

"Gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation and a name."

THOUGH narrow be that old man's cares,  
 and near,

The poor old man is greater than he seems:  
 For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams:  
 An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.  
 Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer;  
 The region of his inner spirit teems  
 With vital sounds and monitory gleams  
 Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.  
 He the seven birds hath seen, that never  
 part. [rounds,  
 Seen the Seven Whistlers in their nightly  
 And counted them: and oftentimes will  
 start— [hounds,  
 For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's  
 Doomed, with their impious lord, the flying  
 hart  
 To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at *Femmas'*  
 lip [might say,  
 Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love  
 A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip  
 Its glistening dew; but hallowed is the  
 clay [is gray,  
 Which the muse warms; and I, whose head  
 Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;  
 Nor could I let one thought—one motion  
 —slip  
 That might thy sylvan confidence betray.  
 For are we not all His, without whose  
 care [ground?  
 Vouchsafed, no sparrow falleth to the  
 Who gives His angels wings to speed  
 through air, [profound;  
 And rolls the planets through the blue  
 Then peck or perch, fond flutterer! nor  
 forbear  
 To trust a poet in still musings bound.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle  
 Lay couched;—upon that breathless monu-  
 ment,  
 On him, or on his fearful bow unbent,  
 Some wild bird oft might settle, and be-  
 guile  
 The rigid features of a transient smile,  
 Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,  
 Slackening the pains of ruthless banish-  
 ment  
 From home affections, and heroic toil.  
 Nor doubt that spiritual creatures round  
 us move,  
 Griefs to allay that reason cannot heal;  
 And very reptiles have sufficed to prove  
 To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastille  
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of  
 love,  
 Though man for brother man has ceased  
 to feel.

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates  
 tread [marge;  
 In freedom mountain turf and river's  
 Or float with music in the festal barge;  
 Rein the proud steed, or through the dance  
 are led;  
 Her doom it is to press a weary bed—  
 Till oft her guardian angel, to some charge  
 More urgent called, will stretch his wings  
 at large, [head.  
 And friends too rarely prop the languid  
 Yet helped by genius—untired comforter!  
 The presence even of a stuffed owl for her  
 Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out  
 To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,

Though he can neither stir a plume, nor  
shout, [eyes.  
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring

TO THE CUCKOO.

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert  
heard [can thrill  
When sunshine follows shower, the breast  
Like the first summons, cuckoo! of thy  
bill,  
With its twin notes inseparably paired.  
The captive, 'mid damp vaults unsunned,  
unaired,  
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,  
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's  
room  
Sends gladness, by no languid smile de-  
clared, [search  
The lordly eagle-race through hostile  
May perish; time may come when never  
more  
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;  
But long as cock shall crow from household  
perch [thy wing,  
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed  
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the  
spring!

THE INFANT M— M—.

UNQUIET childhood here by special grace  
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower  
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power  
In painful struggles. Months each other  
chase, [trace  
And nought untunes that infant's voice; a  
Of fretful temper sullies not her cheek;  
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek  
That one enrapt with gazing on her face,  
(Which even the placid innocence of death  
Could scarcely make more placid, heaven  
more bright,)  
Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,  
The virgin, as she shone with kindred light;  
A nursing couched upon her mother's  
knee,  
Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

TO ROTH A Q—.

ROTHA, my spiritual child! this head was  
gray  
When at the sacred font for thee I stood;  
Pledged till thou reach the verge of woman-  
hood,  
And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:  
Too late, I feel, sweet orphan! was the day

For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil;  
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,  
Embodied in the music of this lay,  
Breathed forth beside the peaceful moun-  
tain stream\* [mother's ear  
Whose murmur soothed thy languid  
After her throes, this stream of name more  
dear  
Since thou dost hear it,—a memorial theme  
For others; for thy future self a spell  
To summon fancies out of time's dark cell.

TO —.

SUCH age how beautiful! O lady bright,  
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined  
By favouring nature and a saintly mind  
To something purer and more exquisite  
Than flesh and blood; when'er thou  
meet'st my sight, [cheek,  
When I behold thy blanched unwithered  
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming  
white, [meek,  
And head that droops because the soul is  
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I com-  
pare, [that climb  
That child of winter, prompting thoughts  
From desolation towards the genial prime;  
Or with the moon conquering earth's  
misty air, [light  
And filling more and more with crystal  
As pensive evening deepens into night.

In my mind's eye a temple, like a cloud  
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,  
Rose out of darkness: the bright work  
stood still, [proud,  
And might of its own beauty have been  
But it was fashioned and to God was  
vowed  
By virtues that diffused, in every part,  
Spirit divine through forms of human art:  
Faith had her arch—her arch when winds  
blow loud,  
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;  
And Love her towers of dread foundation  
laid [spire  
Under the grave of things; Hope had her  
Star-high, and pointing still to something  
higher; [said,  
Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it  
Hell gates are powerless phantoms when  
*we* build.

\*The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere  
from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

## CONCLUSION.

TO —.

If these brief records, by the Muses' art  
 Produced as lonely nature or the strife  
 That animates the scenes of public life  
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part ;  
 And if these transcripts of the private heart  
 Have gained a sanction from thy falling  
 tears,  
 Then I repent not : but my soul hath fears

Breathed from eternity ; for as a dart  
 Cleaves the blank air, life flies : now every  
 day  
 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift  
 wheel  
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,  
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal ;  
 So timely grace the immortal wing may  
 heal,  
 And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

---

 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland,

1803.

## DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

AUGUST 1803.

THE gentlest shade that walked Elysian  
 plains

Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains ;  
 Even for the tenants of the zone that lies  
 Beyond the stars, celestial paradise,  
 Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to overleap  
 At will the crystal battlements, and peep  
 Into some other region, though less fair,  
 To see how things are made and managed  
 there ;

Change for the worse might please, incursion  
 Into the tracts of darkness and of cold ;  
 O'er Limbo lake with æry flight to steer,  
 And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.  
 Such animation often do I find, [mind,  
 Power in my breast, wings growing in my  
 Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,  
 Perchance without one look behind me cast,  
 Some barrier with which nature, from the  
 birth

[earth.  
 Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on  
 Oh, pleasant transit, Grasmere ! to resign  
 Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine ;  
 Not like an outcast with himself at strife ;  
 The slave of business, time, or care for life.  
 But moved by choice ; or, if constrained in  
 part,

Yet still with nature's freedom at the heart ;  
 To cull contentment upon wildest shores,  
 And luxuries extract from bleakest moors ;  
 With prompt embrace all beauty to infold,  
 And having rights in all that we behold.

Then why these lingering steps? A bright  
 adieu,  
 For a brief absence, proves that love is true;  
 Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn,  
 That winds into itself, for sweet return.

---

 TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

## AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER.

“The poet's grave is in a corner of the church-  
 yard. We looked at it with melancholy and  
 painful reflections, repeating to each other his  
 own verses, ‘Is there a man whose judgment  
 clear,’ etc.—*Extract from the Journal of  
 my Fellow-Traveller.*”

MID crowded obelisks and urns,  
 I sought the untimely grave of Burns ;  
 Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns  
 With sorrow true ;  
 And more would grieve, but that it turns  
 Trembling to you !

Through twilight shades of good and ill  
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,  
 And more than common strength and skill  
 Must ye display,  
 If ye would give the better will  
 Its lawful sway.

Hath nature strung your nerves to bear  
 Intemperance with less harm, beware !  
 But if the poet's wit ye share,  
 Like him can speed  
 The social hour—for tenfold care  
 There will be need.

Even honest men delight will take  
 To spare your failings for his sake,  
 Will flatter you,—and fool and rake  
 Your steps pursue ;  
 And of your father's name will make  
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,  
 And add your voices to the quire  
 That sanctify the cottage fire  
 With service meet ;  
 There seek the genius of your sire,  
 His spirit greet ;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"  
 He paid to nature tuneful vows ;  
 Or wiped his honourable brows  
 Bedewed with toil,  
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs  
 Upturned the soil ;

His judgment with benignant ray  
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way ;  
 But ne'er to a seductive lay  
 Let faith be given ;  
 Nor deem that "light which leads astray,  
 Is light from heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave :  
 Be independent, generous, brave ;  
 Your father such example gave,  
 And such revere :  
 But be admonished by his grave,  
 And think, and fear !

---

#### ELLEN IRWIN, OR THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate  
 Upon the braes of Kirtle,\*  
 Was lovely as a Grecian maid  
 Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.  
 Young Adam Bruce beside her lay ;  
 And there did they beguile the day  
 With love and gentle speeches,  
 Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires  
 The Bruce had been selected ;  
 And Gordon, fairest of them all,  
 By Ellen was rejected.

Sad tidings to that noble youth !  
 For it may be proclaimed with truth,  
 If Bruce hath loved sincerely,  
 That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face,  
 And what are Gordon's crosses,  
 To them who sit by Kirtle's braes  
 Upon the verdant mosses ?  
 Alas that ever he was born !  
 The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,  
 Sees them and their caressing ;  
 Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts  
 That through his brain are travelling,—  
 And, starting up, to Bruce's heart  
 He launched a deadly javelin !  
 Fair Ellen saw it when it came,  
 And, stepping forth to meet the same,  
 Did with her body cover  
 The youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,  
 Thus died the beauteous Ellen,  
 Thus, from the heart of her true-love,  
 The mortal spear repelling.  
 And Bruce, as soon as he had slain  
 The Gordon, sailed away to Spain ;  
 And fought with rage incessant  
 Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days, and many months,  
 And many years ensuing,  
 This wretched knight did vainly seek  
 The death that he was wooing :  
 So coming his last help to crave,  
 Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave  
 His body he extended,  
 And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard  
 The tale I have been telling,  
 May in Kirrkonnell churchyard view  
 The grave of lovely Ellen :  
 By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid ;  
 And, for the stone upon its head,  
 May no rude hand deface it,  
 And its forlorn HIC JACET !

---

#### TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERNAID, UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland girl, a very shower  
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
 Twice seven consenting years have shed  
 Their utmost bounty on thy head :

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



And these gray rocks ; this household lawn ;  
 These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
 This fall of water, that doth make  
 A murmur near the silent lake ;  
 This little bay, a quiet road  
 That holds in shelter thy abode ;  
 In truth together do ye seem  
 Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
 Such forms as from their covert peep  
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
 Yet, dream and vision as thou art,  
 I bless thee with a human heart :  
 God shield thee to thy latest years !  
 I neither know thee nor thy peers ;  
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
 For thee when I am far away  
 For never saw I mien, or face,  
 In which more plainly I could trace  
 Benignity and home-bred sense  
 Ripening in perfect innocence.  
 Here scattered like a random seed,  
 Remote from men, thou dost not need  
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
 And maidenly shamefacedness :  
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
 The freedom of a mountaineer.  
 A face with gladness overspread !  
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !  
 And seemliness complete, that sways  
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
 With no restraint, but such as springs  
 From quick and eager visitings  
 Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach  
 Of thy few words of English speech :  
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
 For thee, who art so beautiful ?  
 Oh, happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
 Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
 Adopt your homely ways and dress,  
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !  
 But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality :  
 Thou art to me but as a wave  
 Of the wild sea : and I would have  
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighbourhood.  
 What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
 Thy elder brother I would be,  
 Thy father. anything to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace  
 Hath led me to this lonely place.  
 Joy have I had ; and going hence  
 I bear away my recompense.  
 In spots like these it is we prize  
 Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
 Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
 I feel this place was made for her ;  
 To give new pleasure like the past,  
 Continued long as life shall last.  
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
 Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;  
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
 As fair before me shall behold,  
 As I do now, the cabin small,  
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;  
 And thee, the spirit of them all !

---

#### GLEN-ALMAIN, OR THE NARROW GLEN.

IN this still place, remote from men,  
 Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow glen ;  
 In this still place, where murmurs on  
 But one meek streamlet, only one :  
 He sang of battles, and the breath  
 Of stormy war, and violent death ;  
 And should, methinks, when all was past,  
 Have rightfully been laid at last  
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent  
 As by a spirit turbulent ; [wild.  
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were  
 And every thing unreconciled ;  
 In some complaining, dim retreat,  
 For fear and melancholy meet ;  
 But this is calm ; there cannot be  
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the bard sleep here indeed ?  
 Or is it but a groundless creed !  
 What matters it ?—I blame thee not  
 Whose fancy in this lonely spot  
 Was moved ; and in such way expressed  
 Their notion of its perfect rest.  
 A convent, even a hermit's cell  
 Would break the silence of this dell :  
 It is not quiet ; is not ease ;  
 But something deeper far than these :  
 The separation that is here  
 Is of the grave ; and of austere  
 Yet happy feelings of the dead :  
 And, therefore, was it rightly said  
 That Ossian, last of all his race !  
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

---

## STEPPING WESTWARD.

[While my fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Katrine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a hut where, in the course of our tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What! you are stepping westward?"]

"What! you are stepping westward?"—  
"T'would be a *wildish* destiny, ["*Yea.*"]

If we, who thus together roam  
In a strange land, and far from home,  
Were in this place the guests of chance:  
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,  
Though home or shelter he had none,  
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;  
Behind, all gloomy to behold;  
And stepping westward seemed to be  
A kind of *heavenly* destiny;  
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound  
Of something without place or bound;  
And seemed to give me spiritual right  
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
Was walking by her native lake:  
The salutation had to me  
The very sound of courtesy:  
Its power was felt; and while my eye  
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,  
The echo of the voice inwrought  
A human sweetness with the thought  
Of travelling through the world that lay  
Before me in my endless way.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
Oh, listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands:

Such thrilling voice was never heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;—  
I listened—motionless and still;  
And as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE  
UPON LOCH AWE.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined castle on an island at some distance from the shore, backed by a cove of the mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low-grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated war! the mountain stream  
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest  
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;  
Save when the winds sweep by and sounds  
are caught  
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.  
Oh! there is life that breathes not: powers  
there are  
That touch each other to the quick in modes  
Which the gross world no sense hath to  
perceive, [care  
No soul to dream of. What art thou, from  
Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged sire,  
Nor by soft peace adopted; though, in place  
And in dimension, such that thou might'st  
seem

But a mere rootstool to yon sovereign lord,  
Hugh Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills  
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered  
harm ;)

Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims  
To reverence suspends his own ; submitting  
All that the God of nature hath conferred,  
All that he has in common with the stars,  
To the memorial majesty of time  
Impersonated in thy calm decay !

Take, then, thy seat, vicegerent unreprieved !  
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light  
Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,  
Do thou, in turn, be paramount ; and rule  
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene  
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and  
woods, unite [joined,  
To pay thee homage ; and with these are  
In willing admiration and respect,  
Two hearts, which in thy presence might  
be called [power,  
Youthful as spring. Shade of departed  
Skeleton of unflushed humanity, [call  
The chronicle were welcome that should  
Into the compass of distinct regard  
The toils and struggles of thy infancy !  
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice ;  
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,  
Frozen by distance \* so, majestic pile,  
To the perception of this age, appear  
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued  
And quieted in character ; the strife,  
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,  
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades !\*

◆

### ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known ;  
his grave is near the head of Loch Katrine, in  
one of those small pinfold-like burial-grounds  
of neglected and desolate appearance, which  
the traveller meets with in the Highlands of  
Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,  
The English ballad-singer's joy !  
And Scotland has a thief as good,  
An outlaw of as daring mood ;  
She has her brave Rob Roy !  
Then clear the weeds from off his grave,  
And let us chant a passing stave  
In honour of that hero brave !

\* The tradition is that the castle was built by  
a lady during the absence of her lord in Pales-  
tine.

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 ; thy life  
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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COMPOSED AT — CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas ! oh, the unworthy  
lord ! [please,

Whom mere despite of heart could so far  
And love of havoc (for with such disease  
Fame taxes him) that he could send forth  
word,

To level with the dust a noble horde,  
A brotherhood of venerable trees,  
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like  
these,

Beggared and outraged !—Many hearts  
deplored

The fate of those old trees ; and oft with  
pain [gaze

The traveller, at this day, will stop and  
On wrongs, which nature scarcely seems to  
heed :

For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and  
bays, [Tweed,

And the pure mountains, and the gentle  
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

---

✓ YARROW UNVISITED.

[See the various poems the scene of which is  
laid upon the banks of the Yarrow ; in par-  
ticular, the exquisite ballad of Hamilton, be-  
ginning

" Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !"]

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled ;



Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled ;  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "winsome marrow,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;  
Each maiden to her dwelling !  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !  
But we will downwards with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us ;  
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus ;  
There's pleasant Teviotdale, 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  
My true love sighed for sorrow : [scorn :  
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

"Oh ! green," said I, "are Yarrow's  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing ! [holms,  
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 ?

\* See Hamilton's ballad, as above.

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 !"

#### IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKIE, AN INVASION BEING EXPECTED, OCTOBER 1803.

SIX thousand veterans practised in war's  
game,  
Tried men at Killicrankie were arrayed  
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,  
Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a whirl-  
wind came [flame ;  
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like  
And Garry, thundering down his mountain  
road,  
Was stopped, and could not breathe  
beneath the load  
Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame  
For them whom precept and the pedantry  
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.  
Oh, for a single hour of that Dundee,  
Who on that day the word of onset gave !  
Like conquest would the men of England  
see ;  
And her foes find a like inglorious grave.

#### THE MATRON OF JEDBURGH AND HER HUSBAND.

[At Jedburgh, my companion and I went into  
private lodgings for a few days ; and the fol-  
lowing verses were called forth by the  
character and domestic situation of our hos-  
tess.]

AGE ! twine thy brows with fresh spring  
flowers,  
And call a train of laughing hours ;  
And bid them dance and bid them sing ;  
And thou, too, mingle in the ring !  
Take to thy heart a new delight ;  
If not, make merry in despite  
That there is one who scorns thy power :—  
But dance ! for under Jedburgh tower,



A matron dwells, who though she bears  
Our mortal complement of years,  
Lives in the light of youthful glee,  
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay! start not at that figure—there!  
Him who is rooted to his chair!  
Look at him—look again! for he  
Hath long been of thy family.  
With legs that move not, if they can,  
And useless arms, a trunk of man,  
He sits, and with a vacant eye;  
A sight to make a stranger sigh!  
Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom:  
His world is in this single room;  
Is this a place for mirthful cheer?  
Can merrymaking enter here?

The joyous woman is the mate  
Of him in that forlorn estate!  
He breathes a subterraneous damp;  
But bright as vesper shines her lamp;  
He is as mute as Jedburgh tower;  
She jocund as it was of yore,  
With all its bravery on; in times  
When all alive with merry chimes,  
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,  
It roused the vale to holiday.

I praise thee, matron! and thy due  
Is praise; heroic praise, and true;  
With admiration I behold  
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold:  
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present  
The picture of a life well spent:  
This do I see; and something more;  
A strength unthought of heretofore!  
Delighted am I for thy sake;  
And yet a higher joy partake.  
Our human nature throws away  
Its second twilight, and looks gay;  
A land of promise and of pride  
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah! see her helpless charge! inclosed  
Within himself as seems, composed;  
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,  
The strife of happiness and pain,  
Utterly dead! yet in the guise  
Of little infants, when their eyes  
Begin to follow to and fro  
The persons that before them go,  
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.  
Her buoyant spirit can prevail  
Where common cheerfulness would fail;  
She strikes upon him with the heat  
Of July suns: he feels it sweet;  
An animal delight, though dim!  
'Tis all that now remains for him!

The more I looked, I wondered more—  
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,  
A moment gave me to espy  
A trouble in her strong black eye;  
A remnant of uneasy light,  
A flash of something over bright!  
Nor long this mystery did detain  
My thoughts; she told in pensive strain  
That she had borne a heavy yoke,  
Been stricken by a twofold stroke;  
Ill health of body; and had pined  
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it!—but let praise ascend  
To Him who is our Lord and friend!  
Who from disease and suffering  
Hath called for thee a second spring;  
Repaid thee for that sore distress  
By no untimely joyousness;  
Which makes of thine a blissful state:  
And cheers thy melancholy mate!

FLY, some kind spirit, fly to Grasmere-dale,  
Say that we come, and come by this day's  
light; [height;  
Glad tidings!—spread them over field and  
But chiefly let one cottage hear the tale;  
There let a mystery of joy prevail,  
The happy kitten bound with frolic might,  
And Rover whine, as at a second sight  
Of near-approaching good that shall not  
fail;  
And from that infant's face let joy appear;  
Yea, let our Mary's one companion child,  
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled  
With intimations manifold and dear,  
While we have wandered over wood and  
wild,  
Smile on his mother now with bolder cheer.

#### THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE, AFTER  
RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRAS-  
MERE.

NOW we are tired of boisterous joy,  
Have romped enough, my little boy!  
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,  
And you shall bring your stool and rest;  
This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see  
That you can listen quietly;  
And, as I promised, I will tell  
That strange adventure which befel  
A poor blind Highland boy.

A *Highland* boy!—why call him so?  
Because, my darlings, ye must know,  
In land where many a mountain towers,  
Far higher hills than these of ours!  
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight:  
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;  
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,  
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,  
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,  
Nor had a melancholy mind;  
For God took pity on the boy,  
And was his friend; and gave him joy  
Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt above  
Her other children him did love:  
For, was she here, or was she there,  
She thought of him with constant care,  
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad  
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,  
And bonnet with a feather gay,  
To kirk he on the Sabbath-day  
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,  
But one to play with and to feed;  
Which would have led him, if bereft  
Of company or friends, and left  
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow;  
And thus from house to house would go,  
And all were pleased to hear and see;  
For none made sweeter melody  
Than did the poor blind boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;  
Both when he heard the eagles scream,  
And when he heard the torrents roar,  
And heard the water beat the shore  
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,  
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;  
But one of mighty size, and strange;  
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,  
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake by night and day,  
The great sea-water finds its way  
Through long, long windings of the hills;  
And drinks up all the pretty rills,  
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came—  
Returns, on errand still the same;  
This did it when the earth was new;  
And this for evermore will do,  
As long as earth shall last.

And with the coming of the tide,  
Come boats and ships that safely ride,  
Between the woods and lofty rocks;  
And to the shepherds with their flocks  
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,  
The blind boy always had his share;  
Whether of mighty towns, or vales  
With warmer suns and softer gales,  
Or wonders of the deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,  
When from the water-side he heard  
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,  
The bustle of the mariners  
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?  
For he must never handle sail;  
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float  
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat  
Upon the rocking waves.

His mother often thought, and said,  
What sin would be upon her head  
If she should suffer this. "My son,  
Whate'er you do, leave this undone;  
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side,  
Still sounding with the sounding tide,  
And heard the billows leap and dance,  
Without a shadow of mischance,  
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,  
Ye soon shall know how this befel)  
He in a vessel of his own,  
On the swift flood is hurrying down  
Towards the mighty sea.

In such a vessel never more  
May human creature leave the shore!  
If this or that way he should stir,  
Woe to the poor blind mariner!  
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen  
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,  
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;  
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,  
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men  
Spread round that haven in the glen ;  
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,  
And to the boy they all were known ;  
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a turtle shell  
Which he, poor child, had studied well ;  
A shell of ample size, and light  
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,  
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a coracle that braves  
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,  
This shell upon the deep would swim,  
And gaily lift its fearless brim  
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind boy knew :  
And he a story strange, yet true,  
Had heard, how in a shell like this  
An English boy, oh, thought of bliss !  
Had stoutly launched from shore ;

Launched from the margin of a bay  
Among the Indian isles, where lay  
His father's ship, and had sailed far,  
To join that gallant ship of war,  
In his delightful shell.

Our Highland boy oft visited  
The house which held this prize ; and, led  
By choice or chance, did thither come  
One day when no one was at home,  
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,  
That story flashed upon his mind ;—  
A bold thought roused him, and he took  
The shell from out its secret nook,  
And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel—and in pride  
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,  
Stepped into it—his thoughts all free  
As the light breezes that with glee  
Sang through the adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet ;  
He felt the motion—took his seat ;  
Still better pleased as more and more  
The tide retreated from the shore,  
And sucked and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of heaven !  
How rapidly the child is driven !  
The fourth part of a mile I ween  
He thus had gone, ere he was seen  
By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh, me,  
What shrieking and what misery !  
For many saw ; among the rest  
His mother, she who loved him best,  
She saw her poor blind boy.

But for the child, the sightless boy,  
It is the triumph of his joy !  
The bravest traveller in balloon,  
Mounting as if to reach the moon,  
Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,  
Alone, and innocent, and gay !  
For, if good angels love to wait  
On the forlorn unfortunate,  
This child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,  
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,  
The cries which broke from old and young  
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,  
Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew  
A boat is ready to pursue ;  
And from the shore their course they take,  
And swiftly down the running lake  
They follow the blind boy.

But soon they move with softer pace ;  
So have ye seen the fowler chase  
On Grasmere's clear unruddled breast  
A youngling of the wild-duck's nest  
With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily sailors crept  
To seize (while on the deep it slept)  
The hapless creature which did dwell  
Erewhile within the dancing shell,  
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that e'er be made  
They follow, more and more afraid,  
More cautious as they draw more near,  
But in his darkness he can hear,  
And guesses their intent.

" *Lei-gha—Lei-gha* "—then did he cry,  
" *Lei-gha—Lei-gha* "—most eagerly ;  
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,  
And what he meant was, " Keep away,  
And leave me to myself !"

Alas ! and when he felt their hands—  
You've often heard of magic wands,  
That with a motion overthrow  
A palace of the proudest show,  
Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light  
With which his soul had shone so bright,  
All vanished ;—'twas a heart-felt cross  
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,  
As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice  
With which the very hills rejoice :  
'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly  
Had watched the event, and now can see  
That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,  
Full sure they were a happy band,  
Which gathering round did on the banks  
Of that great water give God thanks,  
And welcomed the poor child.

And in the general joy of heart  
The blind boy's little dog took part ;  
He leapt about, and oft did kiss  
His master's hands in sign of bliss,  
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his mother dear,  
She who had fainted with her fear,  
Rejoiced when waking she espies  
The child ; when she can trust her eyes ;  
And touches the blind boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,  
When he was in the house again :  
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes ;  
She could not blame him, or chastise :  
She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved  
The perilous deep, the boy was saved ;  
And, though his fancies had been wild,  
Yet he was pleased and reconciled  
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell  
Still do they keep the turtle shell ;  
And long the story will repeat  
Of the blind boy's adventurous feat,  
And how he was preserved.\*

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland.

1814.

### THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

[Suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one of the islands of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for the retreat of a solitary individual from whom this habitation acquired its name.]

To barren heath and quaking fen,  
Or depth of labyrinthine glen ;  
Or into trackless forest set  
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met ;  
World-wearied men withdrew of yore,—  
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)—  
And in the wilderness were bound  
To such apartments as they found ;  
Or with a new ambition raised ;  
That God might suitably be praised.

High lodged the warrior, like a bird of prey ;  
Or where broad waters round him lay ;  
But this wild ruin is no ghost  
Of his devices—buried, lost !  
Within this little lonely isle  
There stood a consecrated pile ;

Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,  
For them whose timid spirits clung  
To mortal succour, though the tomb  
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom !

Upon those servants of another world  
When maddening power her bolts had hurled,  
Their habitation shook ;—it fell,  
And perished—save one narrow cell ;  
Whither, at length, a wretch retired :  
Who neither grovelled nor aspired :  
He, struggling in the net of pride,  
The future scorned, the past defied ;

\* It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a boy, the son of a captain of a man-of-war, seated himself in a turtle shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In defence to the opinion of a friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind voyager did actually intrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

Still tempering from the unguilty forge  
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge !

Proud remnant was he of a fearless race,  
Who stood and flourished face to face  
With their perennial hills ;—but crime  
Hastening the stern decrees of time,  
Brought low a power, which from its home  
Burst when repose grew wearisome ;  
And taking impulse from the sword,  
And mocking its own plighted word,  
Had found, in ravage widely dealt  
Its warfare's bourne, its travel's belt !

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose  
smile

Shot lightning through this lonely isle !  
No right had he but what he made  
To this small spot, his leafy shade ;  
But the ground lay within that ring  
To which he only dared to cling ;  
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,  
The craven few who bowed the head  
Beneath the change, who heard a claim  
How loud ! yet lived in peace with shame.

From year to year this shaggy mortal went  
(So seemed it) down a strange descent ;  
'Till they, who saw his outward frame,  
Fixed on him an unhallowed name ;  
Him—free from all malicious taint,  
And guiding, like the Patmos saint,  
A pen unwearied—to indite,  
In his lone isle, the dreams of night ;  
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span  
The faded glories of his clan !

Suns that through blood their western har-  
bour sought,  
And stars that in their courses fought,—  
Towers rent, winds combating with woods—  
Lands deluged by unbridled floods,—  
And beast and bird that from the spell  
Of sleep took import terrible,  
These types mysterious (if the show  
Of battle and the routed foe  
Had failed) would furnish an array  
Of matter for the dawning day !

How disappeared he?—ask the newt and  
Inheritors of his abode ; [toad,  
The otter crouching undisturbed,  
In her dank cleft ;—but be thou curbed,  
O froward fancy ! 'mid a scene  
Of aspect winning and serene ;  
For those offensive creatures shun  
The inquisition of the sun !  
And in this region flowers delight,  
And all is lovely to the sight.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
When she applies her annual test  
To dead and living ; when her breath  
Quickens, as now, the withered heath ;—  
Nor flaunting summer—when he throws  
His soul into the briar-rose ;  
Or calls the lily from her sleep ;  
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep :  
Nor autumn, when the viewless wren  
Is warbling near the Brownie's den.

Wild relique ! beauteous as the chosen spot  
In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot ;  
Whither by care of Libyan Jove  
(High servant of paternal love),  
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie  
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;  
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage,  
glowed,

Close crowding round the infant god,  
All colours, and the liveliest streak  
A foil to his celestial cheek !

COMPOSED AT CORRA LINN.

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

"How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the  
name  
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,  
All over his dear country : left the deeds  
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,  
To people the steep rocks and river banks,  
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
Of independence and stern liberty."—*M.S.*

LORD of the vale ! astounding flood !  
The dullest leaf in this thick wood  
Quakes—conscious of thy power ;  
The caves reply with hollow moan ;  
And vibrates to its central stone,  
Yon time-cemented tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !  
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
Beneficent as strong ;  
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep  
The little trembling flowers that peep  
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love  
To look on thee—delight to rove  
Where they thy voice can hear ;  
And, to the patriot warrior's shade,  
Lord of the vale ! to heroes laid  
In dust, that voice is dear !

Along thy banks, at dead of night  
Sweeps visibly the Wallace wight ;



Or stands in warlike vest,  
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,  
A champion worthy of the stream,  
Yon gray tower's living crest !

But clouds and envious darkness hide  
A form not doubtfully descried :—  
Their transient mission o'er,  
Oh, say to what blind region flee  
These shapes of awful phantasy ?  
To what untrodden shore ?

Less than divine command they spurn ;  
But this we from the mountains learn,  
And this the valleys show,  
That never will they deign to hold  
Communion where the heart is cold  
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain  
Shall walk the Marathonian plain ;  
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,  
That still invests the guardian pass  
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas,  
Devoted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail  
For such to glide with oar or sail  
Beneath the piny wood,  
Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,  
His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake  
Their thirst in tyrant's blood.

—◆—  
EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE  
BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD.

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the gardener desired us to look at the picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo ! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions ; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors from the ceiling and against the walls."—  
*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.*

WHAT he—who 'mid the kindred throng  
Of heroes that inspired his song,  
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,  
The stars dim-twinkling through their  
forms !

What ! Ossian here—a painted thrall,  
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall ;  
To serve, an unsuspected screen  
For show that must not yet be seen :  
And, when the moment comes, to part  
And vanish by mysterious art ;  
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,  
For ingress to a world of wonder ;  
A gay saloon, with waters dancing  
Upon the sight wherever glancing ;  
One loud cascade in front, and lo !  
A thousand like it, white as snow—  
Streams on the walls, and torrents foam  
As active round the hollow dome,  
Illusive cataracts ! of their terrors  
Not stript, nor voiceless in the mirrors,  
That catch the pageant from the flood  
Thundering adown a rocky wood !  
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy  
As ever made a maniac dizzy,  
When disenchanting from the mood  
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood !

O nature, in thy changeful visions,  
Through all thy most abrupt transitions,  
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime,  
Ever averse to pantomime,  
Thee neither do they know nor us  
Thy servants, who can trifle thus ;  
Else surely had the sober powers  
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars  
Exalted by congenial sway  
Of spirits, and the undying lay,  
And names that moulder not away,  
Awakened some redeeming thought  
More worthy of this favoured spot ;  
Recalled some feeling—to set free  
The bard from such indignity !

The effigies of a valiant wight\*  
I once beheld, a Templar knight ;  
Not prostrate, not like those that rest  
On tombs, with palms together pressed,  
But sculptured out of living stone,  
And standing upright and alone,  
Both hands with rival energy  
Employed in setting his sword free  
From its dull sheath—stern sentinel  
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell ;  
As if with memory of the affray  
Far distant, when, as legends say,  
The monks of Fountains thronged to  
force  
From its dear home the hermit's corse,

---

\* On the banks of the river Nid, near Knaresborough.

That in their keeping it might lie,  
To crown their abbey's sanctity.  
So had they rushed into the grot  
Of sense despised, a world forgot,  
And torn him from his loved retreat,  
Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat  
Still hint that quiet best is found,  
Even by the *living*, under ground ;  
But a bold knight, the selfish aim  
Defeating, put the monks to shame,  
There where you see his image stand  
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand  
Which lingering Nid is proud to show  
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,  
Our sires set forth their grateful praise ;  
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude !  
But, nursed in mountain solitude,  
Might some aspiring artist dare  
To seize what'er, through misty air,  
A ghost, by glimpses, may present  
Of imitable lineament,  
And give the phantom such array  
As less should scorn the abandoned clay ;  
Then let him hew, with patient stroke,  
An Ossian out of mural rock,  
And leave the figurative man  
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran !  
Fixed, liked the Templar of the steep,  
An everlasting watch to keep ;  
With local sanctities in trust ;  
More precious than a hermit's dust ;  
And virtues through the mass infused,  
Which old idolatry abused.

What though the granite would deny  
All fervour to the sightless eye ;  
And touch from rising suns in vain  
Solicit a Memnonian strain ;  
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,  
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp  
To utter melancholy moans  
Not unconnected with the tones  
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones ;  
While grove and river notes would lend,  
Less deeply sad, with these to blend !

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,  
For ever with yourselves at strife ;  
Through town and country both deranged  
By affectations interchanged,  
And all the perishable gauds  
That heaven-deserted man applauds ;  
When will your hapless patrons learn  
To watch and ponder—to discern  
The freshness, the eternal youth,  
Of admiration sprung from truth ;

From beauty infinitely growing  
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing ;  
To sound the depths of every art  
That seeks its wisdom through the heart ?

Thus (where the intrusive pile, ill-graced  
With baubles of theatric taste,  
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers  
On motley bands of alien flowers,  
In stiff confusion set or sown,  
Till nature cannot find her own,  
Or keep a remnant of the sod  
Which Caledonian heroes trod)  
I mused ; and, thirsting for redress,  
Recoiled into the wilderness.

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### YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this—Yarrow ? — *This* is the stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream ?  
An image that hath perished !  
Oh, 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 sighted.

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 enwreath 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,  
According to the measure.

The vapours 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 heightened joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

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## Poems on the Naming of Places.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

By persons resident in the country and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will

have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such incidents, or renew the gratification of such feelings, names have been given to places by the author and some of his friends, and the following poems written in consequence.

It was an April morning : fresh and clear.  
The rivulet, delighting in its strength,  
Ran with a young man's speed ; and yet  
the voice  
Of waters which the winter had supplied  
Was softened down into a vernal tone,  
'The spirit of enjoyment and desire,

And hopes and wishes, from all living  
things  
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.  
The budding groves appeared as if in haste  
To spur the steps of June ; as if their  
shades  
Of various green were hindrances that stood

Between them and their object : yet, mean-  
while,

There was such deep contentment in the air,  
That every naked ash and tardy tree  
Yet leafless, seemed as though the counte-  
nance

With which it looked on this delightful day  
Were native to the summer.—Up the brook  
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,  
Alive to all things and forgetting all.  
At length I to a sudden turning came

In this continuous glen, where down a rock  
The stream, so ardent in its course before,  
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all  
Which I till then had heard, appeared the  
voice [lamb,

Of common pleasure : beast and bird, the  
The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the  
thrush

Vied with this waterfall, and made a song  
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild  
growth

Or like some natural produce of the air,  
That could not cease to be. Green leaves  
were here ;

But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the birch,  
The yew, the holly, and the bright green  
thorn,

With hanging islands of resplendent furze :  
And on a summit, distant a short space,  
By any who should look beyond the dell,  
A single mountain cottage might be seen.  
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,  
"Our thoughts at least are ours ; and this  
wild nook,

My Emma, I will dedicate to thee."  
Soon did the spot become my other home,  
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.  
And, of the shepherds who have seen me  
there,

To whom I sometimes in our idle talk  
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,  
Years after we are gone and in our graves,  
When they have cause to speak of this wild  
place,

May call it by the name of Emma's Dell.

---

### 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 towards the sympathies of them  
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,  
And make dear friendships with the streams  
and groves.

Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,  
Dwelling retired in our simplicity  
Among the woods and fields, we love you  
well,

Joanna ! and I guess, since you have been  
So distant from us now for two long years,  
That you will gladly listen to discourse  
However trivial, if you thence are taught  
That they, with whom you once were  
happy, talk

Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days  
past,

Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop  
Their ancient neighbour, the old steeple  
tower,

The vicar from his gloomy house hard by  
Came forth to greet me ; and when he had  
asked, [maid

"How fares Joanna ; that wild-hearted  
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 betwixt malice and true love,  
I was not loth to be so catechised,  
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  
Which looks toward the east, I there stopped  
short,

And traced 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. [sleep,

The rock, like something starting from a  
Took up the lady's voice, and laughed  
again :

That ancient woman seated on Helm-Crag  
Was ready with her cavern : Hammer-Scar,  
And the tall steep of Silver-how, sent forth  
A noise of laughter ; southern Loughrigg  
heard, [tone :

And Fairfield answered with a mountain  
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
Carried the lady's voice, — old Skiddaw  
blew [clouds

His speaking trumpet ;—back out of the  
Of Glaramara southward came the voice :  
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.  
Now whether (said I to our cordial friend,  
Who in the hey-day of astonishment  
Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth  
A work accomplished by the brotherhood  
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched  
With dreams and visionary impulses  
To me alone imparted, sure I am

That there was a loud uproar in the hills :  
And, while we both were listening, to my  
side

The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished  
To shelter from some object of her fear.  
And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen  
moons

Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone  
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm  
And silent morning, I sat down, and there,  
In memory of affections, old and true,  
I chiselled out in those rude characters  
Joanna's name upon the living stone.  
And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side,  
Have called the lovely rock, Joanna's  
Rock.\*

THERE is an eminence,—of these our hills  
The last that parleys with the setting sun.  
We can behold it from our orchard-seat ;

\* In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are, without doubt, Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the river which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, falls into Wynander—On Helm-Crag, that impressive single mountain at

And when at evening we pursue our walk  
Along the public way, this cliff, so high  
Above us, and so distant in its height,  
Is visible ; and often seems to send  
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.  
The meteors make of it a favourite haunt :  
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large  
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair  
As when he shines above it. 'Tis in truth  
The loneliest place we have among the  
clouds. [loved  
And she who dwells with me, whom I have  
With such communion, that no place on  
Can ever be a solitude to me, [earth  
Hath to this lonely summit given my name.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and  
crag,

A rude and natural causeway, interposed  
Between the water and a winding slope  
Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern  
shore

Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy.  
And there, myself and two beloved friends,  
One calm September morning, ere the mist  
Had altogether yielded to the sun,  
Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.  
Ill suits the road with one in haste, but we  
Played with our time ; and, as we strolled  
It was our occupation to observe [along,  
Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore,  
Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered  
bough,

Each on the other heaped, along the line  
Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant  
mood,

Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft  
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,  
That skimmed the surface of the dead  
calm lake,

Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand !  
And starting off again with freak as  
sudden ;

In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,  
Making report of an invisible breeze  
That was its wings, its chariot, and its  
horse,

the head of the vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an old woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those fissures of caverns, which in the language of the country are called dungeons. Most of the mountains here mentioned immediately surround the vale of Grasmere ; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.



Its playmate, rather say its moving soul.  
And often, trifling with a privilege  
Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,  
And now the other, to point out, perchance

To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too  
Either to be divided from the place [fair  
On which it grew, or to be left alone  
To its own beauty. Many such there are,  
Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall  
fern,

So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named;  
Plant lovelier in its own retired abode  
On Grasmere's beach, than naiad by the  
side

Of Grecian brook, or lady of the mere,  
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance,  
So fared we that bright morning: from  
the fields, [mirth

Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy  
Of reapers, men and women, boys and  
girls.

Delighted much to listen to those sounds,  
And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced  
Along the indented shore; when suddenly,  
Through a thin veil of glittering haze was  
seen

Before us, on a point of jutting land,  
The tall and upright figure of a man  
Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,  
Angling beside the margin of the lake.  
Improvident and reckless, we exclaimed,  
The man must be, who thus can lose a  
day [hire

Of the mid-harvest, when the labourer's  
Is ample, and some little might be stored  
Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time.  
Thus talking of that peasant, we ap-  
proached

Close to the spot where with his rod and  
line [head

He stood alone; whereat he turned his  
To greet us—and we saw a man worn down  
By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken  
cheeks [lean

And wasted limbs, his legs so long and  
That for my single self I looked at them,  
Forgetful of the body they sustained.—  
Too weak to labour in the harvest field,  
The man was using his best skill to gain  
A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake  
That knew not of his wants. I will not say  
What thoughts immediately were ours, nor  
how

The happy idleness of that sweet morn,  
With all its lovely images, was changed  
To serious musing and to self-reproach.  
Nor did we fail to see within ourselves

What need there is to be reserved in  
speech,  
And temper all our thoughts with charity.  
Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,  
My friend, myself, and she who then  
received

The same admonishment, have called the  
place

By a memorial name, uncouth indeed  
As e'er by mariner was given to bay  
Or foreland, on a new-discovered coast;  
And Point Rash Judgment is the name it  
bears.

---

TO M. H.

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees;  
There was no road, nor any woodman's  
path;

But the thick umbrage, checking the wild  
growth

Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf  
Beneath the branches, of itself had made  
A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,  
And a small bed of water in the woods.  
All round this pool both flocks and herds  
might drink

On its firm margin, even as from a well,  
Or some stone-basin which the herdsman's  
hand [did sun,

Had shaped for their refreshment; nor  
Or wind from any quarter, ever come,  
But as a blessing, to this calm recess,

This glade of water and this one green  
field.

The spot was made by nature for herself,  
The travellers know it not, and 'twill  
remain

Unknown to them: but it is beautiful;  
And if a man should plant his cottage near,  
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its  
trees,

And blend its waters with his daily meal,  
He would so love it, that in his death hour  
Its image would survive among his thoughts;  
And therefore, my sweet Mary, this still  
nook, [you,

With all its beeches, we have named from

---

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy  
world,

Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen  
A habitation in this peaceful vale,  
Sharp season followed of continual storm  
In deepest winter; and, from week to week,

Pathway, and lane, and public road, were  
 clogged [hill  
 With frequent showers of snow. Upon a  
 At a short distance from my cottage stands  
 A stately fir-grove, whither I was wont  
 'To hasten, for I found beneath the roof  
 Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place  
 Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.  
 Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,  
 And, sometimes, on a speck of visible  
 earth, [loth  
 The redbreast near me hopped; nor was I  
 To sympathise with vulgar coppice birds  
 That, for protection from the nipping  
 blast,  
 Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree grew  
 Within this grove of firs; and, on the fork  
 Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's  
 nest;  
 A last year's nest, conspicuously built  
 At such small elevation from the ground  
 As gave sure sign that they, who in that  
 house  
 Of nature and of love had made their home  
 Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long  
 Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,  
 A few sheep, stragglers from some moun-  
 tain-flock,  
 Would watch my motions with suspicious  
 stare,  
 From the remotest outskirts of the grove,—  
 Some nook where they had made their  
 final stand,  
 Huddling together from two fears—the fear  
 Of me and of the storm. Full many  
 an hour  
 Here did I lose. But in this grove the  
 trees [thriven  
 Had been so thickly planted, and had  
 In such perplexed and intricate array,  
 That vainly did I seek, between their stems,  
 A length of open space, where to and fro  
 My feet might move without concern or  
 care.  
 And, baffled thus, before the storm relaxed,  
 I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and  
 prized,  
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm  
 recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial spring  
 returned [haunts  
 To clothe the fields with verdure. Other  
 Meanwhile were nune; till, one bright  
 April day,  
 By chance retiring from the glare of noon  
 To this forsaken covert, there I found  
 A noary pathway traced between the trees,

And winding on with such an easy line  
 Along a natural opening, that I stood  
 Much wondering how I could have sought  
 in vain  
 For what was now so obvious. To abide,  
 For an allotted interval of ease,  
 Beneath my cottage roof, had newly come  
 From the wild sea a cherished visitant;  
 And with the sight of this same path—  
 begun,  
 Begun and ended, in the shady grove,  
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind  
 That, to this opportune recess allured,  
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,  
 A heart more wakeful; and had worn the  
 track  
 By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
 In that habitual restlessness of foot [o'er  
 With which the sailor measures o'er and  
 His short domain upon the vessel's deck,  
 While she is travelling through the dreary  
 sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's  
 pleasant shore,  
 And taken thy first leave of those green  
 hills [youth,  
 And rocks that were the play-ground of thy  
 Year followed year, my brother! and wetwo,  
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould  
 Each other's minds were fashioned; and at  
 length,  
 When once again we met in Grasmere vale,  
 Between us there was little other bond  
 Than common feelings of fraternal love.  
 But thou, a school-boy, to the sea hadst  
 carried  
 Undying recollections: nature there  
 Was with thee; she, who loved us both,  
 she still [become  
 Was with thee; and even so didst thou  
 A *silent* poet; from the solitude [heart  
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful  
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
 And an eye practised like a blind man's  
 touch.  
 Back to the joyless ocean thou art gone;  
 Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours  
 Could I withhold thy honoured name, and  
 now  
 I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.  
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns  
 Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and  
 strong:  
 And there I sit at evening, when the steep  
 Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful  
 lake, [stems  
 And one green island, gleam between the

Of the dark firs, a visionary scene !  
 And, while I gaze upon the spectacle  
 Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like  
 sight  
 Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,  
 My brother, and on all which thou hast  
 lost.  
 Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while thou,  
 Muttering the verses which I muttered first  
 Among the mountains, through the mid-  
 night watch  
 Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck  
 In some far region, here, while o'er my  
 head,  
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,

The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like  
 sound,  
 Alone I tread this path ;—for aught I know,  
 Timing my steps to thine ; and, with a store  
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,  
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day  
 When we, and others whom we love, shall  
 meet  
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy vale.

*Note.*—This wish was not granted; the  
 lamented person, not long after, perished by  
 shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as com-  
 mander of the Honourable East India Company's  
 vessel, the *Earl of Abergavenny*.

## Inscriptions.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE  
 SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT,  
 BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and the  
 pine,  
 Will not unwillingly their place resign ;  
 If but the cedar thrive that near them  
 stands,  
 Planted by Beaumont's and by Words-  
 worth's hands.

One wooed the silent art with studious  
 pains,—  
 These groves have heard the other's pen-  
 sive strains ;

Devoted thus, their spirits did unite  
 By interchange of knowledge and delight.  
 May nature's kindest powers sustain the  
 And love protect it from all injury ! [tree,  
 And when its potent branches, wide out-  
 thrown,

Darken the brow of this memorial stone,  
 Here may some painter sit in future days,  
 Some future poet meditate his lays ;  
 Not mindless of that distant age renowned  
 When inspiration hovered o'er this ground,  
 The haunt of him who sang how spear and  
 shield

In civil conflict met on Bosworth field ;  
 And of that famous youth, full soon removed  
 From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self  
 approved,

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved.

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

OFT is the medal faithful to its trust  
 When temples, columns, towers are laid in  
 dust ;

And 'tis a common ordinance of fate  
 That things obscure and small outlive the  
 great :

Hence, when yon mansion and the flowery  
 trim

Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,  
 And all its stately trees are passed away,  
 This little niche, unconscious of decay,  
 Perchance may still survive.—And be it  
 known

That it was scooped within the living  
 stone,—

Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains  
 Of labourer plodding for his daily gains ;  
 But by an industry that wrought in love,  
 With help from female hands, that proudly  
 strove [and bowers

To aid the work, what time these walks  
 Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely  
 hours.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR  
 GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND IN  
 HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY  
 HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A  
 NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE  
 SAME GROUNDS.

YE lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed  
 urn, [return ;  
 Shoot forth with lively power at spring's

And be not slow a stately growth to rear  
Of pillars, branching off from year to year,  
Till they have learned to frame a darksome  
aisle ;—

That may recall to mind that awful pile  
Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest  
dead,

In the last sanctity of fame is laid,  
There, though by night the excelling  
painter sleep

Where death and glory a joint Sabbath  
Yet not the less his spirit would hold dear  
Self-hidden praise, and friendship's private  
tear :

Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I  
Raised this frail tribute to his memory,  
From youth a zealous follower of the art  
That he professed, attached to him in  
heart:

Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride  
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds  
died.

---

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF  
COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy  
bound, [ground,  
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest  
Stand yet, but, stranger! hidden from thy  
view,

The ivied ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu ;  
E'rst a religious house, which day and night  
With hymns resounded, and the chanted  
rite :

And when those rites had ceased, the spot  
gave birth

To honourable men of various worth :  
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,  
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager  
child;

There, under shadow of the neighbouring  
rocks, [flocks;

Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their  
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,  
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy  
dreams

Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,  
With which his genius shook the buskined  
stage.

Communities are lost, and empires die,  
And things of holy use unhallowed lie ;  
They perish ;—but the intellect can raise,  
From airy words alone, a pile that ne'er  
decays.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE  
IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN  
OUT-HOUSE) ON THE ISLAND AT  
GRASMERE.

RUDE is this edifice, and thou hast seen  
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained  
Proportions more harmonious, and ap-  
proached

To somewhat of a closer fellowship  
With the ideal grace. Yet, as it is,  
Do take it in good part :—alas! the poor  
Vitruvius of our village had no help  
From the great city ; never, on the leaves  
Of red morocco folio saw displayed  
The skeletons and pre-existing ghosts  
Of beauties yet unborn, the rustic box,  
Snug cot, with coach-house, shed, and  
hermitage.

Thou see'st a homely pile, yet to these walls  
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and  
here [the wind.

The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from  
And hither does one poet sometimes row  
His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-piled  
With plenteous store of heath and withered  
fern,

(A lading which he with his sickle cuts  
Among the mountains) and beneath this roof  
He makes his summer couch, and here at  
noon [the sheep,

Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn,  
Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,  
Lie round him, even as if they were a part  
Of his own household ; nor, while from his  
bed [lake

Hethrough that door-place looks toward the  
And to the stirring breezes, does he want  
Creations lovely as the work of sleep—  
Fair sights and visions of romantic joy!

---

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL ON A  
STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUN-  
TAIN OF BLACK COMB.

STAY, bold adventurer ; rest a while thy  
limbs [mains

On this commodious seat! for much re-  
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top  
Of this huge eminence,—from blackness  
named,

And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,  
A favourite spot of tournament and war!  
But thee may no such boisterous visitants  
Molest ; may gentle breezes fan thy brow ;  
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air  
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,  
From centre to circumference, unveiled!



Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,  
That on the summit whither thou art bound,  
A geographic labourer pitched his tent,  
With books supplied and instruments of art,  
To measure height and distance; lonely task,  
Week after week pursued!—To him was  
given

Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed  
On timid man) of nature's processes  
Upon the exalted hills. He made report  
That once, while there he plied his studious  
work

Within that canvas dwelling, suddenly  
The many-coloured map before his eyes  
Became invisible: for all around  
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, un-  
proclaimed—

As if the golden day itself had been  
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,  
In which he sat alone, with unclosed eyes,  
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL UPON  
A STONE, THE LARGEST OF A HEAP  
LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY,  
UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT  
RYDAL.

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen  
stones

Is not a ruin of the ancient time, [cairn  
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the  
Of some old British chief: tis nothing more  
Than the rude embryo of a little dome  
Or pleasure-house, once destined to be built  
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.  
But, as it chanced, Sir William having  
learned [might wade,

That from the shore a full-grown man  
And make himself a freeman of this spot  
At any hour he chose, the knight forthwith  
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound  
Are monuments of his unfinished task.

The block on which these lines are traced,  
perhaps,

Was once selected as the corner-stone  
Of the intended pile, which would have been  
Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate  
skill,

So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,  
And other little builders who dwell here,  
Had wondered at the work. But blame  
him not,

For old Sir William was a gentle knight  
Bred in this vale, to which he appertained  
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,  
And for the outrage which he had devised

Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art one  
On fire with thy impatience to become  
An inmate of these mountains,—if, dis-  
turbed

By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn  
Out of the quiet rock the elements  
Of thy trim mansion destined soon to blaze  
In snow-white splendour,—think again,  
and, taught

By old Sir William and his quarry, leave  
Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose;  
There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,  
And let the redbreast hop from stone to  
stone.

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND  
IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL.

HOPES what are they?—Beads of morning  
Strung on slender blades of grass;  
Or a spider's web adorning  
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy?  
Whispering harm where harm is not;  
And deluding the unwary  
Till the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory?—in the socket  
See how dying tapers fare!  
What is pride?—a whizzing rocket  
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,  
Nor the vows which she has made;  
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected;  
Duty?—an unwelcome clog;  
Joy?—a moon by fits reflected  
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,  
To the traveller's eye it shone:  
He hath hailed it re-appearing—  
And as quickly it is gone;

Gone, as if for ever hidden;  
Or mis-shapen to the sight,  
And by sullen weeds forbidden  
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing willow,  
(Winds behind, and rocks before!)  
Age?—a drooping, tottering willow  
On a flat and lazy shore.



What is peace?—when pain is over,  
And love ceases to rebel,  
Let the last faint sigh discover  
That precedes the passing knell!

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

PAUSE, traveller! whosoe'er thou be  
Whom chance may lead to this retreat  
Where silence yields reluctantly  
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,  
And fear not lest an idle sound  
Of words unsuited to the place  
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this rock, while vernal air  
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,  
Uphold a monument as fair  
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,  
Like marble white, like ether pure;  
As if beneath some hero lay,  
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;  
And, ever as the sun shone forth,  
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,  
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous pile  
Unsound as those which fortune builds;  
'To undermine with secret guile,  
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock  
Fell the whole fabric to the ground;  
And naked left this dripping rock,  
With shapeless ruin spread around!

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!

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

TROUBLED long with warring notions,  
Long impatient of thy rod,  
I resign my soul's emotions  
Unto thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter  
Yielded by this craggy rent,  
If my spirit toss and welter  
On the waves of discontent?

Parching summer hath no warrant  
To consume this crystal well;  
Rains that make each rill a torrent,  
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,  
Would my life present to thee,  
Gracious God, the pure oblation,  
Of divine tranquillity!

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;  
Not seldom evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,  
To the confiding bark, untrue;  
And, if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,  
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,  
Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;  
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

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

STRANGER! this shapeless heap of stones  
and earth

Is the last relic of St. Herbert's cell.  
Here stood his threshold; here was spread  
the roof

That sheltered him, a self-secluded man,  
After long exercise in social cares  
And offices humane, intent to adore  
The Deity, with undistracted mind,  
And meditate on everlasting things,  
In utter solitude.—But he had left  
A fellow-labourer, whom the good man  
loved [upraised  
As his own soul. And, when with eye

To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,  
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore  
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced  
Along the beach of this small isle and  
thought  
Of his companion, he would pray that both  
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)

Might die in the same moment. Nor in  
vain  
So prayed he:—as our chronicles report,  
Though here the hermit numbered his last  
day,  
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved friend,  
Those holy men both died in the same  
hour.

## Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty.

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

FAIR star of evening, splendour of the  
west,  
On England's bosom!—on the horizon's  
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to  
sink  
On England's bosom: yet well pleased to  
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest  
Conspicuous to the nations. Thou, I  
think,  
Shouldst be my country's emblem; and  
Bright star! with laughter on her banners,  
drest  
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky  
Beneath thee, it is England; there it lies.  
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one  
lot,  
One life, one glory! I with many a fear  
For my dear country, many heartfelt sighs,  
Among men who do not love her, linger  
here.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,  
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?  
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low  
degree,  
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame,  
Post forward all, like creatures of one  
kind,  
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend  
In France, before the new-born majesty.  
'Tis even thus. Ye men of prostrate mind!  
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;  
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown  
In haste, nor springing with a transient  
shower:  
When truth, when sense, when liberty were

What hardship had it been to wait an  
hour?  
Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery  
[prone!

TO A FRIEND. COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS,  
ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDES,  
AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES! while from Calais southward you  
and I  
Urged our accordant steps, this public  
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous  
day,\*  
When faith was pledged to new-born  
A homeless sound of joy was in the sky;  
The antiquated earth, as one might say,  
Beat like the heart of man: songs, gar-  
lands, play,  
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!  
And now, sole register that these things were,  
Two solitary greetings have I heard,  
"Good morrow, citizen!" a hollow word,  
As if a dead man spake it! Yet despair  
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird  
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Bonaparté, with a vain  
And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires  
To genuine greatness but from just desires,  
And knowledge such as *he* could never  
gain?  
'Tis not in battles that from youth we  
The governor who must be wise and good,  
And temper with the sternness of the brain  
Thoughts motherly, and meek as woman-  
hood.  
Wisdom doth live with children round her  
[knees:

\* 14th July, 1790.—[The day on which the  
unfortunate Louis XVI. took the oath of fidelity  
to the new constitution.]

Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the  
 talk  
 Man holds with week-day man in the hourly  
 Of the mind's business: these are the  
 degrees  
 By which true sway doth mount; this is  
 True power doth grow on; and her rights  
 are these.

—  
 CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names:  
 This is young Bonaparté's natal day,  
 And his is henceforth an established sway,  
 Consul for life. With worship France  
 proclaims  
 Her approbation, and with pomps and  
 Heaven grant that other cities may be gay!  
 Calais is not: and I have bent my way  
 To the sea-coast, noting that each man  
 frames  
 His business as he likes. Far other show  
 My youth here witnessed, in a prouder  
 time;  
 The senselessness of joy was then sublime!  
 Happy is he, who, caring not for pope,  
 Consul, or king, can sound himself to know  
 The destiny of man, and live in hope.

—  
 ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN  
 REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in  
 fee;  
 And was the safeguard of the West: the  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
 Venice, the eldest child of liberty.  
 She was a maiden city, bright and free;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
 And when she took unto herself a mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting sea!  
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reached its final  
 day:  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even  
 Of that which once was great, is passed  
 away.

—  
 THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE voice of song from distant lands shall  
 call  
 To that great king; shall hail the crowned  
 Who, taking counsel of unbending truth,  
 By one example hath set forth to all  
 How they with dignity may stand; or fall;

If fall they must. Now, whither doth it  
 tend?  
 And what to him and his shall be the end?  
 That thought is one which neither can appal  
 Nor cheer him: for the illustrious Swede  
 hath done  
 The thing which ought to be: he stands  
 All consequences; work he hath begun  
 Of fortitude, and piety, and love,  
 Which all his glorious ancestors approve:  
 The heroes bless him, him their rightful son.

—  
 TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!  
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless  
 den;  
 O miserable chieftain! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not! do  
 thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left  
 behind  
 Powers that will work for thee, air, earth,  
 There's not a breathing of the common  
 wind  
 That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

—  
 SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that dis-  
 graced these times, was the chasing of all  
 negroes from France by decree of the govern-  
 ment: we had a fellow-passenger who was  
 one of the expelled.  
 DRIVEN from the soil of France, a female  
 came  
 From Calais with us, brilliant in array,  
 A negro woman like a lady gay,  
 Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;  
 Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim  
 She sate, from notice turning not away,  
 But on all proffered intercourse did lay  
 A weight of languid speech,—or at the  
 same  
 Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.  
 Meanwhile those eyes retained their tropic  
 fire,  
 Which, burning independent of the mind,  
 Joined with the lustre of her rich attire  
 To mock the outcast—O ye heavens be  
 kind!  
 And feel, thou earth, for this afflicted race!

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY, NEAR DOVER,  
ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil we breathe once  
more. [that sound  
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls,  
Of bells,—those boys who in yon meadow-  
ground [the roar  
In white-sleeved shirts are playing,—and  
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore,  
All, all are English. Oft have I looked  
round [found  
With joy in Kent's green vales; but never  
Myself so satisfied in heart before.  
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,  
Thought for another moment. Thou art  
free,  
My country! and 'tis joy enough and pride  
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the  
grass  
Of England once again, and hear and see,  
With such a dear companion at my side.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;  
And saw, while sea was calm and air was  
clear, [how near!  
The coast of France, the coast of France  
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.  
I shrunk, for verily the barrier food  
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,  
A span of waters; yet what power is there!  
What mightiness for evil and for good!  
Even so doth God protect us if we be  
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and  
waters roll,  
Strength to the brave, and power, and deity,  
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree  
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul  
Only the nations shall be great and free!

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGA-  
TION OF SWITZERLAND.

TWO voices are there; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty  
voice  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, liberty!  
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly  
striven. [driven,  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;

Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which still  
is left; [it be  
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would  
That mountain floods should thunder as  
before,  
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must  
look  
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman,  
cook, [brook  
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
The wealthiest man among us is the best;  
No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry; and these we adore;  
Plain living and high thinking are no more;  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence  
And pure religion breathing household laws

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this  
hour:  
England hath need of thee; she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like  
the sea;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

GREAT men have been among us; hands  
that penned [none:  
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better  
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
Young Vane, and others who called Milton  
friend.  
These moralists could act and comprehend;  
They knew how genuine glory was put on;  
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone



In splendour: what strength was, that  
 would not bend [ 'tis strange,  
 But in magnanimous meekness. France,  
 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!

It is not to be thought of that the flood  
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters un-  
 withstood,"  
 Roused though it be full often to a mood  
 Which spurns the cheek of salutary bands,  
 That this most famous stream in bogs and  
 sands  
 Should perish; and to evil and to good  
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
 Armoury of the invincible knights of old:  
 We must be free or die, who speak the  
 tongue [morals hold  
 That Shakspeare spake: the faith and  
 Which Milton held. In everything we  
 are sprung  
 Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has  
 tamed [depart  
 Great nations, how ennobling thoughts  
 When men change swords for ledgers, and  
 desert [unnamed  
 The student's bower for gold, some fears  
 I had, my country!—am I to be blamed?  
 But when I think of thee, and what thou  
 art,  
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
 But dearly must we prize thee; we who  
 find  
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;  
 And I by my affection was beguiled.  
 What wonder if a poet now and then,  
 Among the many movements of his mind,  
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child?

OCTOBER, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural miseries  
 Had blasted France, and made of it a land  
 Unfit for men, and that in one great band  
 Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at  
 ease.  
 But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze

Shed gentle favours; rural works are there  
 And ordinary business without care;  
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe and  
 please! [dearth  
 How piteous then that there should be such  
 Of knowledge; that whole myriads should  
 unite [despite:  
 To work against themselves such fell  
 Should come in frenzy and in drunken  
 mirth,  
 Impatient to put out the only light  
 Of liberty that yet remains on earth!

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to  
 bear [and wall,  
 Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor,  
 Pent in, a tyrant's solitary thrall;  
 'Tis his who walks about in the open air  
 One of a nation who, henceforth, must wear  
 Their fetters in their souls. For who could  
 be,  
 Who, even the best, in such condition, free  
 From self-reproach, reproach which he  
 must share  
 With human nature? Never be it ours  
 To see the sun how brightly it will shine,  
 And know that noble feelings, manly  
 powers, [and pine,  
 Instead of gathering strength, must droop  
 And earth with all her pleasant fruits and  
 flowers  
 Fade, and participate in man's decline.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times touch moneyed worldlings  
 with dismay: [fair  
 Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the  
 With words of apprehension and despair:  
 While tens of thousands, thinking on the  
 affray,  
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day  
 And minds not stinted or untilled are given,  
 Sound, healthy children of the God of  
 heaven,  
 Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.  
 What do we gather hence but firmer faith  
 That every gift of noble origin [breath?  
 Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual  
 That virtue and the faculties within  
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin  
 To fear, to change, to cowardice and  
 death!

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou  
 shouldst wean  
 Thy heart from its emasculating food;



The truth should now be better understood ;  
 Old things have been unsettled ; we have  
 seen [been  
 Fair seedtime, better harvest might have  
 But for thy trespasses ; and at this day,  
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,  
 Aught good were destined, thou wouldst  
 step between.

England ! all nations in this charge agree :  
 But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,  
 Far, far more abject is thine enemy :  
 Therefore the wise pray for thee, though  
 the freight  
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight :  
 Oh, grief ! that earth's best hopes rest all  
 with thee !

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present face of  
 things,

I see one man, of men the meanest too !  
 Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,  
 With mighty nations for his underlings,  
 The great events with which old story rings  
 Seem vain and hollow ; I find nothing great ;  
 Nothing is left which I can venerate ;  
 So that almost a doubt within me springs  
 Of Providence, such emptiness at length  
 Seems at the heart of all things. But, great  
 God !

I measure back the steps which I have trod ;  
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the  
 strength [sublime  
 Of such poor instruments, with thoughts  
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.

VANGUARD of liberty, ye men of Kent,  
 Ye children of a soil that doth advance  
 Her haughty brow against the coast of  
 France,

Now is the time to prove your hardiment !  
 To France be words of invitation sent !  
 They from their fields can see the coun-  
 tenance [lance,  
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering  
 And hear you shouting forth your brave  
 intent.

Left single, in bold parley, ye of yore,  
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;  
 Confirmed the charters that were yours  
 before ;— [breath ;  
 No parleying now ! In Britain is one  
 We all are with you now from shore to  
 shore :

Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

SHOUT, for a mighty victory is won !  
 On British ground the invaders are laid low :  
 The breath of Heaven has drifted them  
 like snow,  
 And left them lying in the silent sun,  
 Never to rise again ! the work is done.  
 Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful  
 show,  
 And greet your sons ! drums beat and trum-  
 pets blow !  
 Make merry, wives ! ye little children, stun  
 Your grandames' ears with pleasure of your  
 noise ! [must be  
 Clap, infants, clap your hands ! Divine  
 That triumph, when the very worst, the  
 pain, [slain,  
 And even the prospect of our brethren  
 Had something in it which the heart  
 enjoys :—  
 In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year !—another deadly blow !  
 Another mighty empire overthrown !  
 And we are left, or shall be left, alone ;  
 The last that dare to struggle with the foe,  
 'Tis well ! from this day forward we shall  
 know  
 That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;  
 That by our own right hands it must be  
 wrought, [low.  
 That we must stand unpropped, or be laid  
 O dastard whom such foretaste doth not  
 cheer !  
 We shall exult, if they who rule the land  
 Be men who hold its many blessings dear,  
 Wise, upright, valiant ; not a servile band,  
 Who are to judge of danger which they  
 fear,  
 And honour which they do not understand.

ODE.

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,  
 And binds her temples with the civic  
 wreath ?  
 What joy to read the promise of her mien !  
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings  
 beneath !  
 But they are ever playing,  
 And twinkling in the light,  
 And if a breeze be straying,  
 That breeze she will invite ;  
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,  
 And calls a look of love into her face,

And spreads her arms—as if the general  
 air  
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.  
 Melt, principalities, before her melt !  
 Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt ;  
 But she through many a change of form  
 hath gone, [creature,  
 And stands amidst you now, an armèd  
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,  
 But the live scales of a portentous nature ;  
 That, having wrought its way from birth to  
 birth, [to the earth !  
 Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror

I marked the breathings of her dragon  
 crest ;  
 My soul, a sorrowful interpreter,  
 In many a midnight vision bowed  
 Before the ominous aspect of her spear ;  
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,  
 Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at  
 rest,  
 Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,  
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud  
 Across the setting sun, and through the  
 fiery west.

So did she daunt the earth, and God defy !  
 And, wheresoe' ershespread hersovereignty,  
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure.  
 Have we not known—and live we not to  
 tell—  
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell ?  
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast  
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure !  
 And Hope was maddened by the drops  
 that fell [lived rest :  
 From shades, her chosen place of short-  
 Shame followed shame—and woe supplanted  
 woe—  
 Is this the only change that time can show ?  
 How long shall vengeance sleep ? Ye  
 patient heavens, how long ?  
 Infirm ejaculation ! from the tongue  
 Of nations wanting virtue to be strong  
 Up to the measure of accorded might,  
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right.

Weak spirits are there—who would ask,  
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,  
 The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing ;  
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade,  
 Among the lurking powers  
 Of herbs and lowly flowers,  
 Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid ;  
 That man may be accomplished for a task  
 Which his own nature hath enjoined—and  
 why ?

If, when that interference hath relieved him,  
 He must sink down to languish  
 In worse than former helplessness—and lie  
 Till the caves roar,—and, imbecility  
 Again engendering anguish,  
 The same weak wish returns, that had  
 before deceived him.

But Thou, Supreme Disposer ! mayst not  
 speed  
 The course of things, and change the creed,  
 Which hath been held aloft before men's  
 sight  
 Since the first framing of societies,  
 Whether, as bards have told in ancient  
 song,  
 Built up by soft seducing harmonies ;  
 Or prest together by the appetite,  
 And by the power, of wrong !

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT  
 HISTORY.

A ROMAN master stands on Grecian  
 ground, [games  
 And to the concourse of the Isthmian  
 He, by his herald's voice, aloud proclaims  
 The liberty of Greece !—the words rebound  
 Until all voices in one voice are drowned ;  
 Glad acclamation by which air was rent !  
 And birds, high flying in the element,  
 Dropped to the earth, astonished at the  
 sound !  
 A melancholy echo of that noise  
 Doth sometimes hang on musing fancy's  
 ear : [dear ;  
 Ah ! that a conqueror's word should be so  
 Ah ! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous  
 joys !  
 A gift of that which is not to be given  
 By all the blended powers of earth and  
 heaven.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of  
 morn  
 The tidings passed of servitude repealed,  
 And of that joy which shook the Isthmian  
 field,  
 The rough Ætoliens smiled with bitter scorn.  
 " 'Tis known," cried they, " that he, who  
 would adorn  
 His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,  
 Must either win, through effort of his own,  
 The prize, or be content to see it worn

By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,  
Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon!  
Your feeble spirits. Greece her head hath  
bowed,  
As if the wreath of liberty thereon  
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,  
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's  
top."

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL  
PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE  
ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE,  
MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to  
climb: [thee  
How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by  
Is known,—by none, perhaps, so feelingly;  
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent  
prime,  
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,  
Hast heard the constant voice its charge  
repeat, [seat,  
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular  
First roused thee.—Oh, true yoke-fellow of  
Time  
With unabating effort, see, the palm  
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!  
The bloody writing is for ever torn,  
And thou henceforth shalt have a good  
man's calm,  
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find  
Repose at length, firm friend of human  
kind!

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from  
you! [found,  
Thus in your books the record shall be  
"A watchword was pronounced, a potent  
sound, [dew  
ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked like  
Stirred by the breeze—they rose a nation,  
true,  
True to herself—the mighty Germany,  
She of the Danube and the Northern sea,  
She rose, and off at once the yoke she  
threw. [trance;  
All power was given her in the dreadful  
Those new-born kings she withered like a  
flame." [shame  
Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and  
To that Bavarian who did first advance  
His banner in accursed league with France,  
First open traitor to a sacred name!

CLOUDS, ungering yet, extend in solid bars  
Through the gray west; and lo! these  
waters, steeled

By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield  
A vivid repetition of the stars;  
Jove—Venus—and the ruddy crest of Mars,  
Amid his fellows beautifully revealed  
At vast distance from earth's groaning  
field,

Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.  
Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere  
Opening to view the abyss in which it feeds  
Its own calm fires?—But list! a voice is  
near; [the reeds,  
Great Pan himself low-whispering through  
"Be thankful, thou; for if unholy deeds  
Ravage the world, tranquility is here!"

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes  
The genuine mien and character would  
trace

Of the rash spirit that still holds her place,  
Prompting the world's audacious vanities!  
See, at her call, the Tower of Babel rise  
The Pyramid extend its monstrous base  
For some aspirant of our short-lived race  
Anxious an airy name to immortalize.  
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute  
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,  
See the first mighty hunter leave the brute  
To chase mankind, with men in armies  
packed

For his field-pastime, high and absolute,  
While, to dislodge his game, cities are  
sacked!

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS  
ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT  
OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION  
OF CINTRA, 1808.

NOT 'mid the world's vain objects! that  
enslave [vaunted skill  
The free-born soul,—that world whose  
In selfish interest perverts the will,  
Whose factions lead astray the wise and  
brave;  
Not there! but in dark wood and rocky cave,  
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill  
With omnipresent murmur as they rave  
Down their steep beds, that never shall be  
still:  
Here, mighty nature! in this school sublime  
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering  
Spain:  
For her consult the auguries of time,

And through the human heart explore my  
way, [may,  
And look and listen—gathering, whence I  
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can  
restrain.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON  
THE SAME OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen :—and listened to the  
wind

That sang of trees up-torn and vessels tost ;  
A midnight harmony, and wholly lost  
To the general sense of men by chains con-  
fined

Of business, care, or pleasure,—or resigned  
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impas-  
sioned strain,

Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,  
Like acceptance from the world will find.  
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink  
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past,  
And to the attendant promise will give  
heed—

The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,  
Which, while it makes the heart with sad-  
ness shrink, [ceed.

Tells also of bright calms that shall suc-

HOFFER.

OF mortal parents is the hero born  
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?  
Or is it Tell's great spirit, from the dead  
Returned to animate an age forlorn ?  
He comes like Phœbus through the gates  
of morn

When dreary darkness is discomfited :  
Yet mark his modest state ! upon his head,  
That simple crest, a heron's plume is worn.  
O liberty ! they stagger at the shock ;  
The murderers are aghast ; they strive to  
flee, [rock

And half their host is buried :—rock on  
Descends :—beneath this godlike warrior,  
see !

Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemoek  
The tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean  
ground, [tamed,

Dear liberty ! stern nymph of soul un-  
Sweet nymph, oh, rightly of the mountains  
named [to mound

Through the long chain of Alps from mound  
And o'er the eternal snows, like echo,  
bound,—

Like echo, when the hunter-train at dawn  
Have roused her from her sleep : and  
forest-lawn, [resound  
Cliffs, woods, and caves her viewless steps  
And babble of her pastime !—On, dread  
power !

With such invisible motion speed thy flight,  
Through hanging clouds, from craggy  
height to height, [herdsman's bower,  
Through the green vales and through the  
That all the Alps may gladden in thy  
might,

Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE land we from our fathers had in trust,  
And to our children will transmit, or die :  
This is our maxim, this our piety ;  
And God and nature say that it is just.  
That which we *would* perform in arms—we  
must !

We read the dictate in the infant's eye ;  
In the wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;  
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust  
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud  
Old songs, the precious music of the heart !  
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the  
wind !

While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,  
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert  
Our virtue and to vindicate mankind.

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 [say,  
Shall blush ; and may not we with sorrow  
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 ?

AND is it among rude untutored dales,  
There, and there only, that the heart is  
true ?

And, rising to repel or to subdue,  
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails ?



Ah, no! though nature's dread protection  
 fails,  
 There is a bulwark in the *soul*. This knew  
 Iberian burghers when the sword they drew  
 In Zaragoza, naked to the gales  
 Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt  
 By Palafox, and man, a brave compeer,  
 Like him of noble birth and noble mind ;  
 By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear ;  
 And wanderers of the street, to whom is  
 dealt  
 The bread which without industry they find.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on  
 plain,  
 Dwells in the affections and the soul of man  
 A godhead, like the universal Pan,  
 But more exalted, with a brighter train.  
 And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,  
 Showered equally on city and on field,  
 And neither hope nor steadfast promise  
 yield  
 In these usurping times of fear and pain ?  
 Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it  
 Heaven ! [laws  
 We know the arduous strife, the eternal  
 To which the triumph of all good is given,  
 High sacrifice, and labour without pause,  
 Even to the death :—else wherefore should  
 the eye  
 Of man converse with immortality ?

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE  
 TYROLESE.

It was a *moral* end for which they fought ;  
 Else how, when mighty thrones were put  
 to shame, [an aim,  
 Could they, poor shepherds, have preserved  
 A resolution, or enlivening thought ?  
 Nor hath that moral good been *vainly*  
 sought ;  
 For in their magnanimity and fame  
 Powers have they left, an impulse and a  
 claim [bought.  
 Which neither can be overturned nor  
 Sleep, warriors, sleep! among your hills  
 repose !  
 We know that ye, beneath the stern control  
 Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished  
 soul.  
 And, when, impatient of her guilt and woes,  
 Europe breaks forth ; then, shepherds !  
 shall ye rise  
 For perfect triumph o'er your enemies.

HAIL, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye  
 We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,  
 Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold ;  
 Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.  
 These desolate remains are trophies high  
 Of more than martial courage in the breast  
 Of peaceful civic virtue : they attest  
 Thy matchless worth to all posterity.  
 Blood flowed before thy sight without re-  
 morse ; [heaved  
 Disease consumed thy vitals ; war up-  
 The ground beneath thee with volcanic  
 force ;  
 Dread trials ! yet encountered and sustained  
 Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,  
 And law was from *necessity* received.

SAY, what is honour?—'Tis the finest sense  
 Of *justice* which the human mind can  
 frame,  
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
 And guard the way of life from all offence  
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence  
 A kingdom doth assault, and in the scale  
 Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,  
 Honour is hopeful elevation—whence  
 Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill  
 Endangered states may yield to terms un-  
 just,  
 Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the  
 dust,—  
 A foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil :  
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
 Are forfeited ; but infamy doth kill.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,  
 An empty noise of death the battle's roar,  
 If vital hope be wanting to restore,  
 Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,  
 Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a  
 strain [bore  
 Of triumph, how the labouring Danube  
 A weight of hostile corses : drenched with  
 gore  
 Were the wide fields, the Hamlets heaped  
 with slain.  
 Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,  
 Austria a daughter of her throne hath sold !  
 And her Tyrolean champion we behold  
 Murdered like one ashore by shipwreck  
 cast, [bold,  
 Murdered without relief. Oh ! blind as  
 To think that such assurance can stand  
 fast !



BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take thy  
flight, [rest  
From Prussia's timid region. Go, and  
With heroes 'mid the islands of the blest,  
Or in the fields of empyrean light.  
A meteor wert thou in a darksome night ;  
Yet shall thy name conspicuous and sub-  
lime,

Stand in the spacious firmament of time,  
Fixed as a star : such glory is thy right.  
Alas ! it may not be : for earthly fame  
Is fortune's frail dependent ; yet there lives  
A judge, who, as man claims by merit,  
gives ;  
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,  
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed :  
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,  
Who never did to fortune bend the knee ;  
Who slighted fear, rejected steadfastly  
Temptation ; and whose kingly name and  
state

Have " perished by his choice, and not his  
fate !"

Hence lives he, to his inner self endeared ;  
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,  
He sits a more exalted potentate,  
Throned in the hearts of men. Should  
Heaven ordain

That this great servant of a righteous cause  
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to  
endure,

Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,  
Admonished by these truths, and quench  
all pain

In thankful joy and gratulation pure.

LOOK now on that adventurer who hath  
paid

His vows to fortune ; who, in cruel slight  
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,  
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made  
By the blind goddess ;—ruthless, undis-  
mayed ;

And so hath gained at length a prospe-  
rous height

Round which the elements of worldly might  
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are  
laid !

Oh, joyless power that stands by lawless  
Curses are his dire portion, scorn and  
hate,

Internal darkness and unquiet breath ;  
And, if old judgments keep their sacred  
course, [cipitate  
Him from that height shall Heaven pre-  
By violent and ignominious death.

Is there a power that can sustain and  
cheer

The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom,  
Forced to descend alive into his tomb,  
A dungeon dark ! where he must waste the  
year, [dear ;  
And lie cut off from all his heart holds  
What time his injured country is a stage  
Whereon deliberate valour and the rage  
Of righteous vengeance side by side appear,  
Filling from morn to night the heroic  
scene

With deeds of hope and everlasting praise :  
Say can he think of this with mind serene  
And silent fetters ? Yes, if visions bright  
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days  
When he himself was tried in open light.

## 1810.

AH ! where is Palafox ? Nor tongue nor  
pen

Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave !  
Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the  
wave ?

Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken  
Of pitying human nature ? Once again  
Methinks that we shall hail thee, champion  
brave,

Redeemed to baffle that imperial slave,  
And through all Europe cheer desponding  
men [might

With new-born hope. Unbounded is the  
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.

Hark, how thy country triumphs !—Smil-  
ingly [gleams,

The eternal looks upon her sword that  
Like his own lightning, over mountains,  
high, [streams.

On rampart, and the banks of all her

IN due observance of an ancient rite,  
The rude Biscayans, when their children  
lie

Dead in the sinless time of infancy,  
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white ;  
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph  
bright,

They bind the unoffending creature's brows  
With happy garlands of the pure white  
rose ;

This done, a festal company unite  
In choral song ; and, while the uplifted  
cross

Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne  
Uncovered to his grave. Her piteous loss  
The lonesome mother cannot choose but  
mourn ;

Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,  
And joy attends upon her fortitude.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT  
ONE OF THESE FUNERALS. 1810.

YET, yet, Biscayans ! we must meet our  
foes

With firmer soul, yet labour to regain  
Our ancient freedom ; else 'twere worse  
than vain

To gather round the bier these festal shows.  
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose  
Becomes not one whose father is a slave :  
Oh ! bear the infant covered to his grave !  
These venerable mountains now inclose  
A people sunk in apathy and fear.

If this endure, farewell, for us, all good !  
The awful light of heavenly innocence  
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier ;  
And guilt and shame, from which is no  
defence,

Descend on all that issues from our blood.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in  
his account of Biscay, is the most venerable  
natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella,  
in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the  
Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, re-  
paired to this tree, under which they swore to  
the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (priv-  
ileges). What other interest belongs to it in  
the minds of this people will appear from the  
following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME. 1810.

OAK of Guernica ! Tree of holier power  
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine  
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine,  
Heard from the depths of its aerial bower,  
How canst thou flourish at this blighting  
hour ?

What hope, what joy can sunshine bring  
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,

The dews of morn, or April's tender shower ?  
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be  
Which should extend thy branches on the  
ground,

If never more within their shady round  
Those lofty-minded law-givers shall meet,  
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,  
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED  
SPANIARD. 1810.

We can endure that he should waste our  
lands, [flame  
Despoil our temples, and by sword and  
Return us to the dust from which we came ;  
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands :  
And we can brook the thought that by his  
hands

Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,  
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,  
Where all the brave lie dead. But when of  
bands,

Which he will break for us, he dares to speak,  
Of benefits, and of a future day

When our enlightened minds shall bless his  
sway, [weak ;

Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves  
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks  
declare [strength to bear.

That he has power to inflict what we lack

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence !  
I better like a blunt indifference

And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
To win me at first sight : and be there  
joined [reserve,

Patience and temperance with this high  
Honour that knows the path and will not  
swerve ;

Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind ;  
And piety towards God. Such men of old  
Were England's native growth ; and,  
throughout Spain,

Forests of such do at this day remain ;  
Then for that country let our hopes be  
bold ;

For matched with these shall policy prove  
vain, [gold.

Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her

1810.

O'ERWEENING statesmen have full long  
relied

On fleets and armies, and external wealth :

But from *within* proceeds a nation's health ;  
Which shall not fail, though poor men  
cleave with pride

To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,  
In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,  
As being all unworthy to detain

A soul by contemplation sanctified.  
There are who cannot languish in this strife,  
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good  
Of such high course was felt and under-  
stood ;

Who to their country's cause have bound  
Erewhile by solemn consecration given  
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to  
heaven.\*

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH  
GUERRILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping  
blast

From bleak hill-top, and length of march  
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad  
height,

These hardships ill sustained, these dangers  
The roving Spanish bands are reached at  
last,

Charged, and dispersed like foam ; but as a  
Of scattered quails by signs to reunite,  
So these,—and, heard of once again, are  
chased

With combinations of long-practised art  
And newly-kindled hope ; but they are fled,  
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead ;  
Where now ?—Their sword is at the foe-  
man's heart !

And thus from year to year his walk they  
And hang like dreams around his guilty  
bed.

SPANISH GUERRILLAS. 1811.

THEY seek, are sought ; to daily battle led,  
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by  
their foes :

For they have learnt to open and to close  
The ridges of grim war ; and at their head  
Are captains such as erst their country bred  
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like  
those

Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose,  
Whom desperate stook the Carthaginian  
fled.

\* See Laborde's character of the Spanish peo-  
ple: from him the sentiment of these last two  
lines is taken.

In one who lived unknown a shepherd's life  
Redoubted Viriatus breathes again ;  
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,  
With that great leader\* vies, who, sick of  
strife

And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid  
In some green island of the western main.

1811.

THE power of armies is a visible thing,  
Formal, and circumscribed in time and  
space ;

But who the limits of that power shall  
Which a brave people into light can bring  
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating,  
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may  
chase,

No eye can follow to a *fatal* place  
That power, that spirit, whether on the  
wing

Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the  
Within its awful caves.—From year to year  
Springs this indigenous produce far and  
near ;

No craft this subtle element can bind,  
Rising like water from the soil, to find  
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

1811.

HERE pause : the poet claims at least this  
praise,

That virtuous liberty hath been the scope  
Of his pure song which did not shrink from  
hope

In the worst moment of these evil days ;  
From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven  
lays,

For its own honour, on man's suffering  
Never may from our souls one truth depart,  
That an *accursed* thing it is to gaze

On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye ;  
Nor, touched with due abhorrence of *their*  
guilt

For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is  
And justice labours in extremity,  
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,  
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA. 1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold  
A fond reflection of her own decay,

\* Sertorius.

Hath painted winter like a traveller—old,  
Propped on a staff—and, through the sullen  
day,

In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,  
As though his weakness were disturbed by  
pain :

Or, if a juster fancy should allow  
An undisputed symbol of command,  
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,  
Lifirmly grasped within a palsied hand.  
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn,  
But mighty winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread winter ! who beset,  
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,  
That host,—when from the regions of the  
pole

They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal,  
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied  
Their God, and placed their trust in human  
pride !

As fathers persecute rebellious sons,  
He smote the blossoms of their warrior  
youth ;

He called on frost's inexorable tooth  
Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold ;  
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly  
runs ;

For why, unless for liberty enrolled  
And sacred home, ah ! why should hoary  
age be bold ?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,  
But fleeter far the pinions of the wind,  
Which from Siberian caves the monarch  
freed, [kind,  
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his  
And bade the snow their ample backs be-  
stride,

And to the battle ride.

No pitying voice commands a halt,  
No courage can repel the dire assault ;  
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,  
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant,  
find [desery,

Burial and death : look for them—and  
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue  
sky,

A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy !

#### ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE storms, resound the praises of your  
king !

And ye mild seasons—in a sunny clime,  
Midway on some high hill, while father  
Time

Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,

And loud and long of winter's triumph sing !  
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits,  
and flowers, [showers,

Of winter's breath surcharged with sleety  
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing !

Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green  
grass ; [your gain ;

With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report  
Whisper it to the billows of the main,

And to the aerial zephyrs as they pass,  
That old decrepit winter—*He* hath slain,  
That host, which rendered all your bounties  
vain !

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze  
Of dreadful sacrifice ; by Russian blood  
Lavished in fight with desperate hardi-  
hood ;

The unfeeling elements no claim shall raise  
To rob our human nature of just praise  
For what she did and suffered. Pledges  
Of a deliverance absolute and pure [sure

She gave, if faith might tread the beaten  
ways [High

Of Providence. But now did the Most  
Exalt his still small voice ;—to quell that  
host

Gathered his Power, a manifest Ally ;  
He whose heaped waves confounded the  
proud boast

Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and  
Frost,

Finish the strife by deadliest victory !

#### THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCKHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife ;—the field  
throughout

Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,  
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,  
With breath suspended, like a listening  
scout.

O silence ! thou wert mother of a shout,  
That through the texture of yon azure  
dome

Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest-home  
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout !

The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through  
battle-smoke, [view,

On men who gaze heart-smitten by the  
As if all Germany had felt the shock !

Fly, wretched Gauls ! ere they the charge  
renew [the yoke)

Who have seen (themselves delivered from  
The unconquerable stream his course  
pursue.\*

\* The event is thus recorded in the journals of



NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces  
 bright, [flow  
 Our aged sovereign sits; to the ebb and  
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,  
 Insensible he sits deprived of sight,  
 And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,  
 Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose  
 mind ensued,  
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,  
 Peace that should claim respect from law-  
 less might. [divine  
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray  
 To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;  
 Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace  
 (Though were it only for a moment's  
 space)  
 The triumphs of this hour; for they are  
 THINE!

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS  
 OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEN.

DEAR reliques! from a pit of vilest mould  
 Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;  
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings  
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown  
 old  
 In a blind worship; men perversely bold  
 Even to this hour; yet at this hour they  
 quake; [sake,  
 And some their monstrous idol shall for-  
 lif, to the living, truth was ever told  
 By aught surrendered from the hollow  
 grave: [brave!  
 O murdered prince! meek, loyal, pious,  
 The power of retribution once was given;  
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow-  
 bands  
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hands  
 Of justice, sent to earth from highest  
 heaven!

the day: "When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they stood gazing on the river, with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop: they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF  
WATERLOO.

(The last six lines are intended for an  
 Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you  
 Is life despised; ah, no, the spacious earth  
 Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,  
 So many objects to which love is due.  
 Ye slight not life—to God and nature true;  
 But death, becoming death, is dearer far,  
 When duty bids you bleed in open war:  
 Hence hath your prowess quelled that  
 impious crew.  
 Heroes! for instant sacrifice prepared,  
 Yet filled with ardour, and on triumph bent,  
 'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident,  
 To you who fell, and you whom slaughter  
 spared, [event,  
 To guard the fallen, and consummate the  
 Your country rears this sacred monument!

FEBRUARY, 1816.

OII! for a kindling touch of that pure  
 flame  
 Which taught the offering of song to rise  
 From thy lone bower, beneath Italian skies,  
 Great Filicaia! With celestial aim  
 It rose—thy saintly rapture to proclaim,  
 Then, when the imperial city stood re-  
 leased [East,  
 From bondage threatened by the embattled  
 And Christendom respired; from guilt  
 and shame  
 Redeemed, from miserable fear set free  
 By one day's feat, one mighty victory.  
 —Chant the deliverer's praise in every  
 tongue! [waxed dim,  
 The cross shall spread, the crescent hath  
 He conquering, as in earth and heaven  
 was sung, [GOD BY HIM.  
 HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND

OCCASIONED BY THE SAME BATTLE.  
FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE bard, whose soul is meek as dawning  
 day, [severe;  
 Yet trained to judgments righteously  
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,  
 As recognizing one Almighty sway:  
 He whose experienced eye can pierce the  
 array



Of past events,—to whom, in vision clear,  
The aspiring heads of future things appear,  
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled  
away;

Assoiled from all incumbrance of our time,\*  
*He only*, if such breathe, in strains devout  
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;  
And worthily rehearse the hideous rout,  
Which the best angels, from their peaceful  
clime

Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout.

EMPERORS and kings, how oft have  
temples rung [scorn!

With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's  
How oft above their altars have been hung  
Trophies that led the good and wise to  
mourn

Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,  
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!  
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,  
peace is sprung;

In this firm hour salvation lifts her horn.  
Glory to arms! but conscious that the nerve  
Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed  
Your thrones, from duty, princes! fear to  
swerve; [creed

Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's  
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve  
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

## ODE.

COMPOSED IN JANUARY, 1816.

"Carmina possumus  
Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.  
Non incisa notis marmoræ publicis,  
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis  
Post mortem ducibus

clarius indicant  
Laudes, quam ——— Pierides; neque  
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,  
Mercedem tulens."—HOR. Car. 8, Lib. 4.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed  
the latch

On the tired household of corporeal sense,  
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,  
Was free her choicest favours to dispense;  
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,  
A landscape more august than happiest  
skill

Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;  
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,  
City, and naval stream, suburban grove,  
And stately forest where the wild deer rove;

\* "From all this world's incumbrance did him-  
self assoil."—SPENSER.

Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,  
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright,  
And, here and there, between the pastoral  
downs,

The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.  
Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!  
But not a living creature could be seen  
Through its wide circuit, hushed in deep  
repose,

Yea, even to sadness, quiet and serene!  
Amid this solitude of earth and sky,  
Through portal clear as loop-hole in a  
storm

Opening before the sun's triumphant eye,  
Issued, to sudden view, a radiant form!  
Earthward it glided with a swift descent:  
Saint George himself this visitant may be;  
And ere a thought could ask on what intent  
He sought the regions of humanity,  
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified  
City and field and flood,—aloud it cried,

" Though from my celestial home,  
Like a champion armed I come;  
On my helm the dragon crest,  
And the red cross on my breast;

I, the guardian of this land,  
Speak not now of toilsome duty—  
Well obeyed was that command,  
Hence bright days of festive beauty;

Haste, virgins, haste!—the flowers which  
summer gave

Have perished in the field; [yield  
But the green thickets plentifully shall  
Fit garlands for the brave,

That will be welcome, if by you entwined!  
Haste, virgins, haste;—and you, ye matrons  
grave,

Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,  
And gather what ye find  
Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs,  
To deck your stern defenders' modest  
brows!

Such simple gifts prepare,  
Though they have gained a worthier meed;  
And in due time shall share

Those palms and amaranthine wreaths  
Unto their martyred countrymen decreed,  
In realms where everlasting freshness  
breathes!"

And lo! with crimson banners proudly  
streaming,

And upright weapons innocently gleaming,  
Along the surface of a spacious plain  
Advance in order the redoubted bands,  
And there receive green chaplets from the  
Of a fair female train, [hands

Maids and matrons—dight  
 In robes of dazzling white,—  
 While from the crowd bursts forth a  
 rapturous noise  
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted,—  
 And a throng of rosy boys  
 In loose fashion tell their joys,—  
 And gray-haired sires, on staffs supported,  
 Look round—and by their smiling seem  
 to say,  
 Thus strives a grateful country to display  
 The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

Anon before my sight a palace rose,  
 Built of all precious substances,—so pure  
 And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows  
 Ability like splendour to endure;  
 Entered, with streaming thousands, through  
 the gate, [of state,  
 I saw the banquet spread beneath a dome  
 A lofty dome, that dared to emulate  
 The heaven of sable night  
 With starry lustre; and had power to throw  
 Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,  
 Upon a princely company below,  
 While the vault rang with choral harmony,  
 Like some nymph-haunted grot beneath  
 the roaring sea.  
 No sooner ceased that peal, than on the  
 Of exultation hung a dirge, [verge  
 Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,  
 That kindled recollections  
 Of agonized affections;  
 And, though some tears the strain attended,  
 The mournful passion ended  
 In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

But garlands wither,—festal shows depart,  
 Like dreams themselves; and sweetest  
 Albeit of effect profound, [sound,  
 It was—and it is gone!  
 Victorious England! bid the silent art  
 Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,  
 These high achievements, even as she arrayed  
 With second life the deed of Marathon,  
 Upon Athenian walls:  
 So may she labour for thy civic halls;  
 And be the guardian spaces  
 Of consecrated places,  
 As nobly graced by sculpture's patient toil;  
 And let imperishable structures grow  
 Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;  
 Expressive signals of a glorious strife,  
 And competent to shed a spark divine  
 Into the torpid breast of daily life; [shine,  
 Records on which the morning sun may  
 As changeful ages flow,  
 With gratulation thoroughly benign!

And ye, Pierian sisters, sprung from Jove  
 And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarred  
 From your first mansions,—exiled all too  
 long  
 From many a hallowed stream and grove,  
 Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,  
 Chanting for patriot heroes the reward  
 Of never-dying song!  
 Now, (for, though truth descending from  
 above  
 The Olympian summit hath destroyed for  
 aye  
 Your kindred deities, ye live and move  
 And exercise unblamed a generous sway)  
 Now, on the margin of some spotless foun-  
 tain,  
 Or top serene of unmolested mountain,  
 Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,  
 And for a moment meet my soul's desires!  
 That I, or some more favoured bard, may  
 hear  
 What ye, celestial maids! have often sung  
 Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt  
 ear,  
 And give the treasure to our British tongue!  
 So shall the characters of that proud page  
 Support their mighty theme from age to age;  
 And, in the desert places of the earth,  
 When they to future empires have given  
 birth,  
 So shall the people gather and believe  
 The bold report, transferred to every clime;  
 And the whole world, not envious but ad-  
 And to the like aspiring, [miring,  
 Own that the progeny of this fair isle  
 Had power as lofty actions to achieve  
 As were performed in man's heroic prime;  
 Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held  
 Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,  
 A corresponding virtue to beguile  
 The hostile purpose of wide-wasting time;  
 That not in vain they laboured to secure,  
 For their great deeds, perpetual memory,  
 And fame as largely spread as land and sea,  
 By works of spirit high and passion pure.

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THANKSGIVING ODE.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOLLY unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If

the author has given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect him from a charge of insensibility, should he state his own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. On the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an enemy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings: and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism or in disregard of sound philosophy, that the author hath given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of his countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which has rendered it much less formidable than the armies of other powers to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was, or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without martial propensities and an assiduous cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situa-

tion; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and to refine them by culture. But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. The author, trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, hopes that the martial qualities he venerates will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned: and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination:—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired:—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect:—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving; by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country:—and by especial care to provide and support institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

The author has only to add, that he should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of his country, if he did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within his province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

This Ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through this Volume.

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ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED  
FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

HAIL, universal source of pure delight!  
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude  
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;  
Whether thy orient visitations smite  
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;  
Or thou, impartial sun, with presence bright

Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's  
cell!

Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky  
In naked splendour, clear from mist or  
haze,

Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,  
Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,  
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.  
Well does thine aspect usher in this day;  
As aptly suits therewith that timid pace

Submitted to the chains [dains  
That bind thee to the path which God or-  
That thou shalt trace, [away!

Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass  
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,  
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace  
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,  
(Whose tranquil pomp, and spotless purity,

Report of storms gone by  
To us who tread below)

Do with the service of this day accord.  
Divinest object, which the uplifted eye  
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;

Thou, who upon yon snow-clad heights hast  
poured [vale,

Meek splendour, nor forget'st the humble  
Thou who dost warm earth's universal  
mould,

And for thy bounty wert not unadored  
By pious men of old; [hail!  
Once more, heart-cheering sun, I bid thee  
Bright be thy course to-day, let not this  
promise fail!

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,  
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,  
By feelings urged, that do not vainly seek  
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes  
That stream in blithe succession from the  
Of birds in leafy bower, [throats

Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.  
There is a radiant but a short-lived flame,  
That burns for poets in the dawning east;  
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,  
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;  
But he who fixed immovably the frame  
Of the round world, and built, by laws as  
A solid refuge for distress, [strong,

The towers of righteousness;  
He knows that from a holier altar came  
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;  
Knows that the source is nobler whence doth  
rise

The current of this matin song;  
That deeper far it lies  
Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

Have we not conquered?—By the venge-  
ful sword?

Ah, no, by dint of magnanimity;  
That curbed the baser passions, and left free  
A loyal band to follow their liege lord,  
Clear-sighted honour—and his staid com-  
peers,

Along a track of most unnatural years,  
In execution of heroic deeds;  
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads  
Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,  
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.  
Who to the murmurs of an earthly string,  
Of Britain's acts would sing,

He with enraptured voice will tell  
Of one whose spirit no reverse could quell;  
Of one that 'mid the failing never failed:  
Who paints how Britain struggled and pre-  
vailed

Shall represent her labouring with an eye  
Of circumspect humanity;  
Shall show her clothed with strength  
All martial duties to fulfil; [and skill,  
Firm as a rock in stationary fight:  
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;  
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting in the night  
To rouse the wicked from their giddy  
dream--

Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!  
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

And thus is missed the sole true glory  
That can belong to human story!  
At which *they* only shall arrive [dive.  
Who through the abyss of weakness  
The very humblest are too proud of heart:  
And one brief day is rightly set apart  
To Him who lifteth up and layeth low;  
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,  
Say not that we have vanquished—but that  
we survive.

How dreadful the dominion of the im-  
pure!  
Why should the song be tardy to proclaim  
That less than power unbounded could not  
tame

That soul of evil—which, from hell let  
loose, [abuse,  
Had filled the astonished world with such  
As boundless patience only could endure?  
Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in  
flame— [eye  
Who sees, and feels, may lift a streaming  
To heaven,—who never saw may heave a  
sigh;

But the foundation of our nature shakes,  
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,



When desolated countries, towns on fire,  
 Are but the avowed attire  
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind  
 Against the life of virtue in mankind ;  
 Assaulting without ruth  
 The citadels of truth ;  
 While the whole forest of civility  
 Is doomed to perish, to the last fair tree !

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—  
 Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,  
 And to desires whose ever-waxing horn  
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill ;  
 Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient  
 And to celerities of lawless force [skill,  
 Which, spurning God, had flung away  
 remorse— [redress ?

What could they gain but shadows of  
 So bad proceeded propagating worse ;  
 And discipline was passion's dire excess,  
 Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,\*  
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend—  
 When will your trials teach you to be  
 wise ?  
 Oh, prostrate lands, consult your agonies !

No more—the guilt is banished,  
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled ;  
 And, with the guilt and shame, the woe  
 hath vanished,  
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head !  
 No more—these lingerings of distress  
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.  
 What robe can gratitude employ  
 So seemly as the radiant vest of joy ?  
 What steps so suitable as those that move  
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous mea-  
 Of glory—and felicity—and love, [sures  
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred  
 pleasures ?

Land of our fathers ! precious unto me  
 Since the first joys of thinking infancy ;  
 When of thy gallant chivalry I read,  
 And hugged the volume on my sleepless  
 bed !

O England !—dearer far than life is dear,  
 If I forget thy prowess, never more  
 Be thy ungrateful son allowed to hear  
 Thy green leaves rustle, or thy torrents roar !  
 But how can *he* be faithless to the past,  
 Whose soul, intolerant of base decline,  
 Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign,

That bade him hope, and to his hope  
 cleave fast ! [length  
 The nations strove with puissance ;—at  
 Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast,  
 With *all* her living strength,  
 With *all* her armed powers,  
 Upon the offensive shores.  
 The trumpet blew a universal blast !  
 But thou art foremost in the field ;—there  
 stand :  
 Receive the triumph destined to thy hand !  
 All states have glorified themselves : their  
 claims  
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance  
 even ; [names,  
 And now, in preference to the mightiest  
 To thee the exterminating sword is given.  
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained !  
 Exalted office, worthily sustained !

Imagination, ne'er before content,  
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride,  
 From all that man's performance could  
 present,  
 Stoops to that closing deed magnificent,  
 And with the embrace is satisfied.

Fly, ministers of fame,  
 Whate'er your means, whatever help ye  
 claim, [delight !  
 Bear through the world these tidings of  
 Hours, days, and months, have borne them,  
 in the sight [shower,  
 Of mortals, travelling faster than the  
 'That landward stretches from the sea,  
 The morning's splendours to devour ;  
 But *this* appearance scattered ecstasy,  
 And heart-sick Europe blessed the healing  
 power.

*The shock is given—the adversaries  
 bleed—*

*Lo, justice triumphs ! Earth is freed !*  
 Such glad assurance suddenly went forth—  
 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish  
 north—

It found no barrier on the ridge  
 Of Andes—frozen gulfs became its bridge—  
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—  
 Upon the lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—  
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road,  
 Across her burning breast,  
 For this refreshing incense from the west !  
 Where snakes and lions breed,  
 Where towns and cities thick as stars  
 appear,

Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er  
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful  
 seed—

\* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion."—  
 LORD BROOK.



While the sun rules, and cross the shades  
 of night—  
 The unwearied arrow hath pursued its  
 flight! [heed,  
 The eyes of good men thankfully give  
 And in its sparkling progress read  
 How virtue triumphs, from her bondage  
 freed!  
 Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,  
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty  
 feats are done; [tracted borders  
 Even the proud realm, from whose dis-  
 This messenger of good was launched in  
 air, [disorders,  
 France, conquered France, amid her wild  
 Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,  
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,  
 And utter England's name with sadly-  
 plausible voice.

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts  
 The memory of thy favour,  
 That else insensibly departs,  
 And loses its sweet savour!

Lodge it within us!—as the power of light  
 Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,  
 Fixed on the front of eastern diadems,  
 So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!  
 What offering, what transcendent monu-  
 Shall our sincerity to thee present? [ment  
 Not work of hands; but trophies that may  
 reach

To highest heaven—the labour of the soul;  
 That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,  
 Upon the inward victories of each,  
 Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.  
 Yet might it well become that city now,  
 Into whose breast the tides of grandeur  
 flow,

To whom all persecuted men retreat;  
 If a new temple lift her votive brow  
 Upon the shore of silver Thames—to greet  
 The peaceful guest advancing from afar.  
 Bright be the distant fabric, as a star  
 Fresh risen—and beautiful within!—there  
 meet

Dependence infinite, proportion just;  
 A pile that grace approves, that time can  
 trust  
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust!

But if the valiant of this land  
 In reverential modesty demand,  
 That all observance, due to them, be paid  
 Where their serene progenitors are laid;  
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-  
 like sages, [ages;  
 England's illustrious sons of long, long

Be it not unordained that solemn rites,  
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,  
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals;  
 Commemoration holy, that unites  
 The living generations with the dead;  
 By the deep soul-moving sense  
 Of religious eloquence,—  
 By visual pomp, and by the tie  
 Of sweet and threatening harmony;  
 Soft notes, awful as the omen  
 Of destructive tempests coming,  
 And escaping from that sadness  
 Into elevated gladness;  
 While the white-robed choir at-  
 tendant,  
 Under mouldering banners pen-  
 dent,  
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise  
 Songs of victory and praise,  
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or  
 bled [graves  
 With medicable wounds, or found their  
 Upon the battle-field, or under ocean's  
 waves;  
 Or were conducted home in single state,  
 And long procession—there to lie,  
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,  
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall cele-  
 brate!  
 Nor will the God of peace and love  
 Such martial service disapprove.  
 He guides the pestilence—the  
 cloud  
 Of locusts travels on his breath;  
 The region that in hope was  
 ploughed  
 His drought consumes, his mildew taints  
 with death;  
 He springs the hushed volcano's mine;  
 He puts the earthquake on her still design,  
 Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,  
 And, drinking towns and cities, still can  
 drink [Thine!  
 Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is  
 The fierce tornado sleeps within thy  
 courts—  
 He hears the word—he flies—  
 And navies perish in their ports;  
 For thou art angry with thine enemies!  
 For these, and for our errors  
 And sins, that point their terrors,  
 We bow our heads before Thee, and we  
 laud  
 And magnify thy name, Almighty God!  
 But thy most dreaded instrument  
 In working out a pure intent,  
 Is man—arrayed for mutual  
 slaughter,—

Yea, Carnage is thy daughter !  
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling  
 mail,  
 And by thy just permission they prevail ;  
 Thine arm from peril guards the  
 coasts  
 Of them who in thy laws delight :  
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful  
 fight,  
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts !  
 TO THEE—TO THEE—  
 On this appointed day shall thanks ascend,  
 That Thou hast brought our warfare to an  
 end,  
 And that we need no second victory !  
 Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;  
 And to the heavenly saints in peace who  
 dwell,  
 For a brief moment, terrible ;  
 ut to thy sovereign penetration, fair,  
 Before whom all things are, that were,  
 All judgments that have been, or e'er  
 shall be ;  
 Links in the chain of thy tranquillity !  
 Along the bosom of this favoured nation,  
 Breathe thou, this day, a vital undulation !  
 Let all who do this land inherit  
 Be conscious of thy moving spirit !  
 Oh, 'tis a goodly ordinance,—the sight,  
 Though sprung from bleeding war, is one  
 of pure delight ;  
 Bless thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,  
 When a whole people shall kneel down in  
 prayer,  
 And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive  
 With lip and heart to tell their gratitude  
 For thy protecting care, [Lord  
 Their solemn joy,—praising the Eternal  
 For tyranny subdued,  
 And for the sway of equity renewed,  
 For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

But hark—the summons !—down the  
 placid lake  
 Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower  
 bells ; [wake  
 Bright shines the sun, as if his beams might

The tender insects sleeping in their cells  
 Bright shines the sun—and not a breeze to  
 shake  
 The drops that tip the melting icicles.  
*Oh, enter now His temple gate !*  
 Inviting words—perchance already flung,  
 (As the crowd press devoutly down the  
 aisle  
 Of some old minster's venerable pile)  
 From voices into zealous passion stung,  
 While the tubed engine feels the inspiring  
 blast, [cast  
 And has begun—its clouds of sound to  
 Towards the empyreal heaven,  
 As if the fretted roof were riven.  
*Us, humbler ceremonies now await ;*  
 But in the bosom, with devout respect,  
 The banner of our joy we will erect,  
 And strength of love our souls shall  
 elevate:  
 For to a few collected in his name,  
 Their heavenly Father will incline an ear  
 Gracious to service hallowed by its aim ;—  
 Awake ! the majesty of God revere !  
 Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed  
 Present your prayers—go—and rejoice  
 aloud—

The Holy One will hear!  
 And what 'mid silence deep, with faith  
 sincere,  
 Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,  
 Shall simply feel and purely meditate  
 Of warnings—from the unprecedented  
 night, [closed ;  
 Which, in our time, the impious have dis-  
 And of more arduous duties thence im-  
 posed  
 Upon the future advocates of right ;  
 Of mysteries revealed,  
 And judgments unrepealed,—  
 Of earthly revolution,  
 And final retribution,—  
 To his omniscience will appear  
 An offering not unworthy to find place,  
 On this high DAY of THANKS, before the  
 Throne of Grace !



## Memorials of a Tour on the Continent.

1820.

### DEDICATION.

DEAR fellow-travellers ! think not that the muse  
Presents to notice these memorial lays,  
Hoping the general eye thereon will gaze,  
As on a mirror that gives back the hues  
Of living nature : no—though free to choose  
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,  
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days,  
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views,  
For you she wrought ;—ye only can supply

The life, the truth, the beauty : she confides  
In that enjoyment which with you abides,  
Trusts to your love and vivid memory ;  
Thus far contented, that for you her verse  
Shall lack not power the " melting soul to  
pierce."

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, *January*, 1822

#### FISH-WOMEN ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold  
The likeness of what'er on land is seen ;  
But, if the Nereid sisters and their queen,  
Above whose heads the tide so long hath  
rolled,  
The dames resemble whom we here behold,  
How terrible beneath the opening waves  
To sink, and meet them in their fretted  
caves,  
Withered, grotesque—immeasurably old,  
And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear it not ;  
For they earth's fairest daughters do excel ;  
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot ;  
Their voices into liquid music swell,  
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry  
grot— [nymphs dwell !  
The undisturbed abodes where sea-

Against the injuries of time, the spite  
Of fortune, and the desolating storms  
Of future war. Advance not—spare to hide,  
O gentle power of darkness !—these mild  
hues ;  
Obscure not yet these silent avenues  
Of stateliest architecture, where the forms  
Of nun-like females, with soft motion glide !

of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the  
pleasure of connecting with my own :—

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin  
sought  
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,  
Save in those recent days, with evil freight,  
When mutability, in drunken joy  
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,  
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

"But for the scars in that unhappy rage  
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed ;  
Like our first sires, a beautiful old age  
Is hers in venerable years arrayed ;  
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,  
What fate denies to man,— a second spring.

"When I may read of tilts in days of old,  
And tourneys graced by chieftains of renown,  
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,  
If fancy would portray some stately town,  
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,  
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee."

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour  
of the Burgundian dukedom ; and the long black  
mantle universally worn by the females is prob-  
ably a remnant of the old Spanish connexion,  
which, if I do not much deceive myself, is trace-

#### BRUGES.\*

BRUGES I saw attired with golden light  
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of  
power : [hour,  
'Tis passed away ;—and now the sunless  
That slowly introducing peaceful night  
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight  
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,  
And sober graces, left her for defence

\* This is not the first poetical tribute which in  
our times has been paid to this beautiful city.  
Mr. Southey, in the " Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks

## BRUGES.

THE spirit of antiquity—enshrined [song,  
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet  
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,  
And with devout solemnities entwined—  
Strikes to the seat of grace within the  
mind : [along ;  
Hence forms that glide with swan-like ease  
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar  
throng,  
To an harmonious decency confined ;  
As if the streets were consecrated ground,  
The city one vast temple—dedicate  
To mutual respect in thought and deed ;  
To leisure, to forbearances sedate ;  
To social cares from jarring passions freed ;  
A nobler peace than that in deserts found !

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF  
WATERLOO.

A WINGED goddess, clothed in vesture  
wrought [bold  
Of rainbow colours; one whose port was  
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely  
hold [brought,  
The glittering crowns and garlands which it  
Hovered in air above the far-famed spot.  
She vanished—leaving prospect blank and  
cold

able in the grave department of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the statues, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein,—her symbol of office a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, etc., has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle; but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.  
—Extract from *Journal*.

Of wind-swept corn that wide around us  
rolled  
In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,  
And monuments that soon must disappear :  
Yet a dread local recompense we found ;  
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot  
zeal [feel  
Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should*  
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage  
near, [ground !  
And horror breathing from the silent

## SCENERY BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle fancy  
choose ? [and plains,  
Is this the stream, whose cities, heights,  
War's favourite playground, are with  
crimson stains  
Familiar, as the morn with pearly dew ?  
The morn, that now, along the silver  
Meuse, [swains  
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the  
To tend their silent boats and ringing  
wains, [bestrews  
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit  
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes  
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,  
How sweet the prospect of yon watery  
glade, [shade,  
With its gray rocks clustering in pensive  
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise  
From the smooth meadow ground, serene  
and still !

## AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,  
That we approached the seat of Charle-  
maine ? [strain  
To sweep from many an old romantic  
That faith which no devotion may renew !  
Why does this puny church present to view  
Its feeble columns? and that scanty choir!  
This sword that one of our weak times  
might wear;  
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true !  
If from a traveller's fortune I might claim  
A palpable memorial of that day,  
Then would I seek the Pyrenean breach  
Which Roland clove with huge two-handed  
sway,  
And to the enormous labour left his name,  
Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent  
bleach.\*

\* Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising be-

## IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

OH, for the help of angels to complete  
 This temple—angels governed by a plan  
 How gloriously pursued by daring man,  
 Studious that *He* might not disdain the  
 seat  
 Who dwells in heaven! But that inspiring  
 Hath failed; and now, ye powers! whose  
 gorgeous wings  
 And splendid aspect yon emblazonings  
 But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet  
 For you, on these unfinished shafts to try  
 The midnight virtues of your harmony:—  
 This vast design might tempt you to repeat  
 Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground  
 Immortal fabrics—rising to the sound  
 Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF  
THE RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals  
 O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping  
 As in a fit of Thespian jollity, [by,  
 Beneath ~~her~~ vine-leaf crown the green  
 earth reels:  
 Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels  
 The venerable pageantry of time,  
 Each beetling rampart—and each tower  
 sublime,  
 And what the dell unwillingly reveals  
 Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees  
 espied [repine?  
 Near the bright river's edge. Yet why  
 Pedestrian liberty shall yet be mine  
 To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze:  
 Freedom which youth with copious hand  
 supplied,  
 May in fit measure bless my later days.

HYMN, FOR THE BOATMEN AS THEY  
APPROACH THE RAPIDS, UNDER THE  
CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

JESU! bless our slender boat,  
 By the current swept along;

tween France and Spain, so as physically to  
 separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this  
 wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity  
 towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that  
 in the very middle of the wall a breach of three  
 hundred feet wide has been beaten down by the  
 famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea  
 of what the mountaineers call the 'Breche de  
*Roland*. —Raymond's Pyrenees.

Loud its threatenings—let them not  
 Drown the music of a song,  
 Breathed thy mercy to implore,  
 Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, in Thy image, seen  
 Bleeding on that precious rood;  
 If, while through the meadows green  
 Gently wound the peaceful flood,  
 We forgot Thee, do not Thou  
 Disregard Thy suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient tower  
 Watching o'er the river's bed,  
 Fling the shadow of Thy power,  
 Else we sleep among the dead;  
 Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,  
 Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our bark among the waves;  
 Through the rocks our passage smooth;  
 Where the whirlpool frets and raves  
 Let Thy love its anger soothe:  
 All our hope is placed in Thee;  
*Misereere Domine!*\*

## THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

NOT, like his great compeers, indignantly†  
 Doth Danube spring to life! The wan-  
 dering stream [gleam  
 (Who loves the cross, yet to the crescent's  
 Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee  
 Slips from his prison walls; and fancy, free  
 To follow in his track of silver light,  
 Reaches, with one brief moment's rapid  
 flight,  
 The vast encincture of that gloomy sea

\* See the beautiful song in Mr. Coleridge's  
 tragedy of "Remorse."

† Before this quarter of the Black Forest was  
 inhabited, the source of the Danube might have  
 suggested some of those sublime images which  
 Armstrong has so finely described; at present,  
 the contrast is most striking. The spring ap-  
 pears in a capacious stone basin upon the front  
 of a ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground op-  
 posite; then, passing under the pavement, takes  
 the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous  
 rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a  
 child five years old to leap over it,—and enter-  
 ing the garden, it joins, after a course of a few  
 hundred yards, a stream much more considera-  
 ble than itself. The *copiousness* of the spring at  
*Donischiengen* must have procured for it the  
 honour of being named the source of the  
 Danube.



Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbad to  
meet [jars—  
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their  
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece,  
When the first ship sailed for the golden  
Argo, exalted for that daring feat [fleece,  
To bear in heaven a shape distinct with stars.

MEMORIAL NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE  
LAKE OF THUN.

DEM  
ANDENKEN  
MEINES FREUNDES  
ALOYS REDING  
MDCCCXVIII.

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was cap-  
tain-general of the Swiss forces, which, with  
a courage and perseverance worthy of the  
cause, opposed the flagitious and too success-  
ful attempt of Bonaparte to subjugate their  
country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill  
A gravelled pathway treading,  
We reached a votive stone that bears  
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the friend who placed it there  
For silence and protection,  
And haply with a finer care  
Of dutiful affection.

The sun regards it from the west,  
Sinking in summer glory;  
And, while he sinks, affords a type  
Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss  
Amid the grove to linger;  
Till all is dim, save this bright stone  
Touched by his golden finger.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC  
CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

DOOMED as we are our native dust  
To wet with many a bitter shower,  
It ill befits us to disdain  
The altar, to deride the fane,  
Where patient sufferers bend, in trust  
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,  
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze;

Hail to the firm unmoving cross,  
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!  
And to the chapel far withdrawn,  
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along the brink  
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,  
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide  
Whate'er we look on, at our side  
Be Charity,—to bid us think,  
And feel, if we would know.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,  
LAUTERBRUNNEN.\*

TRACKS let me follow far from human kind  
Which these illusive greetings may not  
reach;

Where only nature tunes her voice to teach  
Careless pursuits, and raptures unconfined.  
No mermaid warbles (to allay the wind  
That drives some vessel toward a dangerous  
beach)

More thrilling melodies! no caverned witch,  
Chanting a love-spell, ever intertwined  
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical!  
Alas! that from the lips of abject want  
And idleness in tatters mendicant  
The strain should flow—enjoyment to en-  
thral,

And with regret and useless pity haunt  
This bold, this pure, this sky-born *waterfall!*

\* "The Staub-bach" is a narrow stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the waterfall; and reminded me of religious services chanted to streams and fountains in pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterized the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the waterfall, some half score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the spring, and set up, —surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."—See notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

## THE FALL OF THE AAR.—HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this river throwing  
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,  
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink :  
But gradually a calmer look bestowing,  
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;  
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft  
and chink,

And, from the whirlwind of his anger drink  
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :  
They suck, from breath that threatening to  
destroy

Is more benignant than the dewy eve,  
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:  
Nor doubt but He to whom yon pine-trees  
nod

Their heads in sign of worship, nature's God,  
These humbler adorations will receive.

## SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"WHAT know we of the blest above  
But that they sing and that they love?"  
Yet, if they ever did inspire  
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,  
Now, where those harvest damsels float  
Homeward in their rugged boat,  
(While all the ruffling winds are fled,  
Each slumbering on some mountain's head),  
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid  
Been felt, that influence is displayed.  
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand  
The rustic maidens, every hand  
Upon a sister's shoulder laid,—  
To chant, as glides the boat along,  
A simple, but a touching, song ;  
To chant, as angels do above,  
The melodies of peace in love !

## ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times nature takes  
The work of fancy from her willing hands ;  
And such a beautiful creation makes  
As renders needless spells and magic wands,  
And for the boldest tale belief commands.  
When first mine eyes beheld that famous hill  
The sacred Engelberg ;\* celestial bands,  
With intermingling motions soft and still,

\* The convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Hung round its top, on wings that changed  
their hues at will. [were

Clouds do not name those visitants ; they  
The very angels whose authentic lays,  
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle  
air, [raise

Made known the spot where piety should  
A holy structure to the Almighty's praise.  
Resplendent apparition ! if in vain  
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze ;  
And watch the slow departure of the train,  
Whose skirts the glowing mountain thirsted  
to detain !

## OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin mother, more benign  
Than fairest star upon the height  
Of thy own mountain† set to keep  
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,  
What eye can look upon thy shrine  
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang  
In sign of misery relieved,  
Even these, without intent of theirs,  
Report of comfortless despairs,  
Of many a deep and cureless pang  
And confidence deceived.

To thee, in this aerial cleft,  
As to a common centre, tend  
All sufferings that no longer rest  
On mortal succour, all distress  
That pine of human hope bereft,  
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin mother mild !  
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,  
Not only from the dreary strife  
Of winter, but the storms of life,  
Thee have thy votaries aptly stiled  
Our Lady of the Snow.

Even for the man who stops not here,  
But down the irriguous valley hies,  
Thy very name, O lady ! flings,  
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,  
A holy shadow soft and dear  
Of chastening sympathies !

Nor falls that intermingling shade  
To summer gladness unkind ;  
It chastens only to requite  
With gleams of fresher, purer light ;  
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,  
More sweetly breathes the wind.

† Mount Righi

But on!—a tempting downward way,  
A verdant path before us lies;  
Clear shines the glorious sun above;  
Then give free course to joy and love,  
Deeming the evil of the day  
Sufficient for the wise.

EFFUSION IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED  
TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORE.

This tower is said to stand upon the spot where grew the linden-tree against which his son was placed, when the father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss history.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought  
not here,

Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow  
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear  
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,  
While narrow cares their limits overflow.  
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors  
old,

Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go  
Home-ward or school-ward, aye what ye  
behold; [bold!  
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy

But when that calm spectatress from on  
high

Looks down—the bright and solitary moon,  
Who never gazes but to beautify;  
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of  
noon

Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune  
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;  
Then might the passing monk receive a  
boon [walls,

Of saintly pleasure from these pictured  
While, on the warlike groups, the mellow-  
ing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials  
come

Yield not to terror or despondency,  
But face like that sweet boy their mortal  
doom,

Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he  
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree,  
Not quaking like the timid forest game;  
He smiles—the hesitating shaft to free,  
Assured that Heaven its justice will pro-  
claim, [aim,

And to his father give its own unerring

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

BY antique fancy trimmed—though lowly,  
bred

To dignity—in thee, O Schwytz! are seen  
The genuine features of the golden mean;  
Equality by prudence governed,  
Or jealous nature ruling in her stead;  
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace,  
serene [green

As that of the sweet fields and meadows  
In unambitious compass round thee spread,  
Majestic Berne, high on her guardian steep,  
Holding a central station of command,  
Might well be styled this noble body's head;  
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrench-  
ments deep,

Its heart; and ever may the heroic land  
Thy name, O Schwytz, in happy freedom  
keep!\*

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES"  
ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST.  
GOTHARD.

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine  
Availe those modulations to detect,  
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss  
affect

With tenderest passion, leaving him to pine  
(So fame reports) and die; his sweet-  
breathed kine [decked  
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures  
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not  
reject

The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline  
Mindful how others love this simple strain,  
Even here, upon this glorious mountain  
named

Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—  
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,  
Yield to the music's touching influence,  
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN  
FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

This church was almost destroyed by lightning  
a few years ago, but the altar and the image  
of the patron saint were untouched. The  
mount, upon the summit of which the church  
is built, stands amid the intricacies of the

\* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

Lake of Lugano: and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome: but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods, and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe of so inconsiderable an elevation commands.

THOU sacred pile! whose turrets rise  
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,  
Guarded by lone San Salvador;  
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,  
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,  
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned  
To rest the universal lord:  
Why leap the fountains from their cells  
Where everlasting bounty dwells?  
That, while the creature is sustained,  
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,  
Let all remind the soul of heaven;  
Our slack devotion needs them all  
And faith, so oft of sense the thrall,  
While she, by aid of nature, climbs,  
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic love,  
And all the pomps of this frail "spot  
Which men call earth," have yearned to  
Associate with the simply meek, [seek,  
Religion in the sainted grove,  
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in times of adverse shocks,  
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,  
Did mighty Tell repair of old—  
A hero cast in nature's mould,  
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks  
And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!  
Who, to recall his daunted peers,  
For victory shaped an open space,  
By gathering with a wide embrace,  
Into his single heart, a sheaf  
Of fatal Austrian spears.\*

\* Arnold Winkelreid, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner.

## FORT FUENTES.

"The ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterized by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The ruin is interesting, both in mass and detail. An inscription upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken the place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some, ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined chapel, a statue of a child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. 'How little,' we exclaimed, 'are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty image to our own garden!' Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years."  
—*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour! when upheaved by war's  
sulphurous blast, [stone  
This sweet-visaged cherub of Parian  
So far from the holy inclosure was cast,  
To couch in this thicket of brambles  
alone;

To rest where the lizard may bask in the  
palm [or speck;  
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish  
And the green, gilded snake, without  
troubling the calm [his neck.  
Of the beautiful countenance, twine round

The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.



Where haply (kind service to piety due !)  
When winter the grove of its mantle be-  
reaves, [breast] may strew  
Some bird (like our own honoured red-  
The desolate slumberer with moss and  
with leaves.

Fuentes once harboured the good and the  
brave, [unknown ;  
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure  
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave  
While the thrill of her sifes through the  
mountains was blown :

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless  
ascent— [sway,  
Oh, silence of nature, how deep is thy  
When the whirlwind of human destruction  
is spent, [passed away !  
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE  
SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,  
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide !  
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy ;  
The wages of thy travel, joy !  
Whether for London bound—to trill  
Thy mountain notes with simple skill ;  
Or on thy head to poise a show  
Of images in seemly row ;  
The graceful form of milk-white steed,  
Or bird that soared with Ganymede ;  
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear  
The sightless Milton, with his hair  
Around his placid temples curled ;  
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,  
If clay could think and mind were weight,  
For him who bore the world !  
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy ;  
The wages of thy travel, joy !

But thou, perhaps, (alert and free  
Though serving sage philosophy)  
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,  
A vendor of the well-wrought scale  
Whose sentient tube instructs to time  
A purpose to a fickle clime ;  
Whether thou choose this useful part,  
Or minister to finer art,  
Though robbed of many a cherished dream,  
And crossed by many a shattered scheme,  
What stirring wonders wilt thou see  
In the proud isle of liberty !  
Yet will the wanderer some times pine

With thoughts which no delights can chase,  
Recal a sister's last embrace,  
His mother's neck entwine ;  
Nor shall forget the maiden coy [boy !  
That *would* have loved the bright-haired

My song, encouraged by the grace  
That beams from his ingenuous face,  
For this adventurer scruples not  
To prophesy a golden lot ;  
Due recompence, and safe return  
To Como's steeps—his happy bourne !  
Where he, aloft in garden glade,  
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed maid,  
The towering maize, and prop the twig  
That ill supports the luscious fig ;  
Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof  
With purple of the trellis-roof,  
That through the jealous leaves escapes  
From Cadenabbia's pendant grapes.  
Oh, might he tempt that goatherd-child  
To share his wanderings ! him whose look  
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,  
So touchingly he smiled,  
As with a rapture caught from heaven,  
For unasked alms in pity given.

PART II.

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest  
Like foresters in leaf-green vest,  
The Helvetian mountaineers, on ground  
For Tell's dread archery renowned,  
Before the target stood—to claim  
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.  
Loud was the rifle-gun's report,  
A startling thunder quick and short !  
But, flying through the heights around,  
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound  
Of hearts and hands alike " prepared  
The treasures they enjoy to guard ?"  
And, if there be a favoured hour  
When heroes are allowed to quit  
The tomb, and on the clouds to sit  
With tutelary power,  
On their descendants shedding grace,  
This was the hour, and that the place.

But truth inspired the bards of old  
When of an iron age they told,  
Which to unequal laws gave birth,  
That drove Astræa from the earth.  
A gentle boy (perchance with blood  
As noble as the best endued,  
But seemingly a thing despised,  
Even by the sun and air unprired ;  
For not a tinge or flowery streak  
Appeared upon his tender cheek



Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,  
Of pleasure, by his silent goats,  
Sate far apart in forest shed,  
Pale, ragged, bare his feet and head,  
Mute as the snow upon the hill,  
And, as the saint he prays to, still,  
Ah, what avails heroic deed?  
What liberty? if no defence  
Be won for feeble innocence—  
Father of all! though wilful manhood read  
His punishment in soul-distress, [ness!  
Grant to the morn of life its natural blessed-

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA, MILAN.

THOUGH searching damps and many an envious flaw [grace,  
Have marred this work,\* the calm ethereal  
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,  
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to  
ave  
The elements; as they do melt and thaw  
The heart of the beholder—and erase  
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace  
Of disobedience to the primal law.  
The annunciation of the dreadful truth  
Made to the twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek,  
And hand reposing on the board in ruth  
Of what it utters. † while the unguilty seek  
Unquestionable meanings, still bespeak  
A labour worthy of eternal youth!

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

HIGH on her speculative tower  
Stood science waiting for the hour  
When sol was destined to endure  
That darkening of his radiant face  
Which superstition strove to chase,  
Erewhile, with rites impure.

\* This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but parts are said to have been painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs.—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable: but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

† "The hand  
Sang with the voice, and this the argument."  
—MILTON.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,  
Through regions fair as Paradise  
We gaily passed,—till nature wrought  
A silent and unlooked-for change,  
That checked the desultory range  
Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,  
The waves danced round us as before,  
As lightly, though of altered hue;  
Mid recent coolness, such as falls  
At noon-tide from umbrageous walls  
That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud  
Cast far or near a murky shroud;  
The sky an azure field displayed;  
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently  
charmed,  
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,  
And as in slumber laid:—

Or something night and day between,  
Like moonshine, but the hue was green;  
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread  
On jutting rock, and curvèd shore.  
Where gazed the peasant from his door,  
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,  
Lugano! on thy ample bay;  
The solemnizing veil was drawn  
O'er villas, terraces, and towers,  
To Albogasio's olive bowers  
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But fancy, with the speed of fire,  
Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,  
And there alights 'mid that aerial host  
Of figures human and divine, ‡  
White as the snows of Apennine  
Indurated by frost.

‡ The statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building: for, seen from the ground, the statues appear diminutive. But the *coup d'œil*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration: and surely the selection and arrangement of the figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up

Awe-stricken she beholds the array  
That guards the temple night and day;  
Angels she sees that might from heaven  
    have flown,  
And virgin saints—who not in vain  
Have striven by purity to gain  
The beatific crown;

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings  
Each narrowing above each;—the  
    wings—  
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,  
The starry zone of sovereign height,\*  
All steeped in this portentous light!  
All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after man had fallen, (if aught  
These perishable spheres have wrought  
May with that issue be compared)  
Throngs of celestial visages,  
Darkening like water in the breeze,  
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring sun  
His glad deliverance has begun:  
The cypress waves its sombre plume  
More cheerily; and town and tower,  
The vineyard and the olive bower,  
Their lustre re-assume!

O ye, who guard and grace my home  
While in far-distant lands we roam,  
Was such a vision given to you?  
Or, while we looked with favoured eyes,  
Did sullen mist hide lake and skies  
And mountains from your view?

I ask in vain—and know far less  
If sickness, sorrow, or distress  
Have spared my dwelling to this hour:  
Sad blindness, but ordained to prove  
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love  
And all-controlling power.

#### THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

How blest the maid whose heart—yet free  
From love's uneasy sovereignty,

and down the slender spire, and pausing to look  
around them, with feelings much more animated  
than could have been derived from these, or the  
finest works of art if placed within easy reach.  
Remember also that you have the Alps on one  
side, and on the other the Apennines, with the  
Plain of Lombardy between!

\* Above the highest circle of figures is a zone  
of metallic stars.

Beats with a fancy running high  
Her simple cares to magnify.  
Whom labour, never urged to toil,  
Hath cherished on a healthful soil;  
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not  
Whose heaviest sin it is to look [pelf;  
Askance upon her pretty self  
Reflected in some crystal brook;  
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no  
But in sweet pity; and can hear [tear  
Another's praise from envy clear.

Such, (but, O lavish nature! why  
That dark unfathomable eye,  
Where lurks a spirit that replies  
To stillest mood of softest skies,  
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,  
Another's first, and then her own?)  
Such, haply, yon Italian maid,  
Our lady's laggard votaress,  
Halting beneath the chestnut shade  
To accomplish there her loveliness:  
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;  
A sister serves with slacker hand;  
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the  
    festal band.

How blest (if truth may entertain  
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)  
The Helvetian girl—who daily braves,  
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,  
And quits the bosom of the deep  
Only to climb the rugged steep?  
Say whence that modulated shout?  
From wood-nymph of Diana's throng?  
Or does the greeting to a rout  
Of giddy bacchanals belong?  
Jubilant outcry!—rock and glade  
Resounded—but the voice obeyed  
The breath of an Helvetian maid.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;  
Her courage animates the flood;  
Her step the elastic green-sward meets  
Returning reluctant sweets;  
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice  
Aloud, saluted by her voice!  
Blithe paragon of Alpine grace,  
Be as thou art—for through thy veins  
The blood of heroes runs its race!  
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains  
That, for the virtuous, life prepares;  
The fetters which the matron wears;  
The patriot mother's weight of anxious  
    cares!

“Sweet Highland girl! a very shower †  
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,”

† See Address to a Highland Girl, p. 147.

When thou didst pass before my eyes,  
 Gay vision under sullen skies,  
 While hope and love around thee played,  
 Near the rough Falls of Inversnaid !  
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,  
 Nor take one ray of light from thee ;  
 For in my fancy thou dost share  
 The gift of immortality ;  
 And there shall bloom, with thee allied,  
 The votaress by Lugano's side ;  
 And that intrepid nymph, on Uri's  
 steep, descried !

THE COLUMN, INTENDED BY BONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION, following down this far-famed slope  
 Her pioneer, the snow-dissolving sun,  
 While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won,  
 Perchance in future ages here may stop ;  
 Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope  
 By admonition from this prostrate stone ;  
 Memento unscribed of pride o'erthrown,  
 Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice trope  
 In fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the rock,  
 Rest where thy course was stayed by power divine !  
 The soul transported sees, from hint of Crimes  
 which the great Avenger's hand provoke,  
 Hears combats whistling o'er the ensan-  
 What groans ! what shrieks ! what quietness  
 in death !

STANZAS COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest  
 wood  
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered  
 floor,  
 To listen to Anio's precipitous flood,  
 When the stillness of evening hath deepened  
 its roar ;  
 To range through the temples of Præstum,  
 In Pompeii, preserved by her burial in  
 earth ;  
 On pictures to gaze, where they drank in  
 [their hues ;  
 And murmur sweet songs on the ground of  
 their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of  
 Rome,  
 Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to

With a hope (and no more) for a season to  
 come,  
 Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent  
 [debt ?  
 Thou fortunate region ! whose greatness  
 inurned,  
 Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust ;  
 Twice-glorified-fields ! if in sadness I turned  
 From your infinite marvels, the sadness  
 was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed chamois  
 retires  
 From dew-sprinkled grass to heights  
 [guarded with snow,  
 Toward the mists that hang over the land  
 of my sires,  
 From the climate of myrtles contented I go.  
 My thoughts become bright like yon edging  
 of pines,  
 How black was its hue in the region of air !  
 But, touched from behind by the sun, it  
 now shines  
 With threads that seem part of his own  
 [silver hair.

Though the burthen of toil with dear friends  
 we divide,  
 Though by the same zephyr our temples are  
 [fanned  
 As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by  
 side,  
 A yearning survives which few hearts shall  
 [withstand :  
 Each step hath its value while homeward  
 we move ;—  
 Oh, joy, when the girdle of England  
 [appears !  
 What moment in life is so conscious of love,  
 So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears ?

ECHO UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the  
 cover ?  
 Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,  
 As multitudinous a harmony,  
 As e'er did ring the heights of Latmos over,  
 When, from the soft couch of her sleeping  
 lover,  
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the moun-  
 [tain-dew  
 In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she  
 flew,  
 Impetuous motion to the stars above her.  
 A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on  
 Through the bleak concave, wakes this  
 wondrous chime  
 Of æry voices locked in unison,—  
 Faint—far off—near—deep—solemn and  
 sublime !  
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,  
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting  
 thoughts, proceed !

## PROCESSIONS. SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the gods ; or public thanks to yield ;

Or to solicit knowledge of events,  
Which in her breast futurity concealed ;  
And that the past might have its true intents  
Feelingly told by living monuments ;  
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise  
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents  
Graven on her cankered walls,—solemnities  
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state  
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,

Marched round the altar—to commemorate  
How, when their course they through the desert took,

Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,  
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low ;  
Green boughs were borne, while for the blast that shook

Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,  
These shout hosannas,—these the startling trumpets blow !

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove  
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,  
The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove  
Provoked responses with shrill canticles ;  
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,  
They round the altar bore the horned god,  
Old Cham, the solar deity, who dwells  
Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,  
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman pomps? the haughty claims  
Of chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars ;  
The feast of Neptune—and the cereal games,

With images, and crowns, and empty cars ;  
The dancing Salii—on the shields of Mars  
Smiting with fury ; and the deeper dread  
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars  
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head  
Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted !

At length a spirit more subdued and soft  
Appeared to govern Christian pageantries :  
The cross, in calm processions, borne aloft  
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.

Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze  
From a long train—in hooded vestments  
Enwrap—and winding, between Alpine trees  
Spiry and dark, around their house of  
Below the icy bed of bright Argentièrè.

Still, in the vivid freshness of a dream,  
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes !  
Still, with those white-robed shapes—a  
living stream,

The glacier pillars join in solemn guise.\*  
For the same service by mysterious ties ;  
Numbers exceeding credible account  
Of number, pure and silent votaries  
Issuing or issued from a wintry fount ;  
The impenetrable heart of that exalted  
mount !

They too, who send so far a holy gleam  
While they the church engird with motion  
slow,

A product of that awful mountain seem,  
Poured from its vaults of everlasting snow ;  
Not virgin-lilies marshalled in bright row,  
Not swans descending with the stealthy  
tide,

A livelier sisterly resemblance show  
Than the fair forms that in long order glide,  
Bear to the glacier band—those shapes aloft  
descried !

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs  
Of that licentious craving in the mind  
To act the God among external things,  
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind ;  
And marvel not that antique faith inclined  
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,  
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned :  
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou  
miss, [dark abyss !  
Avoid these sights ; nor brood o'er fable's

\* This procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *grand festival* of the virgin—but the procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery) : it wanted both the simplicity of the other, and the accompaniment of the glacier columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving* figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.



## 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 neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Solcure, took leave of each other at night, the young man 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 (Mr Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor G. was cast ashore on the estate of the said gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused the handsome mural monument to be erected in the church at Küssnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,  
Rude nature's pilgrims did we go,  
From the dread summit of the Queen\*  
Of mountains through a deep ravine,  
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells  
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;  
Free were the streams and green the  
bowers:  
As if, to rough assaults unknown,  
The genial spot had ever shown  
A countenance that sweetly smiled—  
The face of summer-hours.

Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease;  
With pleasure dancing through the frame  
We journeyed; all we knew of care—  
Our path that straggled here and there,  
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze,  
Of winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil  
Of three short days—but hush—no more!  
Calm is the grave, and calmer none  
Than that to which thy cares are gone,  
Thou victim of the stormy gale,  
Asleep on Zurich's shore!

O Goddard! what art thou?—a name—  
A sunbeam followed by a shade!  
No 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, sympathising powers of air,  
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,  
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,  
A most untimely sod to strew,  
That lacks the ornamental 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 task 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



As sweet as morning fragrance shed  
From flowers 'mid Goldau's\* ruins bred ;  
As evening's fondly-lingering rays,  
On Righi's silent brow.

Lamented youth ! to thy cold clay  
Fit obsequies the stranger paid ;  
And piety shall guard that stone  
Which hath not left the spot unknown  
Where the wild waves resigned their prey,  
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy mother weeps for thee,  
Lost youth ! a solitary mother ;  
This tribute from a casual friend  
A not unwelcome aid may lend,  
To feed the tender luxury,  
The rising pang to smother.

SKY-PROSPECT. FROM THE PLAIN OF  
FRANCE.

Lo ! in the burning west, the craggy nape  
Of a proud Ararat ! and, thereupon,  
The ark, her melancholy voyage done !  
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape ;  
There—combats a huge crocodile—agape  
A golden spear to swallow ! and that brown  
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,  
Stirs—and recedes—destruction to escape !  
Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades  
Where spirits dwell in undisturbed repose,  
Silently disappears, or quickly fades ;—  
Meek nature's evening comment on the  
shows  
That for oblivion take their daily birth,  
From all the fuming vanities of earth !

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HAR-  
BOUR OF BOULOGNE.†

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,  
Ye furious waves ! a patriotic son

\* One of the villages desolated by the fall of  
part of the mountain Rossberg.

† Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging  
the beach, are the remains of a tower which  
bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated  
his western expedition, of which these sea-shells  
were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance  
from these ruins, Bonaparte, standing  
upon a mound of earth, harangued his "army  
of England," reminded them of the exploits of  
Cæsar, and pointed towards the white cliffs upon  
which their standards *swore to float*. He recom-  
mended also a subscription to be raised  
among the soldiery to erect on that ground, in  
memory of the foundation of the "Legion of

Of England—who in hope her coast had  
won, [o'er ?  
His project crowned, his pleasant travel  
Well—let him pace this noted beach once  
more,  
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells ;  
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells  
Haughtily shake, a dreaming conqueror !  
Enough ; my country's cliffs I can behold,  
And proudly think, beside the murmuring  
sea,  
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,  
And folly cursed with endless memory :  
These local recollections ne'er can cloy.  
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy !

AFTER LANDING. THE VALLEY OF  
DOVER.—NOV. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game  
Which faction breeds : the turmoil where ?  
that past [man's blast,  
Through Europe, echoing from the news-  
And filled our hearts with grief for England's  
shame. [aim  
Peace greets us ;—rambling on without an  
We mark majestic herds of cattle free  
To ruminat † couched on the grassy lea,  
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim  
The season's harmless pastime. Ruder  
sound  
Stirs not ; enrapt I gaze with strange delight,  
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,  
Here only serve a feeling to invite  
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,  
And makes the rural stillness more pro-  
found.

DESULTORY STANZAS,  
UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS  
FROM THE PRESS.

Is then the final page before me spread,  
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart ?  
Presumptuous book ! too forward to be  
read—  
How can I give thee licence to depart ?  
One tribute more ;—unbidden feelings start  
Forth from their covert—slighted objects  
rise—  
My spirit is the scene of such wild art

Honour," a column—which was not completed  
at the time we were there.

‡ This is a most grateful sight for an English-  
man returning to his native land. Everywhere  
one misses, in the cultivated grounds abroad, the  
animating and soothing accompaniment of ani-  
mals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,  
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,  
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,  
All that I felt this moment doth renew ;  
And where the foot with no unmanly fear  
Recoiled—and wings alone could travel—  
there

I move at ease, and meet contending themes  
That press upon me, crossing the career  
Of recollections vivid as the dreams  
Of midnight,—cities—plains—forests—and  
mighty streams.

Where mortal never breathed I dare to sit  
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,  
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power !—and  
yet

What are they but a wreck and residue,  
Whose only business is to perish ?—true  
To which sad course, these wrinkled sons  
of time

Labour their proper greatness to subdue ;  
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime  
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude  
sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge  
Across thy long deep valley, furious Rhone !  
Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge  
Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone  
Of secondary birth—the Jungfrau's cone ;  
And, from that arch, down-looking on the  
vale

The aspect I behold of every zone ;  
A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,  
Blithe autumn's purple crown, and winter's  
icy mail !

Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern forks,\*  
Down the main avenue mysight can range :  
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks  
Within them, church, and town, and huts  
and grange,

For my enjoyment meet in vision strange ;  
Snows—torrents ;—to the region's utmost  
bound,

Life, death, in amicable interchange—  
But list ! the avalanche—the hush profound  
That follows, yet more awful than that  
awful sound !

\* Les Fourches, the point at which the two  
chains of mountains part, that inclose the Val-  
lais, which terminates at St. Maurice.

Is not the chamois suited to his place ?  
'The eagle worthy of her ancestry ?  
Let empires fall ; but ne'er shall ye dis-  
grace

Your noble birthright, ye that occupy  
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,  
On Sarnen's Mount, † there judge if fit and  
right,

In simple democratic majesty :  
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—  
the might [sight !  
And purity of nature spread before your

From this appropriate court, renowned  
Lucerne [cheers

Calls me to pace her honoured bridge ‡ that  
The patriot's heart with pictures rude and  
stern,

An uncouth chronicle of glorious years.  
Like portraiture, from loftier source, en-  
dears

That work of kindred frame, which spans  
the lake

Just at the point of issue, where it fears  
The form and motion of a stream to take ;  
Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as a  
snake.

Volumes of sound, from the cathedral rolled,  
This long-roofed vista penetrate—but see,

† Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Can-  
ton of Underwalden ; the spot here alluded to  
is close to the town, and is called the Landen-  
berg, from the tyrant of that name, whose cha-  
teau formerly stood there. On the 1st of Janu-  
ary, 1308, the great day which the confederated  
heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their  
country, all the castles of the governors were  
taken by force or stratagem ; and the tyrants  
themselves conducted, with their creatures, to  
the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruc-  
tion of their strongholds. From that time the  
Landenberg has been the place where the legis-  
lators of this division of the Canton assemble.  
The site, which is well described by Ebel, is  
one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

‡ The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and  
open at the sides, so that the passenger has,  
at the same time the benefit of shade, and a view  
of the magnificent country. The pictures are  
attached to the rafters : those from Scripture  
history on the cathedral-bridge, amount, accord-  
ing to my notes to 240. Subjects from the Old  
Testament face the passenger as he goes towards  
the cathedral, and those from the New as he re-  
turns. The pictures on these bridges, as well  
as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are  
not to be spoken of as works of art ; but they  
are instruments admirably answering the purpose  
for which they were designed.

One after one, its tablets, that unfold  
The whole design of Scripture history ;  
From the first tasting of the fatal tree,  
Till the bright star appeared in eastern  
skies,  
Announcing ONE was born mankind to free;  
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice ;  
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.  
Long may these homely works devised of  
old,  
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,  
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold  
The state,—the country's destiny to mould ;  
Turning, for them who pass, the common  
dust  
Of servile opportunity to gold ;  
Filling the soul with sentiments august—  
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the  
just !

No more ;—time halts not in his noiseless  
march— [flood ;  
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid  
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch  
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,  
Earth stretched below, heaven in our  
neighbourhood.  
Go forth, my little book ! pursue thy way ;  
Go forth, and please the gentle and the  
good ;  
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say  
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace  
some future lay.

---

TO ENTERPRISE.\*

KEEP for the young the impassioned smile  
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee  
stand  
High on a chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,  
A slender volume grasping in thy hand—  
(Perchance the pages that relate  
The various turns of Crusoe's fate).  
Ah ! spare the exulting smile,  
And drop thy pointing finger bright  
As the first flash of beacon-light ;  
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,  
Nor turn thy face away  
From one who, in the evening of his day,  
'To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn !

\* This poem having risen out of the "Italian Itinerant," etc., (page 197), it is here annexed.

Bold spirit ! who art free to rove  
Among the starry courts of Jove,  
And oft in splendour dost appear  
Embodied to poetic eyes,  
While traversing this nether sphere,  
Where mortals call thee Enterprise.  
Daughter of Hope ! her favourite child,  
Whom she to young Ambition bore,  
When hunter's arrow first defiled  
The grove, and stained the turf with gore ;  
Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed  
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,  
Or where the mightier waters burst  
From caves of Indian mountains hoar !  
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin ;  
And thou, whose earliest thoughts held dear  
Allurements that were edged with fear,  
(The food that pleased thee best, to win)  
From rocky fortress in mid air  
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare  
With infant shout,—as often sweep,  
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain ;  
And, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep  
Upon the couchant lion's mane !  
With rolling years thy strength increased ;  
And, far beyond thy native East,  
To thee, by varying titles known,  
As variously thy power was shown,  
Did incense-bearing altars rise,  
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,  
From suppliants panting for the skies !

What though this ancient earth be trod  
No more by step of demi-god,  
Mounting from glorious deed to deed  
As thou from clime to clime didst lead,  
Yet still, the bosom beating high,  
And the hushed farewell of an eye  
Where no procrastinating gaze  
A last infirmity betrays,  
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway  
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.  
By thy divinity impelled,  
The stripling seeks the tented field ;  
The aspiring virgin kneels ; and, pale  
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,  
A soft and tender heroine  
Vowed to severer discipline ;  
Inflamed by thee, the blooming boy  
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,  
And of the ocean's dismal breast  
A playground and a couch of rest ;  
Thou to his dangers dost enchain,  
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,  
The chamois-chaser, awed in vain  
By chasm or dizzy precipice ;  
And hast thou not with triumph scen  
How soaring mortals glide serene

From cloud to cloud, and brave the light  
 With bolder than Icarian flight?  
 Dr, in their bells of crystal dive  
 Where winds and waters cease to strive,  
 For no unholy visitings,  
 Among the monsters of the deep,  
 And all the sad and precious things  
 Which there in ghastly silence sleep ;  
 Within our fearless reach are placed  
 The secrets of the burning waste,—  
 Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,  
 Nile trembles at his fountain head ;  
 Thou speak'st—and lo ! the polar seas  
 Unbosom their last mysteries.  
 But oh ! what transports, what sublime  
 reward, [prepare  
 Won from the world of mind, dost thou  
 For philosophic sage—or high-souled bard  
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely  
 woods, [air,  
 Hath fed on pageants floating through the  
 Or calenured in depth of limpid floods ;  
 Nor grieves—though doomed, through  
 silent night, to bear  
 The domination of his glorious themes,  
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams !

If there be movements in the patriot's soul,  
 From source still deeper, and of higher  
 worth, [control,  
 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to  
 And in due season send the mandate forth ;  
 Thy call an abject nation can restore,  
 When but a single mind resolves to crouch  
 no more.

Dread minister of wrath !  
 Who to their destined punishment dost  
 urge [hardened heart !  
 The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of  
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,  
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path  
 Where they in pomp depart,  
 With trampling horses and refulgent cars—  
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge ;  
 Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown  
 strands :  
 Or stifled under weight of desert sands—  
 An army now, and now a living hill  
 Heaving with convulsive throes.—

It quivers—and is still ;  
 Or to forget their madness and their woes,  
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows !

Back flows the willing current of my song :  
 If to provoke such doom the impious dare.  
 Why should it daunt a blameless prayer ?  
 Bold goddess ! range our youth among ;  
 Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat  
 In hearts no longer young ;  
 Still may a veteran few have pride  
 In thoughts whose sternness makes them  
 sweet ;

In fixed resolves by reason justified ;  
 That to their object cleave like sleet  
 Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,  
 While fields are naked far and wide.

But, if such homage thou disdain  
 As doth with mellowing years agree,  
 One rarely absent from thy train  
 More humble favours may obtain  
 For thy contented votary.  
 She, who incites the frolic lambs  
 In presence of their heedless dams,  
 And to the solitary fawn  
 Vouchsafes her lessons—bounteous nymph  
 That wakes the breeze—the sparkling lymph  
 Doth hurry to the lawn ;  
 She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy  
 Which the sweet bird, misnamed the  
 melancholy [for me ;  
 Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead  
 And vernal mornings opening bright  
 With views of undefined delight,  
 And cheerful songs, and suns that shine  
 On busy days, with thankful nights, be  
 mine.

But thou, O goddess ! in thy favourite isle  
 (Freedom's impregnable redoubt,  
 The wide earth's store-house fenced about  
 With breakers roaring to the gales  
 That stretch a thousand thousand sails)  
 Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile !  
 Thy impulse is thy life of fame ;  
 Glad hope would almost cease to be  
 If torn from thy society ;  
 And love, when worthiest of the name,  
 Is proud to walk the earth with thee !





## Ecclesiastical Sketches.\*

"A verse may catch a wandering soul, that flies  
 Profounder tracts, and by a blest surprise  
 Convert delight into a sacrifice."

### ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much loved and honoured friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and, such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards some of the sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course, and it struck me that certain

points in the ecclesiastical history of the country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When the work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, was engaged, with similar views, in writing a concise history of the Church in England. If our productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, *January 24, 1822.*

## PART I.

### FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

#### INTRODUCTION.

I WHO accompanied with faithful pace  
 Cereulean Duddon from his cloud-fed  
 spring,

And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing,  
 Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's  
 grace;

I, who essayed the nobler stream to trace  
 Of liberty, and smote the plausible string  
 Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,  
 Won for herself a lasting resting-place:  
 Now seek upon the heights of time the  
 source

\* For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of sonnets; but the reader, it is hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have the effect of a poem in a form of stanza, to which there is no objection but one that bears on the poet only—its difficulty.

Of a Holy River, on whose banks are found  
 Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that  
 have crowned [force;  
 Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless  
 Where, for the delight of him who tracks  
 its course,  
 Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

#### CONJECTURES.

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest  
 Past things, revealed like future, they can  
 tell

What powers, presiding o'er the sacred well  
 Of Christian faith, this savage island blessed  
 With its first bounty. Wandering through  
 the west,  
 Did holy Paul† a while in Britain dwell.

† Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing.



And call the fountain forth by miracle,  
 And with dread signs the nascent stream  
 invest? [prison doors  
 Or he, whose bonds dropped off, whose  
 Flew open, by an angel's voice unbarred?  
 Or some of humbler name, to these wild  
 shores [woe  
 Storm-driven, who, having seen the cup of  
 Pass from their master, sojourned here to  
 guard [flow?  
 The precious current they had taught to

## TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the arch-druid's brow the  
 seamew\*—white [ring  
 As Menai's foam; and towards the mystic  
 Where augurs stand, the future questioning,  
 Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,  
 Portending ruin to each baleful rite,  
 That, in the lapse of ages hath crept o'er  
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.  
 Haughty the bard;—can these meek  
 doctrines blight  
 His transports? wither his heroic strains?  
 But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spear  
 A way first opened: and, with Roman  
 chains,  
 The tidings come of Jesus crucified;  
 They come—they spread—the weak, the  
 suffering, hear;  
 Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

## DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and love have met thee on thy road,  
 Thou wretched outcast, from the gift of fire  
 And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,  
 From every sympathy that man bestowed!  
 Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,  
 Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire  
 These jealous ministers of law aspire,  
 As to the one sole fount whence wisdom  
 flowed,  
 Justice and order. Tremblingly escaped,  
 As if with presence of the coming storm,

cing. The latter part of this sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

\* This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

That intimation when the stars were  
 shaped; [truth  
 And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal  
 Glimmers through many a superstitious  
 form  
 That fills the soul with unavailing ruth.

## UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking, we are  
 lost [coves,  
 On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian  
 Or where the solitary shepherd roves  
 Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost  
 Of time and shadows of tradition, crost;  
 And where the boatman of the Western  
 isles [piles  
 Slackens his course—to mark those holy  
 Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.  
 Nor these, nor monuments of eldest fame  
 Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,  
 Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,  
 To an unquestionable source have led;  
 Enough—if eyes that sought the fountain-  
 head,  
 In vain, upon the growing rill may gaze.

## PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword  
 Works busy as the lightning; but instinct  
 With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon  
 linked,  
 Which God's ethereal storehouses afford:  
 Against the followers of the incarnate Lord  
 It rages;—some are smitten in the field—  
 Some pierced beneath the ineffectual shield  
 Of sacred home;—with pomp are others  
 gored  
 And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,  
 England's first martyr, whom no threats  
 could shake;  
 Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,  
 And for the faith—nor shall his name  
 forsake [riset  
 That bill, whose flowery platform seems to  
 By nature decked for holiest sacrifice.

† This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it with a delicate feeling delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Variis herbarum floribus depictus in d usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds  
regain  
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim  
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn  
To the blue ether and bespangled plain;  
Even so, in many a reconstructed fane,  
Have the survivors of this storm renewed  
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:  
And solemn ceremonial they ordain  
To celebrate their great deliverance;  
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear,  
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,  
May not the less, through Heaven's mild  
countenance, [cheer;  
Even in her own despite, both feed and  
For all things are less dreadful than they  
seem.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm! for soul-subduing  
vice,  
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.  
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate  
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,  
Their radiance through the woods, may yet  
suffice  
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate  
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate  
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood  
flowed, the price [arts  
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious  
That Rome provides, less dreading from  
her frown [gown,  
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful  
Language and letters;—these, though  
fondly viewed  
As humanizing graces, are but parts  
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be  
scanned [deep  
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and  
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.  
Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand  
Uplifting toward high heaven her fiery  
brand,

A cherished priestess of the new-baptized!  
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.  
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land  
By Rome abandoned, vain are suppliant  
cries, [farewell.  
And prayers that would undo her forced  
For she returns not.—Awed by her own  
knell,  
She casts the Britons upon strange allies,  
Soon to become more dreaded enemies  
Than heartless misery called them to repel

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST  
THE BARBARIANS.

RISE!—they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin  
ask [friends:  
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious  
The spirit of Caractacus defends  
The patriots, animates their glorious task;—  
Amazement runs before the towering casque  
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field  
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian  
shield:—  
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask  
The hosts that followed Urien as he strode  
O'er heaps of slain;—from Cambrian wood  
and moss  
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;  
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still  
abode, [swords,  
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring  
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid  
Of hallelujahs\* tost from hill to hill—  
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will  
Permits a second and a darker shade  
Of pagan light. Afflicted and dismayed,  
The relics of the sword flee to the moun-  
tains: [like fountains;  
O wretched land! whose tears have flowed  
Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid,  
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care  
For other monuments than those of earth;†  
Who, as the fields and woods have given  
them birth,

\* Alluding to the victory gained under Ger-  
manus.—See Bede.

† The last six lines of this sonnet are chiefly  
from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state  
(though to the readers whom this poem will  
chiefly interest it is unnecessary), that my obli-

lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum  
æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet cum  
pro insita sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens,  
qui beati martyris cruce dicaretur."

Will build their savage fortunes only there;  
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth  
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they  
were.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.\*

The oppression of the tumult—wrath and  
scorn—  
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—  
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades  
The song of Taliesin;†—Ours shall mourn  
The unarmed host who by their prayers  
would turn [the store  
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard  
Of aboriginal and Roman lore, [burn  
And Christian monuments that now must  
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things  
swerve [dream;  
From their known course, or vanish like a  
Another language spreads from coast to  
coast;  
Only perchance some melancholy stream  
And some indignant hills old names pre-  
serve, [lost!  
When laws, and creeds, and people all are

gations to other prose writers are frequent—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the sonnet upon Wicliffe, and in other instances. And upon the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.

\* "Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor; he perceived the monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'If they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half-ruined walls, gates, and rubbish, were all that remained of the magnificent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against national and religious prejudices.

† Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful  
slaves,  
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale  
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,  
Where Tiber's stream the immortal city  
laves;  
Angli by name; and not an angel waves  
His wing who seemeth lovelier in Heaven's  
Than they appear to holy Gregory; [eye  
Who, having learnt that name, salvation  
craves [sire,  
For them, and for their land. The earnest  
His questions urging, feels in slender ties  
Of chiming sound commanding sympathies;  
DE-IRIANS—he would save them from  
God's IRE;  
Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing  
Glad HALLELUJAHS to the eternal King!

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,  
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye  
tread,  
And blest the silver cross, which ye, instead  
Of martial banner, in procession bear;  
The cross preceding Him who floats in air,  
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,  
'They come—and onward travel without  
dread,  
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,  
Sung for themselves, and those whom they  
would free! [tuous sea  
Rich conquest waits them:—the tempest-  
Of ignorance, that ran so rough and high,  
And heeded not the voice of clashing  
swords, [words,  
These good men humble by a few bare  
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

PAULINUS.‡

BUT, to remote Northumbria's roya! hall,  
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the  
school  
Of sorrow still maintains a heathen rule,  
Who comes with functions apostolical?

‡ The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—"Longæ staturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilento, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,

Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,  
His prominent features like an eagle's beak;  
A man whose aspect doth at once appal,  
And strike with reverence. The monarch leans

Towards the truth this delegate propounds,  
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds  
With careful hesitation,—then convenes  
A synod of his counsellors;—give ear,  
And what a pensive sage doth utter, hear!

---

PERSUASION.

“MAN's life is like a sparrow,\* mighty king!  
That, stealing in while by the fire you sit  
Housed with rejoicing friends, is seen to flit  
Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.  
Here did it enter—there, on hasty wing  
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;  
But whence it came we know not, nor behold  
Whither it goes. Even such that transient  
thing,

The human soul; not utterly unknown  
While in the body lodged, her warm abode;  
But from what world she came, what woe  
or weal [shown];  
On her departure waits, no tongue hath  
This mystery if the stranger can reveal,  
His be a welcome cordially bestowed!”

---

\* See the original of this speech in Bede.—  
The conversion of Edwin, as related by him is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length, in a translation. “Who, exclaimed the king, when the council was ended, shall first desecrate the altars and the temples? I, answered the chief priest, for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the king to grant him, what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser; which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but approaching he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its inclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham.”

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel  
lore;

The council closed, the priest in full career  
Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a spear  
To desecrate the fane which heretofore  
He served in folly.—Woden falls—and  
Thor

Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved  
(So might they dream) till victory was  
achieved,

Drops, and the god himself is seen no more.  
Temple and altar sink, to hide their shame  
Amid oblivious weeds. “*Oh, come to me,  
Ye heavy laden!*” such the inviting voice  
Heard near fresh streams,†—and thousands,  
who rejoice

In the new rite—the pledge of sanctity,  
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

---

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which fancy oft doth lend  
The soul's eternal interests to promote;  
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;  
And evil spirits *may* our walk attend  
For aught the wisest know or comprehend:  
Then be *good* spirits free to breathe a note  
Of elevation; let their odours float  
Around these converts; and their glories  
blend,

Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze  
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden  
cords [raise  
Of good works, mingling with the visions  
The soul to purer worlds: and *who* the line  
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,  
That even imperfect faith to man affords?

---

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.‡

How beautiful your presence, how benign,  
Servants of God! who not a thought will  
share

---

† The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers for the convenience of baptism.

‡ Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—“Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervicè



With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare  
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign  
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!  
Such priest, when service worthy of his care  
Has called him forth to breathe the common  
air,

Might seem a saintly image from its shrine  
Descended:—happy are the eyes that meet  
The apparition; evil thoughts are stayed  
At his approach, and low-backed necks  
entreat

A benediction from his voice or hand;  
Whence grace, through which the heart  
can understand;  
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

---

#### OTHER INFLUENCES.

AH, when the frame, round which in love  
we clung,  
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?  
Is tender pity then of no avail?  
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue  
A waste of hope?—From this sad source  
have sprung

Rites that console the spirit, under grief  
Which ill can brook more rational relief:  
Hence prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges  
sung [is smooth  
For those whose doom is fixed! The way  
For power that travels with the human  
heart:

Confession ministers, the pang to soothe  
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.  
Ye holy men, so earnest in your care,  
Of your own mighty instruments beware!

---

#### SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished—  
at his side  
A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,  
Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's  
crook, [to hide  
The war-worn chieftain quits the world—  
His thin autumnal locks where monks abide  
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell  
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell  
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,  
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,  
Do penitential cogitations cling:

---

vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gauderant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoris diligentius auditum præbebant."—Lib. iii., cap. 26.

Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine  
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;  
Yet, while they strangle without mercy,  
bring  
For recompense their own perennial bower.

---

#### CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage  
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook  
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook  
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage  
to stage,

Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage  
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;  
Thence creeping under forest arches cool,  
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage  
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,  
A maple dish, my furniture should be;  
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting  
owl [fowl

My night-watch: nor should e'er the crested  
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,  
Tired of the world and all its industry.

---

#### REPROOF.

BUT what if one, through grove or flowery  
mead,  
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet  
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet  
Thy hovering shade, O venerable Bede!  
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed  
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat  
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows  
beat

On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed  
Perpetual industry. Sublime recluse!  
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt  
Imposed on human kind, must first forget  
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use  
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,  
The last dear service of thy passing breath?\*

---

#### SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought  
pains  
The people work like congregated bees; †

\* He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.

† See in Turner's History, vol. iii., p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey monastery. Penances were removable by the performances of acts of charity and benevolence



Eager to build the quiet fortresses  
 Where piety, as they believe, obtains  
 From heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains  
 Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,  
 And peace, and equity.—Bold faith! yet rise  
 The sacred structures for less doubtful gains.  
 The sensual think with reverence of the  
 palms [grave;  
 Which the chaste votaries seek, beyond the  
 If penance be redeemable, thence alms  
 Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;  
 And, if full of the sanctuary save  
 Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOT sedentary all: there are who roam  
 To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;  
 Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn  
 floors  
 To seek the general mart of Christendom;  
 Whence they, like richly-laden merchants,  
 come  
 To their beloved cells:—or shall we say  
 That, like the red-cross knight, they urge  
 their way,  
 To lead in memorable triumph home  
 Truth—their immortal *Una*? Babylon,  
 Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,  
 Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the  
 sigh [are gone  
 That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre,  
 With all their arts,—but classic lore glides on  
 By these religious saved for all posterity.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,  
 The pious Alfred, king to justice dear;  
 Lord of the harp and liberating spear;  
 Mirror of princes! Indigent renown  
 Might range the starry ether for a crown  
 Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,  
 Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth  
 cheer, [frown.  
 And awes like night with mercy-tempered  
 Ease from this noble miser of his time  
 No moment steals; pain narrows not his  
 cares.\* [gem,  
 Though small his kingdom as a spark or  
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,

\* Through the whole of his life Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

And Christian India, through her wide-  
 spread clime,  
 In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

CAN aught survive to linger in the veins  
 Of kindred bodies—an essential power  
 That may not vanish in one fatal hour,  
 And wholly cast away terrestrial chains?  
 The race of Alfred covets glorious pains  
 When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!  
 Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!  
 But manly sovereignty its hold retains;  
 The root sincere, the branches bold to strive  
 With the fierce tempest, while, within the  
 round  
 Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;  
 As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,  
 Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,  
 The fostered hyacinths spread their purple  
 bloom.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by ambition, who with subtlest skill  
 Changes her means, the enthusiast as a dupe  
 Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,  
 And turn the instruments of good to ill,  
 Moulding the credulous people to his will.  
 Such Dunstan:—from its Benedictine coop  
 Issues the master mind, at whose fell swoop  
 The chaste affections tremble to fulfil  
 Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,  
 The night of spiritual sway! his thoughts,  
 his dreams,  
 Do in the supernatural world abide:  
 So vaunt a throng of followers, filled with  
 pride  
 In shows of virtue pushed to its extremes,  
 And sorceries of talent misapplied.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the crown that doth the cowl obey!†  
 Dissension checks the arms that would re-  
 strain  
 The incessant rovers of the Northern main,  
 And widely spreads once more a pagan sway:  
 But gospel-truth is potent to allay

† The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan* for strengthening the Benedictine order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See *Turner*.

Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel  
 Dane [reign,  
 Feels, through the influence of her gentle  
 His native superstitions melt away.  
 Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'er-  
 shrouds, [appear  
 The full-orbed moon, slow-climbing, doth  
 Silently to consume the heavy clouds;  
 How no one can resolve; but every eye  
 Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear  
 And widening circuit of ethereal sky

—————  
 CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the mere,  
 From monks in Ely chanting service high,  
 Whileas Canute the king is rowing by:  
 "My oarsmen," quoth the mighty king,  
 "draw near, [hear!"  
 That the sweet song of the monks may  
 He listens, (all past conquests and all  
 schemes  
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams,)  
 Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.  
 The royal minstrel, ere the choir is still,  
 While his free barge skims the smooth flood  
 along,  
 Gives to that rapture an accordant rhyme.\*  
 O suffering earth! be thankful; sternest  
 clime  
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill  
 Of heaven-descended piety and song.

—————  
 THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted confessor prepares  
 The evanescence of the Saxon line.  
 Hark! 'tis the tolling curfew! the stars  
 shine, [cares  
 But of the lights that cherish household  
 And festive gladness, burns not one that  
 dares  
 To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,  
 Emblem and instrument, from Thames to  
 Tyne, [snares!  
 Of force that daunts, and cunning that en-  
 Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,  
 That quench, from hut to palace, lamps  
 and fires,  
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires,  
 Even so a thralldom studious to expel  
 Old laws and ancient customs to derange,  
 Brings to religion no injurious change.

\* Which is still extant.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profane-  
 ness flow  
 From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,  
 From Bethlehem, from the mounts of agony  
 And glorified ascension? Warriors go,  
 With prayers and blessings we your path  
 will sow;  
 Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye  
 Have chased far off by righteous victory  
 These sons of Amalek, or laid them low!"  
 "God willeth it," the whole assembly cry;  
 Shout which the enraptured multitude as-  
 tounds! [reply:—  
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers  
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,  
 And in awe-stricken countries far and nigh  
 Through "nature's hollow arch," the voice  
 resounds. †

—————  
 CRUSADES.

THE turbaned race are poured in thicken-  
 ing swarms [taine,  
 Along the west; though driven from Aqui-  
 The crescent glitters on the towers of  
 Spain;  
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;  
 The scimitar, that yields not to the charms  
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain:  
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills  
 detain [arms.  
 Their tents, and check the current of their  
 Then blame not those who, by the mightiest  
 lever  
 Known to the moral world, imagination,  
 Upheave (so seems it) from her natural  
 station [(was never  
 All Christendom:—they sweep along—  
 So huge a host!—to tear from the un-  
 believer [vation.  
 The precious tomb, their haven of sal-

—————  
 RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED king, of courage leonine,  
 I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip  
 Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip;  
 I watch theesailing o'er the midland brine;  
 In conquered Cyprus see thy bride decline

† The decision of this council was believed to  
 be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,  
 And see love-emblems streaming from thy [ship,  
 As thence she holds her way to Palestine.  
 My song (a fearless homager) would attend  
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the  
 press  
 Of war, but duty summons her away  
 To tell, how finding in the rash distress  
 Of those enthusiast powers a constant friend,  
 Through giddier heights hath clomb the  
 papal sway.

## AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns : proud arbitress  
 of grace, [the power  
 The Church, by mandate shadowing forth  
 She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,  
 Closes the gates of every sacred place,  
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's em-  
 brace [morn  
 All sacred things are covered : cheerful  
 Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is  
 worn,  
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a face  
 With natural smile of greeting. Bells are  
 dumb :  
 Ditches are graves—funeral rites denied ;  
 And in the church-yard he must take his  
 bride [come  
 Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly  
 Into the pensive heart ill-fortified,  
 And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

## PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the stream our voyage we pursue,  
 The gross materials of this world present  
 A marvellous study of wild accident ;  
 Uncouth proximities of old and new ;  
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue  
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined intent  
 Than aught the sky's fantastic element,  
 When most fantastic, offers to the view.  
 Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's  
 shrine ? [crown,  
 Lo ! John self-stripped of his insignia ;—  
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid  
 down [line  
 At a proud legate's feet ! The spears that  
 Baronial halls, the opprobrious insult feel ;  
 And angry ocean roars a vain appeal.

## SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK demons hovering o'er his mitred  
 head,  
 To Cæsar's successor the pontiff spake :  
 " Ere I absolve thee, stoop ! that on thy  
 neck [tread."  
 Levelled with earth this foot of mine may  
 Then, he who to the altar had been led,  
 He, whose strong arm the orient could not  
 check,  
 He, who had held the soldan at his beck,  
 Stooped, of all glory disinherited,  
 And even the common dignity of man !  
 Amazement strikes the crowd ;—while many  
 turn  
 Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn  
 With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban  
 From outraged nature ; but the sense of most  
 In abject sympathy with power is lost.

## PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's chair the viewless wind  
 Must come and ask permission when to  
 blow, [now  
 What further empire would it have ? for  
 A ghostly domination, unconfined  
 As that by dreaming bards to love assigned,  
 Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,  
 Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow—  
 Through earth and heaven to bind and to  
 unbind ! [—rebuff  
 Resist—the thunder quails thee !—crouch  
 Shall be thy recompense ! from land to land  
 The ancient thrones of Christendom are  
 For occupation of a magic wand, [stuff  
 And 'tis the pope that wields it,—whether  
 rough [hand !  
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his

## PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE  
TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF  
CHARLES I.

## CIERTERTIAN MONASTERY.

" *Here man more purely lives,\* less oft doth  
 fall,  
 More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed,*

\* " Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit

*More safely rests, dies happier, is freed  
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains  
withal*

*A brighter crown.*"—On yon Cistercian wall  
That confident assurance may be read ;  
And, to like shelter, from the world have fled  
Increasing multitudes. The potent call  
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's  
desires ;

Yet, while the rugged age on pliant knee  
Vows to rapt fancy humble fealty,  
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires ;  
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,  
And airy harvests crown the fertile lea.

---

#### MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,  
That many hooded Cenobites there are,  
Who in their private cells have yet a care  
Of public quiet ; unambitious men,  
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken ;  
Whose fervent exhortations from afar  
Move princes to their duty, peace or war ;  
And oft-times in the most forbidding den  
Of solitude, with love of science strong,  
How patiently the yoke of thought they  
bear !

How subtly glide its finest threads along !  
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere—  
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer  
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

---

#### OTHER BENEFITS.

AND not in vain embodied to the sight  
Religion finds even in the stern retreat  
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat ;  
From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's  
height,

Down to the humble altar, which the knight  
And his retainers of the embattled hall  
Seek in domestic oratory small,

For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite ;  
Then chiefly dear, whose foes are planted  
round,

Who teach the intrepid guardians of the  
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,  
And suffering under many a perilous wound,

---

purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, premiatur copiosius."—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed on some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

How sad would be their durance, if forlorn  
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace !

---

#### CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail !

And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam  
Pours on the surface of the turbid stream !  
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the  
gale

That swells the bosom of our passing sail !  
For where, but on *this* river's margin, blow  
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow  
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not  
fail ?

Fair court of Edward ! wonder of the world !  
I see a matchless blazonry unfurled  
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love ;  
And meekness tempering honourable pride ;  
The lamb is couching by the lion's side,  
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

---

#### CRUSADERS.

NOR can imagination quit the shores  
Of these bright scenes without a farewell  
glance [mance  
Given to those dream-like issues—that ro-  
Of many-coloured life which fortune pours  
Round the crusaders, till on distant shores  
Their labours end ; or they return to lie,  
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,  
Devoutly stretched upon their chance !  
floors. [chanted

Am I deceived ? Or is their requiem  
By voices never mute when heaven unties  
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies ;  
Requiem which earth takes up with voice  
undaunted [and wise,  
When she would tell how good, and brave,  
For their high guerdon not in vain have  
panted !

---

#### TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH ! for see, with dim association  
The tapers burn ; the odorous incense feeds  
A greedy flame ; the ponipous mass pro-  
ceeds : [eration ;

The priest bestows the appointed conse-  
And, while the Host is raised, its eleva-  
tion

An awe and supernatural horror breeds,  
And all the people bow their heads like  
reeds

To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration  
 This Valdo brooked not. On the banks  
     of Rhone [thence,  
 He taught, till persecution chased him  
 To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.  
 Nor were his followers loth to seek defence,  
 'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy  
     throne, [sense.  
 From rites that trample upon soul and

WALDENSES.

THESE who gave earliest notice, as the  
     lark [gratulate ;  
 Springs from the ground the morn to  
 Who rather rose the day to antedate,  
 By striking out a solitary spark,  
 When all the world with midnight gloom  
     was dark—  
 The harbingers of good whom bitter hate  
 In vain endeavoured to exterminate,  
 Fell obloquy pursues with hideous bark,\*  
 But they desist not ; and the sacred fire,  
 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage  
     woods  
 Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,  
 Through courts, through camps, o'er limi-  
     tary floods ;  
 Nor lacks this sea-girt isle a timely share  
 Of the new flame, not suffered to expire.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V.

“WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured  
     field  
 The lively beauty of the leopard shows ?  
 What flower in meadow-ground or garden  
     grows  
 That to the towering lily doth not yield ?  
 Let both meet only on thy royal shield !

\* The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious ; and, as is, alas ! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians or Paturins, from *patti*, to suffer.

“Dwellers with wolves she names them, for the  
     pine  
 And green oak are their covert ; as the gloom  
 Of night oft foils their enemy's design,  
 She calls them riders on the flying broom ;  
 Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have be-  
     come  
 One and the same through practices malign.”

Go forth, great king, ! claim what thy birth  
     bestows ;  
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes  
 Dare to usurp ;—thou hast a sword to  
     wield, [mitred sire  
 And Heaven will crown the right.”—The  
 Thus spake—and lo ! a fleet, for Gaul  
     address, [ing seas ;  
 Ploughs her bold course across the wonder-  
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast  
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,  
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning  
     breeze.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

TIUS is the storm abated by the craft  
 Of a shrewd counsellor, eager to protect  
 The Church, whose power hath recently  
     been checked, [the shaft  
 Whose monstrous riches threatened. So  
 Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed  
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—  
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears ;  
 For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught  
 Of civil slaughter ! Yet, while temporal  
     power [truth  
 Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual  
 Maintains the else endangered gift of life ;  
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth ;  
 And, under cover of this woeful strife,  
 Gathers unblighted strength from hour to  
     hour.

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with  
     sudden fear,  
 And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed ;  
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed,  
 And flung into the brook that travels near ;  
 Forthwith that ancient voice which streams  
     can hear, [the wind,  
 Thus speaks, (that voice which walks upon  
 Though seldom heard by busy human kind.)  
 “As thou these ashes, little brook ! wilt  
     bear  
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
 Into main ocean they, this deed accurst  
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies  
 How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified  
 By truth shall spread throughout the world  
     dispersed.”



## CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"WOE to you, prelates ! rioting in ease  
And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your  
estate ;

You on whose progress dazzling trains await  
Of pompous horses ; whom vain titles  
please,

Who will be served by others on their knees,  
Yet will yourselves to God no service pay ;  
Pastors who neither take nor point the way  
To Heaven ; for either lost in vanities  
Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know  
And speak the word—" Alas ! of fearful  
things

"Tis the most fearful when the people's eye  
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings ;  
And taught the general voice to prophesy  
Of justice armed, and pride to be laid low.

## ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is penance with her knotted  
thong,

Mortification with the shirt of hair,  
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with  
prayer,

Vigils and fastings rigorous as long,  
If cloistered avarice scruple not to wrong  
The pious, humble, useful secular,  
And rob the people of his daily care,  
Scorning that world whose blindness makes  
her strong ?

Inversion strange ! that unto one who lives  
For self, and struggles with himself alone,  
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives ;  
That to a monk allots, in the esteem  
Of God and man, place higher than to him  
Who on the good of others builds his own !

## MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a convent's  
blazing fire

Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun ;  
There Venus sits disguised like a nun,—  
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a  
friar, [higher

Pours out his choicest beverage high and  
Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run  
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won  
An instant kiss of masterful desire—

To stay the precious waste. In every brain  
Spreads the dominion of the sprightly juice,  
Through the wide world, to madding  
fancy dear,

Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse

Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,  
Whose votive burthen is—" Our kingdom's  
here !"

## DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may  
assuage ;

No sacrifice avert, no power dispute ;  
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries  
mute, [rage,

And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish  
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage ;  
The gadding bramble hang her purple  
fruit ;

And the green lizard and the gilded newt  
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.\*  
The owl of evening and the woodland fox  
For their abode the shrines of Waltham  
choose :

Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse  
To stoop her head before these desperate  
shocks— [tells,  
She whose high pomp displaced, as story  
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely nun (submissive but more meek  
Through saintly habit, than from effort  
due

To unrelenting mandates that pursue  
With equal wrath the steps of strong and  
weak)

Goes forth—unveiling timidly her cheek  
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,  
While through the convent gate to open  
view

Softly she glides, another home to seek.  
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,  
An apparition more divinely bright !  
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight  
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine  
Poured forth, while summer suns at  
distance shine,  
And the green vales lie hushed in sober  
light !

\* These two lines are adopted from a MS. written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "There Venus sits," &c.

CONTINUED.

YET some noviciates of the cloistral shade,  
Or chained by vows, with undissembled  
glee

The warrant hail—exulting to be free ;  
Like ships before whose keels, full long  
embayed

In polar ice, propitious winds have made  
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,  
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,  
In all her quarters temptingly displayed !  
Hope guides the young ; but when the old  
must pass [find

The threshold, whither shall they turn to  
The hospitality—the alms (alas !

Alms may be needed) which that house  
bestowed ? [mind

Can they, in faith and worship, train the  
To keep this new and questionable road ?

SAINTS.

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,  
Angels and saints, in every hamlet  
mourned !

Ah ! if the old idolatry be spurned,  
Let not your radiant shapes desert the land :  
Her adoration was not your demand,  
The fond heart proffered it—the servile  
heart ;

And therefore are ye summoned to depart,  
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose  
flaming brand

The dragon quelled ; and valiant Margaret  
Whose rival sword a like opponent slew :  
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen  
Of harmony ; and weeping Magdalene,  
Who in the penitential desert met  
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER ! whose virgin bosom was uncrust  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;  
Woman ! above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;  
Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;  
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak  
strewn [moon

With fancied roses, than the unblemished  
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue  
coast ;

Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might  
bend,

As to a visible power, in which did blend  
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene !

APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure  
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome ;  
Age after age to the arch of Christendom  
Aërial keystone haughtily secure ;  
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure  
As many hold ; and, therefore, to the tomb  
Pass, some through fire—and by the  
scaffold some—

Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.  
" Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit  
Upon his throne ; " unsoftened, undismayed  
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene  
Of pity or fear ; and More's gay genius  
played

With the inoffensive sword of native wit,  
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation ! Not alone  
From sages justly honoured by mankind,  
But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,  
Demons and spirits, many a dolorous  
groan

Issues for that Dominion overthrown :  
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges,  
blind

As his own worshippers ; and Nile, reclined  
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan  
Renews.—Through every forest, cave, and  
den, [sorrow past—

Where frauds were hatched of old, hath  
Hangs o'er the Arabian prophet's native  
waste

Where once his airy helpers schemed and  
planned

'Mid phantom lakes bemocking thirsty men,  
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT, that by this unsparing hurricane  
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn  
away,

And goodly fruitage with the mother spray,  
"Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to  
detain, [disdain,

With hands stretched forth in mollified

The "trumpety" that ascends in bare  
display,— [and gray,  
Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls, black, white,  
Unwhirled—and flying o'er the ethereal  
plain [not choice  
Fast bound for Limbo Lake.—And yet  
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,  
And airy bonds are hardest to disown ;  
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty trans-  
ferred  
Unto itself, the crown assumes a voice  
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

---

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,  
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,  
Assumes the accents of our native tongue ;  
And he who guides the plough, or wields  
the crook,

With understanding spirit now may look  
Upon her records, listen to her song,  
And sift her laws—much wondering that  
the wrong, [calmly brook.  
Which faith has suffered, Heaven could  
Transcendent boon ! noblest that earthly  
king

Ever bestowed to equalise and bless  
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness !  
But passions spread like plagues, and thou-  
sands wild

With bigotry shall tread the offering  
Beneath their feet—detested and defiled.

---

'THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise? for nothing  
less [of sense ;  
Than that pure faith dissolve the bonds  
The soul restored to God by evidence  
Of things not seen—drawn forth from  
their recess,

Root there, and not in forms, her holiness ;  
*That* faith which to the patriarchs did dis-  
pense

Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence  
Was needful round men thirsting to trans-  
gress ; [the Lord

That faith, more perfect still, with which  
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth  
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill  
The temples of their hearts—who, with His  
word

Informed, were resolute to do His will,  
And worship Him in spirit and in truth.

EDWARD VI.

"SWEET is the holiness of youth"—so felt  
Time-honoured Chaucer when he framed  
the lay

By which the prioress beguiled the way,  
And many a pilgrim's rugged heart did  
melt. [dwelt

Hadst thou, loved bard ! whose spirit often  
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen  
King, child, and seraph, blended in the  
mien

Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt  
In meek and simple infancy, what joy  
For universal Christendom had thrilled  
Thy heart ! what hopes inspired thy genius,  
skilled

(O great precursor, genuine morning star)  
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,  
Piercing the papal darkness from afar !

---

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR  
THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush  
From various sources ; gently overflow  
From blissful transport some—from clefts  
of woe

Some with ungovernable impulse rush ;  
And some, coeval with the earliest blush  
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show  
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go ;  
And some break forth when others' sorrows  
crush [yet

The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor  
The noblest drops to admiration known,  
'To gratitude, to injuries forgiven,  
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that  
have wet

The innocent eyes of youthful monarchs,  
driven  
To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

---

REVIVAL OF POPERY.

MELTS into silent shades the youth, dis-  
crowned

By unrelenting death. O people keen  
For change, to whom the new looks always  
green ! [ground

They cast, they cast with joy upon the  
Their gods of wood and stone ; and, at the  
sound

Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,  
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen queen !)  
Lifting them up, the worship to confound

Of the Most High. Again do they invoke  
The creature, to the creature glory give ;  
Again with frankincense the altars smoke  
Like those the heathen served ; and mass  
is sung ;  
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,  
Runs through blind channels of an un-  
known tongue.

## LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !  
See Latimer and Ridley\* in the might  
Of faith stand coupled for a common flight !  
One (like those prophets whom God sent of  
old) [told  
Transfigured, from this kindling hath fore-  
A torch of inextinguishable light ;  
The other gains a confidence as bold ;  
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.  
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,  
Are glorified while this once-mitred pair  
Of saintly friends, the "murderer's chain  
partake,  
Corded, and burning at the social stake :"  
Earth never witnessed object more sublime  
In constancy, in fellowship more fair !

## CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided  
hand  
(O God of mercy, may no earthly seat  
Of judgment such presumptuous doom  
repeat !)

\* "M. Latimer very quietly suffered his  
keeper to pull off his hose, and his other aray,  
which to looke unto was very simple : and  
being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as  
romely a person to them that were present, as  
one should lightly see : and whereas in his  
clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked  
sillie (wcaak) olde man, he now stood bolt up-  
right, as comely a father as one might lightly  
behold. . . . Then they brought a fag-  
gotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe  
at doctor Ridley's feete. To whom M. Latimer  
spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort,  
master Ridley, and play the man : wee shall  
this day light such a candle by God's grace in  
England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'"  
Fox's *Acts, etc.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and  
department of persons brought to like trial were  
not uncommon. See note to the above passage  
in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*,  
for an example in a humble Welsh fisherman.

Amid the shuddering throug doth Cranmer  
stand ;  
Firm as the stake to which with iron band  
His frame is tied ; firm from the naked feet  
To the bare head, the victory complete ;  
The shrouded body, to the soul's command,  
Answering with more than Indian fortitude,  
Throug all her nerves with finer sense  
endued,  
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration :  
Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,  
Behold the unalterable heart entire,  
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous  
attestation !†

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF  
THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious martyrs, from your fields of  
light  
Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust  
(While we look round) that Heaven's  
decrees are just :  
Which few can hold committed to a fight  
That shows, even on its better side, the  
might  
Of proud self-will, rapacity, and lust,  
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,  
Which showers of blood seem rather to  
incite  
Than to allay.—Anathemas are hurled  
From both sides ; veteran thunders (the  
brute test  
Of truth) are met by fulminations new—  
Tartarian flags are caught at, and un-  
furled—  
Friends strike at friends—the flying shall  
pursue— [rest !  
And victory sickens, ignorant where to

## ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's  
net, [strand ;  
Some seek with timely flight a foreign  
Most happy, re-assembled in a land  
By dauntless Luther freed, could they  
forget [they met,  
Their country's woes. But scarcely have  
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,  
Free to pour forth their common thank-  
fulness,  
Ere hope declines ; their union is beset

† For the belief in this fact see the contempora-  
ry historians.



With speculative notions rashly sown,  
 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poi-  
 sonous weeds ; [sions steeds  
 Their forms are broken staves ; their pas-  
 That master them. How enviably blest  
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone  
 The peace of God within his single breast !

## ELIZABETH.

HAIL, virgin queen ! o'er many an envious  
 bar [cherous wile !  
 Triumphant—snatched from many a treat-  
 All hail, sage lady, whom a grateful isle  
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war  
 Stilled by thy voice ! But quickly from afar  
 Defiance breathes with more malignant  
 aim ; [claim  
 And alien storms with home-bred ferments  
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car  
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly  
 on ;  
 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint  
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright !  
 For, wheresoe'er she moves, the clouds anon  
 Disperse ; or, under a divine constraint,  
 Reflect some portion of her glorious light !

## EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest  
 soil, [wave,  
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave  
 Were mine the trusty staff that Jewel gave  
 'To youthful Hooker, in familiar style  
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile :\*  
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his  
 head [dread  
 The donor's farewell blessing, can he  
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of  
 toil ?

\* " On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table,—which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends ; and at the bishop's parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money ; which when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the bishop said to him, ' Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany ; and

More sweet than odours caught by him  
 who sails  
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,  
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,  
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,  
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the  
 gales [bowers wherein they rest.  
 From fields where good men walk, or

## THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly spirits as they are,  
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,  
 With what entire affection do they prize  
 Their new-born Church ! labouring with  
 earnest care  
 To baffle all that may her strength impair ;  
 That Church — the unperverted gospel's  
 seat ;  
 In their afflictions a divine retreat ;  
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest  
 prayer !  
 The truth exploring with an equal mind,  
 In doctrine and communion they have  
 sought  
 Firmly between the two extremities to steer ;  
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,  
 'To trace right courses for the stubborn  
 blind,  
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

## DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon  
 defy [and split  
 Their forefathers ; lo ! sects are formed—  
 With morbid restlessness,—the ecstatic fit  
 Spreads wide ; though special mysteries  
 multiply, [cry ;  
*The saints must govern*, is their common  
 And so they labour ; deeming Holy Writ  
 Disgraced by aught that seems content to  
 sit

he said, ' Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse ; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter ; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college ; and so God bless you, good Richard.'—See WALTON'S *Life of Richard Hooker*.



Beneath the roof of settled modesty,  
The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws  
From the confusion—craftily incites  
The overweening—personates the mad\*—  
To heap disgust upon the worthier cause:  
Totters the throne; the new-born Church  
is sad,  
For every wave against her peace unites.

—  
GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree  
To plague her beating heart; and there is  
one  
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion  
With things that were not, yet were *meant*  
to be.  
Aghast within its gloomy cavity  
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done  
Crimes that might stop the motion of the  
sun)  
Beholds the horrible catastrophe  
Of an assembled senate unredeemed  
From subterraneous treason's darkling  
power;  
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!  
Worse than the product of that dismal night,  
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,  
The blood of Huguenots through Paris  
streamed.

—  
ILLUSTRATION.

THE Virgin Mountain, † wearing like a  
queen  
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,  
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below  
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene  
Can link with desolation. Smooth and  
green,  
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,  
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go  
Fretting and whitening, keener and more  
keen,  
Till madness seizes on the whole wide flood,  
Turned to a fearful thing whose nostrils  
breathe [he tries  
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith  
To hide himself, but only magnifies;  
And doth in more conspicuous torment  
writhe,  
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

\* A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See STRYPE in support of this instance.

† The Jungfrau.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

SUCH is the contrast, which where'er we  
move,  
To the mind's eye religion doth present;  
Now with her own deep quietness content;  
Then, like the mountain, thundering from  
above  
Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove  
And the land's humblest comforts. Now  
her mood  
Recals the transformation of the flood,  
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,  
Earth cannot check. Oh, terrible excess  
Of headstrong will! Can this be piety?  
No—some fierce maniac hath usurped her  
name;  
And scourges England struggling to be free:  
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilder-  
ness! shame!  
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to

—  
LAUD. ‡

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,  
An old weak man for vengeance thrown  
aside,  
Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,  
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare  
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings  
forbear  
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied  
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,  
And in his prison breathes celestial air.  
Why tarries, then, thy chariot? Wherefore  
stay, [wheels,  
O death! the ensanguined yet triumphant

‡ In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe, that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more, than that the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw, that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which, while we live in the body needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour."

Which thou prepar'st, full often to convey,  
(What time a state with madding faction  
reels)

The saint or patriot to the world that heals  
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

---

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest  
string,

The faintest note to echo which the blast  
Caught from the hand of Moses as it past  
O'er Sinai's top, or from the shepherd king,  
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing  
Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and  
waste

Hear also of that name, and mercy cast  
Off to the mountains, like a covering  
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh!  
weep, [priest

Weep with the good, beholding king and  
Despised by that stern God to whom they  
raise

Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast  
He keepeth; like the firmament his ways;  
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

---

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE  
PRESENT TIMES.

I SAW the figure of a lovely maid  
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,  
Whose fondly overhanging canopy  
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade,  
Substance she seemed (and *that* my heart  
betrayed,

For she was one I loved exceedingly);  
But while I gazed in tender reverie  
(Or was it sleep that with my fancy played?)  
The bright corporeal presence, form, and  
face,

Remaining still distinct, grew thin and rare,  
Like sunny mist; at length the golden hair,  
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keep-  
ing pace

Each, with the other, in a lingering race  
Of dissolution, melted into air.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, this vision  
spake

Fear to my spirit—passion that might seem  
Wholly discovered from our present theme;  
Yet do I love my country—and partake  
Of kindred agitations for her sake;  
She visits oftentimes my midnight dream;  
Her glory meets me with the earliest beam  
Of light, which tells that morning is awake.  
If aught impair her beauty or destroy,  
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore  
With filial love the sad vicissitude;  
If she hath fallen and righteous Heaven re-  
store [newed,  
The prostrate, then my spring-time is re-  
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

---

CHARLES THE SECOND.

WHO comes with rapture greeted, and  
cared

With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?  
Him virtue's nurse, adversity, in vain  
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:  
For all she taught of hardest and of best,  
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain  
And long privation, now dissolves amain,  
Or is remembered only to give zest  
To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!  
Already stands our country on the brink  
Of bigot rage, that all distinction levels  
Of truth and falsehood, swallowing the  
good name, [misery, shame,  
And, with that draught, the life-blood:  
By poets loathed; from which historians  
shrink!

---

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET truth is keenly sought for, and the wind  
Charged with rich words poured out in  
thought's defence;  
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,  
Or a Platonic piety confined  
To the sole temple of the inward mind;  
And one there is who builds immortal lays,  
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,  
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind!  
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel  
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry  
sphere  
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;  
And the pure spirit of celestial light  
Shines through his soul—"that he may see  
and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

## CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject  
Those unforming ; whom one rigorous  
day

Drives from their cures, a voluntary prey  
To poverty and grief, and disrespect,  
And some to want — as if by tempests  
wrecked

On a wild coast ; how destitute ! did they  
Feel not that conscience never can betray,  
That peace of mind is virtue's sure effect.

Their altars they forego, their homes they  
quit,

Fields which they love, and paths they daily  
And cast the future upon Providence ;

As men the dictate of whose inward sense  
Outweighs the world ; whom self-deceiving  
wit

Laurels not from what they deem the cause

## PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine vales threw forth a suppliant  
cry,

The majesty of England interposed  
And the sword stopped ; the bleeding  
wounds were closed ;

And faith preserved her ancient purity.  
How little boots that precedent of good,  
Scorned or forgotten, thou canst testify,

For England's shame, O sister realm ! from  
wood,

Mountain, and moor, and crowded street,  
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,  
Slain by compatriot-protestants that draw

From councils senseless as intolerant  
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-  
law ;

But who would force the soul, tilts with  
Against a champion cased in adamant.

## ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands  
sent,

Shatters the air, and troubles tower and  
For justice hath absolved the innocent,  
And tyranny is balked of her desire :

Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire  
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,  
And transport finds in every street a vent,

Till the whole city rings like one vast quire.  
The fathers urge the people to be still

With outstretched hands and earnest speech  
—in vain !

Yea, many, haply wont to entertain  
Small reverence for the mitre's offices,  
And to religion's self no friendly will,  
A prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

## WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current—strong to draw  
Millions of waves into itself, and run,  
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun

And ploughing storm—the spirit of Nassau  
(By constant impulse of religious awe  
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend

With the wide world's commotions) from  
its end  
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.  
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope ?

The hero comes to liberate, not defy :  
And, while he marches on with righteous  
hope,

Conqueror beloved ! expected anxiously !  
The vacillating bondman of the pope,  
Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast  
eye.

## OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL country, if thou e'er forget  
The sons who for thy civil rights have  
bled!

How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his  
And Russel's milder blood the scaffold  
wet ;

But these had fallen for profitless regret  
Had not thy holy Church her champions  
bred ;

And claims from other worlds inspired  
The star of liberty to rise. Nor yet  
(Grave this within thy heart !) if spiritual  
things

Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,  
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,  
However hardly won or justly dear ;

What came from Heaven to Heaven by  
nature clings,

And, if dissevered thence, its course is

DOWN a swift stream, thus far, a bold  
design

Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart  
Than his who sees, borne forward by the  
Rhine,

The living landscapes greet him, and depart;  
Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start!  
And strives the towers to number, that  
recline

O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line  
Striding with shattered crests the eye  
athwart;— [pleasure :

So have we hurried on with troubled  
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream  
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery  
gleam, [measure,

We, nothing loth a lingering course to  
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at  
leisure

Features that else had vanished like a dream.

---

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky  
So fair as these. The feather whence the  
pen [good men

Was shaped that traced the lives of these  
Dropped from an angel's wing. With  
moistened eye

We read of faith and purest charity  
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.

Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then  
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!  
Methinks their very names shine still and  
bright;

Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night;  
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling  
A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,  
Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

---

SACHEVERELL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell  
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained  
In liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,  
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the  
sentinel

Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,  
Stands at the bar—absolved by female eyes,  
Mingling their light with graver flatteries,  
Lavished on *him* that England may rebel  
Against her ancient virtue. High and Low,  
Watchwords of party, on all tongues are rife;  
As if a Church, though sprung from Heaven,  
must owe

To opposites and fierce extremes her life—  
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow  
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star  
Is to the sky while we look up in love;  
As to the deep fair ships which though they  
move [afar;

Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from  
As to the sandy desert fountains are,  
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,  
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt native  
falls

Of roving tired or desultory war;  
Such to this British isle her Christian fanes,  
Each linked to each for kindred services;  
Her spires, her steeple-towers with glitter-  
ing vanes [trees,

Far-kenned, her chapels lurking among  
Where a few villagers on bended knees  
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

---

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,  
And a refined rusticity, belong  
To the neat mansion,\* where, his flock  
among, [lord,  
The learned pastor dwells, their watchful

---

\* Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy, stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery, often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the see of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegances of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church



Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword, [a wrong  
Though pride's least lurking thought appear  
To human kind ; though peace be on his tongue,  
Gentleness in his heart ; can earth afford  
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,  
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;  
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can  
For re-subjecting to divine command  
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man ?

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear  
Attract us still, and passionate exercise  
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies  
Distinct with signs—through which, in fixed  
career,  
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year  
Of England's Church—stupendous mysteries !  
Which who travels in her bosom, eyes  
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.  
Enough for us to cast a transient glance  
The circle through ; relinquishing its story  
For those whom Heaven hath fitted to  
advance, [Glory—  
And, harp in hand, rehearse the King of  
From His mild advent till His countenance  
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains  
hoary.

BAPTISM.

BLEST be the Church, that, watching o'er  
the needs  
Of infancy, provides a timely shower,  
Whose virtue changes to a Christian flower  
The sinful product of a bed of weeds !  
Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds

stand parallel to each other, at a small distance ;  
a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads  
between them ; shrubs and trees curve from  
each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding  
the church. From the front of this dwelling, no  
part of the burial-ground is seen ; but, as you  
wind by the side of the shrubs towards the  
steeple end of the church, the eye catches a  
single, small, low, monumental head-stone,  
moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining  
towards, the earth. Advance, and the church-  
yard, populous and gay with glittering tomb-  
stones, opens upon the view. This humble and  
beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for  
which see "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," in  
Miscellaneous Sonnets.

The ministration ; while parental love  
Looks on, and grace descendeth from  
above [pleads.  
As the high service pledges now, now  
There, should vain thoughts outspread  
their wings and fly  
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,  
The tombs which hear and answer that  
brief cry,  
The infant's notice of his second birth,  
Recal the wandering soul to sympathy  
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet  
fears from earth.

CATECHISING.

FROM little down to least—in due degree,  
Around the pastor, each in new-wrought  
vest,  
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,  
We stood, a trembling, earnest company !  
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,  
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears  
betrayed ;  
And some a bold unerring answer made ;  
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,  
Beloved mother ! Thou whose happy hand  
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faith-  
ful tie : [mand  
Sweet flowers ! at whose inaudible com-  
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-  
appear :  
Oh, lost too early for the frequent tear,  
And ill requited by this heart-felt sigh !

CONFIRMATION.

THE young-ones gathered in from hill and  
dale,  
With holiday delight on every brow :  
'Tis passed away ; far other thoughts pre-  
vail ;  
For they are taking the baptismal vow  
Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips  
speak  
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,  
And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek  
Under the holy fear of God turns pale,  
While on each head His lawn-robed servant  
lays  
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals  
The covenant. The Omnipotent will raise  
Their feeble souls ; and bear with *his*  
regrets, [feels  
Who, looking round the fair assemblage,  
That ere the sun goes down their childhood  
sets.



## CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I SAW a mother's eye intensely bent  
Upon a maiden trembling as she knelt ;  
In and for whom the pious mother felt  
Things that we judge of by a light too faint ;  
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned muse,  
or saint ! [relieved—  
Tell what rushed in, from what she was  
Then, when her child the hallowing touch  
received,  
And such vibration to the mother went  
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams  
appear ?

Opened a vision of that blissful place  
Where dwells a sister-child ? And was  
power given  
Part of her lost one's glory back to trace  
Even to this rite ? For thus *she* knelt, and,  
ere [heaven.  
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to

## SACRAMENT.

BY chain yet stronger must the soul be tied :  
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,  
Brings to thy food, memorial Sacrament !  
The offspring, haply at the parents' side :  
But not till they, with all that do abide  
In heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud  
And magnify the glorious name of God,  
Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners  
died.

Here must mysong in timid reverence pause :  
But shrink not ye whom to the saving rite  
The altar calls ; come early under laws  
That can secure for you a path of light  
Through gloomiest shade ; put on (nor  
dread its weight)  
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause !

## RURAL CEREMONY.\*

CONTENT with calmer scenes around us  
spread  
And humbler objects, give we to a day  
i annual joy one tributary lay ;  
This day when, forth by rustic music led,  
The village children, while the sky is red  
With evening lights, advance in long array  
Through the still church-yard, each with  
garland gay,

\* This is still continued in many churches in Westmorland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes ; and hence it is called the "rush-bearing."

That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head  
Of the proud bearer. To the wide church-  
door, [fathers bore  
Charged with these offerings which their  
For decoration in the papal time,  
The innocent procession softly moves ; —  
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's  
pure clime,  
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves !

## REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous sires had dared  
to leave  
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites  
And usages, whose due return invites  
A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;  
Giving the memory help when she would  
weave [lights  
A crown for hope ! I dread the boasted  
That all too often are but fiery blights,  
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.  
Go, seek when Christmas snows discomfort  
bring [church  
The counter spirit, found in some gay  
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch  
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing.  
Merry and loud, and safe from prying  
search,  
Strains offered only to the genial spring.

## MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,  
And sinks from high to low, along a scale  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not  
A musical but melancholy chime, [fall ;  
Which they can hear who meddle not with  
crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that  
bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
Its crown of weeds, but could not ever  
sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
Or the unimaginable touch of time.

## OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC domes ! following my down-  
ward way, [fall !  
Untouched by due regret I marked your

Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all  
 Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay  
 On our past selves in life's declining day :  
 For as, by discipline of time made wise,  
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities  
 And faults of others, gently as he may  
 Towards our own the mild instructor deals,  
 Teaching us to forget them or forgive.\*  
 Perversely curious, then for hidden ill  
 Why should we break time's charitable  
 seals?

Once ye were holy, ye are holy still ;  
 Your spirit let me freely drink and live !

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of  
 France

Are shattered into dust ; and self-exiled  
 From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,  
 Wander the ministers of God, as chance  
 Opens a way for life, or consonance  
 Of faith invites. More welcome to no land  
 The fugitives than to the British strand,  
 Where priest and layman with the vigilance  
 Of true compassion greet them. Creed and  
 test

Vanish before the unreserved embrace  
 Of Catholic humanity :—distress  
 They came,—and, while the moral tempest  
 roars [shores

Throughout the country they have left, our  
 Give to their faith a dreadless resting-place.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to charity—secured  
 By them who blessed the soft and happy  
 gale [sail,

That landward urged the great deliverer's  
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored !  
 Propitious hour ! had we, like them, endured  
 Sore stress of apprehension, † with a mind  
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse de-  
 signed,

From month to month trembling and un-  
 assured,

How had we then rejoiced ! But we have  
 felt,

As a loved substance, their futurity ;  
 Good, which they dared not hope for, we  
 have seen ; [is dealt ;

A state whose generous will through earth  
 A state—which, balancing herself between  
 Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the main,  
 And laurelled armies—not to be withstood,  
 What serve they ? if, on transitory good  
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,  
 The state (ah, surely not preserved in vain !)   
 Forbear to shape due channels which the  
 flood

Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood  
 O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian  
 plain

The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time  
 Is conscious of her want ; through Eng-  
 land's bounds,

In rival haste, the wished-for temples rise !  
 I hear their Sabbath bells' harmonious  
 chime [sounds

Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all  
 That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies !

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site ;—the virgin sod,  
 Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,  
 Shall disappear—and grateful earth receive  
 The corner-stone from hands that build to  
 God. [rod

Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the  
 Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully ;  
 Those forest oaks of Druid memory,  
 Shall long survive, to shelter the abode  
 Of genuine faith. Where, haply, 'mid this  
 band

Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove  
 May-garlands, let the holy altar stand  
 For kneeling adoration ; while—above,  
 Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove  
 That shall protect from blasphemy the land.

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk sub-  
 dued,

Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,  
 When each pale brow to dread hosannas  
 bowed [the rood,

While clouds of incense mounting veiled

\* This is borrowed from an affecting passage  
 in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

† See Burnet, who is unusually animated on  
 this subject: the east wind, so anxiously ex-  
 pected and prayed for, was called the "Protes-  
 tant wind."

That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed  
 Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling  
 rite [might  
 Our Church prepares not, trusting to the  
 Of simple truth with grace divine imbued ;  
 Yet will we not conceal the precious cross,  
 Like men ashamed : \* the sun with his first  
 smile [pile ;  
 Shall greet that symbol crowning the low  
 And the fresh air of " incense-breathing  
 morn "  
 Shall woefully embrace it ; and green moss  
 Creep round its arms through centuries  
 unborn.

---

NEW CHURCH-YARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf ar-  
 rayed,  
 Is now by solemn consecration given  
 To social interests, and to favouring heaven ;  
 And where the rugged colts their gambols  
 played, [glade,  
 And wild deer bounded through the forest  
 Unchecked as when by merry outlaw driven,  
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and  
 even ;  
 And so, full soon, the lonely sexton's spade  
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture  
 small,  
 But infinite its grasp of joy and woe !  
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and  
 flow— [dust"—  
 The spousal trembling—and the " dust to—  
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the  
 trust [all !  
 That to the Almighty Father looks through

---

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting piles !  
 Types of the spiritual Church which God  
 hath reared ;  
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward  
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous  
 aisles  
 To kneel—or thrid your intricate defiles—  
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;  
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower  
 grow  
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles  
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will

---

\* The Lutherans have retained the cross  
 within their churches ; it is to be regretted that  
 we have not done the same.

By a bright ladder to the world above.  
 Open your gates, ye monuments of love  
 Divine ! thou, Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !  
 Thou, stately York ! and ye, whose splen-  
 dours cheer  
 Isis and Cam, to patient science dear !

---

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,  
 CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal saint with vain expense,  
 With ill-matched aims the architect who  
 planned,  
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
 Of white-robed scholars only, this immense  
 And glorious work of fine intelligence !  
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects  
 the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;  
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the  
 sense [roof  
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching  
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand  
 cells, [dwells  
 Where light and shade repose, where music  
 Lingers—and wandering on as loth to die ;  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yield-  
 eth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.

---

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our  
 sight [hide  
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows  
 Their portraitures, their stone-work glim-  
 mers, dyed  
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.  
 Martyr, or king, or sainted eremite,  
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus—yourselves un-  
 seen—  
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,  
 Shine on ! until ye fade with coming night !  
 But, from the arms of silence—list ! oh, list !  
 The music bursteth into second life ;—  
 The notes luxuriate—every stone is kissed  
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;  
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the  
 Of the devout a veil of ecstasy ! [eye

---

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home  
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours  
 of fear  
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here ;

Or through the aisles of Westminster to  
 roam ; [foam  
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing  
 Melts, if it cross the threshold ; where the  
 wreath [path  
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops : or let my  
 Lead to that younger pile, whose sky-like  
 dome  
 Hath typified by reach of daring art  
 Infinity's embrace ; whose guardian crest,  
 The silent cross, among the stars shall  
 spread  
 As now, when she hath *also* seen her breast  
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part  
 Of grateful England's overflowing dead.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power who  
 came  
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine ;  
 That made His human tabernacle shine  
 Like ocean burning with purpleal flame ;  
 Or like the Alpine mount, that takes its  
 name [and even,  
 From roseate hues,\* far kened at morn  
 in hours of peace, or when the storm is  
 driven

\* Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name  
 from a belt of rock at its summit—a very un-  
 poetical, and scarcely a probable supposition.

Along the nether region's rugged frame !  
 Earth prompts—Heaven urges ; let us seek  
 the light  
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun  
 When first our infant brows their lustre  
 won ; [bright  
 So, like the mountain, may we grow more  
 From unimpeded commerce with the sun,  
 At the approach of all-involving night.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled  
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the  
 Word [plored,  
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith ex-  
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall  
 unfold, [behold,  
 His drowsy rings. Look forth ! that stream  
 That stream upon whose bosom we have  
 passed  
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced  
 Nations, and death has gathered to his fold  
 Long lines of mighty kings—look forth,  
 my soul !  
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)  
 The living waters, less and less by guilt  
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,  
 Till they have reached the eternal city—  
 built  
 For the perfected spirits of the just !



# The White Doe of Rylstone;<sup>1</sup>

OR,

## THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1807, the author visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the poem of the White Doe, founded upon a tradition connected with the place, was composed at the close of the same year.

IN trellised shed with clustering roses gay,  
And, Mary! oft beside our blazing fire,  
When years of wedded life were as a day  
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,  
Did we together read in Spenser's lay,  
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,  
The gentle Una, born of heavenly birth,  
To seek her knight went wandering o'er  
the earth.

Ah, then, beloved! pleasing was the smart,  
And the tear precious in compassion shed  
For her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling  
dart,

Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;  
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart  
The milk-white lamb which in a line she  
led,—

And faithful, loyal in her innocence,  
Like the brave lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell  
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom  
fraught;

Free fancy prized each specious miracle,  
And all its finer inspiration caught;  
Till, in the bosom of our rustic cell,  
We by a lamentable change were taught  
That "bliss with mortal man may not  
abide:"—

How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,  
For us the voice of melody was mute.  
But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,  
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,

Heaven's breathing influence failed not to  
bestow  
A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,  
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content  
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear  
Once more of troubles wrought by magic  
spell;  
And griefs whose aery motion comes not  
[near  
The pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel;  
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,  
High over hill and low adown the dell  
Again we wandered, willing to partake  
All that she suffered for her dear lord's sake.

Then, too, this song of mine once more  
could please, [less sleep,  
Where anguish, strange as dreams of rest—  
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies  
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,  
Even to the inferior kinds; whom forest  
trees [sweep  
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the  
Of the sharp winds;—fair creatures!—to  
whom Heaven  
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic story cheered us: for it speaks  
Of female patience winning firm repose;  
And of the recompense which conscience  
seeks

A bright, encouraging example shows;  
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest  
breaks,  
Needful amid life's ordinary woes;  
Hence, not for them unfitted who would  
bless

A happy hour with holier happiness.

<sup>1</sup> See Notes at end of poem, page 251.



He serves the muses erringly and ill,  
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive :  
Oh, that my mind were equal to fulfil  
The comprehensive mandate which they  
give—

Vain aspiration of an earnest will !  
Yet in this moral strain a power may live,  
Beloved wife ! such solace to impart  
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

Rydal Mount, Westmoreland,

April 20, 1815.

CANTO I.

“They that deny a God, destroy man’s nobility ;  
for certainly man is of kinn to the beasts by  
his body : and if he be not of kinn to God by  
his spirit, he is a base ignoble creature. It  
destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising  
of humane nature : for take an example  
of a dogg, and mark what a generosity and  
courage he will put on, when he finds himself  
maintained by a man, who to him is instead of  
a God, or *melior natura*. Which courage is  
manifestly such, as that creature without that  
confidence of a better nature than his own  
could never attain. So man, when he resteth  
and assureth himself upon Divine protection  
and favour, gathereth a force and faith which  
human nature in itself could not obtain.”—  
LORD BACON.

FROM Bolton’s old monastic tower (2)  
The bells ring loud with gladsome power ;  
The sun is bright ; the fields are gay  
With people in their best array  
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,  
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,  
Through the vale retired and lowly,  
Trooping to that summons holy.  
And, up among the moorlands, see  
What sprinklings of blithe company !  
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,  
That down the steep hills force their way,  
Like cattle through the budded brooms ;  
Path, or no path, what care they ?  
And thus in joyous mood they hie  
To Bolton’s mouldering Priory.

What would they there ?—Full fifty years  
That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,  
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste  
The bitterness of wrong and waste :  
Its courts are ravaged ; but the tower  
Is standing with a voice of power,  
That ancient voice which wont to call  
To mass or some high festival ;  
And in the shattered fabric’s heart  
Remaineth one protected part ;

A rural chapel, neatly drest, (3)  
In covert like a little nest ;  
And thither old and young repair,  
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills ;—anon  
Look again, and they all are gone ;  
The cluster round the porch, and the folk  
Who sate in the shade of the Prior’s  
Oak. (4)

And scarcely have they disappeared  
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard :—  
With one consent the people rejoice,  
Filling the church with a lofty voice !  
They sing a service which they feel :  
For ’tis the sun-rise now of zeal,  
And faith and hope are in their prime,  
In great Eliza’s golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,  
And all is hushed, without and within ;  
For though the priest, more tranquilly,  
Recites the holy liturgy,  
The only voice which you can hear  
Is the river murmuring near.  
When soft !—the dusky trees between,  
And down the path through the open green,  
Where is no living thing to be seen ;  
And through yon gateway, where is found,  
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,  
Free entrance to the church-yard ground ;  
And right across the verdant sod  
Towards the very house of God ;—  
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,  
Comes gliding in serene and slow,  
Soft and silent as a dream,  
A solitary doe !  
White she is as lily of June,  
And beauteous as the silver moon  
When out of sight the clouds are driven,  
And she is left alone in heaven ;  
Or like a ship some gentle day  
In sunshine sailing far away,  
A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !  
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed !  
Ye living, tend your holy cares ;  
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers ;  
And blame not me if my heart and sight  
Are occupied with one delight !  
’Tis a work for Sabbath hours  
If I with this bright creature go,  
Whether she be of forest bowers,  
From the bowers of earth below ;  
Or a spirit, for one day given,  
A gift of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes  
 Wait upon her as she ranges  
 Round and through this pile of state,  
 Overthrown and desolate !  
 Now a step or two her way  
 Is through space of open day,  
 Where the enamoured sunny light  
 Brightens her that was so bright ;  
 Now doth a delicate shadow fall,  
 Falls upon her like a breath,  
 From some lofty arch or wall,  
 As she passes underneath :  
 Now some gloomy nook partakes  
 Of the glory that she makes,—  
 High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell  
 With perfect cunning framed as well  
 Of stone, and ivy, and the spread  
 Of the elder's bushy head ;  
 Some jealous and forbidding cell,  
 That doth the living stars repel,  
 And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering doe  
 Fills many a damp obscure recess  
 With lustre of a saintly show ;  
 And, re-appearing, she no less  
 To the open day gives blessedness.  
 But say, among these holy places,  
 Which thus assiduously she paces,  
 Comes she with a votary's task,  
 Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?  
 Fair pilgrim ! harbours she a sense  
 Of sorrow, or of reverence ?  
 Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,  
 Crushed as if by wrath divine ?  
 For what survives of house where God  
 Was worshipped, or where man abode ;  
 For old magnificence undone ;  
 Or for the gentler work begun  
 By nature, softening and concealing,  
 And busy with a hand of healing,—  
 For altar, whence the cross was rent,  
 Now rich with mossy ornament,  
 Or dormitory's length laid bare,  
 Where the wild rose blossoms fair ;  
 And sapling ash, whose place of birth  
 Is that lordly chamber's hearth ?  
 She sees a warrior carved in stone,  
 Among the thick weeds, stretched alone ;  
 A warrior, with his shield of pride  
 Cleaving humbly to his side,  
 And hands in resignation prest,  
 Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast :  
 Methinks she passeth by the sight,  
 As a common creature might :  
 If she be doomed to inward care,  
 Or service, it must lie elsewhere.

But hers are eyes serenely bright,  
 And on she moves—with pace how light ?  
 Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste  
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;  
 And thus she fares, until at last  
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave  
 In quietness she lays her down ;  
 Gently as a weary wave  
 Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,  
 Against an anchored vessel's side ;  
 Even so, without distress, doth she  
 Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,  
 To a lingering motion bound,  
 Like the river in its flowing—  
 Can there be a softer sound ?  
 So the balmy minutes pass,  
 While this radiant creature lies  
 Couched upon the dewy grass,  
 Pensively with downcast eyes.  
 When now again the people rear  
 A voice of praise, with awful cheer !  
 It is the last, the parting song ;  
 And from the temple forth they throng—  
 And quickly spread themselves abroad—  
 While each pursues his several road.  
 But some, a variegated band,  
 Of middle-aged, and old, and young,  
 And little children by the hand  
 Upon their leading mothers hung,  
 Turn, with obeisance gladly paid,  
 Towards the spot, where, full in view,  
 The lovely doe of whitest hue,  
 Her Sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound ;  
 Which two spears' length of level ground  
 Did from all other graves divide :  
 As if in some respect of pride ;  
 Or melancholy's sickly mood,  
 Still shy of human neighbourhood ;  
 Or guilt, that humbly would express  
 A penitential loneliness.

" Look, there she is, my child ! draw near ;  
 She fears not, wherefore should we fear ?  
 She means no harm ;"—but still the boy,  
 To whom the words were softly said,  
 Hung back, and smiled and blushed for joy,  
 A shame-faced blush of glowing red !  
 Again the mother whispered low,  
 " Now you have seen the famous doe ;  
 From Rylstone she hath found her way  
 Over the hills this Sabbath-day ;  
 Her work, whate'er it be, is done,  
 And she will depart when we are gone ;

Thus doth she keep from year to year,  
Her Sabbath morning, foul or fair."

This whisper soft repeats what he  
Had known from early infancy.  
Bright is the creature—as in dreams  
The boy had seen her—yea, more bright ;  
But is she truly what she seems ?  
He asks with insecure delight,  
Asks of himself—and doubts—and still  
The doubt returns against his will :  
Though he, and all the standers by,  
Could tell a tragic history  
Of facts divulged, wherein appear  
Substantial motive, reason clear,  
Why thus the milk-white doe is found  
Couchant beside that lonely mound ;  
And why she duly loves to pace  
The circuit of this hallowed place.  
Nor to the child's inquiring mind  
Is such perplexity confined :  
For, spite of sober truth, that sees  
A world of fixed remembrances  
Which to this mystery belong,  
If, undeceived, my skill can trace  
The characters of every face,  
There lack not strange delusion here,  
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,  
And superstitious fancies strong,  
Which do the gentle creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported sire,  
(Who in his youth hath often fed  
Full cheerily on convent-bread,  
And heard old tales by the convent-fire,  
And lately hath brought home the scars  
Gathered in long and distant wars)  
That old man—studious to expound  
The spectacle—hath mounted high  
To days of dim antiquity ;  
When Lady Aaliza mourned(5)  
Her son, and felt in her despair,  
The pang of unavailing prayer ;  
Her son in Wharf's abysses drowned,  
The noble boy of Egremound,  
From which affliction, when God's grace  
At length had in her heart found place,  
A pious structure, fair to see,  
Rose up—this stately priory !  
The lady's work,—but now laid low ; [go  
To the grief of her soul that doth come and  
In the beautiful form of this innocent doe :  
Which, though seemingly doomed in its  
breast to sustain  
A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,  
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright ;  
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of  
light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door ;(6)  
And, through the chink in the fractured floor  
Look down, and see a griesly sight ;  
A vault where the bodies are buried upright !  
There, face by face, and hand by hand,  
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand ;  
And, in his place, among son and sire,  
Is John de Clapham, that fierce esquire,  
A valiant man, and a name of dread,  
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red ;  
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury  
church, [the porch !  
And smote off his head on the stones of  
Look down among them, if you dare ;  
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,  
Prying into the darksome rent ;  
Nor can it be with good intent ;—  
So thinks that dame of haughty air,  
Who hath a page her book to hold,  
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.  
Well may her thoughts be harsh : for she  
Numbers among her ancestry  
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously !

That slender youth, a scholar pale,  
From Oxford come to his native vale,  
He also hath his own conceit :  
It is, thinks he, the gracious fairy,  
Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet(7)  
In his wanderings solitary :  
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,  
A song of nature's hidden powers ;  
That whistled like the wind, and rang  
Among the rocks and holly bowers.  
'Twas said that she all shapes could wear ;  
And oftentimes before him stood,  
Amid the trees of some thick wood,  
In semblance of a lady fair ;  
And taught him signs, and showed him  
sights,  
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights ;  
When under cloud of fear he lay,  
A shepherd clad in homely gray,  
Nor left him at his later day.  
And hence, when he, with spear and shield  
Rode full of years to Flodden field,  
His eye could see the hidden spring,  
And how the current was to flow ;  
The fatal end of Scotland's king,  
And all that hopeless overthrow.  
But not in wars did he delight,  
This Clifford wished for worthier might :  
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state :  
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—  
Most happy in the shy recess  
Of Barden's humble quietness.  
And choice of studious friends had he  
Of Bolton's dear fraternity ;

Who, standing on this old church tower,  
 In many a calm propitious hour,  
 Perused, with him, the starry sky ;  
 Or, in their cells, with him did pry  
 For other lore,—through strong desire  
 Searching the earth with chemic fire :  
 But they and their good works are fled—  
 And all is now disquieted—  
 And peace is none, for living or dead !

Ah, pensive scholar, think not so,  
 But look again at the radiant doe !  
 What quiet watch she seems to keep,  
 Alone, beside that grassy heap !

Why mention other thoughts unmeet  
 For vision so composed and sweet ?  
 While stand the people in a ring,  
 Gazing, doubting, questioning ;  
 Yea, many overcome in spite  
 Of recollections clear and bright ;  
 Which yet do unto some impart  
 An undisturbed repose of heart,  
 And all the assembly own a law  
 Of orderly respect and awe ;  
 But see—they vanish, one by one.  
 And last, the doe herself is gone.

Harp ! we have been full long beguiled  
 By busy dreams, and fancies wild ;  
 To which, with no reluctant strings,  
 Thou hast attuned thy murmurings ;  
 And now before this pile we stand  
 In solitude, and utter peace ;  
 But, harp ! thy murmurs may not cease—  
 Thou hast breeze-like visitings ;  
 For a spirit with angel's wings  
 Hath touched thee, and a spirit's hand :  
 A voice is with us—a command  
 To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,  
 A tale of tears, a mortal story.

## CANTO II.

THE harp in lowliness obeyed ;  
 And first we sang of the green-wood shade,  
 And a solitary maid ;  
 Beginning, where the song must end,  
 With her, and with her sylvan friend ;  
 Her friend who stood before her sight,  
 Her only unextinguished light ;  
 The last companion in a dearth  
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For she it was—this maid, who wrought  
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,  
 In vermeil colours and in gold

An unblest work ; which, standing by,  
 Her father did with joy behold,—  
 Exulting in the imagery ;  
 A banner, one that did fulfil  
 Too perfectly his headstrong will :  
 For on this banner had her hand  
 Embroidered (such was the command)  
 The sacred cross ; and figured there  
 The five dear wounds our Lord did bear ;  
 Full soon to be uplifted high,  
 And float in rueful company !

It was the time when England's queen  
 Twelve years had reigned, a sovereign  
 dread ;  
 Nor yet the restless crown had been  
 Disturbed upon her virgin head ;  
 But now the inly-working north  
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth,  
 A potent vassalage, to fight  
 In Percy's and in Neville's right,  
 Two earls fast leagued in discontent,  
 Who gave their wishes open vent ;  
 And boldly urged a general plea,  
 The rites of ancient piety  
 To be triumphantly restored,  
 By the dread justice of the sword !  
 And that same banner, on whose breast  
 The blameless lady had exprest  
 Memorials chosen to give life  
 And sunshine to a dangerous strife ;  
 That banner, waiting for the call,  
 Stood quietly in Rylstone Hall.

It came,—and Francis Norton said,  
 " O father ! rise not in this fray—  
 The hairs are white upon your head ;  
 Dear father, hear me when I say  
 It is for you too late a day !  
 Bethink you of your own good name :  
 A just and gracious queen have we,  
 A pure religion, and the claim  
 Of peace on our humanity.  
 'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—  
 I am your son, your eldest born ;  
 But not for lordship or for land,  
 My father, do I clasp your knees—  
 The banner touch not, stay your hand,—  
 This multitude of men disband,  
 And live at home in blameless ease ;  
 For these my brethren's sake, for me ;  
 And, most of all, for Emily !"

Loud noise was in the crowded hall,  
 And scarcely could the father hear  
 That name—which had a dying fall,  
 The name of his only daughter dear,—



And on the banner which stood near  
 He glanced a look of holy pride,  
 And his moist eyes were glorified ;  
 Then seized the staff, and thus did say—  
 "Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name,  
 Keep thou this ensign till the day  
 When I of thee require the same :  
 Thy place be on my better hand ;—  
 And seven as true as thou, I see,  
 Will cleave to this good cause and me."  
 He spake, and eight brave sons straightway  
 All followed him, a gallant band !

Forth when sire and sons appeared  
 A gratulating shout was reared,  
 With din of arms and minstrelsy,  
 From all his warlike tenantry,  
 All horsed and harnessed with him to ride ;  
 A shout to which the hills replied !

But Francis, in the vacant hall,  
 Stood silent under dreary weight,—  
 A phantasm, in which roof and wall  
 Shook—tottered—swam before his sight ;  
 A phantasm like a dream of night !  
 Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,  
 He found his way to a postern-gate ;  
 And, when he walked at length, his eye  
 Was on the calm and silent sky ;  
 With air about him breathing sweet,  
 And earth's green grass beneath his feet ;  
 Nor did he fail ere long to hear  
 A sound of military cheer,  
 Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot ;  
 He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance  
 Which he had grasped unknowingly,—  
 Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,  
 That dimness of heart agony ;  
 There stood he, cleansed from the despair  
 And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.  
 The past he calmly bath reviewed :  
 But where will be the fortitude  
 Of this brave man, when he shall see  
 That form beneath the spreading tree,  
 And know that it is Emily ?  
 Oh ! hide them from each other, hide,  
 Kind Heaven, this pair severely tried !

He saw her where in open view  
 She sate beneath the spreading yew,—  
 Her head upon her lap, concealing  
 In solitude her bitter feeling ;  
 How could he choose but shrink or sigh ?  
 He shrunk, and muttered inwardly,  
 " Might ever son *command* a sire,  
 The act were justified to-day."

This to himself—and to the maid,  
 Whom now he had approached, he said,  
 " Gone are they,—they have their desire ;  
 And I with thee one hour will stay,  
 To give thee comfort if I may."

He paused, her silence to partake,  
 And long it was before he spake : [round,  
 Then, all at once, his thoughts turned  
 And fervent words a passage found.

"Gone are they, bravely, though misled ;  
 With a dear father at their head !  
 The sons obey a natural lord ;  
 The father had given solemn word  
 To noble Percy,—and a force,  
 Still stronger, bends him to his course.  
 This said, our tears to-day may fall  
 As at an innocent funeral.  
 In deep and awful channel runs  
 This sympathy of sire and sons ;  
 Untried our brothers were beloved,  
 And now their faithfulness is proved ;  
 For faithful we must call them, bearing  
 That soul of conscientious daring.  
 There were they all in circle—there  
 Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,  
 John with a sword that will not fail,  
 And Marmaduke in fearless mail,  
 And those bright twins were side by side ;  
 And there by fresh hopes beautified,  
 Stood he, whose arm yet lacks the power  
 Of man, our youngest, fairest flower !  
 I, by the right of eldest born,  
 And in a second father's place,  
 Presumed to grapple with their scorn,  
 And meet their pity face to face ;  
 Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,  
 I to my father knelt and prayed,  
 And one, the pensive Marmaduke,  
 Methought, was yielding inwardly,  
 And would have laid his purpose by,  
 But for a glance of his father's eye,  
 Which I myself could scarcely brook.

"Then, be we, each, and all, forgiven :  
 Thee, chiefly thee, my sister dear,  
 Whose pangs are registered in heaven.  
 The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,  
 And smiles, that dared to take their place,  
 Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,  
 As that unhallowed banner grew  
 Beneath a loving old man's view.  
 Thy part is done—thy painful part ;  
 Be thou then satisfied in heart !  
 A further, though far easier, task  
 Than thine hath been, my duties ask ;



With theirs my efforts cannot blend,  
 I cannot for such cause contend ;  
 Their aims I utterly forswear ;  
 But I in body will be there.  
 Unarmed and naked will I go,  
 Be at their side, come weal or woe :  
 On kind occasions I may wait,  
 See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.  
 Bare breast I take and an empty hand.\*  
 Therewith he threw away the lance,  
 Which he had grasped in that strong trance,  
 Spurned it—like something that would  
 Between him and the pure intent [stand  
 Of love on which his soul was bent.

“ For thee, for thee, is left the sense  
 Of trial past without offence  
 To God or man ;—such innocence,  
 Such consolation, and the excess  
 Of an unmerited distress ;  
 In that thy very strength must lie.  
 O sister, I could prophesy !  
 The time is come that rings the knell  
 Of all we loved, and loved so well ;  
 Hope nothing, if I thus may speak  
 To thee a woman, and thence weak ;  
 Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we  
 Are doomed to perish utterly :  
 'Tis meet that thou with me divide  
 The thought while I am by thy side,  
 Acknowledging a grace in this,  
 A comfort in the dark abyss :  
 But look not for me when I am gone,  
 And be no farther wrought upon.  
 Farewell all wishes, all debate,  
 All prayers for this cause, or for that !  
 Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend  
 Upon no help of outward friend ;  
 Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave  
 To fortitude without reprieve.  
 For we must fall, both we and ours,—  
 This mansion and these pleasant bowers,  
 Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall,  
 Our fate is theirs, will reach them all ;  
 The young horse must forsake his manger,  
 And learn to glory in a stranger ;  
 The hawk forget his perch—the hound  
 Be parted from his ancient ground :  
 The blast will sweep us all away,  
 One desolation, one decay ! [saying  
 And even this creature !” which words  
 He pointed to a lovely doe,  
 A few steps distant, feeding, straying,  
 Fair creature, and more white than snow !

\* See the old ballad,—“ The Rising of the North.”

“ Even she will to her peaceful woods  
 Return, and to her murmuring floods,  
 And be in heart and soul the same  
 She was before she hither came,—  
 Ere she had learned to love us all,  
 Herself beloved in Rylstone Hall.  
 But thou, my sister, doomed to be  
 The last leaf which by Heaven's decree  
 Must hang upon a blasted tree ;  
 If not in vain we breathed the breath  
 Together of a purer faith—  
 If hand in hand we have been led,  
 And thou, (oh, happy thought this day !)   
 Not seldom foremost in the way—  
 If on one thought our minds have fed,  
 And we have in one meaning read—  
 If, when at home our private weal  
 Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,  
 Together we have learned to prize  
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice—  
 If we like combatants have fared,  
 And for this issue been prepared—  
 If thou art beautiful, and youth  
 And thought endue thee with all truth—  
 Be strong ;—be worthy of the grace  
 Of God, and fill thy destined place :  
 A soul, by force of sorrows high,  
 Uplifted to the purest sky  
 Of undisturbed humanity !”

He ended,—or she heard no more :  
 He led her from the yew-tree shade,  
 And at the mansion's silent door,  
 He kissed the consecrated maid ;  
 And down the valley he pursued,  
 Alone, the armed multitude.

### CANTO III.

Now joy for you and sudden cheer,  
 Ye watchmen upon Brancepeth towers ;(8)  
 Looking forth in doubt and fear,  
 Telling melancholy hours !  
 Proclaim it, let your masters hear  
 That Norton with his band is near !  
 The watchmen from their station high  
 Pronounced the word,—and the earls descry  
 Forthwith the armed company  
 Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair  
 Gone forth to hail him on the plain—  
 “ This meeting, noble lords ! looks fair,  
 I bring with me a goodly train ;  
 Their hearts are with you :—hill and dale  
 Have helped us ;—U're we crossed, and  
 Swale,

And horse and harness followed—see  
The best part of their yeomanry!  
Stand forth, my sons!—these eight are  
mine,

Whom to this service I commend;  
Which way soe'er our fate incline,  
These will be faithful to the end;  
They are my all"—voice failed him here,  
"My all save one, a daughter dear!  
Whom I have left, the mildest birth,  
The meekest child on this blessed earth,  
I had—but these are by my side,  
These eight, and this is a day of pride!  
The time is ripe—with festive din  
Lo! how the people are flocking in,—  
Like hungry fowls to the feeder's hand  
When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth; for far and near  
From every side came noisy swarms  
Of peasants in their homely gear;  
And, mixed with these to Brancepeth came  
Grave gentry of estate and name,  
And captains known for worth in arms:  
And prayed the earls in self-defence  
To rise, and prove their innocence.—  
"Rise, noble earls, put forth your might  
For holy Church, and the people's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand,  
His eye upon Northumberland,  
And said, "The minds of men will own  
No loyal rest while England's crown  
Remains without an heir, the bait  
Of strife and factions desperate;  
Who, paying deadly hate in kind  
Through all things else, in this can find  
A mutual hope, a common mind;  
And plot, and pant to overwhelm  
All ancient honour in the realm.  
Brave earls! to whose heroic veins  
Our noblest blood is given in trust,  
To you a suffering state complains,  
And ye must raise her from the dust.  
With wishes of still bolder scope  
On you we look, with dearest hope,  
Even for our altars,—for the prize  
In heaven, of life that never dies;  
For the old and holy Church we mourn,  
And must in joy to her return.  
Behold!"—and from his son whose stand  
Was on his right, from that guardian hand  
He took the banner, and unfurled  
The precious folds—"Behold," said he,  
"The ransom of a sinful world;  
Let this your preservation be,—  
The wounds of hands and feet and side,  
And the sacred cross on which Jesus died!"

"This bring I from an ancient hearth,  
These records wrought in pledge of love  
By hands of no ignoble birth,  
A maid o'er whom the blessed Dove  
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood  
While she the holy work pursued."  
"Uplift the standard!" was the cry  
From all the listeners that stood round;  
"Plant it,—by this we live or die"—  
The Norton ceased not for that sound,  
But said, "The prayer which ye have heard  
Much injured earls! by these preferred,  
Is offered to the saints, the sigh  
Of tens of thousands, secretly."—  
"Uplift it!" cried once more the band,  
And then a thoughtful pause ensued.  
"Uplift it,!" said Northumberland—  
Whereat, from all the multitude,  
Who saw the banner reared on high  
In all its dread emblazonry,  
With tumult and indignant rout  
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:  
The transport was rolled down the river of  
Were,  
And Durham, the time-honoured Durham,  
did hear,  
And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were  
stirred by the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine  
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,  
At Percy's voice; and Neville sees  
His followers gathering in from Tees.  
From Were, and all the little rills—  
Concealed among the forked hills—  
Seven hundred knights, retainers all  
Of Neville, at their master's call  
Had sate together in Raby hall!  
Such strength that earldom held of yore;  
Nor wanted at this time rich store  
Of well-appointed chivalry.  
Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,  
And greet the old paternal shield,  
They heard the summons;—and, further-  
more,  
Horsemen and foot of each degree,  
Unbound by pledge of fealty,  
Appeared, with free and open hate  
Of novelties in Church and State;  
Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;  
And Romish priest, in priest's attire.  
And thus, in arms, a zealous band  
Proceeding under joint command,  
To Durham first their course they bear;  
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat  
Sang mass, and tore the Book of Prayer,—  
And trod the Bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free,  
 'They mustered their host at Wetherby,  
 Full feet thousand, fair to see; '\*  
 The choicest warriors of the North !  
 But none for beauty and for worth  
 Like those eight sons—embosoming  
 Determined thoughts—who, in a ring  
 Each with a lance, erect and tall,  
 A falchion, and a buckler small,  
 Stood by their sire, on Clifford-moor,  
 To guard the standard which he bore.  
 With feet that firmly pressed the ground  
 They stood, and girt their father round ;  
 Such was his choice,—no steed will he  
 Henceforth bestride ;—triumphantly  
 He stood upon the grassy sod,  
 Trusting himself to the earth, and God.  
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire !  
 Proud was the field of sons and sire,  
 Of him the most ; and sooth to say,  
 No shape of man in all the array  
 So graced the sunshine of that day.  
 The monumental pomp of age  
 Was with this goodly personage ;  
 A stature undepressed in size,  
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
 In open victory o'er the weight  
 Of seventy years, to higher height ;  
 Magnific limbs of withered state,—  
 A face to fear and venerate,—  
 Eyes dark and strong, and on his head  
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick-spread,  
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,  
 Light as a hunter's of the field ;  
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,  
 Whereon the banner-staff might rest  
 At need, he stood, advancing high  
 The glittering, floating pageantry.

Who sees him ?—many see, and one  
 With unparticipated gaze ; [none,  
 Who 'mong these thousand friends hath  
 And treads in solitary ways.  
 He, following wheresoe'er he might,  
 Hath watched the banner from afar,  
 As shepherds watch a lonely star,  
 Or mariners the distant light  
 That guides them on a stormy night.  
 And now upon a chosen plot  
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot !  
 He takes this day his far-off stand,  
 With breast unarmed, unweaponed hand.  
 Bold is his aspect ; but his eye  
 Is pregnant with anxiety,

\* From the old ballad

While, like a tutelary power,  
 He there stands fixed, from hour to hour ;  
 Yet sometimes in more humble guise,  
 Stretched out upon the ground he lies ;  
 As if it were his only task  
 Like herdsmen in the sun to bask,  
 Or by his mantle's help to find  
 A shelter from the nipping wind :  
 And thus, with short oblivion best,  
 His weary spirits gather rest.  
 Again he lifts his eyes ; and lo !  
 The pageant glancing to and fro ;  
 And hope is awakened by the sight,  
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,  
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the chieftains bent ;  
 But what avails the bold intent ?  
 A royal army is gone forth  
 To quell the rising of the North ;  
 They march with Dudley at their head,  
 And, in seven days' space, will to York be  
 led !  
 Can such a mighty host be raised  
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near ?  
 The earls upon each other gazed ;  
 And Neville was opprest with fear ;  
 For, though he bore a valiant name,  
 His heart was of a timid frame,  
 And bold if both had been, yet they  
 " Against so many may not stay." †  
 And therefore will retreat to seize  
 A stronghold on the banks of Tees ;  
 There wait a favourable hour,  
 Until Lord Dacre with his power  
 From Naworth comes ; and Howard's aid  
 Be with them ; openly displayed.

While through the host, from man to man,  
 A rumour of this purpose ran,  
 The standard giving to the care  
 Of him who heretofore did bear  
 That charge, impatient Norton sought  
 The chieftains to unfold his thought,  
 And thus abruptly spake,—“ We yield  
 (And can it be?) an unfought field !  
 How often hath the strength of Heaven  
 To few triumphantly been given !  
 Still do our very children boast  
 Of mitred Thurston, what a host  
 He conquered ! (9)—Saw we not the plain,  
 (And flying shall behold again) [moved  
 Where faith was proved ?—while to battle  
 The standard on the sacred wain

† From the old ballad.

On which the gray-haired barons stood,  
 And the infant heir of Mowbray's blood,  
 Beneath the saintly ensigns three,  
 Stood confident of victory!  
 Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?  
 Must Westmoreland be asked with shame,  
 Whose were the numbers, where the loss,  
 In that other day of Neville's Cross?<sup>(10)</sup>  
 When, as the vision gave command,  
 The Prior of Durham with holy hand  
 Saint Cuthbert's relic did uprear  
 Upon the point of a lofty spear,  
 And God descended in His power,  
 While the monks prayed in maiden's bower.  
 Less would not at our need be due  
 To us, who war against the untrue;—  
 The delegates of heaven we rise,  
 Convoked the impious to chastise;  
 We, we the sanctities of old  
 Would re-establish and uphold.”  
 The Chiefs were by his zeal confounded,  
 But word was given—and the trumpet  
 sounded;

Back through the melancholy host  
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.  
 Alas! thought he, and have I borne  
 This banner, raised so joyfully,  
 This hope of all posterity,  
 Thus to become at once the scorn  
 Of babbling winds as they go by,  
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,  
 To the frail clouds a mockery! [stem;”  
 “Even these poor eight of mine would  
 Half to himself, and half to them  
 He spake, “would stem, or quell a force  
 Ten times their number, man and horse;  
 This by their own unaided might,  
 Without their father in their sight,  
 Without the cause for which they fight;  
 A cause, which on a needful day  
 Would breed us thousands brave as they.”  
 So speaking he his reverend head  
 Raised towards that imagery once more:  
 But the familiar prospect shed  
 Despondency unfelt before:  
 A shock of intimations vain,  
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,  
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought  
 Of her by whom the work was wrought:  
 Oh, wherefore was her countenance bright  
 With love divine and gentle light?  
 She did in passiveness obey,  
 But her faith leaned another way.  
 Ill tears she wept.—I saw them fall,  
 I overheard her as she spake  
 Sad words to that mute animal,  
 The White Doe in the hawthorn brake;  
 She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,

This cross in tears:—by her, and one  
 Unworthier far, we are undone—  
 Her brother was it who assailed  
 Her tender spirit and prevailed.  
 Her other parent, too, whose head  
 In the cold grave hath long been laid,  
 From reason's earliest dawn beguiled  
 The docile, unsuspecting child:  
 Far back—far back my mind must go  
 To reach the well-spring of this woe!  
 While thus he brooded, music sweet  
 Was played to cheer them in retreat;  
 But Norton lingering in the rear:  
 Thought followed thought—and ere the last  
 Of that unhappy train was past,  
 Before him Francis did appear.

“Now when 'tis not your aim to oppose,”  
 Said he, “in open field your foes;  
 Now that from this decisive day  
 Your multitude must melt away,  
 An unarmed man may come unblamed;  
 To ask a grace, that was not claimed  
 Long as your hopes were high, he now  
 May hither bring a fearless brow;  
 When his discountenance can do  
 No injury—may come to you.  
 Though in your cause no part I bear,  
 Your indignation I can share;  
 Am grieved this backward march to see,  
 How careless and disorderly!  
 I scorn your chieftains, men who lead,  
 And yet want courage at their need;  
 Then look at them with open eyes!  
 Deserve they further sacrifice?  
 My father! I would help to find  
 A place of shelter till the rage  
 Of cruel men do like the wind  
 Exhaust itself and sink to rest;  
 Be brother now to brother joined!  
 Admit me in the equipage  
 Of your misfortunes, that at least,  
 Whatever fate remains behind,  
 I may bear witness in my breast  
 To your nobility of mind!”

“Thou enemy, my bane and blight!  
 Oh! bold to fight the coward's fight:  
 Against all good”—but why declare,  
 At length, the issue of this prayer?  
 Or how, from his depression raised,  
 The father on the son had gazed;  
 Suffice it that the son gave way,  
 Nor strove that passion to allay,  
 Nor did he turn aside to prove  
 His brothers' wisdom or their love—  
 But calmly from the spot withdrew;



The like endeavours to renew,  
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

## CANTO IV.

FROM cloudless ether looking down,  
The moon, this tranquil evening, sees  
A camp and a beleaguered town,  
And castle like a stately crown  
On the steep rocks of winding Tees ;  
And southward far, with moors between,  
Hill-tops, and floods, and forest green,  
The bright moon sees that valley small  
Where Rylstone's old sequestered hall  
A venerable image yields  
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields ;  
While from one pillared chimney breathes  
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.  
The courts are hushed ;—for timely sleep  
The greyhounds to their kennel creep ;  
The peacock in a broad ash-tree  
Aloft is roosted for the night,  
He who in proud prosperity  
Of colours manifold and bright  
Walked round, affronting the daylight ;  
And higher still above the bower  
Where he is perched, from yon lone tower  
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine  
With glittering finger points at nine.  
Ah ! who could think that sadness here  
Hath any sway ? or pain, or fear ?  
A soft and lulling sound is heard  
Of streams inaudible by day ;  
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred  
By the night insects in their play,  
Breaks into dimples small and bright ;  
A thousand, thousand rings of light,  
That shape themselves and disappear  
Almost as soon as seen :—and, lo !  
Not distant far, the milk-white doe :  
The same fair creature who was nigh  
Feeding in tranquillity,  
When Francis uttered to the maid  
His last words in the yew-tree shade ;—  
The same fair creature, who hath found  
Her way into forbidden ground ;  
Where now, within this spacious plot  
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,  
With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades  
Of trellis-work in long arcades,  
And cirque and crescent framed by wall  
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,  
Converging walks, and fountains gay,  
And terraces in trim array,—  
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,  
With pine and cedar spreading wide  
Their darksome boughs on either side,

In open moonlight doth she lie ;  
Happy as others of her kind,  
That, far from human neighbourhood,  
Range unrestricted as the wind,  
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But where at this still hour is she,  
The consecrated Emily ?  
Even while I speak behold the maid  
Emerging from the cedar shade  
To open moonshine, where the doe  
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;  
Like a patch of April snow,  
Upon a bed of herbage green,  
Lingering in a woody glade,  
Or behind a rocky screen ;  
Lonely relic ! which, if seen  
By the shepherd, is passed by  
With an inattentive eye.  
Nor more regard doth she bestow  
Upon the uncomplaining doe !

Yet the meek creature was not free,  
Erewhile, from some perplexity :  
For thrice hath she approached, this day,  
The thought-bewildered Emily ;  
Endeavouring, in her gentle way,  
Some smile or look of love to gain,—  
Encouragement to sport or play ;  
Attempts which by the unhappy maid  
Have all been slighted or gainsaid.  
Yet is she soothed : the viewless breeze  
Comes fraught with kindlier sympathies :  
Ere she hath reached yon rustic shed  
Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread  
Along the walls and overhead ;  
The fragrance of the breathing flowers  
Revives a memory of those hours  
When here, in this remote alcove,  
(While from the pendant woodbine came  
Like odours, sweet as if the same)  
A fondly-anxious mother strove  
To teach her salutary fears  
And mysteries above her years.  
Yes, she is soothed :—an image faint—  
And yet not faint—a presence bright  
Returns to her ;—'tis that blest saint  
Who with mild looks and language mild  
Instructed here her darling child,  
While yet a prattler on the knee,  
To worship in simplicity  
The invisible God, and take for guide  
The faith reformed and purified.  
'Tis flown—the vision, and the sense  
Of that beguiling influence !  
" But oh ! thou angel from above,  
Thou spirit of maternal love,



That stood 'st before my eyes more clear  
Than ghosts are fabled to appear  
Sent on embassies of fear ;  
As thou thy presence hast to me  
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry,  
Descend on Francis—through the air  
Of this sad earth to him repair,  
Speak to him with a voice and say,  
That he must cast despair away !”

Then from within the embowered retreat  
Where she had found a grateful seat  
Perturbed she issues.—She will go ;  
Herself will follow to the war,  
And clasp her father's knees ;—ah, no  
She meets the insuperable bar,  
The injunctions by her brother laid ;  
His parting charge—but ill obeyed !  
That interdicted all debate,  
All prayer for this cause or for that ;  
All efforts that would turn aside  
The headlong current of their fate :  
*Her duty is to stand and wait ;*  
In resignation to abide  
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE  
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.  
She knows, she feels it, and is cheered ;  
At least her present pangs are checked.  
But now an ancient man appeared,  
Approaching her with grave respect.  
Down the smooth walk which then she trod  
He paced along the silent sod,  
And greeting her thus gently spake.  
“ An old man's privilege I take ;  
Dark is the time—a woeful day !  
Dear daughter of affliction, say  
How can I serve you ? point the way.”

“ Rights have you, and may well be bold :  
You with my father have grown old  
In friendship ;—go—from him—from me—  
Strive to avert this misery.  
This would I beg ; but on my mind  
A passive stillness is enjoined.  
If prudence offer help or aid,  
On *you* is no restriction laid ;  
You not forbidden to recline  
With hope upon the Will divine.”

“ Hope,” said the sufferer's zealous friend,  
“ Must not forsake us till the end.—  
In Craven's wilds is many a den,  
To shelter persecuted men :  
Far under ground is many a cave,  
Where they might lie as in the grave,  
Until this storm hath ceased to rave ;  
Or let them cross the river Tweed,  
And be at once from peril freed !”

“ Ah tempt me not !” she faintly sighed ;  
“ I will not counsel nor exhort,—  
With my condition satisfied ;  
But you, at least, may make report  
Of what befalls ;—be this your task—  
This may be done ;—'tis all I ask !”

She spake—and from the lady's sight  
The sire, unconscious of his age,  
Departed promptly as a page  
Bound on some errand of delight.  
The noble Francis—wise as brave,  
Thought he, may have the skill to save :  
With hopes in tenderness concealed,  
Unarmed he followed to the field.  
Him will I seek ! the insurgent powers  
Are now besieging Barnard's towers,—  
“ Grant that the moon which shines this  
night  
May guide them in a prudent flight !”

But quick the turns of chance and change,  
And knowledge has a narrow range ;  
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,  
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—  
Their flight the fair moon may not see ;  
For, from mid-heaven, already she  
Hath witnessed their captivity.  
She saw the desperate assault  
Upon that hostile castle made ;—  
But dark and dismal is the vault  
Where Norton and his sons are laid !  
Disastrous issue ! He had said  
“ This night yon haughty towers must yield,  
Or we for ever quit the field.  
Neville is utterly dismayed,  
For promise fails of Howard's aid ;  
And Dacre to our call replies  
That he is unprepared to rise.  
My heart is sick ; this weary pause  
Must needs be fatal to the cause.  
The breach is open—on the wall,  
This night, the banner shall be planted !  
“Twas done :—his sons were with him—  
all ;—  
They belt him round with hearts undaunted ;  
And others follow ;—sire and son  
Leap down into the court—“Tis won”—  
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed  
Another close  
To that brave deed,  
Which struck with terror friends and foes !  
The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils  
From Norton and his filial band ;  
But they, now caught within the toils,  
Against a thousand cannot stand :—  
The foe from numbers courage drew,  
And overpowered that gallant few.

"A rescue for the standard!" cried  
 The father from within the walls;  
 But, see, the sacred standard falls!—  
 Confusion through the camp spread wide:  
 Some fled—and some their fears detained:  
 But ere the moon had sunk to rest  
 In her pale chambers of the west,  
 Of that rash levy nought remained.

## CANTO V.

HIGH on a point of rugged ground,  
 Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,  
 Above the loftiest ridge or mound  
 Where foresters or shepherds dwell,  
 An edifice of warlike frame (11)  
 Stands single (Norton Tower its name);  
 It fronts all quarters, and looks round  
 O'er path and road, and plain and dell,  
 Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,  
 Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent,  
 Though bleak and bare, and seldom free  
 As Pendle-hill or Pennygent  
 From wind, or frost, or vapours wet;  
 Had often heard the sound of glee  
 When there the youthful Nortons met,  
 To practise games and archery:  
 How proud and happy they! the crowd  
 Of lookers-on how pleased and proud!  
 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,  
 From showers, or when the prize was won,  
 They to the watch-tower did repair,  
 Commodious pleasure-house! and there  
 Would mirth run round, with generous fare;  
 And the stern old lord of Rylstone-hall,  
 He was the proudest of them all!

But now, his child, with anguish pale,  
 Upon the height walks to and fro;  
 'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,  
 Received the bitterness of woe:  
 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,  
 Such rights did feeble nature claim;  
 And oft her steps had hither steered,  
 Though not unconscious of self-blame;  
 For she her brother's charge revered,  
 His farewell words; and by the same,  
 Yea, by her brother's very name,  
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

She turned to him, who with his eye  
 Was watching her while on the height  
 She sate, or wandered restlessly,  
 O'erburthened by her sorrow's weight;  
 To him who this dire news had told,

And now beside the mourner stood  
 (That gray-haired man of gentle blood,  
 Who with her father had grown old  
 In friendship, rival hunters they,  
 And fellow-warriors in their day);  
 To Rylstone he the tidings brought;  
 Then on this place the maid had sought;  
 And told, as gently as could be,  
 The end of that sad tragedy,  
 Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the lady turned: "You said  
 That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?"

"Your noble brother hath been spared,  
 To take his life they have not dared.  
 On him and on his high endeavour  
 The light of praise shall shine for ever!  
 Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain  
 His solitary course maintain;  
 Not vainly struggled in the might  
 Of duty, seeing with clear sight;  
 He was their comfort to the last,  
 Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—  
 What, lady, if their feet were tied!  
 They might deserve a good man's blame;  
 But, marks of infamy and shame,  
 These were their triumph, these their pride.  
 Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd  
 Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,  
 'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,  
 'A prisoner once, but now set free!  
 'Tis well, for he the worst defied  
 For the sake of natural piety;  
 He rose not in this quarrel, he  
 His father and his brothers wooed,  
 Both for their own and country's good,  
 To rest in peace—he did divide,  
 He parted from them; but at their side  
 Now walks in unanimity—  
 Then peace to cruelty and scorn,  
 While to the prison they are borne,  
 Peace, peace to all indignity!"

"And so in prison were they laid—  
 Oh, hear me, hear me, gentle maid,  
 For I am come with power to bless,  
 By scattering gleams, through your distress,  
 Of a redeeming happiness.  
 Me did a reverent pity move  
 And privilege of ancient love;  
 And, in your service, I made bold—  
 And entrance gained to that stronghold.

"Your father gave me cordial greeting;  
 But to his purposes, that burned

Within him, instantly returned—  
 He was commanding and entreating,  
 And said, 'We need not stop, my son !  
 But I will end what is begun ;  
 'Tis matter which I do not fear  
 To intrust to any living ear.'  
 And so to Francis he renewed  
 His words more calmly thus pursued.

" 'Might this our enterprise have sped,  
 Change wide and deep the land had seen,  
 A renovation from the dead,  
 A spring-tide of immortal green :  
 The darksome altars would have blazed  
 Like stars when clouds are rolled away ;  
 Salvation to all eyes that gazed,  
 Once more the rood had been upraised  
 To spread its arms, and stand for aye.  
 Then, then, had I survived to see  
 New life in Bolton Priory ;  
 'The voice restored, the eye of truth  
 Re-opened that inspired my youth ;  
 To see her in her pomp arrayed ;  
 This banner (for such vow I made)  
 Should on the consecrated breast  
 Of that same temple, have found rest :  
 I would myself have hung it high,  
 Glad offering of glad victory !

" 'A shadow of such thought remains  
 To cheer this sad and pensive time ;  
 A solemn fancy yet sustains  
 One feeble being—bids me climb  
 Even to the last—one effort more  
 To attest my faith, if not restore.

" 'Hear then,' said he, 'while I impart,  
 My son, the last wish of my heart.  
 The banner strive thou to regain ;  
 And, if the endeavour be not vain,  
 Bear it—to whom if not to thee  
 Shall I this lonely thought consign ?—  
 Bear it to Bolton Priory,  
 And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine,—  
 To wither in the sun and breeze  
 'Mid those decaying sanctities.  
 There let at least the gift be laid,  
 The testimony there displayed ;  
 Bold proof that with no selfish aim,  
 But for lost faith and Christ's dear name,  
 I helmeted a brow though white,  
 And took a place in all men's sight ;  
 Yea, offered up this beauteous brood,  
 This fair unrivalled brotherhood,  
 And turned away from thee, my son !  
 And left—but be the rest unsaid,  
 The name untouched, the tear unshed.—  
 My wish is known, and I have done :

Now promise, grant this one request,  
 This dying prayer, and be thou blest !'

" Then Francis answered fervently,  
 'If God so will, the same shall be.'

" Immediately, this solemn word  
 Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,  
 And officers appeared in state  
 To lead the prisoners to their fate.  
 They rose, oh ! wherefore should I fear  
 To tell, or, lady, you to hear ?  
 They rose—embraces none were given—  
 They stood like trees when earth and  
 heaven

Are calm ; they knew each other's worth,  
 And reverently the band went forth :  
 They met, when they had reached the door,  
 The banner which a soldier bore,  
 One marshalled thus with base intent  
 That he in scorn might go before,  
 And, holding up this monument,  
 Conduct them to their punishment ;  
 So cruel Sussex, unrestrained  
 By human feeling, had ordained.  
 The unhappy banner Francis saw,  
 And, with a look of calm command  
 Inspiring universal awe,  
 He took it from the soldier's hand ;  
 And all the people that were round  
 Confirmed the deed in peace profound.  
 High transport did the father shed  
 Upon his son—and they were led,  
 Led on, and yielded up their breath,  
 Together died, a happy death !  
 But Francis, soon as he had braved  
 This insult, and the banner saved,  
 That moment, from among the tide  
 Of the spectators occupied  
 In admiration or dismay,  
 Bore unobserved his charge away."

These things, which thus had in the sight  
 And hearing passed of him who stood  
 With Emily, on the watch-tower height,  
 In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,  
 He told ; and oftentimes with voice  
 Of power to comfort or rejoice ;  
 For deepest sorrows that aspire,  
 Go high, no transport ever higher.  
 " Yet, yet in this affliction," said  
 The old man to the silent maid,  
 " Yet, lady ! Heaven is good—the night  
 Shows yet a star which is most bright ;  
 Your brother lives—he lives—is come  
 Perhaps already to his home ;  
 Then let us leave this dreary place."  
 She yielded, and with gentle pace,

Though without one uplifted look,  
To Rylstone Hall her way she took.

## CANTO VI.

WHY comes not Francis?—Joyful cheer  
In that parental gratulation,  
And glow of righteous indignation,  
Went with him from the doleful city :—  
He fled—yet in his flight could hear  
The death-sound of the minster-bell ;  
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell  
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity !  
To Ambrose that ! and then a knell  
For him, the sweet half-opened flower !  
For all—all dying in one hour !  
Why comes not Francis ? Thoughts of love  
Should bear him to his sister dear  
With motion fleet as winged dove ;  
Yea, like a heavenly messenger,  
An angel-guest, should he appear.  
Why comes he not ?—for westward fast  
Along the plain of York he past ;  
The banner-staff was in his hand,  
The imagery concealed from sight,  
And 'cross the expanse, in open flight,  
Reckless of what impels or leads,  
Unchecked he hurries on ;—nor heeds  
The sorrow of the villages ;  
Spread by triumphant cruelties  
Of vengeful military force,  
And punishment without remorse.  
He marked not, heard not as he fled ;  
All but the suffering heart was dead  
For him, abandoned to blank awe,  
To vacancy, and horror strong ;  
And the first object which he saw,  
With conscious sight, as he swept along,—  
It was the banner in his hand !  
He felt, and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed :  
What hath he done ? what promise made ?  
Oh, weak, weak moment ! to what end  
Can such a vain oblation tend,  
And he the bearer?—Can he go  
Carrying this instrument of woe,  
And find, find anywhere, a right  
To excuse him in his country's sight ?  
No, will not all men deem the change  
A downward course, perverse and strange ?  
Here is it,—but how, when ? must she,  
The unoffending Emily,  
Again this piteous object see ?

Such conflict long did he maintain  
Within himself, and found no rest ;

Calm liberty he could not gain ;  
And yet the service was unblest.  
His own life into danger brought  
By this sad burden, even that thought,  
Exciting self-suspicion strong,  
Swayed the brave man to his wrong.  
And how, unless it were the sense  
Of all-disposing Providence,  
Its will intelligibly shown,  
Finds he the banner in his hand,  
Without a thought to such intent,  
Or conscious effort of his own ;  
And no obstruction to prevent  
His father's wish, and last command !  
And, thus beset, he heaved a sigh ;  
Remembering his own prophecy  
Of utter desolation, made  
To Emily in the yew-tree shade :  
He sighed, submitting to the power,  
The might of that prophetic hour.  
" No choice is left, the deed is mine—  
Dead are they, dead !—and I will go,  
And, for their sakes, come woe or woe,  
Will lay the relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will  
He went, and traversed plain and hill ;  
And up the vale of Wharf his way  
Pursued ;—and, on the second day,  
He reached a summit whence his eyes  
Could see the tower of Bolton rise.  
There Francis for a moment's space  
Made halt—but hark ! a noise behind  
Of horsemen at an eager pace !  
He heard, and with misgiving mind.  
'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the band ;  
They come, by cruel Sussex sent ;  
Who, when the Nortons from the hand  
Of death had drunk their punishment,  
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,  
How Francis had the banner claimed,  
And with that charge had disappeared ;  
By all the standers-by revered.  
His whole bold carriage (which had quelled  
Thus far the opposer, and repelled  
All censure, enterprise so bright  
That even bad men had vainly striven  
Against that overcoming light)  
Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,  
That to what place soever fled  
He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse had gained the height  
Where Francis stood in open sight.  
They hem him round—" Behold the proof,  
Behold the ensign in his hand !  
He did not arm, he walked aloof !  
For why?—to save his father's land ;—



Worst traitor of them all is he,  
A traitor dark and cowardly !”

“I am no traitor,” Francis said,  
“Though this unhappy freight I bear ;  
It weakens me, my heart hath bled  
Till it is weak—but you, beware,  
Nor do a suffering spirit wrong,  
Whose self-reproaches are too strong !”  
At this he from the beaten road  
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,  
Which like a place of 'vantage showed ;  
And there stood bravely, though forlorn.  
In self-defence with warlike brow  
He stood,—nor weaponless was now ;  
He from a soldier's hand had snatched  
A spear,—and with his eyes he watched  
Their motions, turning round and round :  
His weaker hand the banner held ;  
And straight, by savage zeal impelled,  
Forth rushed a pikeman, as if he,  
Not without harsh indignity,  
Would seize the same :—instinctively—  
To smite the offender—with his lance  
Did Francis from the brake advance ;  
But, from behind, a treacherous wound  
Unfeeling, brought him to the ground,  
A mortal stroke :—oh, grief to tell !  
Thus, thus, the noble Francis fell :  
There did he lie of breath forsaken ;  
The banner from his grasp was taken,  
And borne exultingly away ; [it lay.  
And the body was left on the ground where

Two days, as many nights he slept  
Alone, unnoticed, and unwept ;  
For at that time distress and fear  
Possessed the country far and near ;  
The third day, one, who chanced to pass,  
Beheld him stretched upon the grass.  
A gentle forester was he,  
And of the Norton tenantry ;  
And he had heard that by a train  
Of horsemen Francis had been slain.  
Much was he troubled—for the man  
Hath recognized his pallid face ;  
And to the nearest huts he ran,  
And called the people to the place.  
How desolate is Rylstone Hall !  
Such was the instant thought of all ;  
And if the lonely lady there  
Should be, this sight she cannot bear !  
Such thought the forester expressed ;  
And all were swayed, and deemed it best  
That, if the priest should yield assent  
And join himself to their intent,  
Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,  
In holy ground a grave would make ;

That straightway buried he should be  
In the church-yard of the priory.

Apart, some little space, was made  
The grave where Francis must be laid.  
In no confusion or neglect  
This did they,—but in pure respect  
That he was born of gentle blood ;  
And that there was no neighbourhood  
Of kindred for him in that ground ;  
So to the church-yard forth they are bound,  
Bearing the body on a bier  
In decency and humble cheer ;  
And psalms are sung with holy sound.

But Emily hath raised her head,  
And is again disquieted ;  
She must behold !—so many gone,  
Where is the solitary one ?  
And forth from Rylstone Hall stepped she,  
To seek her brother forth she went,  
And tremblingly her course she bent  
Toward Bolton's ruined priory.  
She comes, and in the vale hath heard  
The funeral dirge ;—she sees the knot  
Of people, sees them in one spot—  
And darting like a wounded bird  
She reached the grave, and with her breast  
Upon the ground received the rest,—  
The consummation, the whole ruth  
And sorrow of this final truth !

## CANTO VII.

THOU spirit, whose angelic hand  
Was to the harp a strong command,  
Called the submissive strings to wake  
In glory for this maiden's sake,  
Say, spirit ! whither hath she fled  
To hide her poor afflicted head ?  
What mighty forest in its gloom  
Enfolds her ?—is a rifted tomb  
Within the wilderness her seat ?  
Some island which the wild waves beat,  
Is that the sufferer's last retreat ?  
Or some aspiring rock that shrouds  
Its perilous front in mists and clouds ?  
High-climbing rock—low sunless dale—  
Sea—desert—what do these avail ?  
Oh, take her anguish and her fears  
Into a deep recess of years !

’Tis done ;—despoil and desolation (12)  
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown ;  
The walks and pools neglect hath sown  
With weeds, the bowers are overthrown,  
Or have given way to slow mutation,  
While, in their ancient habitation



The Norton name hath been unknown.  
 The lordly mansion of its pride  
 Is stripped ; the ravage hath spread wide  
 Through park and field, a perishing  
 That mocks the gladness of the spring !  
 And with this silent gloom agreeing  
 There is a joyless human being,  
 Of aspect such as if the waste  
 Were under her dominion placed :  
 Upon a primrose bank, her throne  
 Of quietness, she sits alone ;  
 There seated, may this maid be seen,  
 Among the ruins of a wood,  
 Erewhile a covert bright and green,  
 And where full many a brave tree stood ;  
 That used to spread its boughs, and ring  
 With the sweet birds' carolling.  
 Behold her, like a virgin queen,  
 Neglecting in imperial state  
 These outward images of fate,  
 And carrying inward a serene  
 And perfect sway, through many a thought  
 Of chance and change, that hath been  
 To the subjection of a holy, [brought  
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy !  
 The like authority, with grace  
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—  
 There hath she fixed it ; yet it seems  
 To o'ershadow by no native right  
 That face, which cannot lose the gleams,  
 Lose utterly the tender gleams  
 Of gentleness and meek delight,  
 And loving-kindness ever bright :  
 Such is her sovereign mien ;—her dress  
 (A vest, with woollen cincture tied,  
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)  
 Is homely,—fashioned to express  
 A wandering pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,  
 Beneath the light of sun and star ;  
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,  
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,  
 Yea, like a ship at random blown  
 To distant places and unknown.  
 But now she dares to seek a haven  
 Among her native wilds of Craven ;  
 Hath seen again her father's roof,  
 And put her fortitude to proof ;  
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,  
 And she is thoroughly forlorn :  
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,  
 Sustained by memory of the past  
 And strength of reason ; held above  
 The infirmities of mortal love ;  
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,  
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so, beneath a mouldered tree,  
 A self-surviving leafless oak,  
 By unregarded age from stroke  
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.  
 There did she rest, with head reclined,  
 Herself most like a stately flower,  
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth  
 Hath separated from its kind,  
 To live and die in a shady bower,  
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,  
 A troop of deer came sweeping by ;  
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder !  
 For, of that band of rushing deer,  
 A single one in mid career  
 Hath stopped, and fixed its large full eye  
 Upon the Lady Emily,  
 A doe most beautiful, clear-white,  
 A radiant creature, silver-bright !

Thus checked, a little while it stayed ;  
 A little thoughtful pause it made ;  
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,  
 Drew softly near her—and more near,  
 Stopped once again ;—but, as no trace  
 Was found of anything to fear,  
 Even to her feet the creature came,  
 And laid its head upon her knee,  
 And looked into the lady's face,  
 A look of pure benignity,  
 And fond unclouded memory ;  
 It is, thought Emily, the same,  
 The very doe of other years !  
 The pleading look the lady viewed,  
 And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,  
 She melted into tears—  
 A flood of tears, that flowed apace  
 Upon the happy creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest ! O pair !  
 Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's choicest care,  
 This was for you a precious greeting,—  
 For both a bounteous fruitful meeting.  
 Joined are they, and the sylvan doe  
 Can she depart ? can she forego  
 The lady, once her playful peer,  
 And now her sainted mistress dear ?  
 And will not Emily receive  
 This lovely chronicler of things  
 Long past, delights and sorrows ?  
 Lone sufferer ! will not she believe  
 The promise in that speaking face,  
 And take this gift of Heaven with grace ?

That day, the first of a reunion  
 Which was to teem with high communion,

That day of balmy April weather,  
They tarried in the wood together.  
And when, ere fall of evening-dew,  
She from this sylvan haunt withdrew,  
The white doe tracked with faithful pace  
The lady to her dwelling-place ;  
That nook where, on paternal ground,  
A habitation she had found,  
The master of whose humble board  
Once owned her father for his lord ;  
A hut, by tufted trees defended,  
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is  
blended.

When Emily by morning light  
Went forth, the doe was there in sight.  
She shrunk :—with one frail shock of pain,  
Received and followed by a prayer,  
Did she behold—saw once again ;  
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear ;—  
But, wheresoever she looked round,  
All now was trouble-haunted ground.  
So doth the sufferer deem it good  
Even once again this neighbourhood  
To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,  
The white doe followed up the vale,  
Up to another cottage—hidden  
In the deep fork of Amerdale ;(13)  
And there may Emily restore  
Herself, in spots unseen before.  
Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,  
By lurking Denbrook's pathless side,  
Haunts of a strengthening amity  
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified ?  
For she hath ventured now to read  
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed,  
Endless history that lies  
In her silent follower's eyes !  
Who with a power like human reason  
Discerns the favourable season,  
Skilled to approach or to retire,—  
From looks conceiving her desire,  
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,  
That vary to the heart within.  
If she too passionately wretched  
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed.  
Walked quick or slowly, every mood  
In its degree was understood ;  
Then well may their accord be true,  
And kindly intercourse ensue.  
Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing  
When she by sudden glimpse espied  
The white doe on the mountain browsing,  
Or in the meadow wandered wide !  
How pleased, when down the stragglers sank  
Beside her, on some sunny bank !  
How soothed, when in thick bower inclosed,  
They like a nestle pair reposed !

Fair vision ! when it crossed the maid  
Within some rocky cavern laid,  
The dark cave's portal gliding by,  
White as whitest cloud on high,  
Floating through an azure sky.  
What now is left for pain or fear ?  
That presence, dearer and more dear,  
Did now a very gladness yield  
At morning to the dewy field,  
While they, side by side, were straying,  
And the shepherd's pipe was playing ;  
And with a deeper peace endued  
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her companion, in such frame  
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came ;  
And, wandering through the wasted groves,  
Received the memory of old loves,  
Undisturbed and undistrest,  
Into a soul which now was blest  
With a soft spring-day of holy,  
Mild, delicious, melancholy :  
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,  
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone played(14)  
Their Sabbath music—"God us ayde"  
That was the sound they seemed to speak ;  
Inscriptive legend, which I ween  
May on those holy bells be seen,  
That legend, and her grandsire's name ;  
And oftentimes the lady meek  
Had in her childhood read the same,  
Words which she slighted at that day :  
But now, when such sad change was  
wrought,  
And of that lonely name she thought,  
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,  
While she sat listening in the shade,  
With vocal music, "God us ayde ;"  
And all the hills were glad to bear  
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she reason's firmest power ;  
But with the white doe at her side  
Up doth she climb to Norton tower,  
And thence looks round her far and wide ;  
Her fate there measures—all is stilled,—  
The feeble bath subdued her heart ;  
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,  
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !  
But here her brother's words have failed ;  
Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;  
That she, of him and all bereft,  
Hath yet this faithful partner left ;  
This single creature that disproves  
His words, remains for her, and loves,

If tears are shed, they do not fall  
 For loss of him, for one or all ;  
 Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep,  
 Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep ;  
 A few tears down her cheek descend  
 For this her last and living friend.

Bless, tender hearts, their mutual lot,  
 And bless for both this savage spot !  
 Which Emily doth sacred hold  
 For reasons dear and manifold—  
 Here hath she, here before her sight,  
 Close to the summit of this height,  
 The grassy rock-encircled pound (15)  
 In which the creature first was found  
 So beautiful the spotless thrall,  
 (A lovely youngling white as foam,)  
 That it was brought to Rylstone Hall ;  
 Her youngest brother led it home,  
 The youngest, then a lusty boy, [joy !  
 Brought home the prize—and with what

But most to Bolton's sacred pile,  
 On favouring nights, she loved to go :  
 There ranged through cloister, court, and  
 Attended by the soft-paced doe ; [aisle,  
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine  
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine ;  
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed  
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.  
 For that she came ; there oft and long  
 She sate in meditation strong :  
 And, when she from the abyss returned  
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor  
 mourned ;

Was happy that she lived to greet  
 Her mute companion as it lay  
 In love and pity at her feet ;  
 How happy in its turn to meet  
 That recognition ! the mild glance  
 Beamed from that gracious countenance ;  
 Communication, like the ray  
 Of a new morning, to the nature  
 And prospects of the inferior creature !

A mortal song we frame, by dower  
 Encouraged of celestial power ;  
 Power which the viewless spirit shed  
 By whom we were first visited ;  
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand and  
 wings

Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,  
 When, left in solitude, erewhile  
 We stood before this ruined pile,  
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,  
 Sang in this presence kindred themes ;  
 Distress and desolation spread  
 Through human heart, and pleasure dead,—

Dead—but to live again on earth,  
 A second and yet nobler birth ;  
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high  
 The re-ascent in sanctity !  
 From fair to fairer ; day by day  
 A more divine and loftier way !  
 Even such this blessed pilgrim trod,  
 By sorrow lifted towards her God ;  
 Uplifted to the purest sky  
 Of undisturbed mortality.  
 Her own thoughts loved she ; and could  
 A dear look to her lowly friend,— [bend  
 There stopped ;—her thirst was satisfied  
 With what this innocent spring supplied—  
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,  
 And stood apart from human cares :  
 But to the world returned no more,  
 Although with no unwilling mind  
 Help did she give at need, and joined  
 The Wharfdale peasants in their prayers.  
 At length, thus faintly, faintly tied  
 To earth, she was set free, and died.  
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,  
 Maid of the blasted family,  
 Rose to the God from whom it came !  
 In Rylstone church her mortal frame  
 Was buried by her mother's side.

Most glorious sunset !—and a ray  
 Survives—the twilight of this day ;  
 In that fair creature whom the fields  
 Support, and whom the forest shields ;  
 Who, having filled a holy place,  
 Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace ;  
 And bears a memory and a mind  
 Raised far above the law of kind ;  
 Haunting the spots with lonely cheer  
 Which her dear mistress once held dear :  
 Loves most what Emily loved most—  
 The inclosure of this church-yard ground ;  
 Here wanders like a gliding ghost,  
 And every Sabbath here is found ;  
 Comes with the people when the bells  
 Are heard among the moorland dells,  
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where  
 Lies open on the Sabbath-day ; [way  
 Here walks amid the mournful waste  
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,  
 And floors encumbered with rich show  
 Of fret-work imagery laid low ;  
 Paces softly, or makes halt,  
 By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,  
 By plate of monumental brass  
 Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,  
 And sculptured forms of warriors brave,  
 But chiefly by that single grave,  
 That one sequestered hillock green,  
 The pensive visitant is seen.

Where doth the gentle creature lie  
 With those adversities unmoved,  
 Calm spectacle, by earth and sky  
 In their benignity approved!  
 And aye, methinks, this hoary pile,  
 Subdued by outrage and decay,  
 Looks down upon her with a smile,  
 A gracious smile, that seems to say,  
 "Thou, thou art not a child of time,  
 But daughter of the eternal prime!"

## NOTES.

Note 1. page 232.

THE poem of "The White Doe of Rylstone" is founded on a local tradition, and on the ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled, "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the dissolution, "a white doe, say the aged people of the neighbourhood, long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the abbey church-yard during divine service, after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. Whitaker's "History of the Deanery of Craven." Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate insurrection, which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, "The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven," "stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

"Opposite to the east window of the priory church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out, instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the south all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

"But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like inclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, etc.: of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of gray rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward, are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther

yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simonseat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of gray rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody gler to mingle its waters with the Wharf; there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood inclosing a woody island—sometimes it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous Strid. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed, on either side, a broad strand of naked gritstone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn, which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the voice of the angry spirit of the waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.

"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."

Note 2. Page 233, col. 1

"From Bolton's old monastic tower."

It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament: but the poem, according to the imagination of the poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."

Note 3. Page 233, col. 2.

"A rural chapel, neatly drest."

"The nave of the church having been reserved at the dissolution, for the use of the Saxon cure, is still a parochial chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English cathedral."

Note 4. Page 233, col. 2.

"Who sate in the shade of the prior's oak."

"At a small distance from the great gateway stood the prior's oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 70*l*. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber.



Note 5. Page 235, col. 1.

*"When Lady Aaliza mourned."*

The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a poem of this collection, entitled, "The Force of Prayer," &c.

Note 6. Page 235, col. 2.

*"Pass, pass who will, you chantry door."*

"At the east end of the north aisle of Bolton Priory church is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Claphams" (who inherited this estate, by the female line from the Mauleverers) "were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a name of great note in his time: "he was a vehement partisan of the House of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffords, seemed to survive."

Note 7. Page 235, col. 2.

*"Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet."*

At page 109 of this volume will be found a poem entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford the Shepherd to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors." To that poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burn's and Nicholson's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him from Dr. Whitaker, who says, "He retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies, and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company. For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, etc., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the dissolution, they must have been the work of those

canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23rd, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry, in the choir of the church at Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.

Note 8. Page 238, col. 2.

*"Ye watchmen upon Brancepeth towers."*

Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Werc, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.

Note 9. Page 240, col. 2.

*"Of mitred Thurston, when a host  
He conquered!"*

See the historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.

Note 10. Page 241, col. 1.

*"In that other day of Neville's Cross."*

"In the night before the battle of Durham was stricken and begun, the 17th day of October, anno 1346, there did appear to John Fosseur, then prior of the abbey of Durham, commanding him to take the holy corporax-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the maid's bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision, the prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said Abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any



violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert, and by the presence of the holy relique). And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies. And then the said prior and monks, accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God and holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

This battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross, from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stone-work was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made, (which is then described at great length,) and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, etc., etc., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose, that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean Whittingham, whose wife was called Katharine, being a Frenchwoman, (as is most credibly reported by eyewitnesses,) did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."—Extracted from a book entitled, "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical history, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden field.

Note 11. Page 244, col. 1.

"An edifice of warlike frame  
Stands single (Norton Tower its name)."

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and the Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dods-

worth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds (two of them are pretty entire), of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch-tower."

Note 12. Page 247, col. 2.

—"despoil and desolation  
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown."

"After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2nd or 3rd of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivry, so called undoubtedly from the French *Vivier*, or modern Latin *Vivarium*; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, an island, &c. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears, that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon."

Note 13. Page 249, col. 1.

"In the deep fork of Amerdale."

"At the extremity of the parish of Bursal, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfedale to the source of the river; the other is usually called Litondale, but more anciently and properly Amerdale. Dern-brook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N.W. is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment."—Dr. WHITAKER.

Note 14. Page 249, col. 2.

"When the bells of Rylstone played  
Their Sabbath music—'God us ayde.'"

On one of the bells of Rylstone church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cipher, *J. N.* for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."

Note 15. Page 250, col. 1.

"The grassy rock-encircled pound."

Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the S.W. to the N.E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W., where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, etc., were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be im-

passable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these inclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, an herd would follow."

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery—Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been intrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added, has done justice to the place by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.

## The Prioress's Tale.

(FROM CHAUCER.)

"Call up him who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following poem I have allowed myself no further deviation from the original than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the author: so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions as *also* and *alway*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the prioress forms a fine background for her tender-hearted sympathies with the mother and child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

"O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously,"  
(quoth she)

"Thy name in this large world is spread  
abroad!

For not alone by men of dignity

Thy worship is performed and precious laud;  
But by the mouths of children, gracious God!  
Thy goodness is set forth; they when they lie  
Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I  
may,  
Jesu! of thee, and the white lily-flower  
Which did thee bear, and is a maid for aye,  
To tell a story I will use my power;  
Not that I may increase her honour's dower,  
For she herself is honour, and the root  
Of goodness, next her Son our soul's best  
boot.

"O mother maid! O maid and mother free!  
O bush unburnt! burning in Moses' sight!  
That down didst ravish from the Deity,  
Through humbleness, the Spirit that did  
alight [glory's might.  
Upon thy heart, whence, through that  
Conceivèd was the Father's sapience,  
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

"Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,  
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,  
Surpass all science and all utterance;  
For sometimes, lady! ere men pray to thee  
Thou go'st before in thy benignity,  
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,  
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen!

To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,  
That I the weight of it may not sustain;  
But as a child of twelve months old or less,  
That laboureth his language to express,  
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,  
Guide thou mysong which I of theeshall say.

"There was in Asia, in a mighty town,  
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews  
might be;  
Assigned to them and given them for their  
By a great lord, for gain and usury,  
Hateful to Christ and to his company;  
And through this street who list might ride  
and wend;  
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

"A little school of Christian people stood  
Down at the farther end, in which there were  
A nest of children come of Christian blood,  
That learnèd in that school from year to year  
Such sort of doctrine as men usèd there,  
That is to say, to sing and read also  
As little children in their childhood do.

"Among these children was a widow's son,  
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,  
Who day by day unto his school hath gone,  
And eke, when he the image did behold  
Of Jesu's mother, as he had been told,  
This child was wont to kneel adown and say  
*Ave Marie*, as he goeth by the way.

"This widow thus her little son hath taught  
His blissful lady, Jesu's mother dear,  
To worship aye, and he forgat it not,  
For simple infant hath a ready ear.  
Sweet is his holiness of youth: and hence,  
falling to mind this matter when I may,  
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,  
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

"This little child, while in the school he sate  
His primer conning with an earnest cheer,  
The whilst the rest their anthem book repeat  
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;  
And as he durst he drew him near and near,  
And hearkened to the words and to the note,  
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

"This Latin knew he nothing what it said,  
For he too tender was of age to know;  
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed  
That he the meaning of this song would  
show,  
And unto him declare why men sing so;

This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,  
This child did him beseech on his bare knees.

"His schoolfellow, who elder was than he,  
Answered him thus:—'This song, I have  
heard say,

Was fashioned for our blissful lady free;  
Her to salute, and also her to pray  
To be our help upon our dying day.  
If there is more in this, I know it not;  
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have  
got.'

"'And is this song fashioned in reverence  
Of Jesu's mother?' said this Innocent,  
'Now, certès, I will use my diligence  
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;  
Although I for my primer shall be shent,  
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,  
Our lady I will praise with all my power.'

"His schoolfellow, whom he had so be-  
sought,  
As they went homeward taught him privily;  
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,  
From word to word according to the note;  
Twice in a day it passed through his throat;  
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he  
went,  
On Jesu's mother fixed was his intent.

"Through all the Jewry (this before said I),  
This little child, as he came to and fro,  
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,  
*O Alma Redemptoris!* high and low:  
The sweetness of Christ's mother pierced so  
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,  
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

"The serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath  
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled—  
'O woe,

O Hebrew people!' said he in his wrath,  
'Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?  
That such a boy where'er he lists shall go  
In your despite, and sing his hymns and  
saws,

Which is against the reverence of our laws!'

"From that day forward have the Jews  
conspired  
Out of the world this innocent to chase;  
And to this end a homicide they hired,  
That in an alley had a privy place,  
And, as the child 'gan to the school to pace,  
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast  
And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

"I say that him into a pit they threw,  
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents  
exhale ;  
O cursed folk ! away, ye Herods new !  
What may your ill intentions you avail ?  
Murder will out ; certés it will not fail ;  
Know, that the honour of high God may  
spread,  
The blood cries out on your accurséd deed.

"O martyr 'stablished in virginity !  
Now mayest thou sing for aye before the  
throne,  
Following the Lamb celestial," quoth she,  
"Of which the great Evangelist Saint John,  
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go  
Before the Lamb singing continually,  
That never fleshly woman they did know.

"Now this poor widow waiteth all that  
night  
After her little child, and he came not ;  
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning  
light [thought  
With face all pale with dread and busy  
She at the school and elsewhere him hath  
sought,  
Until thus far she learned, that he had been  
In the Jews' street, and there he last was seen.

"With mother's pity in her breast inclosed  
She goeth as she were half out of her mind,  
To every place wherein she hath supposed  
By likelihood her little son to find ;  
And ever on Christ's mother meek and kind  
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,  
And him among the accurséd Jews she  
sought.

"She asketh, and she piteously doth pray  
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place  
To tell her if her child had passed tha way ;  
They all said nay ; but Jesu of his grace  
Gave to her thought, that in a little space  
She for her son in that same spot did cry  
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

"O thou great God that dost perform thy  
laud  
By mouths of innocents, lo ! here thy might ;  
This gem of chastity, this emerald,  
And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,  
There, where with mangled throat he lay  
upright,  
The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing  
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

"The Christian folk that through the Jewry  
went  
Come to the spot in wonder at the thing ;  
And hastily they for the provost sent ;  
Immediately he came not tarrying,  
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly  
king,  
And eke his mother, honour of mankind :  
Which done, he bade that they the Jews  
should bind.

"This child with piteous lamentation then  
Was taken up, singing his song alway ;  
And with procession great and pomp of men  
To the next abbey him they bare away ;  
His mother swooning by the bier lay :  
And scarcely could the people that were near  
Remove the second Rachel from the bier.

"Torment and shameful death to every one  
This provost doth for those bad Jews pre-  
pare  
That of this murder wist, and that anon :  
Such wickedness his judgments cannot  
spare ;  
Who will do evil, evil shall he bear ;  
Them therefore with wild horses did he draw,  
And after that he hung them by the law.

"Upon his bier this innocent doth lie  
Before the altar while the mass doth last :  
The abbot with his convent's company  
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast ;  
And, when they holy water on him cast,  
Yet spake this child when sprinkled was the  
water,  
And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater !*

"This abbot, for he was a holy man,  
As all monks are, or surely ought to be,  
In supplication to the child began ;  
Thus saying, 'O dear child ! I summon thee  
In virtue of the holy Trinity,  
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this  
hymn,  
Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

"My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,  
Said this young child, 'and by the law of kind  
I should have died, yea, many hours ago ;  
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,  
Will that his glory last, and be in mind ;  
And, for the worship of his mother dear,  
Yet may I sing, *O Alma !* loud and clear.

"This well of mercy Jesu's mother sweet  
After my knowledge I have loved alway,  
And in the hour when I my death did meet



To me she came, and thus to me did say,  
 'Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'  
 As ye have heard; and soon as I had sung  
 Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

"Wherefore I sing, nor can from song  
 refrain,

In honour of that blissful maiden free,  
 Till from my tongue off taken is the grain;  
 And after that thus said she unto me,  
 'My little child, then will I come for thee  
 Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they  
 take,

Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!

"This holy monk, this abbot—him mean I,  
 Touched then his tongue, and took away  
 the grain;

And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;  
 And, when the abbot had this wonder seen,  
 His salt tears trickled down like showers of  
 rain,

And on his face he dropped upon the ground,  
 And still he lay as if he had been bound.

"Eke the whole convent on the pavement  
 lay,

Weeping and praising Jesu's mother dear;  
 And after that they rose, and took their way  
 And lifted up this martyr from the bier  
 And in a tomb of precious marble clear  
 Inclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.—  
 Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet!

"Young Hugh of Lincoln! in like sort laid  
 low

By cursed Jews—thing well and widely  
 known,

For not long since was dealt the cruel blow,  
 Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry,  
 Weak sinful folk, that God with pitying eye,  
 In mercy would his mercy multiply  
 On us, for reverence of his mother Mary!"





## The River Uddon.

### A SERIES OF SONNETS.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE RIVER UDDON rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, serving as a boundary to the two last counties, for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Milium.

#### TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER UDDON,  
AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION.)

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze  
Nor check the music of the strings;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?—till was paid  
Respect to every inmate's claim;  
The greeting given, the music played,  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O brother! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills;  
And it is given thee to rejoice:  
Though public care full often tiths  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,  
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light,  
Which nature, and these rustic powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds,

Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear—and sink again to sleep!  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er:  
And some unbidden tears that rise  
For names once heard, and heard no more;  
Tears brightened by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,  
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws;  
Hail, usages of pristine mould,  
And ye, that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, brother! quench the thought  
That slights this passion, or condemns;  
If thee fond fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
Short leisure even in busiest days ;  
Moments, to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays  
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleased attention I may win  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy !

## I.

NOT envying shades which haply yet may  
throw

A grateful coolness round that rocky spring,  
Blandusia, once responsive to the string  
Of the Horatian lyre with babbling flow ;  
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow  
Round the moist marge of Persian foun-  
tains cling ;

Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering  
Through icy portals radiant as heaven's  
bow ;

I seek the birthplace of a native stream.  
All hail, ye mountains ! hail, thou morning  
light !

Better to breathe upon this aery height  
Than pass in needless sleep from dream to  
dream : [and bright,

Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free,  
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon is my  
theme !

## II.

CHILD of the clouds ! remote from every  
taint

Of sordid industry thy lot is cast ;  
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste ;  
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys  
faint, [quaint

Thy hand-maid frost with spangled tissue  
Thy cradle decks ; to chant thy birth thou  
hast

No meaner poet than the whistling blast,  
And desolation is thy patron-saint !  
She guards thee, ruthless power ! who would  
not spare

Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,  
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy  
lair\* [sombre green,

Through paths and alleys roofed with  
Thousands of years before the silent air  
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter  
keen !

\* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic  
species long since extinct.

## III.

How shall I paint thee ?—Be this naked  
stone

My seat while I give way to such intent ;  
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monu-  
ment, [known

Make to the eyes of men thy features  
But as of all those tripping lambs not one  
Outruns his fellows, so hath nature lent  
To thy beginning naught that doth present  
Peculiar grounds for hope to build upon.

To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,  
No sign of hoar antiquity's esteem  
Appears, and none of modern fortune's  
care ; [gleam

Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a  
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness  
rare ; [earth !

Prompt offering to thy foster-mother,

## IV.

TAKE, cradled nursling of the mountain,  
take

This parting glance, no negligent adieu !  
A Protean change seems wrought while I  
pursue [make ;

The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth  
Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,  
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,  
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes,  
through

Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.  
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted rill  
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam ;  
And laughing dares the adventurer, who  
hath clomb

So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;  
Else let the dastard backward wend, and  
roam, [will !  
Seeking less bold achievement, where he

## V.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that  
played [sound

With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful  
Wafed o'er sullen moss and craggymound,  
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid

The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade

For thee, green alders have together wound  
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms  
around;

And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.  
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,  
'Mid sheltering pines, this cottage rude and  
grey;

Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes  
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer  
day, [May

Thy pleased associates—light as endless  
On infant bosoms lonely nature lies.

## VI.

## FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social  
trees [bowers,

It lacked not old remains of hawthorn  
Where small birds warbled to their paramours;  
[bees;

And, earlier still, was heard the hum of  
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,  
And caught the fragrance which the sundry  
flowers, [showers,

Fed by the stream with soft perpetual  
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.  
There bloomed the strawberry of the  
wilderness; [sapphire blue, (1)

The trembling eyebright showed her  
The thyme her purple, like the blush of  
even;

And, if the breath of some to no caress  
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,  
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

## VII.

“CHANGE me, some god, into that  
breathing rose!”

The love-sick stripling fancifully sighs,  
The envied flower, beholding, as it lies  
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;  
Or he would pass into her bird, that throws  
The darts of song from out its wiry cage;  
Enraptured,—could he for himself engage  
The thousandth part of what the nymph  
bestows,

And what the little careless innocent  
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!  
There are whose calmer mind it would  
content

To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,  
Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling  
wren, [voice,

That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender

## VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the man who roved or  
fled, [first

First of his tribe, to this dark dell—whence  
In this pellucid current slaked his thirst?

What hopes came with him? what designs  
were spread

Along his path? His unprotected bed  
What dreams encompassed? Was the  
intruder nursed

In hideous usages, and rites accursed,  
That thinned the living and disturbed the  
dead? [mute;

No voice replies;—the earth, the air is  
And thou, blue streamlet, murmuring  
yield'st no more

Than a soft record that whatever fruit  
Of ignorance thou mightst witness here-  
tofore,

Thy function was to heal and to restore,  
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and  
pollute!

## IX.

## THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling rill insensibly is grown  
Into a brook of loud and stately march,  
Crossed ever and anon by plank and arch;  
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a  
zone [stone

Chosen for ornament: stone matched with  
In studied symmetry, with interspace

For the clear waters to pursue their race  
Without restraint.—How swiftly have they  
flown, [child

Succeeding — still succeeding! Here the  
Puts, when the high-swollen flood runs fierce  
and wild, [here

His budding courage to the proof;—and  
Declining manhood learns to note the sly  
And sure encroachments of infirmity,  
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how  
near!

## X.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that pair whose youthful spirits  
dance

With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;  
A sweet confusion checks the shepherd-lass;  
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance,—

To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;  
She ventures once again—another pause!  
His outstretched hand he tauntingly with-  
draws—

She sues for help with piteous utterance!

Chidden she chides again; the thrilling  
 touch [aid :  
 Both feel when he renews the wished-for  
 Ah ! if their fluttering hearts should stir too  
 much  
 Should beat too strongly, both may be  
 betrayed.  
 The frolic loves who, from yon high rock,  
 see  
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory !

## XI.

## THE FAERY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age ;  
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,  
 Is of the very footmarks unbereft  
 Which tiny elves impressed ; on that smooth  
 stage  
 Dancing with all their brilliant equipage  
 In secret revels—haply after theft  
 Of some sweet babe, flower stolen, and  
 coarse weed left  
 For the distracted mother to assuage  
 Her grief with, as she might !—But, where,  
 oh ! where  
 Is traceable a vestige of the notes  
 That ruled those dances, wild in character ?  
 Deep underground ?—Or in the upper air,  
 On the shrill wind of midnight ? or where  
 floats  
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer ?

## XII.

## HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

ON, loitering muse—the swift stream  
 chides us—on !  
 Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure  
 Objects immense portrayed in miniature,  
 Wild shapes for many a strange comparison !  
 Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon  
 Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,  
 Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure  
 When the broad oak drops, a leafless  
 skeleton.  
 And the solidities of mortal pride,  
 Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust !  
 The bard who walks with Duddon for his  
 guide,  
 Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set ;—  
 Turn from the sight, enamoured muse—we  
 must ;  
 And, if thou canst, leave them without  
 regret !

## XIII.

## OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields—with dwellings sprinkled  
 o'er,  
 And one small hamlet, under a green hill,  
 Clustered with barn and byre, and spouting  
 mill ! [more,  
 A glance suffices ;—should we wish for  
 Gay June would scorn us ; but when bleak  
 winds roar [ash,  
 Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard  
 Dread swell of sound ! loud as the gusts  
 that lash  
 The matted forests of Ontario's shore  
 By wasteful steel unsmitten, then would I  
 Turn into port,—and, reckless of the gale.  
 Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by.  
 While the warm heart exalts the mantling  
 ale,  
 Laugh with the generous household heartily  
 At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale !

## XIV.

O MOUNTAIN stream ! the shepherd and  
 his cot  
 Are privileged inmates of deep solitude ;  
 Nor would the nicest anchorite exclude  
 A field or two of brighter green, or plot  
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot  
 Of stationary sunshine :—thou hast viewed  
 These only, Duddon ! with their paths  
 renewed [not.  
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee  
 Thee hath some awful spirit impelled to  
 leave,  
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,  
 Though simple thy companions were and  
 few ; [cleave  
 And through this wilderness a passage  
 Attended but by thy own voice, save when  
 The clouds and fowls of the air thy way  
 pursue !

## XV.

FROM this deep chasm—where quivering  
 sunbeams play  
 Upon its loftiest crags—mine eyes behold  
 A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and  
 cold ; [gray ;  
 A concave free from shrubs and mosses  
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,  
 Some statue, placed amid these regions old  
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
 Startling the flight of timid yesterday !  
 Was it by mortals sculptured ?—weary  
 slaves

Of slow endeavour ! or abruptly cast  
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast  
 Tempestuously let loose from central caves?  
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
 Then, when o'er highest hills the deluge  
 past ?

## XVI.

## AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long  
 beguile [shows]  
 Or plague the fancy, 'mid the sculptured  
 Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows ;  
 There would the Indian answer with a smile  
 Aimed at the white man's ignorance, the  
 while  
 Of the Great Waters telling how they rose,  
 Covered the plains, and, wandering where  
 they chose,  
 Mounted through every intricate defile,  
 Triumphant.—Inundation wide and deep,  
 O'er which his fathers urged, to ridge and  
 steep  
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant way ;  
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded  
 side,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase  
 or prey ;  
 What'er they sought, shunned, loved, or  
 deified !\*

## XVII.

## RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted  
 yew, [croaks ;  
 Perched on whose top the Danish raven  
 Aloft, the imperial bird of Rome invokes  
 Departed ages, shedding where he flew  
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that  
 bestrew [rocks,  
 The clouds, and thrill the chambers of the  
 And into silence hush the timorous flocks,  
 That, calmly couching while the nightly dew  
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the twink-  
 ling stars  
 Slept amid that lone camp on Hardknot's  
 height,  
 Whose guardians bent the knee to Jove and  
 Mars :  
 Or, near that mystic round of Druid frame  
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight  
 Deep into patient earth, from whose smooth  
 breast it came ! (2)

## XVIII.

## SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED religion, "mother of form and  
 fear,"  
 Dread arbitress of mutable respect.  
 New rites ordaining, when the old are  
 wrecked,  
 Or cease to please the fickle worshipper ;  
 If one strong wish may be embosomed here,  
 Mother of love ! for this deep vale, protect  
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright  
 effect,  
 Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere  
 That seeks to stifle it ;—as in those days  
 When this low pile a gospel teacher knew,  
 Whose good works formed an endless  
 retinue †  
 Such priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays ;  
 Such as the Heaven-taught skill of Herbert  
 drew ; [less praise !  
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with death-

## XIX.

## TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with delight  
 When hope presented some far-distant  
 good, [the flood  
 That seemed from Heaven descending, like  
 Of yon pure waters, from their æry height  
 Hurrying with lordly Duddon to unite ;  
 Who, 'mid a world of images imprint  
 On the calm depth of his transparent breast,  
 Appears to cherish most that torrent white,  
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all !  
 And seldom hath ear listened to a tune  
 More lulling than the busy hum of noon,  
 Sworn by that voice—whose murmur  
 musical  
 Announces to the thirsty fields a boon  
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

## XX.

## THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive poets, had they seen,  
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains  
 Thy waters, Duddon ! 'mid these flowery  
 plains,  
 The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,  
 Transferred to bowers imperishably green,  
 Had beautified Elysium ! But these chains

\* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

† See Note to Sonnet xvii.



Will soon be broken ;—a rough course  
remains,

Rough as the past ; where thou, of placid  
mien,

Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,  
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,  
Shalt change thy temper ; and, with many  
a shock

Given and received in mutual jeopardy,  
Dance like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,  
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high !

## XXI.

WHENCE that low voice ?—A whisper from  
the heart,

That told of days long past, when here I  
roved

With friends and kindred tenderly beloved ;  
Some who had early mandates to depart,  
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart  
By Duddon's side ; once more do we unite,  
Once more beneath the kind earth's tran-  
quil light ;

And smothered joys into new being start.  
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
Of time, breaks forth triumphant Memory ;  
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and  
free

As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall  
On gales that breathe too gently to recal  
Aught of the fading year's inclemency !

## XXII.

## TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN maid, at some far-distant  
time,

Came to this hidden pool, whose depths  
surpass

In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass ;  
And, gazing, saw that rose, which from the  
prime

Derives its name, reflected as the chime  
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound ;  
The starry treasure from the blue profound  
She longed to ravish ;—shall she plunge,  
or climb

The humid precipice, and seize the guest  
Of April, smiling high in upper air ?  
Desperate alternative ! what fiend could  
dare

To prompt the thought ?—Upon the steep  
rock's breast

The lonely primrose yet renews its bloom,  
Untouched memento of her hapless doom !

## XXIII.

## SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt !—the favour of the  
year, [invites

Poured on the fleece-encumbered flock,  
To laving currents, for prelusive rites

Duly performed before the dalesmen shear  
'Their panting charge. The distant moun-  
tains hear,

Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites  
Clamour of boys with innocent despites

Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange  
fear. [receive

Meanwhile, if Duddon's spotless breast  
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise

Thickens, the pastoral river will forgive  
Such wrong ; nor need we blame the  
licensed joys,

Though false to nature's quiet equipoise :  
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

## XXIV.

## THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past ;—upon the sultry mead  
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow  
throws :

If we advance unstrengthened by repose,  
Farewell the solace of the fragrant reed !

This nook, with woodbine hung and  
straggling weed,

Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,  
Half grot, half harbour, proffers to inclose

Body and mind from molestation freed,  
In narrow compass—narrow as itself :

Or if the fancy, too industrious elf,  
Be loth that we should breathe a while  
exempt

From new incitements friendly to our task,  
There wants not stealthy prospect, that  
may tempt

Loose idless to forego our wily mask.

## XXV.

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat  
Should some benignant minister of air

Lift, and incircle with a cloudy chair,  
The one for whom my heart shall ever beat

With tenderest love ;—or, if a safer seat  
Atween his downy wings be furnished,  
there [hear

Would lodge her, and the cherished burden  
O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat !

Rough ways my steps have trod ; too rough  
 and long [ease :  
 For her companionship ; here dwells soft  
 With sweets which she partakes not some  
 distaste [wrong ;  
 Mingles, and lurking consciousness of  
 Lauguish the flowers ; the waters seem to  
 waste  
 Their vocal charm ; their sparklings cease  
 to please.

## XXVI.

RETURN, content ! for fondly I pursued,  
 Even when a child, the streams—unheard,  
 unseen ; [between ;  
 Through tangled woods, impending rocks  
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed  
 The sullen reservoirs whence their bold  
 brood, [keen,  
 Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous,  
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white and  
 green,  
 Poured down the hills, a choral multitude !  
 Nor have I tracked their course for scanty  
 gains ; [joys,  
 They taught me random cares and truant  
 That shield from mischief and preserve  
 from stains [of boys ;  
 Vague minds, while men are growing out  
 Maturer fancy owes to their rough noise  
 Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile  
 reins.

## XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,  
 Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,  
 Is that embattled house, whose massy keep  
 Flung from you cliff a shadow large and  
 cold.—  
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold,  
 Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep  
 Of winds—though winds were silent, struck  
 a deep  
 And lasting terror through that ancient  
 hold.  
 Its line of warriors fled ;—they shrunk  
 when tried  
 By ghostly power :—but Time's unsparing  
 hand  
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from  
 out the land ;  
 And now, if men with men in peace abide,  
 All other strength the weakest may with-  
 stand,  
 All worse assaults may safely be defied.

## XXVIII.

## JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-oppress'd,  
 Crowded together under rustling trees,  
 Brushed by the current of the water-breeze ;  
 And for *their* sakes, and love of all that  
 rest,  
 On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest ;  
 For all the startled sealy tribes that slink  
 Into his coverts, and each fearless link  
 Of dancing insects forged upon his breast ;  
 For these, and hopes and recollections worn  
 Close to the vital seat of human clay ;  
 Glad meetings,—tender partings—that up-  
 stay [sworn  
 The drooping mind of absence, by vows  
 In his pure presence near the trysting  
 thorn ;  
 I thanked the leader of my onward way.

## XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,  
 Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired  
 domains ; [veins  
 Tells that their turf drank purple from the  
 Of heroes fallen, or struggling to advance,  
 Till doubtful combat issued in a trance  
 Of victory, that struck through heart and  
 reins,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,  
 And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.  
 Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie  
 In the black earth, neglected and forlorn,  
 The passing winds memorial tribute pay ;  
 The torrents chant their praise, inspiring  
 scorn  
 Of power usurped with proclamation high,  
 And glad acknowledgment of lawful sway.

## XXX.

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes  
 divorce  
 Of that serene companion—a good name,  
 Recovers not his loss ; but walks with shame,  
 With doubt, with fear, and haply with  
 remorse.  
 And oft-times he, who, yielding to the force  
 Of chance temptation, ere his journey end,  
 From chosen comrade turns, or faithful  
 friend,  
 In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.  
 Not so with such as loosely wear the chain

That binds them, pleasant river ! to thy  
side :— [hasty stride,  
Through the rough cope wheel thou with  
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,  
Sure, when the separation has been tried,  
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

## XXXI.

THE Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye  
Is welcome as a star, that doth present  
Its shining forehead through the peaceful  
rent

Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky :  
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high  
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's  
tent ; [ward bent,

Or the Indian tree whose branches, down-  
Take root again, a boundless canopy.

How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no  
more [to recline,

Than 'mid that wave-washed churchyard  
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts  
divine ;

Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar  
Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine,  
Soothed by the unseen river's gentle roar.

## XXXII.

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to steep ;  
Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled  
lands

And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands  
Held ;—but in radiant progress toward the  
deep

Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep  
Sink, and forget their nature ;—*now* ex-  
pands

Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands  
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep !  
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide

Is opened round him :—hamlets, towers,  
and towns, [afar ;

And blue-topped hills, behold him from  
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied  
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,  
With commerce freighted, or triumphant  
war.

## XXXIII.

## CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale ;  
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast  
A crimson splendour ; lowly is the mast  
That rises here, and humbly spread the  
sail ;

While, less disturbed than in the narrow  
vale

Through which with strange vicissitudes he  
passed,

The wanderer seeks that receptacle vast  
Where all his unambitious functions fail.  
And may thy poet, cloud-born stream ! be  
free,

The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,  
And each tumultuous working left behind  
At seemly distance, to advance like thee,  
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of  
mind

And soul, to mingle with eternity !

## XXXIV.

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

I THOUGHT of thee, my partner and my  
guide,

As being past away. Vain sympathies !  
For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,  
I see what was, and is, and will abide ;  
Still glides the stream, and shall not cease  
to glide ;

The form remains, the function never dies ;  
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the  
wise,

We men, who in our morn of youth defied  
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !

Enough, if something from our hands have  
power

To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;  
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
Through love, through hope, and faith's  
transcendant dower,

We feel that we are greater than we know. (3)

## POSTSCRIPT.

A POET, whose works are not yet known as they  
deserve to be, thus enters upon his description  
of the " Ruins of Rome :"

" The rising sun  
Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
Towering aloft ;"

and ends thus—

" The setting sun displays  
His visible great round, between yon towers,  
As through two shady cliffs."

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive  
poem, " Lewesdon Hill," is still more expedi-  
tious, finishing the whole on a May-morning,  
before breakfast.

" To-morrow for severer thought, but now  
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that these poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of sonnets was the growth of many years;—the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground preoccupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that instead of being a hindrance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—“one calleth to another;” and, I would gladly believe, that “The Brook” will ere long, murmur in concert with “The Duddon.” But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the “*Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius*” of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo “Brook”),

“The Muse nae poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel’ he learned to wander,  
Adown some trotting burn’s meander,  
AND NA’ THINK LANG.”

## NOTES.

### Note 1. Sonnet vi.

“There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness,  
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire  
[blue.]”

THESE two lines are in a great measure taken from “The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem,” by the Rev. Joseph Symson, author of “The Vision of Alfred,” etc. He was a native

of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his “Vision of Alfred” is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of this poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

“Glancing from their plumes  
A changeful light the azure vault illumines  
Less varying hues beneath the pole adorn  
The streamy glories of the boreal morn.  
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed  
On Bothnia’s gulf with glassy ice o’erspread,  
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,  
On polished sandals o’er the imprisoned tides,  
And still the balance of his frame preserves,  
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,  
Sees at a glance, above him and below,  
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.  
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems:  
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;  
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray oppose to ray,  
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.”

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the history of Westmoreland.

### Note 2. Sonnet xvii.

The eagle requires a large domain for its support; but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steeps of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal Lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also naturally is afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot, and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal Lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The Roman Fort here alluded to, called by the country people “*Harthknot Castle*,” is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquaries, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons.—The Druidical Circle is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it “*Sanken Church*.”

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing sonnets (which together may be considered as a poem), will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon,



extracted from Green's comprehensive "Guide to the Lakes," lately published:—"The road leading from Coniston to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the river Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale, wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter, Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone.

"The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of form which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful stream, neither at its source, as is done in the sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the way-side. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch-trees.

A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature every where, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a perfection and consummation of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvisited region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would

fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "good-morrows" as he passed the open doors; but at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage-chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; then, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite Brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of the Pen; the one opposite is called Walla-barrow Crag, a name that occurs in several places to designate rocks of the same character. The chaotic aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is finished!"

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped water-falls" (or rather water-breaks, for none of them are high) "displayed in the short space of half a mile. That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. "The concussion," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril), "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds." But to return to Seathwaite churchyard: it contains the following inscription:—

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th June, 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d of her age."

In the parish-register of Seathwaite chapel, is this notice:—

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, in industry, and integrity."

This individual is the pastor alluded to, in the



eighteenth sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the country parson of Chaucer, etc. In the Seventh Book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning—

“A priest abides before whose life such doubts  
Fall to the ground :”

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

#### MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-Crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-Crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar*; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in that situation, to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a “gentleman” in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies; the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same—*viz.*, five pounds *per annum*: but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and nineteen years afterwards his situation is thus described in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:—

“To Mr. ———.

“Coniston, July 26, 1754.

“SIR,—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman’s house (of whom I had frequently heard) I

found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast: his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting on each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it by sixteen, or thirty-two pounds weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself. . . .”

Then follows a letter from another person dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given:—

“By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care, than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don’t find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves, and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and I believe the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other: and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness of principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity.”

We will now give his own account of himself to be found in the same place:—

From the Rev. ROBERT WALKER.

“SIR,—Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence then lying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of: though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful, children, whose names and ages are as follows: Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months;

Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23rd inst. January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17*l.* 10*s.*, of which is paid in cash; *viz.*, 5*l.* from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P. Esq. of P—, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* from the several inhabitants of L—, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4*l.* yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3*l.*; but, as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in freewill offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the Established Church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40*l.* for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account to the best of my knowledge) I hope you will not think your favour to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects, quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself.

"Sir, your much obliged and most obedient humble servant,

"R. W., Curate of S—.

"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me), thus expresses himself: "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and

the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"MY LORD,—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair; if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

"The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he

will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to

"Your Grace's very dutiful and most  
"obedient Son and Servant,  
"ROBERT WALKER."

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in his hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday, were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half-a-guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school; entrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours; let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately,

"ROBERT WALKER."

He loved old customs and usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity.—From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for

teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 2000*l.*; and such a sense of his various excellences was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of WONDERFUL is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further explanatory details.—And to begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion-table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sat, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Entrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, etc. with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemass, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a hay-cock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a newspaper, or sometimes with a magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house, were as admir-



able as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet: the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasion. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family, and a cow towards the close of the year, was salted and dried, for winter provision: the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, “from wanting the necessaries of life,” but afforded them an un stinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society.

It might have been concluded that no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled; his conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy “he never sent empty away,”—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale,—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neigh-

bours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligations. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor, there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his goodwill and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also, while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbour as themselves, and do as they would be done unto, that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures; not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious:—“There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife, four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 710 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four

years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the Church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church-stock: \* a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blameable need not be determined:—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties.—It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "She was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor, she was good to every thing!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

\* Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forego his rights than distract for dues which the parties liable refused to pay as a point of conscience.

"Oh, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen,  
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet inclosure of consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair he interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn, it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair, is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society,—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances; had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting: the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely different effects.

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish-register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

"Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat  
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great  
As are his mounting wishes; but for me  
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

HENRY FOREST, Curate.

"Honour, the idol which the most adore,  
Receives no homage from my knee;  
Content in privacy I value more  
Than all uneasy dignity."

"Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1703 being 25 years of age."

"This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen, of



London, on the 9th May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Ye said 9th of May, ye said Mr. Curwen went to the office and saw my name registered there, etc. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

“Hæc testor H. FOREST.”

In another place he records, that the sycamore trees were planted in the church-yard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish-register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part :—

“Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu  
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus ;  
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas.”

Note 3. Sonnet xxxiv.

“*We feel that we are greater than we know.*”

“And feel that I am happier than I know.”

—MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the classical reader.



## Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.

### EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"WHY, William, on that old gray stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?"

"Where are your books?—that light be-  
queathed  
To beings else forlorn and blind!  
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your mother earth,  
As if she for no purpose bore you;  
As if you were her first-born birth,  
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
And thus I made reply—

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;  
We cannot bid the ear be still;  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against, or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?"

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old gray stone,  
And dream my time away."



### THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME  
SUBJECT.

Up! up! my friend, and quit your  
books;  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks—  
Why all this toil and trouble?"

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland linnnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings,  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things—  
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;  
Close up these barren leaves;  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.

## WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE  
CENTURY.

The reader must be apprised, that the stoves in North Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse !

Let me have the song of the kettle ;  
And the tongs and the poker, instead of  
that horse

That gallops away with such fury and force  
On his dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that fly,—a disconsolate creature ! per-  
A child of the field or the grove ; [haps  
And, sorrow for him ! the dull treacherous  
heat [retreat,  
Has seduced the poor fool from his winter  
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas ! how he fumbles about the domains  
Which this comfortless oven environ !  
He cannot find out in what track he must  
crawl, [wall,  
Now back to the tiles, and now back to the  
And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller  
bemazed ;  
The best of his skill he has tried ; [forth  
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put  
To the east and the west, to the south and  
the north ;  
But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

How his spindles sink under him, foot, leg,  
and thigh ;  
His eyesight and hearing are lost ;  
Between life and death his blood freezes  
and thaws ;  
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky  
Are glued to his sides by the frost. [gauze

No brother, no mate has he near him—  
while I [love ;  
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my  
As blest and as glad in this desolate gloom,  
As if green summer grass were the floor of  
my room,  
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless  
Thy life I would gladly sustain [thing !

Till summer comes up from the south, and  
with crowds  
Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst  
sound through the clouds,  
And back to the forests again !

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY  
WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his childish  
thought : [light

Whose high endeavours are an inward  
That makes the path before him always  
bright :

Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent  
to learn ;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care ;  
Who, doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train !  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
In face of these doth exercise a power

Which is our human nature's highest dowry ;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes,  
bereaves, [receives ;

Of their bad influence, and their good  
By objects, which might force the soul to  
abate

Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice ;  
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more  
pure,

As tempted more ; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted  
still

To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows ;  
Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire ;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the  
same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in  
     wait [state ;  
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly  
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head  
     must fall, [all :  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at  
 Whose powers shed round him in the  
     common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has  
     joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
 Is happy as a lover ; and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a man in-  
     spired ;  
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps  
     the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he fore-  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed, [saw ;  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :  
 He who though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;  
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve ;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to  
     love :—  
 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high  
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be  
     won :  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
 Who, not content that former worth stand  
     fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpassing ;  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the  
     earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering,  
     draws [plause :  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's ap-  
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he  
 Whom every man in arms should wish to  
     be.

## A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statesman, in the van  
 Of public business trained and bred ?  
 First learn to love one living man ;  
 Then mayst 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 fallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer ?  
 A rosy man, right plump to see ?  
 Approach ; yet, doctor, not too near :  
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,  
 A soldier, and no man of chaff ?  
 Welcome !—but lay thy sword aside,  
 And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? One, all eyes,  
 Philosopher ! a fingering slave,  
 One that would peep and botanise  
 Upon his mother's grave ?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
 That he below may rest in peace,  
 That abject thing, thy 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 nor small ;  
 A reasoning self-sufficient 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.

---

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND,

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING  
TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND.

SPADE ! with which Wilkinson hath tilled  
his lands, [side,  
And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's  
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands ;  
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with  
pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know ;  
Long hast thou served a man to reason  
true ; [low,  
Whose life combines the best of high and  
The toiling many and the resting few ;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,  
And industry of body and of mind ;  
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
As nature is ;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast thou heard the poet sing  
In concord with his river murmuring by ;  
Or in some silent field, while timid spring  
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit thee when death has laid  
Low in the darksome cell thine own dear  
lord ?  
That man will have a trophy, humble spade !  
A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword !

If he be one that feels, with skill to part  
False praise from true, or greater than the  
less,

Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,  
Thou monument of peaceful happiness !

With thee he will not dread a toilsome day,  
His powerful servant, his inspiring mate !  
And, when thou art past service, worn away,  
Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn ;  
An heirloom in his cottage wilt thou be :—  
High will he hang thee up, and will adorn  
His rustic chimney with the last of thee !

---

TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE  
FROM MY HOUSE, AND SENT BY  
MY LITTLE BOY.

IT is the first mild day of March :  
Each minute sweeter than before,  
The redbreast sing, from the tall larch  
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field.

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)  
Now that our morning meal is done,  
Make haste, your morning task resign ;  
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ; and pray  
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;  
And bring no book : for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

No joyous forms shall regulate  
Our living calendar :  
We from to-day, my friend, will date  
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth  
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
Than fifty years of reason :  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.



Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
Which they shall long obey ;  
We for the year to come may take  
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our souls :  
They shall be turned to love.

Then come, my sister ! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress ;  
And bring no book : for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

---

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR  
TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE  
COUNTRY.

DEAR child of nature, let them rail !  
There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbour and a hold,  
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see  
Thy own delightful days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,  
And treading among flowers of joy,  
That at no season fade,  
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,  
Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
Nor leave thee when gray-hairs are nigh,  
A melancholy slave ;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

---

LINES

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sat reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link  
The human soul that through me ran ;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played ;  
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air ;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,  
If such be nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man ?

---

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTS-  
MAN,

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS  
CONCERNED.

IN the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,  
An old man dwells, a little man,  
'Tis said he once was tall.  
Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
A running huntsman merry ;  
And still the centre of his cheek  
Is blooming as a cherry.

Worn out by hunting feats—bereft  
By time of friends and kindred, see !  
Old Simon to the world is left  
In liveried poverty.  
His master's dead,—and no one now  
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;  
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;  
He is the sole survivor.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
And hill and valley rang with glee  
When echo banded, round and round,  
The halloo of Simon Lee.  
In those proud days, he little cared  
For husbandry or tillage ;  
To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
Could leave both man and horse behind ;  
And often, ere the chase was done,  
He reeled and was stone-blind.

And still there's something in the world  
At which his heart rejoices ;  
For when the chiming hounds are out,  
He dearly loves their voices !

But he is lean and he is sick,  
His body, dwindled and awry,  
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ,  
His legs are thin and dry.  
One prop he has, an only one,  
His wife, an aged woman,  
Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
Not twenty paces from the door,  
A scrap of land they have, but they  
Are poorest of the poor.  
This scrap of land he from the heath  
Inclosed when he was stronger ;  
" But what," saith he, " avails the land  
Which I can till no longer?"

Oft, working by her husband's side,  
Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;  
For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
Is stouter of the two.  
And, though you with your utmost skill  
From labour could not wean them,  
Alas ! 'tis very little—all  
Which they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store,  
As he to you will tell,  
For still, the more he works, the more  
Do his weak ankles swell.  
My gentle reader, I perceive  
How patiently you've waited,  
And now I fear that you expect  
Some tale will be related.

O reader ! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
O gentle reader ! you would find  
A tale in everything.  
What more I have to say is short,  
And you must kindly take it :  
It is no tale ; but, should you think,  
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see  
This old man doing all he could  
To unearth the root of an old tree,  
A stump of rotten wood.  
The mattock tottered in his hand ;  
So vain was his endeavour,  
That at the root of the old tree  
He might have worked for ever.

" You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,  
Give me your tool," to him I said ;  
And at the word right gladly he  
Received my proffered aid.  
I struck, and with a single blow  
The tangled root I severed,  
At which the poor old man so long  
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
And thanks and praises seemed to run  
So fast out of his heart, I thought  
They never would have done.  
I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning,  
Alas ! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.

---

### INCIDENT

#### CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

ON his morning rounds the master  
Goes to learn how all things fare ;  
Searches pasture after pasture,  
Sheep and cattle eyes with care ;  
And for silence or for talk,  
He hath comrades in his walk ;  
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,  
Distinguished two for scent, and two for  
speed.

See a hare before him started !  
Off they fly in earnest chase ;  
Every dog is eager-hearted,  
All the four are in the race ;  
And the hare whom they pursue,  
Hath an instinct what to do ;  
Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;  
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted  
Thinly by a one night's frost ;  
But the nimble hare hath trusted  
To the ice, and safely crost ;  
She hath crost, and without heed  
All are following at full speed,  
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,  
Breaks—and the greyhound, Dart, is over  
head !

Better fate have Prince and Swallow—  
See them cleaving to the sport !  
Music has no heart to follow,  
Little Music, she stops short.  
She hath neither wish nor heart,  
Hers is now another part :

A loving creature she, and brave !  
And fondly strives her struggling friend to  
save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,  
Very hands as you would say !  
And afflicting moans she fetches,  
As he breaks the ice away.  
For herself she hath no fears, —  
Him alone she sees and hears, —  
Makes efforts and complainings ; nor gives  
o'er [more.  
Until her fellow sank, and re-appeared no

---

### TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,  
Beneath a covering of the common earth !  
It is not from unwillingness to praise,  
Or want of love, that here no stone we  
raise ; [man,  
More thou deserv'st ; but *this* man gives to  
Brother, to brother, *this* is all we can.  
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear  
Shall find thee through all changes of the  
year : [tree  
This oak points out thy grave ; the silent  
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

I grieved for thee, and wished thy end  
were past ;  
And willingly have laid thee here at last :  
For thou hadst lived, till everything that  
cheers

In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;  
Extreme old age had wasted thee away ;  
And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;  
Thy ears were deaf ; and feeble were thy  
knees,

I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,  
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,  
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.  
It came, and we were glad ; yet tears were  
shed ; [wert dead ;  
Both man and woman wept when thou  
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,  
Old household thoughts, in which thou  
hadst thy share ; [thee,  
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to  
Found scarcely any where in like degree !  
For love, that comes to all—the holy sense,  
Best gift of God—in thee was most intense ;  
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,

A tender sympathy, which did thee bind  
Not only to us men, but to thy kind :  
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw  
The soul of love, love's intellectual law :—  
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in  
shame ; [came,  
Our tears from passion and from reason  
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured  
name !

---

In the school of ——— is a tablet, on which are  
inscribed, in gilt letters, the names of the  
several persons who have been schoolmasters  
there since the foundation of the school, with  
the time at which they entered upon and  
quitted their office. Opposite one of those  
names the author wrote the following lines :—

IF nature, for a favourite child  
In thee hath tempered so her clay  
That every hour thy heart runs wild  
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines ; and then review  
This tablet, that thus humbly rears  
In such diversity of hue  
Its history of two hundred years.

When through this little wreck of fame,  
Cipher and syllable ! thine eye  
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,  
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
Then be it neither checked nor stayed :  
For Matthew a request I make  
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
Is silent as a standing pool :  
Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs  
Of one tired out with fun and madness ;  
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
Of still and serious thought went round,  
It seemed as if he drank it up—  
He felt with spirit so profound.

Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !  
Thou happy soul ! and can it be  
That these two words of glittering gold  
Are all that must remain of thee ?

## THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red  
 Uprose the morning sun ;  
 And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,  
 "The will of God be done !"

A village schoolmaster was he,  
 With hair of glittering gray ;  
 As blithe a man as you could see  
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
 And by the steaming rills,  
 We travelled merrily, to pass  
 A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun ;  
 Then, from thy breast what thought,  
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
 So sad a sigh has brought ?"

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
 And fixing still his eye  
 Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
 To me he made reply :

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
 Brings fresh into my mind  
 A day like this which I have left  
 Full thirty years behind.

"And just above yon slope of corn  
 Such colours, and no other,  
 Were in the sky, that April morn,  
 Of this the very brother.

"With rod and line I sued the sport  
 Which that sweet season gave,  
 And, coming to the church, stopped short  
 Beside my daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
 The pride of all the vale ;  
 And then she sang ;—she would have been  
 A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
 And yet I loved her more,  
 For so it seemed, than till that day  
 I e'er had loved before.

"And turning from her grave, I met,  
 Beside the churchyard yew,  
 A blooming girl, whose hair was wet  
 With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare ;  
 Her brow was smooth and white ;  
 To see a child so very fair,  
 It was a pure delight !

"No fountain from its rocky cave  
 E'er tripped with foot so free ;  
 She seemed as happy as a wave  
 That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain  
 Which I could ill confine ;  
 I looked at her, and looked again ;  
 And did not wish her mine."

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
 Methinks, I see him stand,  
 As at that moment, with a bough  
 Of wilding in his hand.

---

 THE FOUNTAIN.

## A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue  
 Affectionate and true,  
 A pair of friends, though I was young,  
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
 Beside a mossy seat ;  
 And from the turf a fountain broke,  
 And gurgled at our feet.

"Now Matthew !" said I, "let us match  
 This water's pleasant tune  
 With some old Border song, or catch,  
 That suits a summer's noon ;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes  
 Sing here beneath the shade,  
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
 Which you last April made !"

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

"Down to the vale this water steers,  
 How merrily it goes !  
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
 And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,  
 I cannot choose but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
 Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay :  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird in the summer trees,  
The lark upon the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do *they* wage  
A foolish strife ; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free :

"But we are pressed by heavy laws ;  
And often glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

"If there is one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own,  
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me ; but by none  
Am I enough beloved."

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

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I'll be a son to thee !"  
At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
"Alas ! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side ;  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;  
And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.

IF thou indeed derive thy light from  
Heaven,  
Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content !  
The star that from the zenith darts its beams,  
Visible though it be to half the earth,  
Though half a sphere be conscious of its  
brightness,  
Is yet of no diviner origin,  
No purer essence, than the one that burns,  
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge  
Of some dark mountain ; or than those  
which seem [lamps,  
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter  
Among the branches of the leafless trees.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF  
MACPHERSON'S "OSSIAN."

OFT have I caught from fitful breeze  
Fragments of far-off melodies,  
With ear not coveting the whole,  
A part so charmed the pensive soul :  
While a dark storm before my sight  
Was yielding, on a mountain height  
Loose vapours have I watched, that won  
Prismatic colours from the sun ;  
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show  
The image of its perfect bow.  
What need, then, of these finished strains ;  
Away with counterfeit remains !  
An abbey in its lone recess,  
A temple of the wilderness,  
Wrecks though they be, announce with  
feeling  
The majesty of honest dealing.  
Spirit of Ossian ! if imbound  
In language thou mayst yet be found,  
If aught (intrusted to the pen,  
Or floating on the tongues of men,  
Albeit shattered and impaired)  
Subsist thy dignity to guard,  
In concert with memorial claim  
Of old gray stone, and high-born name,  
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave,  
Where moans the blast or beats the wave,  
Let truth, stern arbitress of all  
Interpret that original,  
And for presumptuous wrongs atone ;  
Authentic words be given, or none !  
Time is not blind ;—yet he, who spares  
Pyramid pointing to the stars,  
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite  
On all that marked the primal flight  
Of the poetic ecstasy  
Into the land of mystery,



No tongue is able to rehearse  
 One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse ;  
 Musæus, stationed with his lyre  
 Supreme among the Elysian quire,  
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,  
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.  
 Why grieve for these, though passed away  
 The music, and extinct the lay ?  
 When thousands, by severer doom,  
 Full early to the silent tomb  
 Have sunk, at nature's call ; or strayed  
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed ;  
 The garland withering on their brows ;  
 Stand with remorse for broken vows ;  
 Frantic—else how might they rejoice ?  
 And friendless, by their own sad choice.

Hail, bards of mightier grasp ! on you  
 I chiefly call, the chosen few,  
 Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,  
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside ;  
 Whose lofty genius could survive  
 Privation, under sorrow thrive ;  
 In whom the fiery muse revered  
 The symbol of a snow-white beard.  
 Bedewed with meditative tears  
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul ! though distant times  
 Produced you, nursed in various climes,  
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,  
 A plenitude of love retained ;  
 Hence, while in you each sad regret  
 By corresponding hope was met,  
 Ye lingered among human kind,  
 Sweet voices for the passing wind ;  
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,  
 Though smiling on the last hill top !

Such to the tender-hearted maid  
 Even ere her joys begin to fade ;  
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief  
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief ;  
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,  
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,  
 The Son of Fingal ; such was blind  
 Mæonides of ampler mind ;  
 Such Milton, to the fountain head  
 Of glory by Urania led !

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#### VERNAL ODE.

" Rerum natura tota est nusquam magis quam  
 in minimis."—PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,  
 When all the fields with freshest green were  
 dight,

Appeared, in pres nce of that spiritual  
 eye  
 That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,  
 The form and rich habiliments of one  
 Whose countenance bore resemblance to  
 the sun,  
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,  
 Features half lost amid their own pure  
 light.  
 Poised, like a weary cloud, in middle air  
 He hung,—then floated with angelic ease  
 (Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)  
 Till he had reached a summit sharp and  
 bare, [the noontide breeze.  
 Where oft the venturous heifer drink  
 Upon the apex of that lofty cone  
 Alighted, there the stranger stood alone ;  
 Fair as a gorgeous fabric of the East  
 Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,  
 Where nothing was ; and firm as some old  
 tower  
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest  
 Waves high, embellished by a gleaming  
 shower !

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings  
 Rested a golden harp ;—he touched the  
 strings ;  
 And, after prelude of unearthly sound  
 Poured through the echoing hills around,  
 He sang—

" No wintry desolations,  
 Scorching blight, or noxious dew,  
 Affect my native habitations ;  
 Buried in glory, far beyond the scope  
 Of man's inquiring gaze, but imaged to his  
 (Alas, how faintly !) in the hue [hope  
 Profound of night's ethereal blue ;  
 And in the aspect of each radiant orb ;—  
 Some fixed, some wandering with no timid  
 curb ;  
 But wandering star and fixed, to mortal  
 Blended in absolute serenity, [eye,  
 And free from semblance of decline ;  
 Fresh as if evening brought their natal  
 hour ; [power,  
 Her darkness splendour gave her silence  
 To testify of love and grace divine.

" And though to every draught of vital  
 breath [or ocean,  
 Renewed throughout the bounds of earth  
 The melancholy gates of death  
 Respond with sympathetic motion ;  
 Though all that feeds on nether air,  
 Howe'er magnificent or fair,  
 Grows but to perish, and intrust  
 Its ruins to their kindred dust ;

Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,  
Her procreant vigils nature keeps  
Amid the unfathomable deeps ;  
And saves the peopled fields of earth  
From dread of emptiness or dearth. [sky  
Thus, in their stations, lifting toward the  
The foliage head in cloud-like majesty,  
The shadow-casting race of trees survive :  
Thus, in the train of spring, arrive  
Sweet flowers ;—what living eye hath

viewed  
Their myriads ?—endlessly renewed,  
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray ;  
Where'er the subtle waters stray ;  
Wherever sportive zephyrs bend  
Their course or genial showers descend !  
Mortals, rejoice ! the very angels quit  
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,  
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
And through your sweet vicissitudes to  
range !"

Oh, nursed at happy distance from the cares  
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral  
muse !

That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,  
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,  
Prefer'st a garland culled from purple  
heath, [dews ;

Or blooming thicket moist with morning  
Was such bright spectacle vouchsafed to  
me ?

And was it granted to the simple ear  
Of thy contented votary  
Such melody to hear !

*Him* rather suits it, side by side with thee,  
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,  
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn  
tree,

To lie and listen, till o'er-drowsed sense  
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence,  
'To the soft murmur of the vagrant bee.  
A slender sound ! yet hoary time  
Doth to the *soul* exalt it with the chime  
Of all his years ;—a company  
Of ages coming, ages gone ;  
(Nations from before them sweeping,  
Regions in destruction steeping,  
But every awful note in unison  
With that faint utterance, which tells  
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,  
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells ;  
Where she, a statist prudent to confer  
Upon the public weal ; a warrior bold,—  
Radiant all over with unburnished gold,  
And armed with living spear for mortal

A cunning forger [fight ;  
That spreads no waste ;—a social builder ;  
In whom all busy offices unite [one

With all fine functions that afford delight,  
Safe through the winter storm in quiet  
dwells !

And is she brought within the power  
Of vision ?—o'er this tempting flower  
Hovering until the petals stay  
Her flight, and take its voice away !—  
Observe each wing—a tiny van !—  
The structure of her laden thigh,  
How fragile !—yet of ancestry  
Mysteriously remote and high,  
High as the imperial front of man,  
The roseate bloom on woman's cheek ;  
The soaring eagle's curved beak ;  
The white plumes of the floating swan ;  
Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane  
Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain  
At which the desert trembles.—Humming  
bee ! [unknown ;

Thy sting was needless then, perchance  
The seeds of malice were not sown ;  
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness  
free,

And no pride blended with their dignity.  
Tears had not broken from their source ;  
Nor anguish strayed from her Tartarian  
den ;

The golden years maintained a course  
Not undiversified, though smooth and  
even ; [shadow, then

We were not mocked with glimpse and  
Bright seraphs mixed familiarly with men ;  
And earth and stars composed a universal  
heaven !

---

#### ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

AN age hath been when earth was proud  
Of lustre too intense  
To be sustained ; and mortals bowed  
The front in self-defence.  
Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,  
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed  
While on the wing the urchin played,  
Could fearlessly approach the shade ?  
Enough for one soft vernal day,  
If I, a bard of ebbing time,  
And nurtured in a fickle clime,  
May haunt this horned bay ;  
Whose amorous water multiplies  
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes ;  
And smooths her liquid breast—to show  
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,

White as the pair that slid along the plains  
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins !

In youth we love the darksome lawn  
Brushed by the owl's wing ;  
Then twilight is preferred to dawn,  
And autumn to the spring.  
Sad fancies do we then affect,  
In luxury of disrespect  
To our own prodigal excess  
Of too familiar happiness.  
Lycoris (if such name befit  
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign !)  
When nature marks the year's decline,  
Be ours to welcome it ;  
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs  
Before the path of milder suns,  
Pleased while the sylvan world displays  
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze ;  
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the  
Of the resplendent miracle. [knell

But something whispers to my heart  
That, as we downward tend,  
Lycoris ! life requires an *art*  
To which our souls must bend ;  
A skill—to balance and supply ;  
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,  
As soon it must, a sense to sip,  
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.  
Frank greeting, then, to that blithe guest  
Diffusing smiles o'er land and sea  
To aid the vernal Deity  
Whose home is in the breast !  
May pensive autumn ne'er present  
A claim to her disparagement !  
While blossoms and the budding spray  
Inspire us in our own decay ;  
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,  
Be hopeful spring the favourite of the soul !

—◆—  
TO THE SAME.

ENOUGH of climbing toil !— Ambition  
treads [and rough,  
Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep  
Or slippery even to peril ! and each step,  
As we for most uncertain recompense  
Mount toward the empire of the fickle  
clouds,  
Each weary step, dwarfing the world  
below,  
Induces, for its old familiar sights,  
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,  
With wonder mixed—that man could  
e'er be tied,

In anxious bondage to such nice array  
And formal fellowship of petty things !  
Oh ! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this  
life,  
Making a truth and beauty of her own ;  
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing  
shades,  
And gurgling rills, assist her in the work  
More efficaciously than realms out-  
spread,  
As in a map, before the adventurer's  
gaze—  
Ocean and earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left—how far  
beneath !  
But lo ! where darkness seems to guard  
the mouth  
Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows  
are fringed  
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still  
And sultry air, depending motionless.  
Yet cool the space within, and not un-  
cheered  
(As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)  
By stealthy influx of the timid day  
Mingling with night, such twilight to  
compose  
As Numa loved ; when, in the Egerian  
grot,  
From the sage nymph appearing at his  
wish,  
He gained whate'er a regal mind might  
ask,  
Or need, of council breathed through lips  
divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim  
cave  
Protect us, there deciphering as we may  
Diluvian records ; or the sighs of earth  
Interpreting ; or counting for old time  
His minutes, by reiterated drops,  
Audible tears, from some invisible source  
That deepens upon fancy—more and more  
Drawn toward the centre whence those  
sighs creep forth  
To awe the lightness of humanity.  
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,  
There let me see thee sink into a mood  
Of gentler thought, protracted till thine  
eye  
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,  
And no one can tell whither. Dearest  
friend !  
We two have known such happy hours  
together,

That, were power granted to replace them  
 (fetched  
 From out the pensive shadows where they  
 lie)  
 In the first warmth of their original sun-  
 shine,  
 Loth should I be to use it : passing sweet  
 Are the domains of tender memory !

---

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,  
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
 He halts and searches with his eyes  
 Among the scattered rocks ;  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
 And instantly a dog is seen,  
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;  
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in its cry :  
 Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in hollow or on height ;  
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
 That keeps, till June, December's snow ;  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn\* below !  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land ;  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere ;  
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;  
 And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past ;  
 But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
 The shepherd stood : then makes his way  
 Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
 As quickly as he may ;

---

\* A tarn is a *small* mere or lake, mostly high  
 up in the mountains.

Not far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground ;  
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The man had fallen, that place of fear !  
 At length upon the shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear :  
 He instantly recalled the name,  
 And who he was, and whence he came,  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable tale I tell !  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well.  
 The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry, [space  
 This dog had been through three months'  
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
 When this ill-fated traveller died,  
 The dog had watched about the spot,  
 Or by his master's side :  
 How nourished here through such long tinæ  
 He knows who gave that love sublime ;  
 And gave that strength of feeling great  
 Above all human estimate.

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TO THE LADY —,

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING  
 FOR THE ERECTION OF — CHAPEL,  
 WESTMORELAND.

BLEST is this isle—our native land ;  
 Where battlement and moated gate  
 Are objects only for the hand  
 Of hoary time to decorate :  
 Where shady hamlet, town that breathes  
 Its busy smoke in social wreaths,  
 No rampart's stern defence require,  
 Nought but the heaven-directed spire,  
 And steeple tower (with pealing bells  
 Far heard)—our only citadels.

O lady ! from a noble line  
 Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore  
 The spear, yet gave to works divine  
 A bounteous help in days of yore,



(As regards mouldering in the dell  
Of nightshade\* haply yet may tell)  
Thee kindred aspirations moved  
To build, within a vale beloved,  
For him upon whose high behests  
All peace depends, all safety rests.

Well may the villagers rejoice !  
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,  
Will be a hindrance to th' voice  
That would unite in prayer and praise ;  
More duly shall wild-wandering youth  
Receive the curb of sacred truth,  
Shall tottering age, bent earthward, hear  
The promise, with uplifted ear !  
And all shall welcome the new ray  
Imparted to their Sabbath-day.

Even strangers, slackening here their pace,  
Shall hail this work of pious care,  
Lifting its front with modest grace  
To make a fair recess more fair ;  
And to exalt the passing hour ;  
Or soothe it, with a healing power  
Drawn from the sacrifice fulfilled,  
Before this rugged soil was tilled,  
Or human habitation rose  
To interrupt the deep repose !

Not yet the corner stone is laid  
With solemn rite ; but fancy sees  
The tower time-stricken, and in shade  
Embosomed of coeval trees ;  
Hears, o'er the lake, the warning clock  
As it shall sound with gentle shock  
At evening, when the ground beneath  
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death ;  
Where happy generations lie,  
Here tutored for eternity.

Lives there a man whose sole delights  
Are trivial pomp and city noise,  
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights  
What every natural heart enjoys ?  
Who never caught a noon-tide dream  
From murmur of a running stream ;  
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields  
To him, their verdure from the fields ;  
And take the radiance from the clouds  
In which the sun his setting shrouds.

A soul so pitifully forlorn,  
If such do on this earth abide,

\* Bekings Ghyll—or the Vale of Nightshade  
—in which stands St. Mary's Abbey, in Low  
Furness.

May season apathy with scorn,  
May turn indifference to pride,  
And still be not unblest—compared  
With him who grovels, self-debarred  
From all that lies within the scope  
Of holy faith and Christian hope ;  
Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast  
False fires, that others may be lost.

Alas ! that such perverted zeal  
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground ?  
That public order, private weal,  
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound  
From champions of the desperate law  
Which from their own blind hearts they  
draw ;  
Who tempt their reason to deny  
God, whom their passions dare defy,  
And boast that *they alone* are free  
Who reach this dire extremity !

But turn we from these " bold bad " men ;  
The way, mild lady ! that hath led  
Down to their " dark opprobrious den,"  
Is all too rough for thee to tread.  
Softly as morning vapours glide  
Through Mosedale-cove from Carrock's  
side,

Should move the tenor of *his* song  
Who means to charity no wrong ;  
Whose offering gladly would accord  
With this day's work in thought and word.

Heaven prosper it ! may peace and love,  
And hope, and consolation fail,  
Through its meek influence from above,  
And penetrate the hearts of all ;  
All who, around the hallowed fane,  
Shall sojourn in this fair domain ;  
Grateful to thee, while service pure,  
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,  
For opportunity bestowed  
To kneel together, and adore their God !

#### ON THE SAME OCCASION.

" Oh ! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may  
The help which slackening piety requires ;  
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray  
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires."

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east  
and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly*  
known ; nor, that the degree of deviation from  
due east, often noticeable in the ancient ones,  
was determined, in each particular case, by  
the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose



upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of bow and spear  
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,  
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear  
The mother church in yon sequestered vale;

Then, to her patron saint a previous rite  
Resounded with deep swell and solemn  
close,  
Through unremitting vigils of the night,  
Till from his couch the wished-for sun  
uprose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine  
command,  
They who had waited for that sign to trace  
Their work's foundation, gave with careful  
hand,  
To the high altar its determined place;

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born  
There lived, and on the cross his life  
resigned,  
And who, from out the regions of the morn,  
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge  
mankind.

So taught *their* creed;—nor failed the  
eastern sky,  
'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse  
The sweet and natural hopes that shall not  
die  
Long as the sun his gladsome course  
renews.

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased;  
Yet still we plant, like men of elder days,  
Our Christian altar faithful to the east,  
Whence the tall window drinks the morning  
rays;

'That obvious emblem giving to the eye  
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,  
That symbol of the dayspring from on high,  
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave.

#### THE FORCE OF PRAYER ;\*

OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

(A TRADITION.)

"What is good for a bootless bene?"  
With these dark words begins my tale;

\* See "The White Doe of Rylstone," page 232.

And their meaning is, Whence can comfort  
spring  
When prayer is of no avail?

"What is good for a bootless bene?"  
The falconer to the lady said;  
And she made answer, "Endless sorrow!"  
For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,  
And from the look of the falconer's eye;  
And from the love which was in her soul  
For her youthful Romilly.

Young Romilly through Barden woods  
Is ranging high and low;  
And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
How tempting to bestride!  
For lordly Wharf is there pent in,  
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called The Strid,  
A name which it took of yore:  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
And what may now forbid  
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
Shall bound across The Strid?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
That the river was strong, and the rocks  
were steep?  
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
And strangled by a merciless force;  
For never more was young Romilly seen  
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
And deep unspeaking sorrow:  
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,  
A solace she might borrow  
From death, and from the passion of  
death;—  
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
Which was to be to-morrow ;  
Her hope was a farther-looking hope,  
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,  
And proudly did its branches wave ;  
And the root of this delightful tree  
Was in her husband's grave !

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
And her first words were, " Let there be  
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
A stately priory ! "

The stately priory was reared ;  
And Wharf, as he moved along,  
To matins joined a mournful voice,  
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness  
That looked not for relief !  
But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief.

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of Him to be our Friend !

—

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION ;  
OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED.

THE Danish conqueror, on his royal chair,  
Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,  
To aid a covert purpose, cried—" Oh, ye  
Approaching waters of the deep, that share  
With this green isle my fortunes, come not  
where

Your master's throne is set !"—Absurd  
decree !

A mandate uttered to the foaming sea  
Is to its motion less than wanton air.  
Then Canute, rising from the invaded throne,  
Said to his servile courtiers, " Poor the reach,  
The undisguised extent, of mortal sway !  
He only is a king, and he alone  
Deserves the name (this truth the billows  
preach)

Whose everlasting law, sea, earth, and  
heaven obey.

This just reproof the prosperous Dane  
Drew, from the influx of the main,  
For some whose rugged northern mouths  
would strain  
At oriental flattery ;

And Canute (truth more worthy to be known)  
From that time forth did for his brows disown  
The ostentatious symbol of a crown ;  
Esteeming earthly royalty  
Contemptible and vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,  
Rich theme of England's fondest praise,  
Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken ;  
To cheer the remnant of his host  
When he was driven from coast to coast,  
Distressed and harassed, but with mind un-  
broken :

" My faithful followers, lo ! the tide is spent ;  
That rose, and steadily advanced to fill  
The shores and channels, working nature's  
will

Among the wazy streams that backward  
went,

And in the sluggish pools where ships are  
pent ;

And now, its task performed, the flood  
stands still

At the green base of many an inland hill,  
In placid beauty and sublime content !

Such the repose that sage and hero find ;  
Such measured rest the sedulous and good  
Of humbler name ; whose souls do, like the  
flood

Of ocean, press right on ; or gently wind,  
Neither to be diverted nor withstood,  
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven as-  
signed."

—

" *A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on !*"

What trick of memory to *my* voice hath  
brought

This mournful iteration ? For though Time,  
The conqueror, crowns the conquered, on  
this brow

Planting his favourite silver diadem,  
Nor he, nor minister of his—intent  
To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,  
Though not unmenaced, among those who  
lean

Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.  
O my Antigone, beloved child !

Should that day come—but hark ! the birds  
salute

The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the  
east ;

For me, thy natural leader, once again  
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst  
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop  
From flower to flower supported ; but to  
curl

Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er  
the lawn,  
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge  
Of foaming torrent.—From thy orisons  
Come forth ; and, while the morning air is  
yet

Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,  
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy  
way,

And now precede thee, winding to and fro,  
Till we by perseverance gain the top  
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink pre-  
cipitous

Kindles intense desire for powers withheld  
From this corporeal frame ; whereon who  
stands,

Is seized with strong incitement to push  
forth

His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—  
dread thought !

For pastime plunge — into the “ abrupt  
abyss,”

Where ravens spread their plumy vans, at  
ease !

And yet more gladly thee would I con-  
duct

Through woods and spacious forests,—to  
behold

There, how the original of human art,  
Heaven-prompted nature, measures and  
erects

Her temples, fearless for the stately work,  
Though waves in every breeze its high-  
arched roof,

And storms the pillars rock. But we such  
schools

Of reverential awe will chiefly seek  
In the still summer noon, while beams of  
light,

Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond  
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall  
To mind the living presences of nuns ;

A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,  
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom  
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they  
serve,

To Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,  
espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,  
To these glad eyes from bondage freed,  
again

Lie open ; and the book of Holy Writ,  
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield  
To heights more glorious still, and into  
shades

More awful, where advancing hand in hand  
We may be taught, O darling of my care !  
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,  
And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields  
Are hung, as if with golden shields,  
Bright trophies of the sun !  
Like a fair sister of the sky,  
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,  
The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,  
Albeit uninspired by love,  
By love untaught to ring,  
May well afford to mortal ear  
An impulse more profoundly dear  
Than music of the spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat  
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat  
In nature's struggling frame,  
Some region of impatient life ;  
And jealousy, and quivering strife,  
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy ;—while I hear  
These vespers of another year,  
This hymn of thanks and praise,  
My spirit seems to mount above  
The anxieties of human love,  
And earth's precarious days.

But list !—though winter storms be nigh,  
Unchecked is that soft harmony :  
There lives who can provide  
For all his creatures ; and in Him,  
Even like the radiant seraphim,  
These choristers confide.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING summer hath assumed  
An aspect tenderly illumed,  
The gentlest look of spring ;  
That calls from yonder leafy shade  
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade.  
A timely caroling.

No faint and hesitating trill,  
Such tribute as to winter chill

The lonely redbreast pays !  
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,  
From social warblers gathering in  
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,  
And yellow on the bough :—  
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !  
Ve myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
Around a younger brow !

Yet will I temperately rejoice :  
Wide is the range, and free the choice  
Of undiscordant themes ;  
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize  
Not less than vernal ecstasies,  
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,  
And they like demi-gods are strong  
On whom the muses smile ;  
But some their function have disclaimed,  
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed  
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains  
Committed to the silent dawn :  
In Britain's earliest dawn :  
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,  
While all too-daringly the veil  
Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note  
When the live chords Alcæus smote,  
Inflamed by sense of wrong ;  
Woe ! woe to tyrants ! from the lyre  
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire  
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page  
By winged love inscribed, to assuage  
The pangs of vain pursuit ;  
Love listening while the Lesbian maid  
With finest touch of passion swayed  
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculanean lore,  
What rapture ! could ye seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unrol  
One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth  
Of poesy ; a bursting forth

Of genius from the dust :  
What Horace gloried to behold,  
What Maro loved, shall we unfold ?  
Can haughty time be just !

### THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unfor-  
bidden weeds

O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds ;  
And temples, doomed to milder change,  
unfold

A new magnificence that vies with old ;  
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood  
A votive column, spared by fire and  
flood ;—

And, though the passions of man's fretful  
race

Have never ceased to eddy round its base,  
Not injured more by touch of meddling  
hands

Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,  
Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save  
From death the memory of the good and  
brave.

Historic figures round the shaft embost  
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost :  
Still as he turns, the charmed spectator  
sees

Group winding after group with dream-  
like ease ;

Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed,  
Or softly stealing into modest shade.

So, pleased with purple clusters to en-  
twine

Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring  
vine ;

The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and  
breathes

Wide-spreading odours from her flowery  
wreaths.

Borne, by the muse from rills in shep-  
herds' ears

Murmuring but one smooth story for all  
years,

I gladly commune with the mind and  
heart

Of him who thus survives by classic art,  
His actions witness, venerate his mien,  
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen ;

Behold how fought the chief whose con-  
quering sword

Stretched far as earth might own a single  
lord ;

In the delight of moral prudence schooled,  
How feelingly at home the sovereign  
ruled ;  
Best of the good—in pagan faith allied  
To more than man by virtue deified.

Memorial pillar ! 'mid the wrecks of  
time  
Preserve thy charge with confidence sub-  
lime—  
The exultations, pomps, and cares of  
Rome,  
Whence half the breathing world received  
its doom ;  
Things that recoil from language ; that, if  
shown  
By apter pencil, from the light had flown.  
A pontiff, Trajan *here* the gods implores,  
*There* greets an embassy from Indian  
shores ;  
Lo ! he harangues his cohorts—*there* the  
storm  
Of battle meets him in authentic form !  
Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish  
horse  
Sweep to the charge ; more high, the  
Dacian force,  
To hoof and finger mailed ;—yet, high or  
low,  
None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the  
foe ;  
In every Roman, through all turns of fate,  
Is Roman dignity inviolate ;  
Spirit in him pre-eminent ; who guides,  
Supports, adorns, and over all presides ;  
Distinguished only by inherent state  
From honoured instruments that round  
him wait ;  
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the  
test  
Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest  
On aught by which another is deprest.\*  
Alas ! that one thus disciplined could toil  
To enslave whole nations on their native  
soil ;  
So emulous of Macedonian fame,  
That, when his age was measured with his  
aim,  
He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,  
And turned his eagles back with deep-  
drawn sighs ;  
Oh, weakness of the great ! Oh, folly of  
the wise !

\* See Forsyth.

Where now the haughty empire that was  
spread  
With such fond hope ? her very speech is  
dead ;  
Yet glorious art the sweep of time defies,  
And Trajan still, through various enter-  
prise,  
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the  
skies :  
Still are we present with the imperial chief,  
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold relief  
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,  
Becomes with all her years a vision of the  
mind.

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### DION.

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

FAIR is the swan, whose majesty, pre-  
vailing  
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,  
Bears him on while proudly sailing  
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake :  
Behold ! the mantling spirit of reserve  
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve ;  
An arch thrown back between luxuriant  
wings  
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs  
To which on some unruffled morning  
clings  
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows !  
Behold !—as with a gushing impulse  
heaves  
That downy prow, and softly cleaves  
The mirror of the crystal flood,  
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,  
And pendant rocks, where'er, in gliding  
state,  
Winds the mute creature without visible  
mate  
Or rival, save the queen of night  
Showering down a silver light,  
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite !

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,  
Where'er he turned, a natural grace  
Of haughtiness without pretence,  
And to unfold a still magnificence,  
Was princely Dion in the power  
And beauty of his happier hour.  
Nor less the homage that was seen to  
wait  
On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam  
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,  
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,  
Softening their inbred dignity austere ;—



That he, not too elate  
 With self-sufficing solitude,  
 But with majestic lowliness endued,  
 Might in the universal bosom reign,  
 And from affectionate observance gain  
 Help, under every change of adverse fate.

Five thousand warriors—Oh, the rapturous  
 day!  
 Each crowned with flowers, and armed with  
 spear and shield,  
 Or ruder weapon which their course might  
 yield,  
 To Syracuse advance in bright array.  
 Who leads them on?—The anxious people  
 see  
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,  
 He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,  
 And in a white, far-beaming, corselet clad!  
 Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or  
 fear  
 The gazers feel; and rushing to the plain,  
 Salute those strangers as a holy train  
 Or blest procession (to the immortals dear)  
 That brought their precious liberty again.  
 Lo! when the gates are entered, on each  
 hand,  
 Down the long street, rich goblets filled  
 with wine  
 In seemly order stand,  
 On tables set, as if for rites divine;—  
 And, as the great deliverer marches by,  
 He looks on festal ground with fruits  
 bestrown;  
 And flowers are on his person thrown  
 In boundless prodigality;  
 Nor doth the general voice abstain from  
 prayer,  
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,  
 As if a very Deity he were!

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and  
 mourn  
 Illissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!  
 Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit  
 dreads  
 Your once-sweet memory, studious walks  
 and shades!  
 For him who to divinity aspired,  
 Not on the breath of popular applause,  
 But through dependence on the sacred laws  
 Framed in the schools where wisdom dwelt  
 retired,  
 Intent to trace the ideal path of right  
 (More fair than heaven's broad causeway  
 paved with stars)  
 Which Dion learned to measure with de-  
 light;

But he hath overleaped the eternal bars;  
 And, following guides whose craft holds  
 no consent  
 With aught that breathes the ethereal  
 element,  
 Hath stained the robes of civil power with  
 blood,  
 Unjustly shed, though for the public good.  
 Whence doubts that came too late, and  
 wishes vain,  
 Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;  
 And oft his cogitations sink as low  
 As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,  
 The heaviest plummet of despair can go;  
 But whence that sudden check? that fear-  
 ful start!  
 He hears an uncouth sound—  
 Anon his lifted eyes  
 Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,  
 A shape of more than mortal size  
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and  
 round;  
 A woman's garb that phantom wore,  
 And fiercely swept the marble floor,—  
 Like Auster whirling to and fro,  
 His force on Caspian foam to try;  
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow  
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,  
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops  
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

So, but from toil less sign of profit rearing  
 The sullen spectre to her purpose bowed,  
 Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—  
 No pause admitted, no design avowed?  
 "Avaunt, inexplicable guest!—avaunt!"  
 Exclaimed the chieftain—"Let me rather  
 see  
 The coronal that coiling vipers make;  
 The torch that flames with many a lurid  
 flake,  
 And the long train of doleful pageantry  
 Which they behold, whom vengeful furies  
 haunt;  
 Who, while they struggle from the scourge  
 to flee,  
 Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,  
 And, in their anguish, bear what other  
 minds have borne!"

But shapes that come not at an earthly  
 call,  
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid;  
 Lords of the visionary eye whose lid  
 Once raised, remains aghast and will not  
 fall!  
 Ye gods, thought he, that servile implement  
 Obeys a mystical intent!

Your minister would brush away  
 The spots that to my soul adhere;  
 But should she labour night and day,  
 They will not, cannot disappear; [look  
 Whence angry perturbations,—and that  
 Which no philosophy can brook !

Ill-fated chief; there are whose hopes are  
 built  
 Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;  
 Who, through the portal of one moment's  
 guilt,  
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim !  
 O matchless perfidy ! portentous lust  
 Of monstrous crime !—that horror-striking  
 blade,  
 Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath laid  
 The noble Syracusan low in dust !  
 Shudder the walls—the marble city wept—  
 And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;  
 But in calm peace the appointed victim  
 slept,  
 As he had fallen in magnanimity;  
 Of spirit too capacious to require  
 That destiny her course should change; too  
 just  
 To his own native greatness to desire  
 That wretched boon, days lengthened by  
 mistrust.  
 So were the hopeless troubles, that involved  
 The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.  
 Released from life and cares of princely  
 state,  
 He left this moral grafted on his fate—  
 "Him only pleasure leads, and peace at-  
 tends,  
 Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,  
 Whose means are fair and spotless as his  
 ends."

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#### MEMORY.

A PEN—to register; a key—  
 That winds through secret wards;  
 Are well assigned to memory  
 By allegoric bards.

As aptly, also, might be given  
 A pencil to her hand;  
 That, softening objects, sometimes even  
 Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines  
 Of lingering care subdues,  
 Long-vanished happiness refines,  
 And clothes in brighter hues:

Yet, like a tool of fancy, works  
 Those spectres to dilate  
 That startle conscience, as she lurks  
 Within her lonely seat.

Oh, that our lives, which flee so fast,  
 In purity were such,  
 That not an image of the past  
 Should fear that pencil's touch !

Retirement then might hourly loo:  
 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.

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#### ODE TO DUTY.

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:  
 Long may the kindly impulse last!  
 But thou, if they should totter, teach them  
 to stand fast !

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 find that other strength, according to  
 their need.

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

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control ;  
 But in the quietness of thought :  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :  
 My hopes no more must change their  
 name,  
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient heavens, through  
 thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let  
 me live !



## Poems Referring to the Period of Old Age.

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### THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

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

I SAW an aged beggar in my walk ;  
 And he was seated, by the highway side,  
 On a low structure of rude masonry  
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they  
 Who lead their horses down the steep rough road  
 May thence remount at ease. The aged man  
 Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone  
 That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag  
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one ;  
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look  
 Of idle computation. In the sun,  
 Upon the second step of that small pile,  
 Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,  
 He sat, and ate his food in solitude :  
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,  
 That, still attempting to prevent the waste,  
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers  
 Fell on the ground ; and the small mountain birds,  
 Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,  
 Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known ; and then  
 He was so old, he seems not older now ;  
 He travels on, a solitary man,  
 So helpless in appearance, that for him  
 The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw  
 With careless hand his alms upon the ground,  
 But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin  
 Within the old man's hat ; nor quits him so,  
 But still, when he has given his horse the rein,  
 Watches the aged beggar with a look  
 Sidelong—and half-reverted. She who tends  
 The toll-gate, when in summer at her door  
 She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees  
 The aged beggar coming, quits her work,  
 And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.  
 The post boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake  
 The aged beggar in the woody lane,  
 Shouts to him from behind ; and, if thus warned  
 The old man does not change his course, the boy

Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,  
 And passes gently by—without a curse  
 Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.  
 He travels on, a solitary man ;  
 His age has no companion. On the ground  
 His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,  
*They* move along the ground ; and, evermore,  
 Instead of common and habitual sight  
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,  
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,  
 He plies his weary journey ; seeing still,  
 And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,  
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,  
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left  
 Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,  
 At distance still the same. Poor traveller !  
 His staff trails with him ; scarcely do his feet  
 Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still  
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,  
 Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,  
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,  
 The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,  
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by :  
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this man useless.—Statesmen ! ye  
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands  
 To rid the world of nuisances ; ye proud,  
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate  
 Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not  
 A burthen of the earth ! 'Tis nature's law  
 That none, the meanest of created things,  
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,  
 A life and soul, to every mode of being  
 Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps  
 From door to door, the villagers in him  
 Behold a record which together binds  
 Past deeds and offices of charity,  
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive  
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,  
 And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,  
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign  
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.  
 Among the farms and solitary huts,  
 Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,  
 Where'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,  
 The mild necessity of use compels  
 To acts of love ; and habit does the work  
 Of reason ; yet prepares that after-joy  
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,  
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
 Doth find itself insensibly disposed  
 To virtue and true goodness. Some there are



By their good works exalted, lofty minds  
 And meditative, authors of delight  
 And happiness, which to the end of time  
 Will live, and spread, and kindle : even such minds  
 In childhood, from this solitary being,  
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received  
 (A thing more precious far than all that books  
 Or the solitudes of love can do !)  
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,  
 In which they found their kindred with a world  
 Where want and sorrow were. The easy man  
 Who sits at his own door,—and, like the pear  
 That overhangs his head from the green wall,  
 Feeds in the sunshine ; the robust and young,  
 The prosperous and unthinking, they who live  
 Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
 Of their own kindred ;—all behold in him  
 A silent monitor, which on their minds  
 Must needs impress a transitory thought  
 Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
 Of each recalling his peculiar boons,  
 His charters and exemptions ; and, perchance,  
 Though he to no one give the fortitude  
 And circumspection needful to preserve  
 His present blessings, and to husband up  
 The respite of the seasons, he, at least,  
 And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there are  
 Who live a life of virtuous decency,  
 Men who can hear the decalogue and feel  
 No self-reproach ; who of the moral law  
 Established in the land where they abide  
 Are strict observers ; and not negligent,  
 In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,  
 Their kindred, and the children of their blood.  
 Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace !  
 But of the poor man ask, the abject poor ;  
 Go, and demand of him, if there be here  
 In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,  
 And these inevitable charities,  
 Wherewith to satisfy the human soul ?  
 No—man is dear to man ; the poorest poor  
 Long for some moments in a weary life  
 When they can know and feel that they have been,  
 Themselves, the fathers and the dealers out  
 Of some small blessings ; have been kind to such  
 As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
 That we have all of us one human heart.  
 Such pleasure is to one kind being known,  
 My neighbour, when with punctual care, each week,  
 Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself  
 By her own wants, she from her store of meal  
 Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip  
 Of this old mendicant, and, from her door  
 Returning with exhilarated heart,  
 Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !  
 And while in that vast solitude to which  
 The tide of things has borne him, he appears  
 To breathe and live but for himself alone,  
 Unblamed, unnnjured, let him bear about  
 The good which the benignant law of Heaven  
 Has hung around him : and, while life is his,  
 Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers  
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts.  
 Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !  
 And, long as he can wander, let him breathe  
 The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood  
 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;  
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath  
 Beat his gray locks against his withered face.  
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness  
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.  
 May never House, misnamed of Industry,  
 Make him a captive ! for that pent-up din,  
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,  
 Be his the natural silence of old age !  
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;  
 And have around him, whether heard or not,  
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.  
 Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now  
 Been doomed so long to settle on the earth  
 That not without some effort they behold  
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,  
 Rising or setting, let the light at least  
 Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.  
 And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down  
 Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank  
 Of highway side, and with the little birds  
 Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,  
 As in the eye of nature he has lived,  
 So in the eye of nature let him die !

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#### THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,  
 The squeamish in taste, and 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 gray hairs a crown ;  
 Erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak  
 Of the unfaded rose still enlivens his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—'mid the joy  
 Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy ;  
 There fashioned that countenance, which, in 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 neighbours he went,—all were free with their money ;  
 For his hive had so long been replenished with honey,  
 That they dreamt not of dearth ;—he continued his rounds,  
 Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with this ill-gotten pelf,  
 And something, it might be, reserved for himself :  
 Then, (what is too true,) without hinting a word,  
 Turned his back on the country ; and off like a bird.

You lift up your eyes !—but I guess that you frame  
 A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame ;  
 In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
 For this he did all in the *ease* of his heart.

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

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

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is stout ;  
 Twice as fast as before does his blood run about ;  
 You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,  
 And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an old man that leisurely goes  
 About work that he knows, in a track that he knows ;  
 But often his mind is compelled to demur,  
 And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,  
 Like one whose own country's far over the sea ;  
 And nature, while through the great city he hies,  
 Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,  
 More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue ;  
 Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,  
 And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats ?  
 Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets ;  
 With a look of such earnestness often will stand,  
 You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent Garden, in desolate hours  
 Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruit and her flowers,  
 Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made  
 Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of straw,  
 Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw ;  
 With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,  
 And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,  
 Thrusts his hands in the waggon, and smells at the hay ;  
 He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,  
 And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair, —  
 If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there :  
 The breath of the cows you may see 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.



#### THE SMALL CELANDINE.

THERE is a flower, the lesser Celandine,  
 That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;  
 And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
 Bright as the sun itself, 'tis out again !

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

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

## THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

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

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

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,  
 A miser's pensioner—behold our lot !  
 O man, that from thy fair and shining youth  
 Age might but take the things youth needed not !

---

 THE TWO THIEVES ;

OR, THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

OH, now that the genius of Bewick were mine,  
 And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne !  
 Then the muses might deal with me just as they chose,  
 For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical hand !  
 Book-learning and books should be banished the land :  
 And, for hunger and thirst, and such troublesome calls,  
 Every alehouse should then have a feast on its walls.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair ;  
 Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would he care !  
 For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's dream and his sheaves,  
 Oh, what would they be to my tale of two thieves ?

The one, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old,  
 His grandsire that age more than thirty times told ;  
 There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather  
 Between them, and both go a-stealing together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his floor ?  
 Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's door ?  
 Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will slide !  
 And his grandson's as busy at work by his side.

Old Daniel begins, he stops short—and his eye,  
 Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning and sly.  
 'Tis a look which at this time is hardly his own,  
 But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by the wires  
 Of manifold pleasures and many desires :  
 And what if he cherished his purse ! 'Twas no more  
 Than treading a path trod by thousands before.



'Twas a path trod by thousands ; but Daniel is one  
 Who went something further than others have gone,  
 And now with old Daniel you see how it fares ;  
 You see to what end he has brought his gray hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand : ere the sun  
 Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is begun ;  
 And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,  
 This child but half knows it, and that not at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,  
 And each, in his turn, is both leader and led ;  
 And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
 Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they roar ;  
 The gray-headed sire has a daughter at home,  
 Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done ;  
 And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old man ! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,  
 I love thee, and love the sweet boy at thy side :  
 Long yet mayst thou live ! for a teacher we see  
 That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

---

## ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

### A SKETCH.

THE little hedgerow birds,  
 That peck along the road, regard him not.  
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,  
 His gait, is one expression ; every limb,  
 His look and bending figure, all bespeak  
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves  
 With thought.—He is insensibly subdued  
 To settled quiet : he is one by whom  
 All effort seems forgotten ; one to whom  
 Long patience hath such mild composure given,  
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which  
 He hath no need. He is by nature led  
 To peace so perfect, that the young behold  
 With envy, what the old man hardly feels.



## Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems.

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### EPITAPHS.

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

PERHAPS some needful service of the state  
 Drew Titus from the depth of studious bowers,  
 And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,  
 Where gold determines between right and wrong.  
 Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,  
 And his pure native genius, lead him back  
 To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,  
 Whom he had early loved. And not in vain  
 Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools  
 Were gladdened by the sage's voice, and hung  
 With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.  
 There pleasure crowned his days; and all his thoughts  
 A roseate fragrance breathed.\*—O human life,  
 That never art secure from dolorous change!  
 Behold a high injunction suddenly  
 To Arno's side conducts him, and he charmed  
 A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called  
 To the perpetual silence of the grave.  
 Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood  
 A champion steadfast and invincible,  
 To quell the rage of literary war!

---

O THOU who movest onward with a mind  
 Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!  
 'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was born  
 Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.  
 On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate  
 To sacred studies; and the Roman shepherd  
 Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous flock.  
 Much did I watch, much laboured, nor had power  
 To escape from many and strange indignities;  
 Was smitten by the great ones of the world,  
 But did not fall; for virtue braves all shocks,  
 Upon herself resting immoveably.  
 Me did a kindlier fortune then invite  
 To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,

---

\* "Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri  
 Erano tutti rose."

The translator had not skill to come nearer to his original.

And in his hands I saw a high reward  
 Stretched out for my acceptance—but death came.  
 Now, reader, learn from this my fate—how false,  
 How treacherous to her promise is the world,  
 And trust in God—to whose eternal doom  
 Must bend the sceptred potentates of earth.

---

THERE never breathed a man who when his life  
 Was closing might not of that life relate  
 Toils long and hard.—The warrior will report  
 Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,  
 And blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed  
 To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,  
 Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,  
 Envy and heart-inquietude, derived  
 From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.  
 I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,  
 Could represent the countenance horrible  
 Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage  
 Of Auster and Boötes. Forty years  
 Over the well-steered galleys did I rule :—  
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars  
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown ;  
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft—and—oft :  
 Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir  
 I knew the force ; and hence the rough sea's pride  
 Aailed not to my vessel's overthrow.  
 What noble pomp and frequent have not I  
 On regal decks beheld ! yet in the end  
 I learn that one poor moment can suffice  
 To equalize the lofty and the low.  
 We sail the sea of life—a *calm* one finds,  
 And one a *tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,  
 Death is the quiet haven of us all.  
 If more of my condition ye would know,  
 Savona was my birthplace, and I sprang  
 Of noble parents : sixty years and three  
 Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

---

DESTINED to war from very infancy  
 Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took  
 In Malta the white symbol of the cross.  
 Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun  
 Hazard or toil ; among the sands was seen  
 Of Libya, and not seldom, on the banks  
 Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot  
 To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.  
 So lived I, and repined not at such fate ;  
 This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,  
 That stripped of arms I to my end am brought  
 On the soft down of my paternal home.  
 Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause  
 To blush for me, Thou, loiter not nor halt  
 In thy appointed way, and bear in mind  
 How fleeting and how frail is human life.

NOT without heavy grief of heart did he,  
 On whom the duty fell (for at that time  
 The father sojourn'd in a distant land),  
 Deposit in the hollow of this tomb  
 A brother's child, most tenderly beloved !  
 Francesco was the name the youth had borne,  
 Pozzobonelli his illustrious house ;  
 And, when beneath this stone the corse was laid  
 The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.  
 Alas ! the twentieth April of his life  
 Had scarcely flowered : and at this early time,  
 By genuine virtue he inspired a hope  
 That greatly cheered his country : to his kin  
 He promised comfort ; and the flattering thought  
 His friends had in their fondness entertained,\*  
 He suffered not to languish or decay.  
 Now is there not good reason to break forth  
 Into a passionate lament ?—O Soul !  
 Short while a pilgrim in our nether world,  
 Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air ;  
 And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,  
 An everlasting spring ! in memory  
 Of that delightful fragrance which was once,  
 From thy mild manners, quietly exhaled.

---

PAUSE, courteous spirit !—Balbi supplicates  
 That thou, with no reluctant voice, for him  
 Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer  
 A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.  
 This to the dead by sacred right belongs ;  
 All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit  
 To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb  
 Would ill suffice : for Plato's lore sublime,  
 And all the wisdom of the Stagyrte,  
 Enriched and beautified his studious mind :  
 With Archimedes also he conversed  
 As with a chosen friend, nor did he leave  
 Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the nymphs  
 Twine on the top of Pindus.—Finally,  
 Himself above each lower thought uplifting,  
 His ears he closed to listen to the song  
 Which Zion's kings did consecrate of old ;  
 And fixed his Pindus upon Lebanon.  
 A blessed man ! who of protracted days  
 Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep ;  
 But truly did *he* live his life.—Urbino,  
 Take pride in him !—O passenger, farewell !

---

\* In justice to the author, I subjoin the original—

“ e degli amici  
 Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.”

## LINES

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk, one evening, after a stormy day, the author having just read in a newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

LOUD is the vale ! the voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
A mighty unison of streams !  
Of all her voices, one !

Loud is the vale ;—this inland depth  
In peace is roaring like the sea ;  
Yon star upon the mountain-top  
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,  
Importunate and heavy load ! \*  
The Comforter hath found me here,  
Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad—  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;  
For he must die who is their stay,  
Their glory disappear.

A power is passing from the earth  
To breathless nature's dark abyss ;  
But when the mighty pass away  
What is it more than this—

That man, who is from God sent forth,  
Doth yet again to God return ?  
Such ebb and flow must ever be ;  
Then wherefore should we mourn ?

---

 LINES

Written, November 13, 1814, on a blank leaf in a copy of the author's poem, "The Excursion upon hearing of the death of the late vicar of Kendal.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,  
Did I deliver this unfinished song ;  
Yet for one happy issue ;—and I look  
With self-congratulation on the book  
Which pious, learned Murfitt saw and read ;—  
Upon my thoughts his saintly spirit fed ;  
He connd the new-born lay with grateful heart—  
Foreboding not how soon he must depart ;  
Unweeting that to him the joy was given  
Which good men take with them from earth to heaven.

---

\* " *Importuna e grave salma.*"—MICHAEL ANGELO.



## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

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

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile !  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :  
I saw thee every day ; and all the while  
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air ;  
So like, so very like, was day to day !  
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;  
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no sleep ;  
No mood which season takes away or brings :  
I could have fancied that the mighty deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the painter's hand,  
To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile !  
Amid a world how different from this !  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
Or merely silent nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such picture would I at that time have made :  
And seen the soul of truth in every part ;  
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;  
I have submitted to a new control :  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;  
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been :  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;  
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been the friend  
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,  
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh, 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well ;  
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;  
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it braves,  
 Cas'd in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell, the heart that lives alone,  
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind !  
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
 Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !  
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here,—  
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

---

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET flower ! belike one day to have  
 A place upon thy poet's grave,  
 I welcome thee once more :  
 But he, who was on land, at sea,  
 My brother, too, in loving thee,  
 Although he loved more silently,  
 Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah ! hopeful, hopeful was the day  
 When to that ship he bent his way,  
 To govern and to guide :  
 His wish was gained : a little time  
 Would bring him back in manhood's prime,  
 And free for life, these hills to climb,  
 With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day  
 While that stout ship at anchor lay  
 Beside the shores of Wight ;  
 The May had then made all things green ;  
 And floating there in pomp serene,  
 That ship was goodly to be seen,  
 His pride and his delight !

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought  
 The tender peace of rural thought ;  
 In more than happy mood  
 To your abodes, bright daisy flowers !  
 He then would steal at leisure hours,  
 And loved you glittering in your bowers,  
 A starry multitude.

But hark the word !—the ship is gone ;—  
 From her long course returns :—anon  
 Sets sail :—in season due,  
 Once more on English earth they stand :  
 But, when a third time from the land  
 They parted, sorrow was at hand  
 For him and for his crew

Hil-fated vessel !—ghastly shock !  
 At length delivered from the rock,  
 The deep she hath regained ;  
 And through the stormy night they steer,  
 Labouring for life, in hope and fear,  
 Towards a safer shore—how near,  
 Yet not to be attained !

“ Silence ! ” the brave commander cried ;  
 To that calm word a shriek replied,  
 It was the last death-shriek.  
 — A few (my soul oft sees that sight)  
 Survive upon the tall mast’s height :  
 But one dear remnant of the night—  
 For him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea  
 He lay in slumber quietly ;  
 Unforced by wind or wave  
 To quit the ship for which he died,  
 (All claims of duty satisfied ;)   
 And there they found him at her side \*  
 And bore him to the grave.

Vain service ! yet not vainly done  
 For this, if other end were none,  
 That he, who had been cast  
 Upon a way of life unmeet  
 For such a gentle soul and sweet,  
 Should find an undisturbed retreat  
 Near what he loved at last ;

That neighbourhood of grove and field  
 To him a resting-place should yield.  
 A meek man and a brave !  
 The birds shall sing and ocean make  
 A mournful murmur for *his* sake ;  
 And thou, sweet flower, shalt sleep and wake  
 Upon his senseless grave.\*

---

“ Late, late yestreen, I saw the new moone  
 Wi’ the auld moon in hir arme.”

—*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy’s Reliques.*

ONCE I could hail (howe’er serene the sky)  
 The moon re-entering her monthly round,  
 No faculty yet given me to espy  
 The dusky shape within her arms imbound,  
 That thin memento of effulgence lost  
 Which some have named her predecessor’s ghost.

---

\* See, in *Poems on the Naming of Places*, the one beginning “When, to the attractions of the busy world,” page 163

Young, like the crescent that above me shone,  
 Nought I perceived within it dull or dim ;  
 All that appeared was suitable to one  
 Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim ;  
 To expectations spreading with wild growth,  
 And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)  
 A silver boat launched on a boundless flood ;  
 A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw  
 Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood ;  
 But not a hint from under-ground, no sign  
 Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move  
 Before me ? nothing blemished the fair sight ;  
 On her I looked whom jocund fairies love,  
 Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,  
 And by that thinning magnifies the great  
 For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral shape,  
 As each new moon obeyed the call of time,  
 If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape.  
 Such happy privilege hath life's gay prime,  
 To see or not to see, as best may please  
 A buoyant spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling stranger ! when thou meet'st my glance,  
 Thy dark associate ever I discern ;  
 Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance  
 While I salut : my joys, thoughts sad or stern ,  
 Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that to gain  
 Their fill of promised lustre wait in vain.

So changes mortal life with fleeting years,  
 A mournful change, should reason fail to bring  
 The timely insight that can temper fears,  
 And from vicissitude remove its sting ;  
 While faith aspires to seats in that domain  
 Where joys are perfect, neither wax nor wane.

---

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

1824.

OH, for a dirge ! But why complain ?  
 Ask rather a triumphal strain  
 When Fermor's race is run ;  
 A garland of immortal boughs  
 To bind around the Christian's brow,  
 Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt ;  
 No tears of passionate regret

Shall stain this votive lay ;  
 Ill-worthy, Beaumont ! were the grief  
 That flings itself on wild relief  
 When saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
 For ever covetous to feel  
 And impotent to bear :  
 Such once was hers—to think and think  
 On severed love, and only sink  
 From anguish to despair !

But nature to its inmost part  
 Had faith refined, and to her heart  
 A peaceful cradle given ;  
 Calm as the dew-drops, free to rest  
 Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
 Till it exhales to heaven.

Was ever spirit that could bend  
 So graciously ?—that could discern  
 Another's need to suit,  
 So promptly from her lofty throne !—  
 In works of love, in these alone,  
 How restless, how minute !

Pale was her hue ; yet mortal cheek  
 Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
 When aught had suffered wrong,—  
 When aught that breathes had felt a wound ;  
 Such look the oppressor might confound,  
 However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs  
 From out the bitterness of things ;  
 Her quiet is secure ;  
 No thorns can pierce her tender feet,  
 Whose life was, like the violet sweet,  
 As climbing jasmine pure ;—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
 Or lily heaving with the wave  
 That feeds it and defends ;  
 As vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
 The mountain top, or breathed the mist  
 That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O death !  
 Thou strik'st—and absence, perisheth,  
 Indifference is no more ;  
 The future brightens on our sight ;  
 For on the past hath fallen a light  
 That tempts us to adore.





INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

REST, rest, perturbèd earth !  
 Oh, rest, thou doleful mother of mankind !"  
 A spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind :  
 " From regions where no evil thing has birth  
 I come—thy stains to wash away,  
 Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
 To open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.  
 The heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen  
 From out thy noisome prison ;  
 The penal caverns groan  
 With tens of thousands rent from off the tree  
 Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown  
 Into the deserts of eternity.

" Unpitied havoc ! Victims unlamented !  
 But not on high, where madness is resented,  
 And murder causes some sad tears to flow,  
 Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,  
 'The choirs of angels spread, triumphantly augmented.

" False parent of mankind !  
 Obdurate, proud, and blind.  
 I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,  
 Thy lost maternal heart to re-inuse !  
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,  
 Upon the act a blessing I implore,  
 Of which the rivers in their secret springs,  
 The rivers stained so oft with human gore,  
 Are conscious ;—may the like return no more !  
 May Discord—for a seraph's care  
 Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—  
 May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss  
 These mortal spheres above,  
 Be chained for ever to the black abyss !  
 And thou, O rescued earth, by peace and love,  
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve !"

The spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
 And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

ODE.

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."

*See page 20.*

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd 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.

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

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 !

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 itself 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 ?

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.

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, — *earth mother*  
     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.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six-years' darling of a pigny size !  
 See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral ;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song :  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 e 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.

'Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
     Mighty prophet ! seer blest !  
     On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by ;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive !  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—  
     Not for these I raise  
     The song of thanks and praise ;  
     But for those obstinate questionings  
     Of sense and outward things,  
     Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
     Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realised,  
 High instincts before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
     But for those first affections,  
     Those shadowy recollections,  
     Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
     Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake  
     To perish never ;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
 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.

*from  
 from origins*

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
 And let the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound !  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May !  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind ;  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been must ever be,  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering,  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
 Think not of any severing of our loves !  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might :  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret.  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
 Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.





## OBSERVATIONS

PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FORE-GOING POEMS, PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS."

SEVERAL of these poems have already been submitted to general perusal. They were published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure; and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that I have pleased a greater number than I ventured to hope I should please.

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Several of my friends are anxious for the success of these poems from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realised, a class of poetry would be produced well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the multiplicity, and in the quality of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to add a systematic defence of the theory upon which the poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, because I knew that on this occasion the reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display my opinions, and fully to enforce my arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to the extent of the work. For to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which I believe it susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out, in what manner language and the human mind act and react on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be some impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the public, without a few words of introduction, poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an author, in the present day, makes to his reader; but I am certain it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy

these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the reader will not censure me, if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform ; and also (as far as the limits of this notice will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose : that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonourable accusation which can be brought against an author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way ; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature : chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language ; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated ; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings ; and from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable ; and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived ; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent and a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.\*

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions ; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I mean to say, I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived ; but my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If in this opinion I am mistaken, I can have little right to the name of a poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings : and though this be true, poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man, who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings ; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so,

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\* It is worth while here to observe, that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.

by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my reader what this purpose will be found principally to be : namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, speaking in language somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavoured in these short essays to attain by various means ; by tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings, as in the poems of the *Idiot Boy* and the *Mad Mother* ; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being, at the approach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the poem of the *For-saken Indian* ; by showing, as in the stanzas entitled " *We are Seven,*" the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion ; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or, to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in " *The Brothers ;*" or, as in the incident of *Simon Lee*, by placing my reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the influence of less impassioned feelings, as in the *Two April Mornings*, *The Fountain*, *The Old Man Travelling*, *The Two Thieves*, etc., characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will probably always exist, and which from their constitution may be distinctly and profitably contemplated. I will not abuse the indulgence of my reader by dwelling longer upon this subject ; but it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these poems from the popular poetry of the day ; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly intelligible by referring my reader to the poems entitled *Poor Susan* and the *Childless Father*, particularly to the last stanza of the latter poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting, that I point my reader's attention to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important ! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants ; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged ; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupation produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of *Shakspeare* and *Milton*, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble effort with which I have endeavoured to counteract it ; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I shall be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had

I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible ; and did I not further add to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these poems, I shall request the reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that I may not be censured for not having performed what I never attempted. The reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes ; and, I hope, are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. I have proposed to myself to intimate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men ; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such ; but I have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep my reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue a different track may interest him likewise ; I do not interfere with their claim, I only wish to prefer a different claim of my own. There will also be found in these pieces little of what is usually called poetic diction ; I have taken as much pains to avoid it as others ordinarily take to produce it ; this I have done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being culpably particular, I can give my reader a more exact notion of the style in which I wished these poems to be written, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject, consequently, I hope that there is in these poems little falsehood of description, and that my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something I must have gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense ; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now, these men would establish a canon of criticism which the reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these pieces. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation ; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt prose and metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction :—

“ In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire :



The birds, in vain their amorous descant join,  
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.  
 These cars, alas! for other notes repine;  
*A different object do these eyes require;*  
*My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;*  
*And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;*  
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;  
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;  
 To warm their little loves the birds complain,  
*I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,*  
*And weep the more because I weep in vain."*

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in italics: it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of prose may yet be well adapted to poetry; and I have previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between poetry and painting, and, accordingly, we call them sisters; but where shall we find bonds of connexion sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; poetry\* sheds no tears "such as angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such poetry as I am recommending is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be super-added thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not surely, where the poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for if the poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent reader, should the poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the poems I now present to the reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the

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\* I here use the word "poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of poetry and prose, instead of the more philosophical one of poetry and matter of fact, or science. The only strict antithesis to prose is metre; nor is this, in truth, a strict antithesis; because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.



highest importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons, that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure : and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask what is meant by the word poet? What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men : a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind ; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him ; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added, a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present ; and ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves ; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a poet, it is obvious, that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs ; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection ; on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion ; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature : and the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that, he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him ; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand ; who talk of poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure ; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontinac,

or sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the biographer and historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the poet and the image of things; between this, and the biographer and historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is an homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The man of science, the chemist and mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs,

in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to have such weight, that I will conclude, there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual poet or belonging simply to poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring my reader to the description which I have before given of a poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what I have there said is, that the poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe: with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The poet thinks and feels in the spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But poets do not write for poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from this supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real lan-

guage of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction,\* arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the reader is utterly at the mercy of the poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion, whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the poet and reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which coexists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature, from which I am at liberty to supply myself with endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why am I to be condemned, if to such description I have endeavoured to superadd the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are unconvinced by what I have already said, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of metre in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these poems, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But I might point out various causes why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. But, if the words by which this excitement is produced are in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to

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\* See Appendix, page 331.



throw a sort of half consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt, but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion, and, I hope, if the poems referred to be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-perusal of the distressful parts of "Clarissa Harlowe," or the "Gamester." While Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never acted upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand, (what it must be found will much more frequently happen), if the poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious,) in the feelings of pleasure which the reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin; it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of metre, and to have shown that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if nature be thus cautious in preserving in a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his reader, those passions, if his reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an over-balance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which will always be found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the poet manages his numbers are themselves



confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the reader. I might, perhaps, include all which it is *necessary* to say upon this subject, by affirming what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in metre the tale of Goody Blake and Harry Gill, which is one of the rudest of this collection. I wished to draw attention to the truth, that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a *fact*) is a valuable illustration of it; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have written in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the reader's permission to add a few words with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connexions of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying, that it is not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability or the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen.

"I put my hat upon my head  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man  
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Babes in the Wood."

"These pretty babes with hand in hand  
Went wandering up and down;  
But never more they saw the man  
Approaching from the town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ

from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or, This is not poetry; but this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can it *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can they excite thought or feeling in the reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I have one request to make of my reader, which is, that in judging these poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people, it will appear mean or ludicrous!" This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: I have therefore to request, that the reader will abide independently, by his own feelings, and that, if he finds himself affected, he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what can I do more for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that, if I propose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them; we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is a host of arguments in these feelings; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, I might have removed many obstacles, and assisted my reader in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of my subject I have not altogether neglected; but

it has been less my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than to offer reasons for presuming, that, if the object which I have proposed to myself were adequately attained, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the poems, the reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I have proposed to myself. he will determine how far I have attained this object; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the public.



## APPENDIX.

## ON POETIC DICTION.

As, perhaps, I have no right to expect from a reader of observations on a volume of poems that attentive perusal without which it is impossible, imperfectly as I have been compelled to express my meaning, that what is there said should, throughout, be fully understood, I am the more anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which I use the phrase *poetic diction*; and for this purpose I will here add a few words concerning the origin of the phraseology which I have condemned under that name.

The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, poets, and men ambitious of the fame of poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without having the same animating passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and ideas with which they had no natural connexion whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real language of men in *any situation*. The reader or hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind; when affected by the genuine language of passion he had been in a perturbed and unusual state of mind also: in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false; the one served as a passport for the other. The agitation and confusion of mind were in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same, or similar causes. Besides, the poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with admiration: and poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and distinguished by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature.

It is indeed true that the language of the earliest poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions; but it was really spoken by men—language which the poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or which he had heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard poems of these earliest poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed: under the protection of this feeling succeeding poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the first poets, as I have said, spake a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of a language which they themselves had invented, and which was uttered only by themselves; and, with the spirit of a fraternity, they arrogated it to themselves as their own. In process of time metre became a symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre,



according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false became so inseparably interwoven that the taste of men was gradually perverted; and this language was received as a natural language: and at length, by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintness, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would be highly interesting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd language: but this is not the place; it depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none perhaps more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the poet's character, and in flattering the reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is *balked* of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to bestow.

The sonnet which I have quoted from Gray, in the preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and, indeed, if I may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers, both ancient and modern. Perhaps I can in no way, by positive example, more easily give my reader a notion of what I mean by the phrase *poetic diction*, than by referring him to a comparison between the metrical paraphrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common translation. See Pope's "Messiah" throughout; Prior's "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," etc. etc. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," etc. etc. See 1st Corinthians, chapter xiii. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:—

"Turn on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,  
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise;  
No stern command, no monitory voice,  
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;  
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away  
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;  
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,  
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain.  
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,  
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?  
While artful shades thy downy couch inclose,  
And soft solicitude in courts repose,  
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,  
Year chases year with unremitted flight,  
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,  
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambushed foe."

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? Wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travaileth, and thy want as an armed man."—Proverbs vi. 6—11.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is from Cowper's verses, supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk:—

"Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word?  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.

"But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.



“ Ve winds, that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial endearing report  
 Of a land I must visit no more.

“ My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me?  
 Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see.”

I have quoted this passage as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed ; some critics would call the language prosaic ; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet “ church-going ” applied to a bell, and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which poets have introduced into their language till they and their readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines, “ Ne'er sighed at the sound,” etc., are, in my opinion, an instance of the language of passion wrested from its proper use, and, from the mere circumstance of the composition being in metre, applied upon an occasion that does not justify such violent expressions ; and I should condemn the passage, though perhaps few readers will agree with me, as vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is throughout admirably expressed : it would be equally good whether in prose or verse, except that the reader has an exquisite pleasure in seeing such natural language so naturally connected with metre. The beauty of this stanza tempts me to conclude with a principle which ought never to be lost sight of,—namely, that in works of imagination and sentiment, in proportion as ideas and feelings are valuable, whether the composition be in prose or in verse, they require and exact one and the same language. Metre is but adventitious to composition, and the phraseology for which that passport is necessary, even where it is graceful at all, will be little valued by the judicious.



## The Excursion.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G., etc. etc.

OFT, through thy fair domains, illustrious peer !  
 In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent ;  
 And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,  
 Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear.  
 Now, by thy care befriended, I appear  
 Before thee, Lonsdale, and this work present,  
 A token (may it prove a monument !)  
 Of high respect and gratitude sincere.  
 Gladly would I have waited till my task  
 Had reached its close ; but life is insecure,  
 And hope full oft fallacious as a dream :  
 Therefore, for what is here produced I ask  
 Thy favour ; trusting that thou wilt not deem  
 The offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Westmorland, *July 29, 1814.*

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### PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814.

THE title 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, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem ; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding, to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interest, the author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued friends, presents the following pages to the public.

It may be proper to state whence the poem, of which "The Excursion" is a part, derives its title of "The Recluse."—Several years ago, when the author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far nature and education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished ; and the

result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of man, nature, and society ; and to be entitled, "The Recluse ;" as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement. The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself ; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, being now properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connexion with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished, or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the public, entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please, and he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.— Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of "The Recluse" will consist chiefly of meditations in the author's own person ; and that in the intermediate part ("The Excursion") the intervention of the characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form is 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 displeasing sadness mixed ;  
 And I am conscious of affecting thoughts  
 And dear remembrances whose presence soothes  
 Or elevates the mind, intent to weigh  
 The good and evil of our mortal state.  
 To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,  
 Whether from breath of outward circumstance,  
 Or from the soul—an impulse to herself,  
 I would give utterance in numerous verse.  
 Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope—  
 And melancholy fear subdued by faith ;  
 Of blessed consolations in distress ;  
 Of moral strength, and intellectual power ;  
 Of joy in widest commonality spread ;  
 Of the individual mind that keeps her own  
 Inviolatè retirement, subject there  
 To conscience only, 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 neighbour, Paradise, and groves  
 Elysian, fortunate fields—like those of old  
 Sought in the Atlantic main, why should they be  
 A history only of departed things,  
 Or a mere fiction of what never was ?  
 For the discerning intellect of man,  
 When wedded to his 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 lowly 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 man, and see ill sights  
 Of madding passions mutually inflamed ;  
 Must hear humanity in fields and groves  
 Pipe solitary anguish ; or must hang  
 Brooding above the fierce confederate storm  
 Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore  
 Within the walls of cities ; may these sounds  
 Have their authentic comment,—that even these  
 Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn !  
 Descend, prophetic spirit ! that inspir'st  
 The human soul of universal earth,  
 Dreaming on things to come ; and dost possess

A metropolitan temple in the hearts  
 Of mighty poets ; upon me bestow  
 A gift of genuine insight ; that my song  
 With star-like virtue in its place may shine ;  
 Shedding benignant influence,—and secure,  
 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 of man  
 Contemplating, and who, and what he was,  
 The transitory being that beheld  
 This vision,—when and where, and how he lived ;  
 Be not this labour useless. If such theme  
 May sort with highest objects, then, dread Power !  
 Whose gracious favour is the primal source  
 Of all illumination, may my life  
 Express the image of a better time,  
 More wise desires, and simpler manners ;—nurse  
 My heart in genuine freedom :—all pure thoughts  
 Be with me ;—so shall thy unfailing love  
 Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end !”

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 BOOK I.

## 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.

## THE WANDERER.

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 heart 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 host of insects gathering round my face,  
 And ever with me as I paced along.



## THE EXCURSION.

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 harbour 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 favoured beings,  
 All but a scattered few, live out their time,  
 Husbanding that which they possess within,  
 And go to the grave, unthought of. Strongest minds  
 Are often those of whom the noisy world  
 Hears least; else surely this man had not left  
 His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.  
 But, as the mind was filled with inward light  
 So not without distinction had he lived,  
 Beloved and honoured—far as he was known.  
 And some small portion of his eloquent speech,  
 And something that may serve to set in view  
 The feeling-pleasures of his loneliness,  
 His observations, and the thoughts his mind  
 Had dealt with—I will here record in verse ;  
 Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink  
 Or rise, as venerable nature leads,  
 The high and tender muses shall accept  
 With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,  
 And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born :  
 Where, on a small hereditary farm,  
 An unproductive slip of rugged ground,  
 His parents, with their numerous offspring, dwelt ;  
 A virtuous household, though exceeding poor !  
 Pure livers were they, 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

## THE EXCURSION.

Great objects on his mind, with portraiture  
 And colour 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,  
 Expressions ever varying !

Thus informed,  
 He had small need of books ; for many a tale  
 Traditionary round the mountains hung,  
 And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,  
 Nourished imagination in her growth,  
 And gave the mind that apprehensive power  
 By which she is made quick to recognise  
 The moral properties and scope of things.  
 But eagerly he read, and read again,  
 Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied ;  
 The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,  
 With will inflexible, those fearful pangs  
 Triumphantly displayed in records left  
 Of persecution, and the Covenant—times  
 Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour !  
 And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved  
 A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,  
 That left half told the preternatural tale,  
 Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,  
 Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts  
 Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures dire,  
 Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too.  
 With long and ghostly shanks—forms which once seen  
 Could never be forgotten !

In his heart,  
 Where fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,  
 Was wanting yet the pure delight of love  
 By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,  
 Or by the silent looks of happy things,  
 Or flowing from the universal face  
 Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power

Of nature, and already was prepared,  
 By his intense conceptions, to receive  
 Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,  
 Whom nature, by whatever means, has taught  
 To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the boy—but for the growing youth  
 What soul was his, when, from the naked top  
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—  
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth  
 And ocean's liquid mass, 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*.  
 Oh, 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.  
 Responsive to the writing, all things 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, now 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 these ecstasies to mind  
 And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired  
 Wisdom, which works through patience; thence he learned:  
 In oft-recurring hours of sober thought  
 To look on nature with a humble heart,  
 Self-questioned where it did not understand,  
 And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest town  
 He duly went with what small overplus  
 His earnings might supply, and brought away  
 And book that most had tempted his desires

## THE EXCURSION.

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 endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,  
 Nature was at his heart as if he felt,  
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power  
 In all things that from her sweet influence  
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,  
 Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,  
 He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.  
 While yet he lingered in the rudiments  
 Of science, and among her simplest laws,  
 His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,  
 The silent stars! Oft did he take delight  
 To measure the altitude of some tall crag  
 That is the eagle's birthplace, 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 dwell  
 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 labour, he had passed  
 The better portion of his time ; and there  
 Spontaneously had his affections thriven  
 Amid the bounties of the year, the peace,  
 And liberty of nature ; there he kept  
 In solitude and solitary thought  
 His mind in a just equipoise of love.  
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares  
 Of ordinary life ; unvexed, unwarped,  
 By partial bondage. In his steady course,  
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,  
 No wild varieties of joy and grief.

Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,  
 His heart lay open ; and by nature tuned  
 And constant disposition of his thoughts  
 To sympathy with man, he was alive  
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went ;  
 And all that was endured ; for in himself  
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,  
 He had no painful pressure from without  
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness  
 With coward fears. He could *afford* to suffer  
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came  
 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 vigour of his mind,  
 By his habitual wanderings out of doors,  
 By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,  
 Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,  
 He had imbibed of fear or darker thought,  
 Was melted all away : so true was this,  
 That sometimes his religion seemed to me  
 Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods ;  
 Who to the model of his own pure heart  
 Shaped his belief as grace divine inspired,  
 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 hedgerows of thick alder boughs  
Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well  
Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern.  
My thirst I slaked, and from the cheerless spot  
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

## THE EXCURSION.

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 did my steps approach  
 This humble door but she who dwelt therein  
 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 labour turned adrift  
 Sought daily bread from public charity,  
 They, and their wives and children—happier far  
 Could they have lived as do the little birds  
 That peck along the hedgerows, 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 humour soon  
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was ;  
 And poverty brought on a petted mood  
 And a sore temper : day by day he drooped,  
 And he would leave his work—and to the town,  
 Without an errand, would direct his steps,  
 Or wander here and there among the fields.



## THE EXCURSION.

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 brisy, 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,  
Or 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 passed,  
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 inclosed,  
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 footway path,

## THE EXCURSION.

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 befal ;  
 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 stonecrop, 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, without 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  
 Had 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 eried 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 discoloured, 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 his 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 Heaven  
 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

## THE EXCURSION.

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 neighbour's boy  
 To give her needful help. That very time  
 Most willingly she put her work aside,  
 And walked with me along the miry road,





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.

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## BOOK II.

### 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.

## THE SOLITARY.

IN days of yore how fortunately fared  
 The minstrel ! wandering on from hall to hail,  
 Baronial court or royal ; cheered with gifts  
 Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise ;  
 Now meeting on his road an armed knight,  
 Now resting with a pilgrim by the side  
 Of a clear brook ;—beneath an abbey's roof  
 One evening sumptuously lodged ; the next  
 Humbly, in a religious hospital ;  
 Or, with some merry outlaws of the wood ;  
 Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.  
 Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared ;  
 He walked—protected from the sword of war  
 By virtue of that sacred instrument  
 His harp, suspended at the traveller's side ;  
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went  
 Opening from land to land an easy way  
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.  
 Yet not the noblest of that honoured race  
 Drew happier, loftier, more impassioned thoughts  
 From his long journeyings and eventful life,  
 Than this obscure itinerant had skill  
 To gather, ranging through the tamer ground  
 Of these our unimaginative days ;  
 Both while he trod the earth in humblest guise  
 Accountred with his burthen and his staff ;  
 And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite school  
 Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,  
 Looked on this guide with reverential love ?  
 Each with the other pleased, we now pursued  
 Our journey—beneath favourable skies.  
 Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light  
 Unfailing : not a hamlet could we pass,  
 Rarely a house, that did not yield to him  
 Remembrances ; or from his tongue call forth  
 Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard  
 Accompanied those strains of apt discourse,  
 Which nature's various objects might inspire ;  
 And in the silence of his face I read  
 His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,  
 And the mute fish that glances in the stream  
 And harmless reptile crawling 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 ;

## THE EXCURSION.

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 dispute  
 With his own mind, unable to subdue  
 Impatience through inaptness to perceive  
 General distress in his particular lot ;  
 Or cherishing resentment, or in vain  
 Struggling against it, with a soul perplexed,  
 And finding in herself no steady power  
 To draw the line of comfort that divides  
 Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,  
 From the injustice of our brother men ;  
 To him appeal was made as to a judge ;  
 Who, with an understanding heart, allayed  
 The perturbation ; listen'd to the plea ;  
 Resolved the dubious point ; and sentence gave  
 So grounded, so applied, that it was heard  
 With soften'd 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,  
 Of 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 claimed with earnest voice,  
 As if the thought were but a moment old,  
 An 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 favours.—Tabor and pipe  
 In purpose join to hasten and reprove  
 The laggard rustic ; and repay with boons  
 Of merriment a party-coloured knot,  
 Already formed upon the village green.  
 Beyond the limits of the shadow cast  
 By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight  
 That gay assemblage. Round them and above,  
 Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,  
 Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of trees  
 Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver steam  
 Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs  
 By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like a mast  
 Of gold, the maypole shines ; as if the rays  
 Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,  
 With gladsome influence could re-animate  
 The faded garlands hanging 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  
 Towards 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 forestal such knowledge as may be



## THE EXCURSION.

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,  
The office filling, yet by native power  
And force of native inclination, made  
An intellectual ruler in the haunts  
Of social vanity—he walked the world,  
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety ;  
Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his flock  
Than a soldier among soldiers—lived and roamed  
Where fortune led :—and fortune, who 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.  
 And overweening trust was raised ; and fear  
 Cast out,—alike of person and of thing.  
 Plague from this union spread, whose subtle bane  
 The strongest did not easily escape ;  
 And he, what wonder ! took a mortal taint.  
 How shall I trace the change, how bear to tell  
 That he broke faith with them whom he had laid  
 In earth's dark chambers with a Christian's hope !  
 An infidel contempt of Holy Writ  
 Stole by degrees upon his mind ; and hence  
 Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced ;  
 Vilest hypocrisy, the laughing, gay  
 Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but pride.  
 Smooth words he had to wheedle simple souls ;  
 But, for disciples of the inner school,  
 Old freedom was old servitude, and they  
 The wisest whose opinions stooped the least  
 To know 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 coloured objects to his own desire  
 As with a lover's passion. Yet his moods  
 Of pain were keen as those of better men,  
 Nay, keener—as his fortitude was less.  
 And he continued, when worse days were come,  
 To deal about his sparkling eloquence,  
 Struggling against the strange reverse with zeal  
 That showed like happiness ; but, in despite  
 Of all this outside bravery, within,  
 He neither felt encouragement nor hope.  
 For moral dignity, and strength of mind,  
 Were wanting ; and simplicity of life ;  
 And reverence for himself ; and, last and best,  
 Confiding thoughts, through love and fear of Him  
 Before whose sight the troubles of this world  
 Are vain as billows in a tossing sea.

“The glory of the times fading away,  
 The splendour, which had given a festal air  
 To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled  
 From his own sight,—this gone, he forfeited  
 All joy in human nature ; was consumed,  
 And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,  
 And fruitless indignation ; galled by pride ;  
 Made desperate by contempt of men who throve  
 Before his sight in power or fame, and won,  
 Without desert, what he desired ; weak men,  
 Too weak even for his envy or his hate !  
 Tormented thus, after a wandering course  
 Of discontent, and inwardly opprest  
 With malady—in part, I fear, provoked  
 By weariness of life, he fixed his home,  
 Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,  
 Among these rugged hills ; where now he dwells,  
 And wastes the sad remainder of his hours  
 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 tumultuous waste of huge hill tops  
 Before us ; savage region ! which I paced  
 Dispirited : when, all at once, behold !

Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,  
 A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
 Among the mountains; even as if the spot  
 Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs,  
 So placed,—to be shut out from all the world!  
 Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;  
 With rocks encompassed, save that to the south  
 Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge  
 Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;  
 A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,  
 A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,  
 And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!  
 It seemed the home of poverty and toil,  
 Though not of want: the little fields, made green  
 By husbandry of many thrifty years,  
 Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.  
 There crows the cock, single in his domain;  
 The small birds find in spring no thicket there  
 To shroud them; only from the neighbouring 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 recognize  
 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 shy retreat  
 This day we purposed to intrude."—"I did so,  
 But let us hence, that we may learn the truth:  
 Perhaps it is not he but some one else  
 For whom this pious service is performed;  
 Some other tenant of the solitude."

So, to a steep and difficult descent  
 Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,  
 Where passage could be won; and, as the last  
 Of the mute train, 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, sheepfold-wise,  
 Inclosed between an upright mass of rock  
 And one old moss-grown wall;—a cool recess,  
 And fanciful! For, where the rock and wall  
 Met in an angle, hung a penthouse, framed  
 By thrusting two rude staves into the wall  
 And overlaying them with mountain sods;  
 To weather-fend a little turf-built seat  
 Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor dread  
 The burning sunshine, or a transient shower;  
 But the whole plainly wrought by children's hands!  
 Whose skill had thronged the floor with a proud show  
 Of baby-houses, curiously arranged;  
 Nor wanting ornament of walks between,  
 With mimic trees inserted in the turf,  
 And gardens interposed. Pleased with the sight,  
 I could not choose but beckon to my guide,  
 Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance,  
 Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,  
 "Lo! what is here?" and stooping down, drew forth  
 A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss,  
 A wreck of party-coloured earthenware,  
 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 shall I be—less for my sake than yours;  
 And least of all for him who is no more."

By this, the book was in the old man's hand;  
 And he continued, glancing on the leaves  
 An eye of scorn, "The lover," said he, "doomed  
 To love when hope hath failed him—whom no depth  
 Of privacy is deep enough to hide,  
 Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,  
 And that is joy to him. When change of times  
 Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do but give  
 The faithful servant, who must hide his head  
 Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,  
 A kerchief sprinkled with his master's blood,  
 And he too hath his comforter. How poor,  
 Beyond all poverty how destitute,  
 Must that man have been left, who, hither driven,  
 Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him  
 No dearer relique, and no better stay,  
 Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,  
 Impure conceits discharging from a heart  
 Hardened by impious pride!—I did not fear  
 To tax you with this journey;"—mildly said  
 My venerable friend, as forth we stepped  
 Into the presence of the cheerful light—  
 "For I have knowledge that you do not shrink  
 From moving spectacles;—but let us on."

So speaking, on he went, and at the word  
 I followed, till he made a sudden stand:

For full in view, approaching through a gate  
 That opened from the inclosure 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 leaf carried, choicest strings  
 Of red ripe currants; gift by which he strove,  
 With intermixture of endearing words,  
 To soothe a child, who walked beside him, weeping  
 As if disconsolate.—“They to the grave  
 Are bearing him, my little one,” he said;  
 “To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;  
 His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.”

More might have followed—but my honoured friend  
 Broke in upon the speaker with a frank  
 And cordial greeting.—Vivid was the light  
 That flashed and sparkled from the other’s eyes;  
 He was all fire: 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,  
 You 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,  
 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 inured !”

“ 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

## THE EXCURSION.

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 you would 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 ardour 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 a golden tinge  
 From meadow flowers, hue delicate as theirs  
 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  
 Fronting the window of that little cell,  
 I could not, ever and anon, forbear  
 To glance an upward look on two huge peaks,  
 That from some other vale peered into this.  
 " Those lusty twins," exclaimed our host, " if here  
 It were your lot to dwell, would soon become  
 Your prized companions.—Many are the notes  
 Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth  
 From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores ;  
 And well those lofty brethren bear their part  
 In the wild concert—chiefly when the storm  
 Rides high ; then all the upper air they fill  
 With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,  
 Like smoke, along the level of the blast,  
 In mighty current ; theirs, too, is the song  
 Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails ;  
 And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,  
 Methinks that I have heard them echo back  
 The thunder's greeting :—nor have nature's laws  
 Left them ungifted with a power to yield  
 Music of finer tone ; a harmony,  
 So do I call it ; though it be the hand  
 Of silence, though there be no voice ;—the clouds,  
 The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,  
 Motions of moonlight, all come hither—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,  
Winningly meek or venerably calm,  
Than slow and torpid ; paying in this wise  
A penalty, if penalty it were,  
For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.  
I loved the old man, for I pitied him !  
A task it was, I own, to hold discourse  
With one so slow in gathering up his thoughts,  
But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes ;  
Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,  
And helpful to his utmost power : and there  
Our housewife knew full well what she possessed !  
He was her vassal of all labour, tilled  
Her garden, from the pasture fetched her kine ;  
And, one among the orderly array  
Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun  
Maintained his place ; or heedfully pursued  
His course, on errands bound, to other 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 vapours 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,  
 Honour my little cell with some few tears  
 Which anger and resentment could not dry.  
 All night the storm endured ; and, soon as help  
 Had been collected from the neighbouring vale,  
 With morning we renewed our quest : the wind  
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills  
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist ;  
 And long and hopelessly we sought in vain.  
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass  
 A heap of ruin, almost without walls,  
 And wholly without roof (the bleached remains  
 Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,  
 The peasants of these lonely valleys used  
 To meet for worship on that central height)—  
 We there espied the object of our search,  
 Lying full three parts buried among tufts  
 Of heath-plant, under and above him strewn,  
 To baffle, as he might, the watery storm :  
 And there we found him breathing peaceably,  
 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 mov'd  
 Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,  
 A single step that freed me from the skirts  
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view  
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !  
 The appearance instantaneously disclosed,  
 Was of a mighty city—boldly say  
 A wilderness of building, sinking far  
 And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,  
 Far sinking into splendour—without end !

Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,  
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
 Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright  
 In avenues disposed · there towers begirt  
 With battlements that on their restless fronts  
 Bore stars—illumination of all gems!  
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought  
 Upon the dark materials of the storm  
 Now pacified: on them, and on the coves  
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto  
 The vapours had receded, taking there  
 Their station under a cerulean sky.  
 Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!  
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,  
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,  
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,  
 Molten together, and composing thus,  
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array  
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge  
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,  
 In 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 this 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.

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 BOOK III.

## ARGUMENT.

Images in the valley—Another recess in it entered and described—Wanderer's sensations—Solitary's excited by the same objects—Contrast between these—Despondency of the Solitary gently reproved—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own history at length—His domestic felicity—Afflictions—Dejection—Roused by the French Revolution—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.

## DESPONDENCY.

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 its source ;  
 Feebly it tinkles with an earthy 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 whc,  
 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 table, 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 birthplace ! And I own,  
 Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,  
 That in these shows a chronicle survive"



Of purposes akin to those of man,  
 But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails.  
 Voiceless the stream descends into the gulf  
 With timid lapse ;—and lo ! while in this strait  
 I stand—the chasm of sky above my head  
 Is heaven's profoundest azure ; no domain  
 For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,  
 Or to pass through, but rather an abyss  
 In which the everlasting stars abide ;  
 And whose soft gloom, and boundless depth, might tempt  
 The curious eye to look for them by day.  
 Hail contemplation ! from the stately towers,  
 Reared by the industrious hand of human art  
 To lift thee high above the misty air,  
 And turbulence of murmuring cities vast ;  
 From academic groves, that have for thee  
 Been planted, hither come and find a lodge  
 To which thou mayst resort for holier peace,—  
 From whose calm centre thou, through height or depth  
 Mayst penetrate, wherever truth shall lead ;  
 Measuring through all degrees, until the scale  
 Of time and conscious nature disappear,  
 Lost in unsearchable eternity !”

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

“ I should have grieved :

Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,  
 If from my poor retirement ye had gone  
 Leaving this nook unvisited : but, in sooth,  
 Your unexpected presence has 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 humour, and am pleased  
 To skim along the surfaces of things,  
 Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours.  
 But, if the spirit be oppressed by sense  
 Of instability, revolt, decay,  
 And change, and emptiness, these freaks of nature  
 And her blind helper chance, do *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 pendant 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 but haply interveined  
 With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube  
 Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself enriched,  
 Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!  
 Intrusted safely—each to his pursuit  
 Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill  
 Range; if it please them, speed from clime to clime;  
 'The mind is full—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 the leaky dam,  
 Raised for enabling this penurious stream  
 To turn a siender 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 de-? what profits all that earth,  
 Or heaven’s blue vault, is suffered to put forth  
 Of impulse or allurement, for the soul  
 To quit the beaten track of life, and soar  
 Far as she finds a yielding element  
 In past or future ; far as she can go  
 Through time or space ; if neither in the one,  
 Nor in the other region, nor in aught  
 That fancy, dreaming o’er the map of things,  
 Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds,  
 Words of assurance can be heard ; if nowhere  
 A habitation for consummate good,  
 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 had 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  
 Leap 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 ingulfed  
 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  
 With 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  
 Aërial, or in green secluded vale,  
 One after one, collected from afar,  
 An undissolving fellowship !—What but this,  
 The universal instinct of repose,  
 The longing for confirmed tranquillity,  
 Inward and outward ; humble, yet 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 misse'd  
 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 its 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 favours, ye shall find her not;  
 But, in her stead—fear—doubt—and agony!"

This was the bitter language of the heart;  
 But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of voice,  
 Though discomposed and vehement, were such  
 As skill and graceful nature might suggest  
 To a proficient of the tragic scene  
 Standing before the multitude, beset  
 With dark events. Desirous to divert  
 Or stem the current of the speaker's thoughts,  
 We signified a wish to leave that place  
 Of stillness and close privacy, a nook  
 That seemed for self-examination made,  
 Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,  
 Hidden from all men's view. To our attempt  
 He yielded not; but, pointing to a slope  
 Of mossy turf defended from the sun,  
 And, on that couch inviting us to rest,  
 Full on that tender-hearted man he turned  
 A serious eye, and 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, honoured friend

## THE EXCURSION.

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 bareness,  
 But that some leaf of your regard should hang  
 Upon my naked branches:—lively thoughts  
 Give birth, full often, to unguarded words;  
 I grieve that, in your presence, from my tongue  
 Too much of frailty hath already dropped;  
 But that too much demands still more.

You know,  
 Revered compatriot;—and to you, kind sir,  
 (Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come  
 Following the guidance of these welcome feet  
 To our secluded vale) it may be told,  
 That my demerits did not sue in vain  
 To one on whose mild radiance many gazed  
 With hope, and all with pleasure. This fair bride,  
 In the devotedness of youthful love,  
 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 honour, and to me  
 Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime  
 In what I had to build upon)—this bride,  
 Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led  
 To a low cottage in a sunny bay,  
 Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,  
 And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,  
 On Devon's leafy shores;—a sheltered hold,  
 In a soft clime encouraging the soil  
 To a luxuriant bounty!—As our steps  
 Approach the embowered abode—our chosen seat—  
 See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,  
 The unendangered myrtle, decked with flowers,  
 Before the threshold stands to welcome us!  
 While, in the flowering myrtle's neighbourhood,  
 Not overlooked, but courting no regard,  
 Those native plants, the holly and the yew,  
 Gave modest intimation to the mind  
 How willingly their aid they would unite  
 With the green myrtle, to endear the hours  
 Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.  
 Wild were the walks upon those lonely downs,  
 Track leading into track, how marked, how worn  
 Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse  
 Winding away its never-ending line  
 On their smooth surface, evidence was none;  
 But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,  
 A range of unappropriated earth,  
 Where youth's ambitious feet might move at large;  
 Whence, unmolested wanderers, we 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 arbours of impenetrable shade,  
 And mossy seats, detained us side by side,  
 With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our hearts  
 ' That all the grove and all the day was ours.'

“ 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.

## THE EXCURSION.

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 love: they might bring),  
Sighs of regret, for the familiar good,  
And loveliness endeared—which they removed.

“Seven years of occupation undisturbed  
Established seemingly a right to hold  
That happiness : and use and habit gave  
To what an alien spirit had acquired  
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,  
With thoughts and wishes bounded to this world,  
I lived and breathed ; most grateful, if to enjoy  
Without repining or desire for more,  
For different lot, or change to higher sphere,  
(Only except some impulses of pride  
With no determined object, though upheld  
By theories with suitable support)  
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy  
Be proof of gratitude for what we have ;  
Else, I allow, most thankless.—But, at once,  
From some dark seat of fatal power was urged  
A claim that shattered all.—Our blooming girl,  
Caught in the gripe of death, with such brief time  
To struggle in as scarcely would allow  
Her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed  
From us, to 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 awhile 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.—Oh, 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

## THE EXCURSION.

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  
 Be rich by mutual and reflected wealth.'

“ 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 teem :  
 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 seem 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 ;  
 Per fields of carnage, and polluted air.

" Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the Atlantic main  
 The ship went gliding with her thoughtless crew :  
 And who among them but an exile, freed  
 From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit  
 Among the busily employed, not more  
 With obligation charged, with service taxed,  
 Than the loose pendant—to the idle wind  
 Upon the tall mast, streaming :—but, ye powers  
 Of soul and sense—mysteriously allied,  
 Oh, never let the wretched, if a choice  
 Be left him, trust the freight of his distress  
 To a long voyage on the silent deep !  
 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 the 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 endeavours tired ; and by his own,  
 And by his nature's, ignorance, dismayed ?

" Long-wished-for sight, the western world appeared ;  
 And, when the ship was moored, I leaped ashore  
 Indignantly—resolved to be a man,  
 Who, having o'er the past no power, would live  
 No longer in subjection to the past,  
 With abject mind—from a tyrannic lord  
 Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured.

So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared  
 Some boundary, which his followers may not cross  
 In prosecution of their deadly chase,  
 Respiring I looked round.—How bright the sun,  
 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, howsoever  
 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 quickest turns  
 Into vexation.—Let us, then, I said,  
 Leave this unknit republic to the scourge  
 Of her own passions; and to regions haste,  
 Whose shades have never felt the 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,



## THE EXCURSION

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 savanna, vast  
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,  
 With mind that sheds a light on what he sees ;  
 Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,  
 Pouring above his head its radiance down  
 Upon a living and rejoicing world !

"So, westward, tow'rd the unviolated woods  
 I bent my way ; and, roaming far and wide,  
 Failed not to greet the merry mocking-bird ;  
 And, while the melancholy muccawiss  
 (The sportive bird's companion in the grove)  
 Repeated, o'er and o'er, his plaintive cry,  
 I sympathised 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 !"

## BOOK IV.

## 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 favourable 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—Solitary 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.

## DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

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 sat 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, howe'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 dishonour of His holy name.  
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world !  
 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart ;

Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine !”

Then, as we issued from that covert nook,  
He thus continued—lifting up his eyes  
To heaven.—“ How beautiful this dome of sky.  
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed  
At Thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,  
Human and rational, report of Thee  
Even less than these ?—Be mute who will, who can,  
Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice :  
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,  
Cannot forget Thee here ; where Thou hast built,  
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness !  
Me didst Thou constitute a priest of thine,  
In such a temple as we now behold  
Reared for Thy presence : therefore am I bound  
To worship here and everywhere—as one  
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,  
From childhood up, the ways of poverty ;  
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
And from debasement rescued.—By Thy grace  
The particle divine remained unquenched :  
And, ’mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,  
From Paradise transplanted ; wintry age  
Impends ; the frost will gather round my heart ;  
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead !  
Come, labour, when the worn-out frame requires  
Perpetual Sabbath ; come, disease and want ;  
And sad exclusion through decay of sense ;  
But leave me unabated trust in Thee—  
And let Thy favour, to the end of life,  
Inspire me with ability to seek  
Repose and hope among eternal things—  
Father of heaven and earth ! and I am rich,  
And will possess my portion in content !

“ And what are things eternal ?—Powers depart,”  
The grey-haired Wanderer 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 till 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

Mightst 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 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 endurest ; endure  
 For consciousness the motions of Thy will ;  
 For apprehension those transcendant truths  
 Of 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 unprisoned 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 towards 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 ; despondency 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 pitifully, 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 overconstant 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 despite,  
 Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,  
 Distress and care. What then remains ?—To seek  
 Those helps, for his occasions ever near,  
 Who lacks not will to use them ; vows, renewed  
 On the first motion of a holy thought ;  
 Vigils of contemplation ; praise ; and prayer,  
 A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart,  
 Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows  
 Without access of unexpected strength.  
 But, above all, the victory is most sure  
 For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives  
 To yield entire submission to the law  
 Of conscience ; conscience revered and obeyed,  
 As God's most intimate presence in the soul,  
 And his most perfect image in the world.  
 Endeavour thus to live ; these rules regard ;  
 These helps solicit ; and a steadfast seat  
 Shall then be yours among the happy few  
 Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,  
 Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,  
 Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,  
 Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away ;  
 With only such degree of sadness left  
 As may support longings of pure desire ;  
 And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly  
 In the sublime attractions of the grave."

While in this strain, the venerable sage  
 Poured forth his aspirations, and announced  
 His judgments, near that lonely house we paced  
 A plot of greensward, seemingly preserved  
 By nature's care from wreck of scattered stones,  
 And from encroachment of encircling heath :  
 Small space ! but, for reiterated steps,  
 Smooth and commodious ; as a stately deck  
 Which to and fro the mariner is used  
 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 unreprieved 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 over-weening 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 not owning that the law  
 By which mankind now suffers, is most just.  
 For by superior energies ; more strict  
 Affiance in each other ; faith more firm  
 In their unhallowed principles ; the bad  
 Have fairly earned a victory o’er the weak,  
 The vacillating, inconsistent good.  
 Therefore, not unconsolated, I wait—in hope  
 To see the moment when the righteous cause  
 Shall gain defenders zealous and devout  
 As they who have opposed her ; in which virtue  
 Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds  
 That are not lofty as her rights ; aspiring  
 By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.

That spirit only can redeem mankind :  
 And when that sacred spirit shall appear,  
 Then shall our triumph be complete as theirs.  
 Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the wise  
 Have still the keeping of their proper peace :  
 Are guardians of their own tranquillity,  
 They act, or they recede, observe, and feel ;  
 ' Knowing the heart of man is set to 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 interpose,  
 " The dignity of life is not impaired  
 By aught that innocently satisfies  
 The humbler cravings of the heart ; and he  
 Is a still happier man, who, for those heights  
 Of speculation not unfit, descends ;  
 And such benign affections cultivates  
 Among the inferior kinds ; not merely those  
 That he may call his own, and which depend,  
 As individual objects of regard,  
 Upon his care,—from whom he also looks  
 For signs and tokens of a mutual bond,—  
 But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,  
 Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.  
 Nor is it a mean praise of rural life  
 And solitude, that they do favour most,  
 Most frequently call forth, and best sustain  
 These pure sensations ; that can penetrate  
 The obstreperous city ; on the barren seas  
 Are not unfelt,—and much might recommend,

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\* Daniel.

How much they might inspirit and endear,  
The loneliness of this sublime retreat !”

“ Yes,” said the sage, resuming the discourse  
Again directed to his downcast friend,  
“ If, with the froward will and grovelling soul  
Of man offended, liberty is here,  
And invitation every hour renewed,  
To mark *their* placid state, who never heard  
Of a command which they have power to break,  
Or rule which they are tempted to 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 labour—covered, as a lake with waves ;  
 Thousands of cities, in the desert place  
 Built up of life, and food, and means of life !  
 Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,  
 Creatures, that in communities exist,  
 Less, as might seem, for general 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 self-same influence rules  
 The feathered kinds ; the fieldfare's pensive flock,  
 The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,  
 Hovering above these inland solitudes,  
 By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call  
 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 arch,  
 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 vigour. Quit your couch—  
 Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell :  
 Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed from heaven  
 Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye  
 Look down upon your taper, through a watch



## THE EXCURSION.

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 harbours, 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 tow'rd 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 vapours, call out shapes  
 And phantoms from the crags and solid earth,  
 As fast as a musician scatters sounds  
 Out of an instrument ; and, while the streams  
 (As at a first creation, and in haste  
 To exercise their untried faculties,)  
 Descending from the region of the clouds,  
 And starting from the hollows of the earth,  
 More multitudinous every moment, rend  
 Their way before them—what a joy to roam  
 An equal among mightiest energies ;  
 And haply sometimes with articulate voice,  
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard  
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,  
 ' 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, " whatso'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 humour 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 recognizes 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 ingulfed, 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,

## THE EXCURSION.

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 denials 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, Cephissus, 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 favourite vassals ? Does not Life  
Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,



Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust  
 Imagination's light when reason's fails,  
 The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?  
 Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare  
 What error is; and, of our errors, which  
 Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats  
 Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate  
 With truth the scale of intellectual rank?"

"Methinks," persuasively the sage replied,  
 "That for this arduous office you possess  
 Some rare advantages. Your early days  
 A grateful recollection must supply  
 Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed  
 To dignify the humblest state.—Your voice  
 Hath, in my hearing, often testified  
 That poor men's children, they, and they alone,  
 By their condition taught, can understand  
 The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks  
 For daily bread. A consciousness is yours  
 How feelingly religion may be learned  
 In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue—  
 Heard 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 labourer, whistles at his work—  
 Fearful, but resignation tempers fear,  
 And piety is sweet to infant minds.  
 The shepherd lad, who in the sunshine carves,  
 On the green turf, a dial—to divide  
 The silent hours; and who to that report  
 Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt  
 His round of pastoral duties, is not left  
 With less intelligence for *moral* things  
 Of gravest import. Early he receives,  
 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 illusion) lives and breathes  
 For noble purposes of mind : his heart  
 Beats to the heroic song of ancient days ;  
 His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.  
 And those illusions, which excite the scorn  
 Or move the pity of unthinking minds,  
 Are they not mainly outward ministers  
 Of inward conscience? with whose service charged  
 They come and go, appear and disappear,  
 Diverting evil purposes, remorse  
 Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,  
 Or pride of heart abating : and, when'er  
 For less important ends those phantoms move,  
 Who would forbid them, if their presence serve,  
 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 untried ear a murmuring stream  
Detains ; but tempted now to interpose,  
He with a smile exclaimed—

“ 'Tis well you speak

At a safe distance from our native land,  
And from the mansions where our youth was taught.  
The true descendants of those godly men  
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,  
Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles  
That harboured them,—the souls retaining yet  
The churlish features of that after race  
Who fled to 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 Saint 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 avowed 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 analysed  
 The thinking principle—shall they in fact  
 Prove a degraded race? and what avails  
 Renown, if their presumption make them such?  
 Oh! there is laughter at their work in heaven!  
 Inquire of ancient wisdom; go, demand  
 Of mighty nature, if 'twas ever meant  
 That we should pry far off, yet be unraised;  
 That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,  
 Viewing all objects unremittingly  
 In 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, finite object, in the abyss  
 Of infinite being, twinkling restlessly!

"Nor higher place can be assigned to him  
 And his compeers—the laughing sage of France.  
 Crowned was he, if my memory do not err,

With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,  
 In sign of conquest by his wit achieved,  
 And benefits his wisdom had conferred.  
 His 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 : whatso'er be felt or feared,  
 From higher judgment-seats make no appeal  
 To lower : can you question that the soul  
 Inherits an allegiance, not by choice  
 To be cast off, upon an oath proposed  
 By each new upstart notion? In the ports  
 Of levity no refuge can be found,  
 No shelter, for a spirit in distress.  
 He, who by wilful disesteem of life,  
 And proud insensibility to hope  
 Affronts the eye of solitude, shall learn  
 That her mild nature can be terrible ;  
 That neither she nor silence lack the power  
 To avenge their own insulted majesty.  
 O blest seclusion ! when the mind admits  
 The law of duty ; and can therefore move  
 Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,  
 Linked in entire complacence with her choice ;  
 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.  
 Oh, 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



## THE EXCURSION.

With floating dreams, disconsolate and black,  
The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

“ Within the soul a faculty abides,  
That with interpositions, which would hide  
And darken, so can deal, that they become  
Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to exalt  
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer even  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns like an 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 incumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment,—nay, from guilt ;  
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,  
From palpable oppressions of despair.”

The Solitary by these words was touched  
With manifest emotion, and exclaimed,  
“ But how begin ? and whence ?—The mind is free ;  
Resolve’—the haughty moralist would say,  
‘ This single act is all that we demand.’  
Alas ! such wisdom bids a creature fly  
Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn  
His natural wings !—To friendship let him turn  
For succour ; but perhaps he sits alone  
On stormy waters, in a little boat  
That holds but him, and can contain no more !  
Religion tells of amity sublime  
Which no condition can preclude ; of One  
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,  
All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs ;  
But is that bounty absolute ?—His gifts,  
Are they not still, in some degree, rewards  
For acts of service ? Can His love extend  
To hearts that own not Him ? Will showers of grace,  
When in the sky no promise may be seen,  
Fall to refresh a parched and withered land ?  
Or shall the groaning spirit cast her load  
At the Redeemer’s feet ?”

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

Do, in the constitution of their souls,  
Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;  
And as we fall by various ways, and sink

One deeper than another, self-condemned,  
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,  
So manifold and various are the ways  
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps  
Of all infirmity, and tending all  
To the same point,—attainable by all ;  
Peace in ourselves, and union with our God,  
For you, assuredly, a hopeful road  
Lies open : we have heard from you a voice  
At every moment softened in its course  
By tenderness of heart ; have seen your eye,  
Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven,  
Kindle before us.—Your discourse this day,  
That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow  
In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades  
Of death and night, has caught at every turn  
The colours of the sun. Access for you  
Is yet preserved to principles of truth,  
Which the imaginative will upholds  
In seats of wisdom, not to be approached  
By the inferior faculty that moulds,  
With her minute and speculative pains,  
Opinion, ever changing !—I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy ; for murmurings from within  
Were heard, sonorous cadences ! whereby  
To his belief, the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of faith ; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things ;  
Of 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 humbler power  
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend  
 Even here, where her amenities are sown  
 With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad  
 To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,  
 Where on the labours of the happy throng  
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace  
 City, and town, and tower,—and sea with ships  
 Sprinkled ;—be our companion while we track  
 Her rivers populous with gliding life ;  
 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,  
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods ;  
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade  
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness ;  
 Where living things, and things inanimate,  
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,  
 And speak to social reason's inner sense,  
 With inarticulate language.

For the man  
 Who, in this spirit, communes with the forms  
 Of nature, who with understanding heart  
 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  
 Which silently they yield, are multiplied  
 The spiritual presences of absent things.  
 Trust me, that for the instructed, time will come  
 When they shall meet no object but may teach  
 Some acceptable lesson to their minds  
 Of human suffering, or of human joy.  
 So shall they learn, while all things speak of man,  
 Their duties from all forms ; and general laws,  
 And local accidents, shall tend alike  
 To rouse, to urge ; and, with the will, confer  
 The ability to spread the blessings wide  
 Of true philanthropy. The light of love  
 Not failing, perseverance from their steps  
 Departing not, for them shall be confirmed  
 The glorious habit by which sense is made  
 Subservient still to moral purposes,  
 Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe  
 The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore  
 The burthen of existence. Science then  
 Shall be a precious visitant ; and then,  
 And only then, be worthy of her name.  
 For then her heart shall kindle ; her dull eye,  
 Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang  
 Chained to its object in brute slavery ;  
 But taught with patient interest to watch  
 The processes of things, and serve the cause  
 Of order and distinctness, not for this  
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,  
 Its most illustrious province, must be found  
 In furnishing clear guidance, a support  
 Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power.  
 So build we up the being that we are ;  
 Thus deeply drinking-in the soul of things  
 We shall be wise perforce ; and while inspired  
 By choice, and conscious that the will is free,  
 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 fervour in continuous stream ;  
 Such as, remote 'mid savage wilderness,

An Indian chief discharges from his breast  
 Into the hearing of assembled tribes,  
 In open circle seated round, and hushed  
 As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf  
 Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he speak :  
 The words he uttered shall not pass away ;  
 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.

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## BOOK V.

### 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 professions





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 everywhere, appeared  
Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots ;  
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched  
On the hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,  
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As, 'mid some happy valley of the Alps,"  
Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic power,  
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,  
Destroyed their unoffending commonwealth,  
A popular equality reigns here,  
Save for 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 portions 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 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 summits of the highest hills,  
 And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred pile  
 Stood open, and we entered. On my frame,  
 At such transition from the fervid air,  
 A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike  
 The heart, in concert with that temperate awe  
 And natural reverence, which the place inspired.  
 Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,  
 But large and massy ; for duration built ;  
 With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld  
 By naked rafters intricately crossed,  
 Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,  
 All withered by the depth of shade above.  
 Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,  
 Each, in its ornamental scroll inclosed,  
 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 honour was begun  
 In quality of page among the train  
 Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the seas  
 His royal state to show, and prove his strength  
 In tournament, upon the fields of France.  
 Another tablet registered the death,  
 And praised the gallant bearing, of a knight  
 Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles.  
 Near this brave knight his father lay 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  
 Upturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost  
 In some abstraction ;—gracefully he stood,  
 The semblance bearing of a sculptured form  
 That leans upon a monumental urn  
 In peace, from morn to night, from year to year.

Him from that posture did the sexton rouse ;  
 Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,

Continuation haply of the notes  
 That had beguiled the work from which he came,  
 With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder hung,  
 To be deposited, for future need,  
 In their appointed place. The pale 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 light  
 And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown wall  
 My ancient friend and I together took  
 Our seats ; and thus the Solitary spake,  
 Standing before us :—“ Did you note the mien  
 Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,  
 Death's hireling, who scoops out his neighbour'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 this minor hold in trust  
 Rights that transcend the humblest heritage  
 Of mere humanity, present their charge,  
 For this occasion daintily adorned,  
 At the baptismal font. And when the pure



And consecrating element hath cleansed  
 The original stain, the child is there received  
 Into the second ark, Christ's Church, with trust  
 That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float  
 Over the billows of this troublesome world  
 To the fair land of everlasting life.  
 Corrupt affections, covetous desires,  
 Are all renounced ; high as the thought of man  
 Can carry virtue, virtue is professed ;  
 A dedication made, a promise given  
 For due provision to control and guide,  
 And unremitting progress to insure  
 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 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 inquire,  
 Island or grove, that hides a blessed few  
 Who, with obedience willing and sincere,  
 To your serene authorities conform;  
 But whom, I ask, of individual souls,  
 Have ye withdrawn from passion's crooked ways,  
 Inspired, and thoroughly fortified!—If the heart  
 Could be inspected to its inmost folds  
 By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,  
 Who shall be named—in the resplendent line  
 Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man  
 Whom the best might of 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, in 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 neighbourhood; 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 honoured 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 favoured 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 and 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 favoured ground. But chance-regards,  
 And notice forced upon incurious ears ;  
 These, if these only, acting in despite  
 Of the encomiums by my friend pronounced  
 On humble life, forbid the judging mind  
 To trust the smiling aspect of this fair  
 And noiseless commonwealth. The simple race  
 Of mountaineers (by nature's self removed  
 From foul temptations, and by constant care  
 Of a good shepherd tended as themselves  
 Do tend their flocks) partake man's general lot  
 With little mitigation. They escape,  
 Perchance, guilt's heavier woes ; and do not feel  
 The tedium of fantastic idleness ;  
 Yet life, as with the multitude, with them,  
 Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale ;  
 That on the outset wastes its gay desires,  
 Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,  
 And pleasant interests—for the sequel leaving  
 Old things repeated with diminished grace ;  
 And all the laboured novelties at best  
 Imperfect substitutes, whose use and power  
 Evince the want and weakness whence they spring.'

While in this serious mood we held discourse,  
 The reverend pastor toward the churchyard 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.

A while 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 undistempred and unclouded spirit,  
 The object as it is ; but, for ourselves,  
 That speculative height we may not reach.  
 The good and evil are our own ; and we  
 Are that which we would contemplate from far.  
 Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—  
 Is difficult to gain and hard to keep—  
 As virtue's self ; like virtue is beset  
 With snares ; tried, tempted, subject to decay.  
 Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,  
 Blind were we without these ; through these alone  
 Are capable to notice or discern  
 Or to record ; we judge, but cannot be  
 Indifferent judges. Spite of proudest boast,  
 Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man  
 An effort only, and a noble aim ;

## THE EXCURSION.

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 strictest 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 churchyard, filled  
 With mounds transversely lying side by side  
 From east to west, before you will appear  
 An unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain,  
 With more than 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 ; wintery—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 insured  
 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 eventide,  
 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 honour ; which, encasing by the power  
 Of long companionship, the artist's hand,  
 Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,  
 From a too busy commerce with the heart !  
 Inglorious implements of craft and toil,  
 Both ye that shape and build, and ye that force,  
 By slow sollicitation, earth to yield  
 Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth  
 With wise reluctance, you would I extol

## THE EXCURSION.

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 æry 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,  
 The habitations, and the ways of men,  
 Himself unseen ! But no tradition tells  
 That ever hermit dipped his maple dish  
 In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon green fields ;  
 And no such visionary views belong  
 To those who occupy and till the ground,  
 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 colour, shape, and size,  
 Such as in unsafe times of Border war  
 Might have been wished for and contrived, to elude  
 The eye of roving plunderer—for their need  
 Suffices ; and unshaken bears the assault  
 Of their most dreaded foe, the strong south-west  
 In anger blowing from the distant sea.  
 Alone within her solitary hut ;  
 There, or within the compass of her fields,  
 At any moment may the dame be found,  
 True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest  
 And to the grove that holds it. She beguiles  
 By intermingled work of house and field  
 The summer's day, and winter's ; with success  
 Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,  
 Even at the worst, a smooth stream of content,  
 Until the expected hour at which her mate  
 From the far-distant quarry's vault returns ;  
 And by his converse crowns a silent day  
 With evening cheerfulness. In powers of mind,  
 In scale of culture, few among my flock  
 Hold lower rank than this sequestered pair ;  
 But 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 lanthorn in her hand she stood,  
 Or paced the ground—to guide her husband home,  
 By that unwearied signal kenned afar;  
 An anxious duty! which the lofty site,  
 Traversed but by a few irregular paths,  
 Imposes, whensoever untoward chance  
 Detains him after his accustomed hour  
 When night lies black upon the hills. 'But come,  
 Come,' said the matron, 'to our poor abode;  
 Those dark rocks hide it!' Entering, I beheld  
 A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth  
 Sate down! and to her office, with leave asked,  
 The dame returned.—Or ere that glowing pile  
 Of mountain turf required the builder's hand  
 Its wasted splendour to repair, the door  
 Opened, and she re-entered with glad looks,  
 Her helpmate following. Hospitable fare,  
 Frank conversation, made the evening's treat:  
 Need a bewildered traveller wish for more?  
 But more was given; I studied as we sate  
 By the bright fire, the good man's 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 honoured 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,  
 Dependents, 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—‘Oh, happy! yielding to the law  
 Of these privations, richer in the main!  
 While thankless thousands are oppressed and clogged  
 By ease and leisure—by the very wealth  
 And pride of opportunity made poor;  
 While tens of thousands falter in their path,  
 And sink through utter want of cheering light;  
 For you the hours of labour do not flag;  
 For you each evening hath its shining star,  
 And every Sabbath-day its golden sun!’”

“Yes!” said the Solitary with a smile  
 That seemed to break from an expanding heart,  
 “The untutored bird may found, and so construct,  
 And with such soft materials line her nest,  
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,  
 That the thorns wound her not; they only guard.  
 Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts



Of happy instinct which the woodland bird  
 Shares with her species, nature's grace sometimes  
 Upon the individual doth confer  
 Among her higher creatures born and trained  
 To use of reason. And, I own, that tired  
 Of the ostentatious world—a swelling stage  
 With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,  
 And from the private struggles of mankind  
 Hoping 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 beneath the mouldering walls  
 Of a rough precipice ; and some, apart,  
 In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,  
 As if the moon had showered them down in spite ;  
 But he repined not. Though the plough was scared  
 By these obstructions, ' round the shady stones  
 A fertilising moisture,' said the swain,  
 ' Gathers and is preserved ; and feeding dews  
 And damps, through all the drougthy 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—could feelingly 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 yon crystal lake,  
 And end their journey in the same repose !

" And blest are they who sleep ; and we that know  
 While in a spot like this we breathe and walk,  
 ' That all beneath us by the wings are covered  
 Of motherly humanity, outspread  
 And gathering all within their tender shade,  
 Though loth and slow to come ! A battle-field,  
 In stillness left when slaughter is no more,  
 With this compared, 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 appropriated 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 schoolboy ; 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 Word,  
 To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims.  
 Not without such assistance could the use  
 Of these benign observances prevail.  
 Thus are they born, thus fostered, 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."

## BOOK VI.

## 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 dispositions may have led him to end his days here—Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonizing influence of solitude upon two men, of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life—The rule by which peace may be obtained 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.

## THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

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 unproved. The voice, that greets  
 The majesty of both, shall pray for both ;  
 That mutually protected and sustained,  
 They may endure as long as sea surrounds  
 This favoured land, or sunshine warms her soil.  
 And oh, 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 lands  
 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.  
 Oh, 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 casts 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 labour bred.”

The Solitary answered :—“ Such a form  
Full well I recollect. We often crossed  
Each other’s path ; but, as the intruder seemed  
Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,  
And I as willingly did cherish mine,  
We met, and passed like shadows. I have heard,  
From my good host, that 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 the transition of that bitter hour !  
Lost was she, lost ; nor could the sufferer say  
That in the act of preference he had been  
Unjustly dealt with ; but the maid was gone !  
Had vanished from his prospects and desires ;  
Not by translation to the heavenly choir  
Who have put off their mortal spoils—ah, no !  
She lives another’s wishes to complete,—  
‘ Joy be their lot, and happiness,’ he cried,  
‘ His lot and hers, as misery 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  
 Discoloured, then divested. 'Tis affirmed  
 By poets skilled in nature's secret ways  
 That love will not submit to be controlled  
 By mastery :—and the good man lacked not friends  
 Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,  
 A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.  
 " Go to the hills," said one, " remit a while  
 This baneful diligence :—at early morn  
 Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods ;  
 And, leaving it to others, to foretell,  
 By calculations sage, the ebb and flow  
 Of tides, and when the moon will be eclipsed,  
 Do you, for your own benefit, construct  
 A calendar of flowers, plucked as they blow  
 Where health abides, and cheerfulness, and peace."  
 The attempt was made ;—'tis needless to report  
 How hopelessly ;—but innocence is strong,  
 And an entire simplicity of mind,  
 A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven,  
 That opens, for such sufferers, relief  
 Within 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 clements 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 height of strength—to earth  
 Hastily smitten, by a fever's force ;  
 Yet not with strokes 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.  
 The vestige, neither force of beating rain  
 Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw,  
 Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away :  
 And it is named, in memory of the event,  
 The path of perseverance.”

“Thou, from whom  
 Man has his strength,” exclaimed the Wanderer, “oh !  
 Do Thou direct it!—to the virtuous grant

The penetrative eye which can perceive  
 In this blind world the guiding vein of hope,  
 That, like this labourer, such may dig their way,  
 ' Unshaken, unsecluded, unterrified ;'  
 Grant to the wise *his* firmness of resolve !"

" That prayer were not superfluous," said the priest,  
 " Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,  
 That Westminster, for Britain's glory, holds,  
 Within the bosom of her awful pile,  
 Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,  
 Which wafts that prayer to Heaven, is due to all,  
 Wherever laid, who living fell below  
 Their virtue's humbler mark ; a sigh of *pain*  
 If to the opposite extreme they sank.  
 How would you pity her who yonder rests ;  
 Him, farther off ; the pair, who here are laid ;  
 But above all, that mixture of earth's mould  
 Whom sight of this green hillock to my mind  
 Recalls !— He lived not till his locks were nipped  
 By seasonable frost of age ; nor died  
 Before his temples, prematurely forced  
 To mix the manly brown with silver gray  
 Gave obvious instance of the sad effect  
 Produced, when thoughtless folly hath usurped  
 The natural crown that sage experience wears.  
 Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,  
 And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed  
 Or could perform ; a zealous actor—hired  
 Into the troop of mirth, a soldier—sworn  
 Into the lists of giddy enterprise—  
 Such was he ; yet, as if within his frame  
 Two several souls alternately had lodged,  
 Two sets of manners could the youth put on ;  
 And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird  
 That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,  
 Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still  
 As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,  
 Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,  
 Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,  
 That flutters on the bough, more light than he ;  
 And not a flower, that droops in the green shade,  
 More winningly reserved ! If ye inquire  
 How such consummate elegance was bred  
 Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice,  
 'Twas nature's will ; who sometimes undertakes,  
 For the reproof of human vanity,  
 Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.  
 Hence, for this favourite, lavishly endowed  
 With personal gifts, and bright instinctive wit,  
 While both, embellishing each other, stood  
 Yet farther recommended by the charm  
 Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,  
 And skill in letters, every fancy shaped  
 Fair expectations ; nor when to the world's  
 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  
 Not 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 who would, be wrought upon who might,  
 Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.  
 Such the too frequent tenor of his boast  
 In ears that relished the report ;—but all  
 Was from his parents happily concealed ;  
 Who saw enough for blame and pitying love.  
 They also were permitted to receive  
 His last, repentant breath ; and closed his eyes,  
 No more to open on that irksome world  
 Where he had long existed in the state  
 Of a young fowl beneath one mother hatched,  
 Though from another sprung—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 eternal ease. Of many such  
 Could I discourse ; but as their stay was brief,  
 So their departure only left behind  
 Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other trace  
 Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair  
 Who, from the pressure of their several fates,  
 Meeting as strangers, in a petty town  
 Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach  
 Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends  
 True to their choice ; and gave their bones in trust  
 To this loved cemetery, here to lodge  
 With unescutcheoned privacy interred  
 Far from the family-vault.—A chieftain one  
 By right of birth ; within whose spotless breast  
 The fire of ancient Caledonia burned.  
 He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed  
 The Stuart, landing to resume, by force  
 Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,  
 Aroused his clan ; and, fighting at their head,  
 With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent  
 Culloden's fatal overthrow.—Escaped  
 From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores  
 He fled ; and when the lenient hand of time  
 Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,  
 For his 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 sensation 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 favourite boundary to their lengthened walks  
 This churchyard was. And whether they had come  
 Treading their path in sympathy and linked  
 In social converse, or by some short space  
 Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,  
 One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway  
 Over both minds, when they a while 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 favourite resting-place.  
 But, as the remnant of the long-lived tree  
 Was disappearing by a swift decay,  
 They, with joint care, determined to erect,  
 Upon its site, a dial, that might stand  
 For public use preserved, and thus survive  
 As their own private monument ; for this  
 Was the particular spot, in which they wished,  
 (And Heaven was pleased to accomplish the desire)  
 That, undivided, their remains should lie.  
 So, where the mouldered tree had stood, was raised  
 Yon structure, framing, with the ascent of steps  
 That to the decorated pillar lead,  
 A work of art more sumptuous than might seem  
 To suit this place ; yet built in no proud scorn  
 Of rustic homeliness ; they only aimed  
 To ensure for it respectful guardianship.  
 Around the margin of the plate, whereon  
 The shadow falls to note the stealthy hours,  
 Winds an inscriptive legend."—At these words  
 Thither we turned ; and, gathered, as we read,  
 The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers couched,—  
*"Time flies ; it is his melancholy task  
 To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes.  
 And re-produce the troubles he destroys ;  
 But, while his blindness thus is occupied,  
 Discerning mortal ! do thou serve the will  
 Of time's eternal Master, and that peace  
 Which the world wants, shall be for thee confirmed."*

"Smooth verse, inspired by no 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  
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the priest in answer, "these be terms  
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,  
 We, whose established and unailing trust  
 Is in controlling Providence, admit  
 That, through all stations, human life abounds  
 With mysteries;—for, if faith were left untried,  
 How could the might, that lurks within her, then  
 Be shown? her glorious excellence—that ranks  
 Among the first of powers and virtues—proved?  
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude  
 That sympathy which you for others ask;  
 And I could tell, not travelling for my theme  
 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes  
 And strange disasters; but I pass them by,  
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace.  
 Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat  
 Of man degraded in his Maker's sight  
 By the deformities of brutish vice:  
 For, in such portraits, though a vulgar face  
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life  
 And unassuming manners might at once  
 Be recognised by all"—"Ah! do not think,"  
 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,  
 "Wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain,  
 (Gain shall I call it?—gain of what?—for whom?)  
 Should breathe a word tending to violate  
 Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look for  
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve  
 Which common human-heartedness inspires,  
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,  
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far  
 From us to infringe the laws of charity.  
 Let judgment here in mercy be pronounced:  
 This, self-respecting nature prompts, and this  
 Wisdom enjoins; but, if the thing we seek  
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind  
 How, from his lofty throne, the sun can fling  
 Colours as bright on exhalations bred  
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,

As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,  
Or the pellucid lake."

"Small risk," said I,  
"Of such illusion do we here incur ;  
Temptation here is none to exceed the truth ;  
No evidence appears that they who rest  
Within this ground, were covetous of praise,  
Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.  
Green is the churchyard, beautiful and green ;  
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge ;  
A heaving surface—almost wholly free  
From interruption of sepulchral stones,  
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf  
And everlasting flowers. These dalesmen trust  
The lingering gleam of their departed lives  
To oral records and the silent heart ;  
Depository faithful, and more kind  
Than fondest epitaphs : 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  
That 'twas no momentary happiness  
To have *one* inclosure 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 towards earth,  
 But in projection carried, as she walked  
 For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes ;  
 Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought  
 Was her broad forehead ; like the brow of one  
 Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare  
 Of overpowering light.—While yet a child,  
 She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,  
 Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished  
 With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking  
 To be admired, than coveted and loved.  
 Even at that age, she ruled as sovereign queen  
 'Mid her companions ; else their simple sports,  
 Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,  
 Had crossed her, only to be shunned with scorn.  
 Oh ! pang of sorrowful regret for those  
 Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,  
 That they have lived for harsher servitude,  
 Whether in soul, in body, or estate !  
 Such doom was hers ; yet nothing could subdue  
 Her keen desire of knowledge ; nor efface  
 Those brighter images—by books impressed  
 Upon her memory ; faithfully as stars  
 That occupy their places,—and, though oft  
 Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,  
 Are not to be extinguished, or impaired.

"Two passions, both degenerate, for they both  
 Began in honour, 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 almsgiving, 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, that sufficed for every end,  
 Save the contentment of the builder's mind,  
 A mind by nature indisposed to aught  
 So placid, so inactive, as content ;  
 A mind intolerant of lasting peace,  
 And cherishing the pang 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, and now in 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 unkindnesses, are all forgiven ;  
 Though, in this vale, remembered with deep awe !”

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THE vicar paused ; and towards a seat advanced,  
 A long stone-seat, fixed in the churchyard wall ;  
 Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part  
 Offering a sunny resting-place to them  
 Who seek the house of worship, while the bells  
 Yet ring with all their voices, or before  
 The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.  
 Under the shade we all sate down ; and there  
 His office, uninvited, he resumed.

“ As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb  
 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,  
 Screened by its parent, so that little mound  
 Lies guarded by its neighbour ; the small heap  
 Speaks for itself ; an infant there doth rest,  
 The sheltering hillock is the mother's grave.  
 If mild discourse, and manners that 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, or 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 reconciliation exquisite and rare,  
 The form, port, motions of this cottage-girl

Were such as might have quickened and inspired  
 A Titian's hand, address to picture forth  
 Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade  
 What time the hunter's earliest horn is heard  
 Startling the golden hills. A wide-spread elm  
 Stands in our valley, named the joyful tree ;  
 From dateless usage which our peasants hold  
 Of giving welcome to the first of May  
 By dances, round its trunk.—And if the sky  
 Permit, like honours, dance and song, are paid  
 To the Twelfth Night ; beneath the frosty stars  
 Or the clear moon. The queen of these gay sports,  
 If not in beauty, yet in sprightly air,  
 Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the ground  
 So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks  
 Less gracefully were braided ;—but this praise,  
 Methinks, would better suit another place.

“ She loved, and fondly deemed herself beloved.  
 The road is dim, the current unperceived,  
 The weakness painful and most pitiful,  
 By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,  
 May be delivered to distress and shame.  
 Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen danced,  
 Among her equals, round the joyful tree,  
 She bore a secret burthen ; and full soon  
 Was left to tremble for a breaking vow—  
 Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,  
 Alone, within her widowed mother's house.  
 It was the season sweet, of budding leaves,  
 Of days advancing towards 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,  
 Oh, come and hear him ! Thou who hast to me  
 Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly creature,  
 One of God's simple children that yet know not  
 The universal Parent, how he sings,  
 As if he wished the firmament of heaven

Should listen, and give back to him the voice  
Of his triumphant constancy and love ;  
The proclamation that he makes, how far  
His darkness doth transcend our fickle light !

“ Such was the tender passage, not by me  
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,  
Which I perused, even as the words had been  
Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand  
To the blank margin of a valentine,  
Bedropped with tears. '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 for that good mother dear,  
Who bore me,—and hath prayed for me in vain ;—  
Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain.’  
She spake, nor was the assurance unfulfilled ;  
And if heart-rending thoughts would 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 two-fold 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 sat,  
And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat  
Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping,  
Upon the last sweet slumber of her child,  
Until at length her soul was satisfied.

“ You see the infant's grave ;—and to this spot,  
The mother, oft as she was sent abroad,  
And whatsoever the errand, urged her steps :  
Hither she came ; and here she stood, or 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 dropped ; as every eye could see,  
 It hung its head in mortal languishment.  
 Aided by this appearance, I at length  
 Prevailed ; and, from those bonds released, she went  
 Home to her mother's house. The youth was fled ;  
 The rash betrayer could not face the shame  
 Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had caused ;  
 And little would his presence, or proof given  
 Of a relenting soul, have now availed ;  
 For, like a shadow, he was passed away  
 From Ellen's thoughts ; had perished to her mind  
 For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,  
 Save only those which to their common shame,  
 And to his moral being appertained :  
 Hope from that quarter would, I know, have brought  
 A heavenly comfort ; there she recognised  
 An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need ;  
 There, and, as seemed, there only.—She had built,  
 Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest,  
 In blindness all too near the river's edge ;  
 That work a summer flood with hasty swell  
 Had swept away ; and now her spirit longed  
 For its last flight to heaven's security.  
 The bodily frame 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 EXCURSION.

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 it was 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 churchyard wall,  
 Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself  
 In memory and for warning, and in sign  
 Of sweetness where dire anguish had been known,  
 Of reconciliation after deep offence,  
 There doth he rest.—No theme his fate supplies  
 For the smooth glozings of the indulgent world ;  
 Nor need the windings of his devious course  
 Be here retraced ;—enough that, by mishap  
 And venial error, robbed of competence,  
 And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,  
 He craved a substitute in troubled joy ;  
 Against his conscience rose in arms, and, braving  
 Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.  
 That which he had been weak enough to do  
 Was misery in remembrance ; he was stung,  
 Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the smiles  
 Of wife and children stung to agony.  
 Wretched at home, he gained no peace abroad ;  
 Ranged through the mountains, slept upon the earth,  
 Asked comfort of the open air, and found  
 No quiet in the darkness of the night,  
 No pleasure in the beauty of the day.  
 His flock he slighted : his paternal fields  
 Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished  
 To fly, but whither ? And this gracious church,  
 That wears a look so full of peace, and hope,  
 And love, benignant mother of the vale,  
 How fair amid her brood of cottages !  
 She was to him a sickness and reproach.  
 Much to the last remained unknown : but this

Is sure, that through remorse and grief he died ;  
 Though pitied among men, absolved by God,  
 He could not find forgiveness in himself ;  
 Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

“ Here rests a mother. But from her I turn,  
 And from her grave.—Behold—upon that bridge,  
 That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,  
 Carries into the centre of the vale  
 Its rocks and woods—the cottage where she dwelt,  
 And where yet dwells her faithful partner, left  
 (Full eight years past) the solitary prop  
 Of many helpless children. I begin  
 With words that might be prelude to a tale  
 Of sorrow and dejection ; but I feel  
 No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes  
 See daily in that happy family.  
 Bright garland form they for the pensive brow  
 Of their undrooping father’s widowhood,  
 Those six fair daughters, budding yet—not one,  
 Not one of all the band a full-blown flower !  
 Depressed, 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 endeavours have refused to till,  
 And hope hath never watered. The abode  
 Whose grateful owner can attest these truths,  
 Even were the object nearer to our sight,  
 Would seem in no distinction to surpass  
 The rudest habitations. Ye might think  
 That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown  
 Out of the living rock, to be adorned  
 By nature only ; but, if thither led,  
 Ye would discover, then, a studious work  
 Of many fancies, prompting many hands.  
 Brought from the woods the honeysuckle twines  
 Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,  
 A plant no longer wild ; the cultured rose  
 There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon  
 Roof-high ; the wild pink crowns the garden wall,  
 And with the flowers are intermingled stones  
 Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.  
 These ornaments, that fade not with the year,  
 A hardy girl continues to provide ;  
 Who mounting 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 favourite herbs—a space,  
 By sacred charter, holden for her use.  
 These, and whatever else the garden bears  
 Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,  
 I freely gather ; and my leisure draws

A not unfrequent pastime from the sight  
 Of the bees murmuring round their sheltered hives  
 In that inclosure ; 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 honoured 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, who rests beneath that turf, from which  
 I turned, that ye in mind might witness where,  
 And how, her spirit yet survives on earth."

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 BOOK VII.

## 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.

## THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

## CONTINUED.

WHILE thus from theme to theme the historian passed,  
 The words he uttered, and the scene that lay  
 Before our eyes, awakened in my mind  
 Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours ;  
 When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale,  
 (What time the splendour of the setting sun  
 Lay beautiful on Snowdon's sovereign brow,  
 On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur)  
 A wandering youth, I listened with delight  
 To pastoral melody or warlike air,  
 Drawn from the chords of the ancient British harp  
 By some accomplished master ; while he sate



Amid the quiet of the green recess,  
 And there did inexhaustibly dispense  
 An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,  
 Tender or blithe ; now, as the varying mood  
 Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a voice  
 From youth or maiden, or some honoured chief  
 Of his compatriot villagers (that hung  
 Around him, drinking in the impassioned notes  
 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required  
 For their heart's ease or pleasure. 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 playground of the village school ? ”

The vicar answered. “ No disdainful pride  
 In them who rest beneath, nor any course  
 Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped  
 To place those hillocks in that lonely guise.  
 Once more look forth, and follow with your sight  
 The length of road that from yon mountain's base  
 Through bare inclosures 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 uncinbowed  
 And naked stood that lowly parsonage  
 (For such in truth it is, and appertains  
 To a small chapel in the vale beyond)  
 When hither came its last inhabitant.

“ Rough and forbidding were the choicest roads  
 By which our northern wilds could then be crossed ;  
 And into most of these secluded vales  
 Was no access for wain, heavy or light.  
 So, at his dwelling-place the priest arrived  
 With store of household goods, in panniers slung  
 On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells,  
 And on the back of more ignoble beast ;  
 That, with like burthen of effects most prized

Or easiest carried, closed the motley train.  
 Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight years :  
 But still, methinks, I see them as they passed  
 In order, drawing tow'ards 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, 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 humour, by stern looks,  
 And questions in authoritative tone,  
 From some staid guardian of the public peace,  
 Checking the sober steed on which he rode,  
 In his suspicious wisdom ; oftener still  
 By notice indirect, or blunt demand  
 From traveller halting in his own despite,  
 A simple curiosity to ease.  
 Of which adventures, that beguiled and cheered  
 Their grave migration, the good pair would tell,  
 With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

“ A priest he was by function ; but his course  
 From his youth up, and high as manhood's noon,  
 (The hour of life to which he then was brought)  
 Had been irregular, I might say, wild ;  
 By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care  
 Too little checked. An active, ardent mind ;  
 A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme  
 To cheat the sadness of a rainy day ;  
 Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games ;  
 A generous spirit, and a body strong  
 To cope with stoutest champions of the bowl ;  
 Had earned for him sure welcome, and the rights  
 Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall  
 Of country squire, or at the statelier board

Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly pomp  
Withdrawn,—to while away the summer hours  
In condescension among rural guests.

“With these high comrades he had revelled long,  
Frolicked industriously, a simple clerk,  
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled  
Till the heart sickened. So each loftier aim  
Abandoning and all his showy friends,  
For a life's stay, 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 labour in his sacred charge.  
See him a constant preacher to the poor !  
And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,  
Yet when need was, with no reluctant will,  
The sick in body, or distress in mind ;  
And, by 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-coek 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-fenced, which at once  
Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.  
There snow-white curtains hung in decent folds ;  
Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,  
That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,  
Were nicely braided and composed a work

Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace  
 Lay at the threshold and the inner doors ;  
 And a fair carpet, woven of home-spun 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 parlour-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 look 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 to which 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 unsummed 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 noon-tide 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 neighbouring 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,—honourably 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 labourer, with moral virtue girt,  
 With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned."

" Doubt can be none," the pastor said, " for whom  
 This portraiture is sketched.—The great, the good,  
 The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise,  
 These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,  
 Honour assumed or given : and him, the Wonderful,  
 Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,  
 Deservedly have styled.—From his abode  
 In a 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, where'er 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 vapoury clouds  
 Through fancy's heat redounding in the brain,  
 And like the soft infections of the heart,  
 By charm of measured words may spread o'er field,  
 Hamlet, and town ; and piety survive  
 Upon the lips of men in hall or bower ;  
 Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,  
 And grave encouragement, by song inspired.  
 Vain thought ! but wherefore murmur or repine ?  
 The memory of the just survives in heaven :  
 And, without sorrow, will this ground receive  
 That venerable clay. Meanwhile 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 towards me, like a long straight path  
 Traced faintly in the greensward ; there, beneath  
 A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,  
 From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn  
 The precious gift of hearing. He grew up  
 From year to year in loneliness of soul ;  
 And this deep mountain valley was to him  
 Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn  
 Did never rouse this cottager from sleep  
 With startling summons ; not for his delight  
 The vernal cuckoo shouted ; not for him  
 Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds  
 Were working the broad bosom of the lake  
 Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,  
 Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud  
 Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,

The agitated scene before his eye  
 Was silent as a picture : evermore  
 Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.  
 Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts  
 Upheld, he duteously pursued the round  
 Of rural labours ; the steep mountain-side  
 Ascended with his staff and faithful dog ;  
 The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed ;  
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell  
 Among the jocund reapers. For himself,  
 All watchful and industrious as he was,  
 He wrought not ; neither field nor flock he owned :  
 No wish for wealth had place within his mind ;  
 Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.  
 Though born a younger brother, need was none  
 That from the floor of his paternal home  
 He should depart, to plant himself anew.  
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld  
 His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued  
 Of rights to him ; but he remained well pleased,  
 By the pure bond of independent love,  
 An inmate of a second family,  
 The fellow-labourer and friend of him  
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen.  
 Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight  
 That pressed upon his brother's house, for books  
 Were ready comrades whom he could not tire,—  
 Of whose society the blameless man  
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,  
 Even to old age, with unabated charm  
 Beguiled his leisure hours ; refreshed his thoughts ;  
 Beyond its natural elevation raised  
 His introverted spirit ; and bestowed  
 Upon his life an outward dignity  
 Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,  
 The stormy day, 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 in-sensibly 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  
 Towards 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 abound  
 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

## THE EXCURSION.

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 ye not that from the blind have flowed  
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre ;  
 And wisdom married to immortal verse ?”

Among the humble worthies, at our feet  
 Lying insensible to human praise,  
 Love, or regret,—*whose* lineaments would next  
 Have been portrayed, I guess not ; but it chanced  
 That near the quiet churchyard where we sate  
 A team of horses, with a ponderous freight  
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,  
 Whose sharp descent confounded their array,  
 Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

“ Here,” said the pastor, “ do we muse, and mourn  
 The waste of death ; and lo ! the giant oak  
 Stretched on his bier—that massy timber wain ;  
 Nor fail to note the man who guides the team.”

He was a peasant of the lowest class :  
 Gray locks profusely round his temples hung  
 In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite  
 Of winter cannot thin ; the fresh air lodged  
 Within his cheek, as light within a cloud ;  
 And he returned our greeting with a smile.  
 When he had passed, the Solitary spake :  
 “ A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
 And confident to-morrows,—with a face  
 Not worldly-minded ; for it bears too much  
 Of nature's impress,—gaiety and health,  
 Freedom and hope ; but keen, withal, and shrewd.  
 His gestures note,—and hark ! his tones of voice  
 Are all vivacious as his mien and looks.”

The pastor answered. “ You have read him well.  
 Year after year is added to his store  
 With *silent* increase : summers, winters—past,  
 Past or to come ; yea, boldly might I say,  
 Ten summers and ten winters of a space  
 That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,  
 Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix  
 The obligation of an anxious mind,  
 A pride in having, or a fear to lose ;  
 Possessed like outskirts of some large domain,  
 By any one more thought of than by him  
 Who holds the land in fee, its careless lord !  
 Yet is the creature rational—endowed  
 With foresight ; hears, too, every Sabbath day,  
 The Christian promise with attentive ear ;  
 Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of heaven



Reject the incense offered up by him,  
 Though of the kind which beasts and birds present  
 In grove or pasture ; cheerfulness of soul,  
 From trepidation and repining free.  
 How many scrupulous worshippers fall down  
 Upon their knees and daily homage pay  
 Less worthy, less religious even, than his !

“ This qualified respect, the old man's due,  
 Is paid without reluctance ; but in truth,”  
 (Said the good vicar with a fond half-smile,)  
 “ I feel at times a motion of despite  
 Towards one, whose bold contrivances and skill,  
 As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part  
 In works of havoc ; taking from these vales,  
 One after one, their proudest ornaments.  
 Full oft his doings leave me to deplore  
 Tall ash-tree sown by winds, by vapours nursed,  
 In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks ;  
 Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,  
 A veil of glory for the ascending moon ;  
 And oak whose roots by noontide dew were damped,  
 And on whose forehead inaccessible  
 The raven lodged in safety.—Many a ship  
 Launched into 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 labouring in the mine,  
 Content with meaner prowess, must have lacked  
 The trunk and body of its marvellous strength,  
 If his undaunted enterprise had failed  
 Among the mountain coves.

Yon household 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 opening to the fanning breeze,  
 A grave assemblage, seated while they shear  
 The fleece-incumbered 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 world,  
 This keen destroyer, in his turn, must fall.

“ Now from the living pass we once again  
 From age,” the priest continued, “ turn your thoughts ;  
 From age, that often unlamented drops,

And mark that daisied hillock, three spans long !  
 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 his unlooked-for gift  
 A bolder transport seizes. From the side  
 Of his bright hearth, and from his open door ;  
 Day after day the gladness is diffused  
 To all that come, 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 ebb'd 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 troubler 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  
Deeked 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  
Glow's at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks  
Are brightened round her. In his native vale  
Such and so glorious did this youth appear ;  
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts  
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam  
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,  
By all the graces with which nature's hand  
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards  
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,  
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form ;  
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,  
Discovered in their own despite to sense  
Of mortals, (if such fables without blame  
May find chance-mention on this sacred ground,)  
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,  
And through the impediment of rural cares,  
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone ;  
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,  
In him the spirit of a hero walked  
Our unpretending valley.—How the 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 and 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 labour, and yet bound  
 To most laborious service, though to them  
 A festival of unencumbered ease ;  
 The inner spirit keeping holiday,  
 Like vernal ground to Sabbath sunshine left.

“ Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,  
 Stretched on the grass or seated in the shade  
 Among his fellows, while an ample map  
 Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,  
 From which the gallant teacher would discourse,  
 Now pointing this way and now that.—‘ Here flows,<sup>o</sup>  
 Thus would he say, ‘ the Rhine, that famous stream !  
 Eastward, the Danube toward this inland sea,  
 A mightier river, winds from realm to realm ;—  
 And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back  
 Bespotted with innumerable isles.  
 Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk ; observe  
 His capital city !—Thence—along a tract  
 Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears  
 His finger moved, distinguishing the spots  
 Where wide-spread conflict then most fiercely raged ;  
 Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields  
 On which the sons of mighty Germany  
 Were taught a base submission.—‘ Here behold !  
 A nobler race, the Switzers, and their land ;  
 Vales deeper far than these of ours, 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-enflamed,  
 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 favourite son, most beautiful.  
 In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,  
 Spread with the spreading of her wealthy arts,  
 England, the ancient and the free, appeared,  
 In him to stand, before my swimming eyes,  
 Unconquerably virtuous and secure.  
 No more of this, lest I offend his dust:  
 Short was his life, and a brief tale remains.

"One summer's day—a day of annual pomp  
 And solemn chase—from morn to sultry noon



## THE EXCURSION.

His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,  
 The red-deer driven along its native heights  
 With cry of hound and horn ; and, from that toil  
 Returned with sinews weakened and relaxed,  
 This generous youth, too negligent of self,  
 Plunged—mid a gay and busy throng convened  
 To wash the fleeces of his father's flock—  
 Into the chilling flood.

Convulsions dire  
 Seized him that self-same night ; and through the space  
 Of twelve ensuing days his frame was wrenched  
 Till nature rested from her work in death.  
 To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid  
 A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour  
 Bright was the sun, the sky was cloudless blue—  
 A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;  
 And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,  
 From some commanding eminence had looked  
 Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen  
 A glittering spectacle ; but every face  
 Was pallid,—seldom hath that eye been moist  
 With tears that wept not then ; nor were the few  
 Who from their dwellings came not forth to join  
 In this sad service, less disturbed than we.  
 They started at the tributary peal  
 Of instantaneous thunder, which announced  
 Through the still air the closing of the grave ;  
 And distant mountains echoed with a sound  
 Of lamentation never heard before !"

The pastor ceased.—My venerable friend  
 Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye ;  
 And, when that eulogy was ended, stood  
 Enrapt,—as if his inward sense perceived  
 The prolongation of some still response,  
 Sent by the ancient soul of this wide land,  
 The spirit of its mountains and its seas,  
 Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,  
 Its rights and virtues—by that Deity  
 Descending ; and supporting his pure heart  
 With patriotic confidence and joy.  
 And, at the last of those memorial words,  
 The pining Solitary turned aside,  
 Whether through manly instinct to conceal  
 Tender emotions spreading from the heart  
 To his worn cheek ; or with uneasy shame  
 For those cold humours of habitual spleen,  
 That fondly seeking in dispraise of man  
 Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes urged  
 To self-abuse, a not 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 pastures—was beheld with eyes  
 Of admiration and delightful awe  
 By those untravelled dalesmen. With less pride,  
 Yet free from touch of envious discontent,  
 They saw a mansion at his bidding rise,  
 Like a bright star, amid the lowly band  
 Of their rude homesteads. Here the warrior dwelt,  
 And, in that mansion, children of his own,  
 Or kindred, gathered round him. As a tree  
 That falls and disappears, the house is gone;  
 And, through improvidence, or want of love  
 For ancient worth and honourable things,  
 The spear and shield are vanished, which the knight  
 Hung in his rustic hall. One ivied arch  
 Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains  
 Of that foundation in domestic care  
 Raised by his hands. And now no trace is left  
 Of the mild-hearted champion, save this stone,  
 Faithless memorial! and his family name  
 Borne by yon clustering cottages, that sprang  
 From out the ruins of his stately lodge:  
 These and the name and title at full length,—  
**Sir Alfred Erthing**, with appropriate words  
 Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath  
 Or posy—girding round the several fronts  
 Of three clear-sounding and harmonious bells,  
 "That in the steeple hang, his pious gift,"

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,"  
 The gray-haired Wanderer pensively 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 re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile  
 Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand  
 Of desolation aimed : to slow decline  
 These yield, and these to sudden 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 'erment in the minds of men,  
 Whence alteration, in the forms of things,  
 Various and vast. A memorable age !  
 Which did to him assign a pensive lot,  
 To linger 'mid the last of those bright clouds,  
 That, on the steady breeze of honour, sailed  
 In long procession calm and beautiful.  
 He who had seen his own bright order fade,  
 And its devotion gradually decline,  
 (While war, relinquishing the lance and shield,  
 Her temper changed, and bowed to other laws,)  
 Had also witnessed in his morn of life,  
 That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,  
 In town, and city, and sequestered glen,  
 Altar, and cross, and church of solemn roof,  
 And old religious house—pile after pile ;  
 And shook 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,  
 Fittest allied to anger and revenge.  
 But human-kind rejoices in the might

Of mutability ; and airy hopes,  
 Dancing around her, hinder and disturb  
 Those meditations of the soul, that feed  
 The retrospective virtues. Festive songs  
 Break from the maddened nations at the sight  
 Of sudden overthrow ; and cold neglect  
 Is the sure consequence of slow decay.  
 Even," said the Wanderer, "as that courteous knight,  
 Bound by his vow to labour for redress  
 Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact  
 By sword and lance the law of gentleness,  
 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."

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 BOOK VIII.

## 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—Favourable effects—The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth—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 by 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 PARSONAGE.

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 scraph'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, in the course  
 Of this self-pleasing exercise, that ye  
 My zeal to his would liken, 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 a while was pleased  
 More than the exhibitor himself, becomes  
 Weary and faint, and longs to be released.  
 But let us hence ! my dwelling is in sight,  
 And there—”

At this the Solitary shrunk  
 With backward will ; but, wanting not address  
 That inward motion to disguise, he said  
 To his compatriot, smiling as he spake :  
 “The peaceable remains of this 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 tie of daily interest, to maintain  
 Conciliatory manners and smooth speech ;  
 Such have been, and still are in their degree,  
 Examples efficacious to refine  
 Rude intercourse ; apt agents to expel,  
 By importation of unlooked-for arts,



Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice ;  
 Raising, through just gradation, savage life  
 To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.  
 Within their moving magazines is lodged  
 Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt  
 Affections seated in the mother's breast,  
 And in the lover's fancy ; and to feed  
 The sober sympathies of long-tried friends.  
 By these itinerants, as experienced men,  
 Counsel is given ; contention they appease  
 With gentle language ; in remotest wilds,  
 Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings bring :  
 Could the proud quest of chivalry do more ?"

" Happy," rejoined the Wanderer, " they who gain  
 A 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 labours of a peaceful land,  
 Wielding her potent enginery to frame  
 And to produce, with appetite as keen  
 As that of war, which rests not night or day,  
 Industrious to destroy ! With fruitless pains  
 Might one like me *now* visit many a tract  
 Which, in his youth, he trod and trod again,  
 A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,  
 Wished for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came,  
 Among the tenantry of 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 wild,  
 And formidable length of plashy lane,  
 (Prized avenues ere others had been shaped  
 Or easier links connecting place with place)  
 Have vanished,—swallowed up by stately roads  
 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom  
 Of Britain's farthest glens. The earth has lent  
 Her waters, air her breezes ; and the sail  
 Of traffic glides with ceaseless 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 vapour glittering in the morning sun.  
 And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,  
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,  
 Or disappearing ; triumph that proclaims  
 How much the mild directress of the plough  
 Owes to alliance with these new-born arts !  
 Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence the shores  
 Of Britain are resorted to by ships  
 Freight from every climate of the world  
 With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum  
 Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,  
 Or lie 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 sake.—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 labour'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's service ceased.

“Triumph who will in these profaner rites  
 Which we, a generation self-extolled,  
 As zealously perform ! I cannot share  
 His proud complacency ; yet 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,

Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,  
 And honest dealing, and untainted speech,  
 And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer.  
 That made the very thought of country-life  
 A thought of refuge, for a mind detained  
 Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?  
 Where now the beauty of the Sabbath kept  
 With conscientious reverence, as a day  
 By the Almighty law-giver pronounced  
 Holy and blest? and where the winning grace  
 Of all the lighter ornaments attached  
 To time and season, as the year rolled round?"

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passionate response,  
 "Fled utterly! or only to be traced  
 In a few fortunate retreats like this;  
 Which I behold with trembling, when I think  
 What lamentable change, a year—a month—  
 May bring; that brook converting as it runs  
 Into an instrument of deadly bane  
 For those, who, yet untempted to forsake  
 The simple occupations of their sires,  
 Drink the pure water of its innocent stream  
 With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss,  
 (Or call it comfort, by a humbler name.)  
 How art thou blighted for the poor man's heart!  
 Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,  
 The habitations empty! or perchance  
 The mother left alone,—no helping hand  
 To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;  
 No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,  
 Or in despatch 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 depressed, 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 attainment ? 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, under impending rocks ;  
 Or in the chambers of some natural cave ;  
 Or where their ancestors erected huts,  
 For the convenience of unlawful gain,  
 In forest purlieus ; and the like are bred,  
 All England through, where nooks and slips of ground,  
 Purloined, in times less jealous than our own,  
 From the green margin of the public way,  
 A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom  
 And gaiety 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 policy, and early trained  
 To earn, by wholesome labour 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 trock, 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  
 Fetched by the neighbouring brook.—Across the vale  
 The stately fence accompanied our steps;  
 And thus the pathway, by perennial green  
 Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,  
 As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,  
 The pastor's mansion with the house of prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined  
 With feminine 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 grey stone;

And that smooth slope from which the dwelling rose,  
 By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers  
 And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned ;  
 Profusion bright ! and every flower assuming  
 A more than natural vividness of hue,  
 From unaffected contrast with the gloom  
 Of sober cypress, and the darker foil  
 Of yew, in which survived some traces, here  
 Not unbecoming, of grotesque device  
 And uncouth fancy. From behind the roof  
 Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,  
 Blending their diverse foliage with the green  
 Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped  
 The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight  
 For wren and redbreast,—where they sit and sing  
 Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.  
 Nor must I leave untouched (the picture else  
 Were incomplete) a relique of old times  
 Happily spared, a little Gothic niche  
 Of nicest workmanship ; that once had held  
 The sculptured image of some patron saint,  
 Or of the blessed Virgin looking down  
 On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo ! where from the rocky garden mount  
 Crowned by its antique summer-house, descends,  
 Light as the silver fawn, a radiant girl :  
 For she hath recognized her honoured friend,  
 The Wanderer ever welcome ! A prompt kiss  
 The gladsome child bestows at his request ;  
 And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,  
 Hangs on the old man with a happy look,  
 And with a pretty restless hand of love.  
 We enter—by the lady of the place  
 Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port :  
 A lofty stature undepressed by time,  
 Whose visitation had not wholly spared  
 The finer lineaments of form and face ;  
 To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in  
 And wisdom loves.—But when a stately ship  
 Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast  
 On homeward voyage, what—if wind and wave,  
 And hardship undergone in various climes,  
 Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,  
 And that full trim of inexperienced hope  
 With which she left her haven—not for this,  
 Should the sun strike her, and the impartial breeze  
 Play on her streamers, fails she to assume  
 Brightness and touching beauty of her own,  
 That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair, appeared  
 This goodly matron, shining in the 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 sat,  
 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-panier on his back,  
 The boy of plainer garb, whose blush survives  
 More deeply tinged. Twin might the other be  
 To that fair girl who from the garden mount  
 Bounded—triumphant entry this for him.  
 Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone  
 On whose capacious surface see outspread  
 Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trouts ;  
 Ranged side by side, and lessening by degrees  
 Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.  
 Upon the board he lays the sky-blue stone  
 With its rich freight ;—their number he proclaims ;  
 Tells from what pool the noblest had been dragged ;  
 And where the very monarch of the brook,  
 After long struggle, had escaped at last—  
 Stealing alternately at them and us  
 (As doth his comrade too) a look of pride.  
 And verily the silent creatures made  
 A splendid sight, together thus exposed ;  
 Dead—but not sullied or deformed by death,  
 That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

But oh, the animation in the mien  
 Of those two boys ! Yea, in the very words  
 With which the young narrator was inspired,  
 When, as our questions led, he told at large  
 Of that day's prowess ! Him might I compare,  
 His 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.

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## BOOK IX.

### 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 opinions 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.

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

“ 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 vigour—thence can hear  
 Reverberations ; and a choral song,  
 Commingling with the incense that ascends  
 Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,  
 From her own lonely altar?—Do not think  
 That good and wise will ever 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 eve-humming insects, 'mid thin air  
 That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves  
 Many and idle, visits not his ear;  
 This he is freed from, and from thousand notes  
 Not less unceasing, not less vain than these,—  
 By which the finer passages of sense  
 Are occupied; and the soul, that would incline  
 To listen, is prevented or deterred.

“And may it not be hoped, that, placed by age  
 In like removal, tranquil though severe,  
 We are not so removed for utter loss;  
 But for some favour, suited to our need?  
 What more than that the severing should confer  
 Fresh power to commune with the invisible world,  
 And hear the mighty stream of tendency  
 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 labour on the plain below.

“But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes  
 Of man may rise, as to a welcome close  
 And termination of his mortal course,  
 Them only can such hope inspire whose minds  
 Have not been starved by absolute neglect;  
 Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;  
 To whom kind nature, therefore, may afford  
 Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;  
 Whose birth-right reason, therefore may insure.  
 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  
 Intrust 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 vessel of the big round year  
 Run o'er with gladness ; whence the being moves  
 In beauty through the world ; and all who see  
 Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force  
 Of language shall a feeling heart express  
 Her sorrow for that multitude in whom  
 We look for health from seeds that have been sown  
 In sickness, and for increase in a power  
 That works but by extinction ? On 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 indigenous vice  
 Of every country under heaven. My thoughts  
 Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,  
 A bondage lurking under shape of good,—  
 Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,  
 But all too fondly followed and too far ;  
 To victims, which the merciful can see  
 Nor think that they are victims ; turned to wrongs  
 By women who have children of their own,  
 Beheld without compassion, yea with praise !  
 I spake of mischief by the wise diffused  
 With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads  
 The healthier, the securer, we become ;  
 Delusion which a moment may destroy !  
 Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had seen  
 Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground,  
 Where circumstances and nature had combined  
 To shelter innocence, and cherish love ;  
 Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,  
 Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind ;  
 Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

“ Alas ! what differs more than man from man :  
 And whence that difference ? whence but from himself ?  
 For see the universal race endowed  
 With the same upright form !—The sun is fixed,  
 And the infinite magnificence of heaven,  
 Fixed within reach of every human eye ;  
 The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears ;  
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight  
 Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,  
 Even as an object is sublime or fair,  
 That object is laid open to the view  
 Without reserve or veil ; and as a power  
 Is salutary, or an influence sweet,  
 Are each and all enabled to perceive  
 That power, that influence, by impartial law.  
 Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all ;  
 Reason,—and, with that reason, smiles and tears ;  
 Imagination, freedom in the will,  
 Conscience to guide and check, and death to be  
 Foretasted, immortality 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 beheld even now)  
 Blest in their several and their common lot !  
 A few short hours of each returning day  
 The thriving prisoners of their village school :  
 And thence let loose, to seek their 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,  
 Obediently doth take upon herself  
 To labour 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  
 Its 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,  
 “ Oh, 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, or 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, be 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 civilised,  
 A servile band among the lordly free !  
 'This sacred right, the lisping babe proclaims  
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,  
 For the protection of his innocence ;  
 And the rude boy,—who, having overpast  
 The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,  
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,  
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,  
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech  
 To impious use—by process indirect  
 Declares his due, while he makes known his need.  
 This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,  
 This universal plea in vain addressed,  
 To eyes and ears of parents who themselves  
 Did, in the time of their necessity,  
 Urge it in vain ; and therefore, like a prayer  
 That from the humblest roof 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 consistency, 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, avault the fear  
 Of numbers crowded on their native soil,  
 To the prevention of all healthful growth  
 Through mutual injury ! Rather in the law  
 Of increase and the mandate from above  
 Rejoice !—and ye have special cause for joy.  
 For, as the element of air affords  
 An easy passage to the industrious bees  
 Fraught with their burthens ; and a way as smooth  
 For those ordained to take their sounding flight  
 From the thronged hive, and settle where they list  
 In fresh abodes, their labour to renew ;  
 So the wide waters, open to the power,  
 The will, the instincts, and appointed needs  
 Of Britain, do invite her to cast off  
 Her swarms, and in succession send them forth ;  
 Bound to establish new communities  
 On every shore whose aspect favours hope  
 Or bold adventure ; promising to skill  
 And perseverance their deserved reward.  
 Yes,” he continued, kindling as he spake,  
 “ Change wide, and deep, and silently performed,  
 This land shall witness ; and as days roll on,  
 Earth’s universal frame shall feel the effect  
 Even till the smallest habitable rock,  
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs  
 Of 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 EXCURSION.

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 beautiful 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, I sometimes 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 ;  
 But an inexorable law forbade,  
 And each resigned the oar which he had seized.  
 Whereat, with willing hand I undertook  
 The needful labour ; 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 circ  
 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 shy plant,  
(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the vale,  
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds  
Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her sweets.

Such product, and such pastime did the place  
And season yield ; but as we re-embarked,  
Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore  
Of that wild spot, the Solitary said,  
In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,  
“The fire, that burned so brightly to our wish,  
Where is it now ? Deserted on the beach  
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 pinnace 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 sat reclined—admiring quietly  
 The general aspect of the scene ; but each  
 Not seldom over anxious to make known  
 His own discoveries ; or to favourite points  
 Directing notice merely from a wish  
 To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.  
 That rapturous moment ne'er shall I forget  
 When these particular interests were effaced  
 From every mind ! already had the sun,  
 Sinking with less than ordinary state,  
 Attained his western bound ; but rays of light  
 Now suddenly diverging from the orb  
 Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled  
 By the dense air—shot upwards to the crown  
 Of the blue firmament—aloft—and wide :  
 And multitudes of little floating clouds,  
 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 splendours, and the pomp  
 Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,  
 The radiant cherubim ;—accept the thanks  
 Which we, thy humble creatures, here convened,  
 Presume to offer ; we, who from the breast  
 Of the frail earth, permitted to behold  
 The faint reflections only of thy face,  
 Are yet exalted, and in soul adore !  
 Such as they are who in thy presence stand  
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink  
 Imperishable majesty streamed forth  
 From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth  
 Shall be—divested at the appointed hour  
 Of all dishonour—cleansed from mortal stain.  
 Accomplish, then, their number ; and conclude  
 Time's weary course ! Or, if, by thy decree,  
 The 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 persecutions 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 demeanour, as he spake,  
 On us the venerable pastor turned  
 His beaming eye that had been raised to Heaven,  
 “ Once, while the name Jehovah was a sound,  
 Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle,  
 Unheard, the savage nations bowed the head  
 To gods delighting in remorseless deeds ;  
 Gods which themselves had fashioned, to promote  
 Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.  
 Then in the bosom of yon mountain cove,  
 To those inventions of corrupted man  
 Mysterious rites were 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  
 We 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 favour showered  
 On you, the children of my humble care,  
 And this dear land, our country while on earth  
 We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,  
 Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.  
 These barren rocks, your stern inheritance ;  
 These fertile fields, that recompense your pains ;  
 The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain top ;  
 Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,  
 Or hushed ; the roaring waters and the still ;  
 They see the offering of my lifted hands—  
 They hear my lips present their sacrifice—  
 They know if I be silent more 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 splendours ; grey the vault,  
Pure, cloudless ether ; and the star of eve  
Was wanting ;—but inferior lights appeared  
Faintly, too faint almost for sight ; and some  
Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth  
In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained  
Her mooring-place ;—where, to the 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 favours.”

To enfeebled power,  
From this communion with uninjured minds,  
What renovation had been brought ; and what  
Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,  
Dejected, and habitually disposed  
To seek, in degradation of the kind,  
Excuse and solace for her own defects ;  
How far those erring notions were reformed ;  
And whether aught, of tendency as good  
And pure, from further intercourse ensued ;  
This—(if delightful hopes, as heretofore,  
Inspire the serious song, and gentle hearts  
Cherish, and lofty minds approve the past)  
My future labours may not leave untold.



## NOTES.

PREFACE. Page 336.

"*Descend, prophetic Spirit, that inspires  
The human soul of universal earth.*"

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

—SHAKESPEARE'S *Sonnets*.

Page 343.

"*He wandered forth, much did he see of men.*"

At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudice of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste. It may still, however, be satisfactory to have prose testimony how far a character, employed for purposes of imagination, is founded upon general fact. I therefore subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait:—

"We learn from Caesar and other Roman writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilizing the Indian natives than all the missionaries, Papist or Protestant, who have ever been sent among them.

"It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. *As they wander, each alone, through thinly-inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and of sublime contemplation.* With all these qualifications, no wonder, that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness, and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years, since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, on purpose to carry the pack, was considered as going to lead the life, and acquire the fortune, of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence, in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes."—HERON'S "*Journey in Scotland*," vol. i. p. 89.

Page 373.

"*Lost in unsearchable eternity!*"

Since this paragraph was composed, I have read with so much pleasure, in Burnet's "*Theory of the Earth*," a passage expressing correspondent sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it:—

"*Siquid verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum, in hac tellure, verè gratum, et philosopho ho-  
dignum, id semel mihi contigisse arbitror: cum ex celsissimâ rupe speculabundus ad oram maris  
Mediterranæi, hinc æquor cœruleum, illinc tractus Alpino prospexi; nihil quidem magis dispar-  
tut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego faciliè prætulërim  
Romanis cunctis, Græcisve: atque id quod natura hic spectandum exhibet, scenicis ludis omnibus,  
aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hic elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificentum, et  
quod placet magnitudinè suâ et quâdam specie immensitatis. Hinc intuebar maris æquabilem  
superficiem, usque et usque diffusam, quantum maximum oculorum acies ferri potuit; illinc dis-  
ruptissimam terræ faciem, et vastas moles variè elevatas aut depressas, erectas, propendentes, re-*



clinatas, coæcervatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. Placuit, ex hâc parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inexhausta quædam planities; ex altera, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum, et insanæ rerum strages: quas cum intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed confracti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

"In singulis ferè montibus erat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præ cæteris mihi placebat illa, quæ sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quæ terram respiciebat, molliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quæ verò mare, horrendum præceps, et quasi ad perpendiculum facta, instar parietis. Prætercâ facies illa marina ad eam erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisset à summo ad imum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, aut fulmine, divulsa.

"Ima pars rupis erat cava, recessusque habuit, et saxeos specus, euntes in vacuum montem: sive naturâ pridem factos, sive exesos mari, et undarum crebris ictibus: In hos enim cum impetu ruebant et fragore, æstuantis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes reddidit antrum, et quasi ab imo ventre evomit.

"Dextrum latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute; sinistrum non ad eam neglexerat Natura, arboribus utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus limpida aquæ prorupit: qui cum vicinam vallem irrigaverat, lento motu serpens, et per varios mæandros, quasi ad protrahendam vitam, in magno mari absorptus subito perit. Denique in summo vertice promontorii, commodè eminebat saxum, cui insidebam contemplabundus. Vale augusta sedes, Rege digna: Augusta rupes, semper mihi memoranda!"—Page 89. *Telluris Theoria sacra, etc. Editio secunda.*

Page 387.

*"Of Mississippi or that northern stream."*

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the world, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic: it is formed of minutæ, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency: while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the man of mind: he who is placed in the sphere of nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brookes's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first Pizarro that crossed him. But when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered Savanna; or contemplates from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready-produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great. His emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment: for he says, 'These were made by a good being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them' He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts; and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially. His mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."—From the notes upon "The Hurricane," a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.

Page 391.

*"'Tis, by comparison, an easy task  
Earth to despise; but to converse with Heaven."*

See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography."

Page 393.

*"Alas! the endowment of immortal power,  
Is matched unequally with custom, time."*

This subject is treated at length in the Ode—"Intimations of Immortality"—at page 313.

Page 395.

*"Knowing the heart of man is set to be."*

The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in Italics, are by him translated from Seneca. The whole poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas from it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise man's mind in a time of public commotion:—

“Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks  
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow  
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes ;  
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks,  
The storms of sad confusion that may grow  
Up in the present for the coming times,  
Appal not him ; that hath no side at all,  
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

“Although his heart (so near allied to earth)  
Cannot but pity the perplexed state  
Of troublous and distressed mortality,  
That thus make way unto the ugly birth  
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget  
Affliction upon imbecility :  
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,  
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,  
And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,  
And is deceived : whilst man doth ransack man,  
And builds on blood, and rises by distress ;  
And the inheritance of desolation leaves  
To great-expecting hopes : he looks thereon,  
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,  
And bears no venture in impiety.

“Thus, lady, fares that man that hath prepared  
A rest for his desires : and sees all things  
Beneath him ; and hath learned this book of man,  
Full of the notes of frailty : and compared  
The best of glory with her sufferings :  
By whom, I see, you labour all you can  
To plant your heart ; and set your thoughts as near  
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.”

Page 424.

“Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,  
And have the dead around us.”

LI O. *You, sir, would help me to the history  
Of half these graves ?*

PRIEST. *For eight-score winters past,  
With what I've witnessed and with what I've heard,  
Perhaps I might : — — — — —  
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,  
We two could travel, sir, through a strange round ;  
Yet all in the broad highway of the world.*

SEE PAGE 32, col. 3.

Page 430.

“And gentle nature grieved that one should die.”

—SOUTHEY'S “Retrospect.”

Page 430.

“And whence that tribute ? wherefore these regards ?”

The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in the following Essay upon Epitaphs, which was furnished by the author for Mr. Coleridge's periodical work, *The Friend* ; and as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades this and the two succeeding books, the sympathising reader will not be displeased to see the essay here annexed.

## ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS.

IT needs scarcely be said, that an epitaph presupposes a monument, upon which it is to be engraven. Almost all nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their dead are interred. Among savage tribes unacquainted with letters, this has mostly been done either by rude stones placed near the graves, or by mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire; first, to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach or from savage violation; and, secondly, to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage nations; as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mæcenas, who was wont to say, "Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos."

*I'm careless of a grave. nature her dead will save."*

As soon as nations had learned the use of letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon these monuments; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived monuments and epitaphs from two sources of feeling: but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. The invention of epitaphs, Weever, in his Discourse of Funeral Monuments, says rightly, "proceeded from the presage or fore-feeling of immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the scholars of Linus the Theban poet, who flourished about the year of the world two thousand seven hundred: who first bewailed this Linus their master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him *Elina*, afterwards *epitaphia*, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraved upon the sepulchres."

And, verily, without the consciousness of a principle of immortality in the human soul, man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: mere love, or the yearning of kind towards kind, could not have produced it. The dog or horse perishes in the field, or in the stall, by the side of his companions, and is incapable of anticipating the sorrow with which his surrounding associates shall bemoan his death, or pine for his loss; he cannot pre-conceive this regret, he can form no thought of it; and therefore cannot possibly have a desire to leave such regret or remembrance behind him. Add to the principle of love, which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of reason which exists in man alone; will the conjunction of these account for the desire? Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of this conjunction; yet not I think as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought, viz. That of an intimation or assurance within us, that some part of our nature is imperishable. At least the precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling to the other, is unquestionable. If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual being, the mind was without this assurance: whereas the wish to be remembered by our friends or kindred after death, or even in absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the *social* feelings have been developed, and the reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow, or any other irrational creature, is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death: or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what had been instilled into him! Has such an unfold of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed this early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of children upon the subject of origination? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions; for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the *whence*, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the *whither*. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "Towards what abyss is it in progress? what receptacle can contain the mighty influx?" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image gathered from a map, or from the real object in nature—these might have been the *letter*, but the *spirit* of the answer must have been as inevitably,—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions;—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the sense of immortality, if not a co-existent and twin birth with reason, is among the earliest of her offspring; and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations; but

the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute, that, if the impression and sense of death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding betwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful, that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow.—If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that man is an immortal being; and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed: it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corpse of an unknown person, lying by the sea-side; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt; saying, "See, the shell of the frown bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought, to which that other sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corpse of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal soul. Each of these sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast.—It is a connection formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets, conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birthplace in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts, till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the author of that species of composition, the laws of which it is our present purpose to explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral monument is a tribute to a man as a human being; and that an epitaph, (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and for the common benefit of the living; which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, *in close connection with the bodily remains of the deceased*; and these, it may be added, among the modern nations of Europe are deposited within, or contiguous to their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the walls of towns and cities; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the waysides.

I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminare upon the beauty which the monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature—from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness or in compliance with the invitation, "Pause, traveller!" so often found upon the monuments. And to its epitaph also must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting



analogies of life as a journey—death as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of misfortune as a storm that falls suddenly upon him—of beauty as a flower that passeth away, or of innocent pleasure as one that may be gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a rock against the beating waves;—of hope “undermined insensibly like the poplar by the side of the river that has fed it,” or blasted in a moment like a pine-tree by the stroke of lightning upon the mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected fountain. These, and similar suggestions, must have given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that nature with which it was in unison.—We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay, which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare in imagination the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery, in some remote place; and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenious poet of the present day. The subject of his poem is “All Saints’ Church, Derby:” he has been deploring the forbidding and unseemly appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish, that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the inhabitants of large towns in the country:—

“Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot,  
Where healing nature her benignant look  
Ne’er changes, save at that lorn season, when,  
With tresses drooping o’er her sable stole,  
She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man,  
Her noblest work (so Israel’s virgins erst,  
With annual moan upon the mountains wept  
Their fairest gone), there in that rural scene,  
So placid, so congenial to the wish  
The Christian feels, of peaceful rest within  
The silent grave, I would have strayed:

\* \* \* \* \*

—wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven  
Lay on the humbler graves around, what time  
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,  
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely muse,  
’Twere brooding on the dead inhumed beneath.  
There while with him, the holy man of Uz,  
O’er human destiny I sympathized,  
Counting the long, long periods prophecy  
Decrees to roll, ere the great day arrives  
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed spring  
Had met me with her blossoms, as the dove,  
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer  
The patriarch mourning over a world destroyed:  
And I would bless her visit; for to me  
’Tis sweet to trace the consonance that links  
As one, the works of nature and the word  
Of God.”—

JOHN EDWARDS.

A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population; and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the ancients, with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the Sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish church, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in cities and in villages, the dead are deposited in close connection with our places of worship, with us the composition of an epitaph naturally turns, still more than among



the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon departed worth—upon personal or social sorrow and admiration—upon religion, individual and social—upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contains nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But to entitle an epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the solid virtues, of the tenant of the grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This, and a pious admonition to the living, and a humble expression of a Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand churchyards; and it does not often happen that anything, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the dead or to the living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his essay upon the Epitaphs of Pope, to two causes; first, the scantiness of the objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want of variety in the characters of men; or, to use his own words, "to the fact, that the greater part of mankind have no character at all." Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a critic and a moralist speaking seriously upon a serious subject. The objects of admiration in human nature are not scanty, but abundant, and every man has a character of his own, to the eye that has skill to perceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in sepulchral memorials is this—that to analyse the characters of others, especially of those whom we love, is not a common or natural employment of men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of those minds who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us; with whom we have been long and daily pleased or delighted. The affections are their own justification. The light of love in our hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is discriminated in them from an excellence known by the same general name as it exists in the mind of another; and, least of all, do we incline to these refinements when under the pressure of sorrow, admiration, or regret, or when actuated by any of those feelings which incite men to prolong the memory of their friends and kindred, by records placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalising receptacle of the dead.

The first requisite, then, in an epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of death—the source from which an epitaph proceeds; of death and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless other excellences be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellences are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition. It will be found to lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception, conveyed to the reader's mind, of the individual, whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lament his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified, by particular thoughts, actions, images—circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnized into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The reader ought to know who and what the man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the individual lamented. But the writer of an epitaph is not an anatomist who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a painter who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquility: his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen, no—nor ought to be seen, otherwise, than as a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualizes and beautifies it; that takes away indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely, may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that accordingly the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered? It is truth, and of the highest order! for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist; yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view, which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and the affections of the living?—This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a

change is wrought in a moment!—Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a man to the tombstone on which shall be inscribed an epitaph on his adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an idle tale! No—the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the writer's mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on earth walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a spirit in heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the trunk and the main branches of the worth of the deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented. Any further detail, minutely and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and antithetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing spectator to this conclusion,—either that the dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits; or at least during the act of composition had lost sight of them; for, the understanding having been so busy in its petty occupation, how could the heart of the mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried person or the survivors, the memorial is uninteresting and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labour it unfeelingly. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points, of nature and condition, wherein all men resemble each other, as in the temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the grave which gathers all human beings to itself, and "equalizes the lofty and the low." We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love and are anxious for one another in one spirit; our hopes look to the same quarter: and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported, as patience, meekness, goodwill, temperance, and temperate desires, are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature; nor let the sense of their importance be sacrificed to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character; which if they do not, (as will for the most part be the case) when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place; for, as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing of them be interesting only to a few. But an epitaph is not a proud writing shunt up for the studious; it is exposed to all, to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard: its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired; the stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book;—the child is proud that he can read it,—and the stranger is introduced by its mediation to the company of a friend: it is concerning all, and for all:—in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it.

Yet, though the writer who would excite sympathy is bound in this case more than in any other to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered, that to raise a monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong indeed, but nothing ungovernable or wholly involuntary. Seemliness requires this, and truth requires it also: for how can the narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a grave is a tranquillizing object; resignation in course of time springs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf with which it may be covered, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraven, might seem to reproach the author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral oration or elegiac poem.

These sensations and judgments, acted upon perhaps unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why epitaphs so often personate the deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own tombstone. The departed mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone; that a state of rest is come; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior being, performing the office of a judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is death disarmed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantialized. By this tender fiction, the survivors bind themselves to a sedate sorrow, and employ the intervention of the imagination in order that the reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the living and the dead by their appropriate

affections. And I may observe, that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an epitaph should be cast in this mould preferably to the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the survivors directly: but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws, which ought to govern the composition of the other, may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the survivors speak in their own persons, seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable: as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the ground-work of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect epitaph; but it must be observed that one is meant which will best answer the *general* ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public men, in all instances save of those persons who, by the greatness of their services in the employments of peace or war, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in art, literature, or science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenor of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that, if it be the *actions* of a man, or even some *one* conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act; and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate survivors, but with continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches, in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualize them. This is already done by their works, in the memories of men. Their naked names and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration; or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue; or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual power,—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—the only offering that upon such an altar would not be unworthy!

“What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones?  
The labour of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a livelong monument,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

Page 431.

“*And spires whose silent finger points to heaven.*”

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples, which as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward. See *The Friend*, by S. T. Coleridge, No. 14, page 223.

Page 463.

“*That sycamore, which annually holds  
Within its shade, as in a stately tent.*”

“This sycamore, oft musical with bees;  
Such tents the Patriarchs loved.”

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Page 470.

“*Perish the roses and the flowers of kings.*”

The “*Transit gloria mundi*” is finely expressed in the introduction to the foundation charters of some of the ancient abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary’s, Furness, the translation of which is as follows:—

“Considering every day the uncertainty of life ; that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors, and dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay ; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death : I therefore,” etc.

Page 473.

*“ Earth has lent  
Her waters, air her breezes.”*

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect, with gratitude, the pleasing picture, which, in his poem of “The Fleece,” the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this island. He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good. Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.

Page 488.

*“ Binding herself by statute.”*

The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect, and it is impossible to overrate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.





## YARROW REVISITED,

AND

## OTHER POEMS,

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON THE  
ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

## YARROW REVISITED.

[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 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 enthraling,  
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 honour  
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 localised Romance  
Plays false with our affections ;  
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport  
For fanciful dejections :  
Ah, no ! the visions of the past  
Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is—our changeful Life,  
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day  
In Yarrow's groves were center'd ;  
Who through the silent portal arch  
Of mouldering Newark enter'd,  
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 !

## SONNETS.

## I.

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 sceptred King or laurelled Con-  
queror knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !

## II.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH  
OF SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a ragged  
steep  
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard  
lies ;  
The Hare's best couching-place for fearless  
sleep ;  
Which moonlit Elves, far seen by credulous  
eyes,  
Enter in dance. Of Church, or Sabbath  
ties,  
No vestige now remains ; yet thither creep  
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep  
Their prayers out to the wind and naked  
skies.  
Proud tomb is none ; but rudely-sculptured  
knights,  
By humble choice of plain old times, are  
seen  
Level with earth, among the hillocks green :  
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites  
The spangled turf, and neighbouring  
thickets ring  
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring !

## III.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE  
SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills,  
Among the happiest-looking Homes of  
men  
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep  
glen,  
On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
And o'er wide plains whereon the sky  
distils

Her lark's loved warblings ; does aught  
meet your ken  
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,  
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills  
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the  
Abode  
Of the good Priest : who, faithful through  
all hours  
To his high charge, and truly serving God,  
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and  
flowers,  
Enjoys the walks his Predecessors trod,  
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

## IV.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING  
A STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist ;—a clank  
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell  
To mark some change of service. As the  
swell  
Of music reached its height, and even  
when sank  
The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN ! to a blank  
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous  
roof,  
Pillars, and arches—not in vain time-proof,  
Though Christian rites be wanting ! From  
what bank  
Came those live herbs ? by what hand  
were they sown  
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops  
seem unknown ?  
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche  
Share with their sculptured fellows, that,  
green-grown,  
Copy their beauty more and more, and  
preach,  
Though mute, of all things blending into  
one

## V.

THE TROSSACHS.

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn  
Pass,  
But were an apt confessional for One  
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn  
gone,  
That Life is but a tale of morning grass,  
Withered at eve. From scenes of art that  
chase  
That thought away, turn, and with watch-  
ful eyes  
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear  
than glass

Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice  
happy quest,  
If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
(October's workmanship to rival May)  
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
This moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest.

## VI.

THE Pibroch's note, discountenanced or  
mute ;  
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy  
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy ;  
The target mouldering like ungathered  
fruit ;  
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,  
As eagerly pursued ; the umbrella spread  
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's  
head—  
All speak of manners withering to the root,  
And some old honours, too, and passions  
high :  
Then may we ask, though pleased that  
thought should range  
Among the conquests of civility,  
Survives imagination—to the change  
Superior ? Help to virtue does it give ?  
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live !

## VII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH  
ETIVE.

THIS Land of Rainbows, spanning glens  
whose walls,  
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured  
mists,  
Of far-stretched meres, whose salt flood  
never rests,  
Of tuneful caves and playful waterfalls,  
Of mountains varying momentarily their  
crests—  
Proud be this Land ! whose poorest huts  
are halls  
Where Fancy entertains becoming guests ;  
While native song the heroic Past recalls.  
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,  
The Muse exclaimed ; but Story now must  
hide  
Her trophies, Fancy crouch ;—the course  
of pride  
Has been diverted, other lessons taught,  
That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head  
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to  
tread.

## VIII.

## EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE, IN THE  
DAY OF OBAN.

DISHONOURED Rock and Ruin! that, by law  
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred  
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.  
Vexed is he, and screams aloud. The last  
I saw [awe  
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with  
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort  
paired, [guard,  
From a bold headland, their loved aery's  
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw  
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.  
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when  
his plumes  
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,  
In spirit, for a moment, he resumes  
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live  
free,  
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

## IX.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw  
Thy veil, in mercy, o'er the records hung  
Round strath and mountain, stamped by  
the ancient tongue  
On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—  
Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to  
show [have sprung;  
What crimes from hate, or desperate love,  
From honour misconceived, or fancied  
wrong,  
What feuds, not quenched but fed by  
mutual woe:  
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed  
By civil arts and labours of the pen,  
Could gentleness be scorned by these fierce  
Men,  
Who, to spread wide the reverence that  
they claimed  
For patriarchal occupations, named  
Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive  
Glen?"\*

## X.

AT TYNDRUM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,  
And all that Greece and Italy have sung  
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!  
*Ours* couch on naked rocks, will cross a  
brook

\* In Gaelic, *Buachaill Eite*.

Sworn with chill rains, nor ever cast a look  
This way or that, or give it even a thought  
More than by smoothest pathway may be  
brought

Into a vacant mind. Can written book  
Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Moun-  
taineer!

And guide the Bard, ambitious to be one  
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,  
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and  
hear

To what dread Power He delegates his part  
On earth, who works in the heaven of  
heavens, alone.

## XI.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED  
MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE,  
NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the Grave,  
in strains  
Thoughtful and sad, the "Narrow House."  
No style

Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile  
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he  
detains

The sleeping dust, stern Death: how recon-  
cile

With truth, or with each other, decked  
Remains

Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,  
For the departed, built with curious pains  
And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand  
Together,—'mid trim walks and artful  
bowers,

To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
That, for the living and the dead, demand  
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;  
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

## XII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL, AT THE HEAD  
OF GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious  
walk,

Who, that has gained at length the wished-  
for Height,

This brief this simple way-side call can  
slight,

And rest not thankful? Whether cheered  
by talk

With some loved Friend, or by the unseen  
Hawk

Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams,  
that shine

At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,

Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs  
repose,  
Will we forget that, as the Fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
And Fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's  
sweep,—  
So may the Soul, through powers that  
Faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss  
that Angels share.

## XIII.

## HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-  
built Cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and  
how it may,  
Shines in the greeting of the Sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not ;  
And why shouldst thou ? If rightly trained  
and bred,  
Humanity is humble,—finds no spot  
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to  
tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery  
roof,  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door ;  
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor ;  
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart  
wrong-proof,  
Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials  
fewer,  
Be'like less happy.—Stand no more aloof !

## XIV.

## THE BROWNIE.

Upon a small island not far from the head of  
Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient  
building, which was for several years the  
abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last  
survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once  
powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing  
along the shore opposite this island in the  
year 1814, the Author learned these particu-  
lars, and that this person then living there had  
acquired the appellation of "*The Brownie*."  
The following Sonnet is a sequel to the  
*Brownie's Cell*, p. 156.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt  
and toad ;  
Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell  
How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
Under an arch of that forlorn abode ;

Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gather-  
ing flood  
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, pre-  
pared to try  
Privation's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
Verily so to live was an awful choice—  
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom ;  
But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice ;  
And this forgotten Taper to the last  
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

## XV.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING  
STAR.

## COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend thee orient at the birth  
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
To watch thy course when Day-light, fled  
from earth,  
In the greysky hath left his lingering ghost,  
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost  
And splendour slowly mustering. Since the  
Sun,  
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,  
Relinquished half his empire to the host  
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,  
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
Touching, as now, in thy humility  
The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
Celestial Power, as much with love as light ?

## XVI.

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

IMMURED in Bothwell's Towers, at times  
the Brave  
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
The liberty they lost at Bannockbourn.  
Once on those steeps / roamed at large, and  
have  
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight ;  
The river glides, the woods before me wave ;  
But, by occasion tempted, now I crave  
Needless renewal of an old delight.  
Better to thank a dear and long-past day  
For joy its sunny hours were free to give  
Than blame the present, that our wish hath  
crossed.  
Memory, like Sleep, hath powers which  
dreams obey,  
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive :  
How little that she cherishes is lost !

## XVII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN  
AT HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
And fresh with rivers, well doth it become  
The Ducal Owner, in his Palace-home  
To naturalise this tawny Lion brood ;  
Children of Art, that claim strange brother-  
hood,  
Couched in their Den, with those that roam  
at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear  
Calls into life a more enduring fear ;  
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
Daunt him—if his Companions, now be-  
drowsed  
Yawning and listless, were by hunger roused :  
Man placed him here, and God, he knows,  
can save.

## XVIII.

THE AVON (*a feeder of the Annan*).

AVON—a precious, an immortal name !  
Yet is it one that other Rivulets bear  
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear  
Like this contented, though unknown to  
Fame :  
For great and sacred is the modest claim  
Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they  
flow ;  
And ne'er did genius slight them, as they go,  
Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding with-  
out blame.  
But Praise can waste her voice on work of  
tears,  
Anguish, and death : full oft where inno-  
cent blood  
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears ;  
Never for like distinction may the good  
Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with un-  
pleased ears !

## XIX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMI-  
NENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Calcedon  
Is but a name, nor more is Inglewood,  
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to  
flood :  
On her last thorn the nightly Moon has  
shone ;  
Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be  
none,

Fair parks spread wide where Adam Be<sup>d</sup>  
might deign  
With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive  
again,  
To kill for merry feast their venison.  
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade  
His Church with monumental wreck be-  
strown ;  
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,  
Hath still his Castle, though a Skeleton,  
That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
Of Power that perishes, and Rights that  
fade.

## XX.

## HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne  
affixed  
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
Among its withering topmost branches  
mixed,  
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,  
Whom the dog Hercules pursued—his part  
Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
Both sank and died, the life-veins of the  
chased  
And chaser bursting here with one dire  
smart.  
Mutual the Victory, mutual the Defeat !  
High was the trophy hung with pitiless  
pride ;  
Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a  
seat ;  
And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
Verse that would guard thy memory, *Hart's-  
horn Tree!*

## XXI.

## COUNTESS'S PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby,  
there stands a pillar with the following in-  
scription :—

" This pillar was erected, in the year 1656,  
by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c.,  
for a memorial of her last parting with her  
pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager  
of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616; in  
memory whereof she hath left an annuity of  
4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish  
of Brougham, every 2nd day of April for ever,  
upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus  
Deo !"]

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the end  
of time  
May this bright flower of Charity display  
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day ;



Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest  
clime!

"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,  
More than on written testament or deed,  
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.  
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*  
"Laus Deo." Many a Stranger passing by  
Hias with that parting mixed a filial sigh,  
Blest its humane Memorial's fond endea-  
vour;

And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-  
glazed,

Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God  
be praised!"

## XXII.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
Too high, or idle agitations lull!  
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
To have no seat for thought were better  
doom,

Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are  
they?

Our fond regrets, insatiate in their grasp?  
The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?  
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;  
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;  
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

## APOLOGY.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,  
Abrupt—as without preconcerted design  
Was the beginning, yet the several Lays  
Have moved in order, to each other bound  
By a continuous and acknowledged tie  
Though unapparent, like those Shapes  
distinct

That yet survive ensculptured on the walls  
Of Palace, or of Temple, 'mid the wreck  
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,  
As might besem a stately embassy,  
In set array; these bearing in their hands  
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,  
Or gift, to be presented at the Throne  
Of the Great King; and others, as they go  
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
Leading victims drest for sacrifice,

Nor will the Muse condemn, or treat with  
scorn

Our ministration, humble but sincere,  
That from a threshold loved by every Muse  
Its impulse took — that sorrow-stricken  
door,

Whence, as a current from its fountain-  
head,

Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings  
flowed,

Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
From kindred sources; while around us  
sighed

(Life's three first seasons having passed  
away)

Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost  
sprinklings fell,

Foretaste of winter, on the moorland  
heights;

And every day brought with it tidings new  
Of rash change, ominous for the public  
weal.

Hence, if dejection have too oft encroached  
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
Which may itself be cherished and  
caressed

More than enough, a fault so natural,  
Even with the young the hopeful or the gay.  
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

## THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

It to Tradition faith be due,  
And echoes from old verse speak true,  
Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore  
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
No common light of nature blessed  
The mountain region of the west,  
A land where gentle manners ruled  
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
'That raised, for centuries, a bar  
Impervious to the tide of war;  
Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain  
Where haughty Force had striven in vain,  
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,  
By wanderers brought from foreign lands  
And various climes, was not unknown  
The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;  
The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,  
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,  
The silver Broach of massy frame,  
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame  
On road or path, or at the door  
Of fern-thatched Hut on heathy moor:  
But delicate of yore its mould,  
And the material finest gold;

As might besem the fairest Fair,  
Whether she graced a royal chair,  
Or shed, within a vaulted Hall,  
No fancied lustre on the wall  
While shields of mighty Heroes hung,  
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired—it slept  
Deep in its tomb:—the bramble crept  
O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod  
Grew on the floors his Sons had trod:  
Malvina! where art thou? Their state  
The noblest-born must abdicate,  
The fairest, while with fire and sword  
Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,  
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest  
By ruder hands in homelier vest.  
Yet still the female bosom lent,  
And loved to borrow, ornament;  
Still was its inner world a place  
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;  
Still pity to this last retreat  
Clove fondly; to his favourite seat  
Love wound his way by soft approach,  
Pencath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage  
Yet fiercer, in a darker age;  
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,  
The weaker perished to a man;  
For maid and mother, when despair  
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,  
One small *possession* lacked not power,  
Provided in a calmer hour,  
To meet such need as might befall—  
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:  
For woman, even of tears bereft,  
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,  
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;  
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,  
And feeble, of themselves, decay;  
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,  
In which the castle once took pride!  
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.  
Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
Mount along ways by man prepared;  
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams  
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.  
Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts  
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;  
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
Among the novelties of morn,  
While young delights on old encroach,  
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,  
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread,  
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,  
Shall yield no light of love or praise,  
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,  
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,  
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might  
Entombs, or forces into light,  
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,  
That oft befriends Antiquity,  
And clears Oblivion from reproach,  
May render back the Highland Broach.

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THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

[For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,  
Forth-looking toward the Rocks of Scilly,  
The pleased Enchanter was aware  
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in  
air,  
Yet was she work of mortal hands,  
And took from men her name — THE  
WATER LILY.

Such was the wind, that landward blew;  
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill  
ascendant,  
Grows from a little edge of light  
To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright  
Became, as nearer to the Coast she drew,  
More glorious, with spread sail and  
streaming pendant.

Upon this winged Shape so fair  
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:  
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass  
Aught that was ever shown in magic  
glass;  
Was ever built with subtle care;  
Or, at a touch, set forth with wondrous  
transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill  
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern  
science,  
Grave Merlin (and belike the more  
For practising occult and perilous lore)  
Was subject to a freakish will  
That sapped good thoughts, or scared  
them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast  
An altered look upon the advancing  
Stranger  
Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,  
"My Art shall help to tame her pride—"  
Anon the breeze became a blast,  
And the waves rose, and sky portended  
danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign  
Traced on the beach, his work the  
Sorcerer urges ;  
The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,  
Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed  
By Fiends of aspect more malign ;  
And the winds roused the Deep with  
fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore  
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley ;  
Supreme in loveliness and grace  
Of motion, whether in the embrace  
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er  
The main flood roughened into hill and  
valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves  
Her sides, the Wizard's craft confound-  
ing ;  
Like something out of Ocean sprung  
To be for ever fresh and young,  
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves  
Top-gallant high, rebounding and re-  
bounding !

But Ocean under magic heaves,  
And cannot spare the Thing he cherished :  
Ah ! what avails that She was fair,  
Luminous, blithe, and debonair ?  
The storm has stripped her of her leaves ;  
The Lily floats no longer !—She hath  
perished.

Grieve for her,—She deserves no less ;  
So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature !  
No heart had she, no busy brain ;  
Though loved, she could not love again ;  
Though pitied, *feel* her own distress ;  
Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of  
Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears ;  
So richly was this Galley laden ;  
A fairer than Herself she bore,  
And, in her struggles, cast ashore ;  
A lovely One, who nothing hears  
Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless  
Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled  
From mischief, caused by spells himself  
had muttered ;  
And, while repentant all too late,  
In moody posture there he sate,  
He heard a voice, and saw, with half-  
raised head,  
A Visitant by whom these words were  
uttered :

"On Christian service this frail Bark  
Sailed" (hear me, Merlin ! ) "under high  
protection,  
Though on her prow a sign of heathen  
power  
Was carved—a Goddess with a Lilyflower,  
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark  
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

"Her course was for the British strand,  
Her freight it was a Damsel peerless ;  
God reigns above, and Spirits strong  
May gather to avenge this wrong  
Done to the Princess, and her Land  
Which she in duty left, though sad not  
cheerless.

"And to Caerleon's loftiest tower  
Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table  
A cry of lamentation send ;  
And all will weep who there attend,  
To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,  
For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

"Shame ! should a Child of Royal Line  
Die through the blindness of thy malice :"  
Thus to the Necromancer spake  
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,  
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,  
Who ne'er embittered any good man's  
chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to  
mourn ?  
To expiate thy sin endeavour !  
From the bleak isle where she is laid,  
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid  
May yet to Arthur's court be borne  
Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever.

" My pearly Boat, a shining Light,  
That brought me down that sunless river,  
Will bear me on from wave to wave,  
And back with her to this sea-cave;  
Then Merlin ! for a rapid flight  
Through air to thee my charge will I deliver.

" The very swiftest of thy Cars  
Must, when my part is done, be ready ;  
Meanwhile, for further guidance, look  
Into thy own prophetic book ;  
And, if that fail, consult the Stars  
To learn thy course ; farewell ! be prompt  
and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again  
Was seated in her gleaming Shallop,  
That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,  
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,  
Or like a steed, without a rein,  
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach  
That Isle without a house or haven ;  
Landing, she found not what she sought,  
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught  
But a carved Lotus cast upon the shore  
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble  
graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while !  
For gently each from each retreating  
With backward curve, the leaves revealed  
The bosom half, and half concealed,  
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile  
On Nina as she passed, with hopeful greet-  
ing.

No quest was hers of vague desire,  
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken ;  
Following the margin of a bay,  
She spied the lonely Cast-away,  
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,  
But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom  
forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,  
With tenderness and mild emotion,  
The Damsel, in that trance embound ;  
And, while she raised her from the ground,  
And in the pearly shallop placed,  
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs  
Of music opened, and there came a  
blending  
Of fragrance, undrived from earth,  
With gleams that owed not to the Sun  
their birth,

And that soft rustling of invisible wings  
Which Angels make, on works of love de-  
scending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice  
Than if the Goddess of the Flower had  
spoken :

" Thou hast achieved, fair Dame ! what  
none  
Less pure in spirit could have done ;  
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice !  
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success  
betoken."

So cheered she left that Island bleak,  
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster ;  
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,  
The self-illumined Brigantine  
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek  
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they  
came  
To the dim cavern, whence the river  
Issued into the salt-sea flood,  
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,  
Was thus accosted by the Dame :  
" Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver

" But where attends thy chariot—where?"  
Quoth Merlin, " Even as I was bidden,  
So have I done ; as trusty as thy barge  
My vehicle shall prove—O precious  
Charge !

If this be sleep, how soft ! if death, how  
fair !  
Much have my books disclosed, but the  
end is hidden."

He spake, and gliding into view  
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber  
Came two mute Swans, whose plumes  
of dusky white  
Changed, as the pair approached the light,  
Drawing an ebon car, their hue  
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift  
The Princess, passive to all changes :  
The car received her ; then up-went  
Into the ethereal element  
The Birds with progress smooth and swift  
As thought, when through bright regions  
memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,  
Instructs the Swans their way to measure ;  
And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,  
And notes of minstrelsy were heard

From rich pavilions spreading wide,  
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames  
Ere on firm ground the car alighted :  
Eftsoons astonishment was past,  
For in that face they saw the last  
Last lingering look of clay, that tames  
All pride, by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,  
Away with feast and tilt and tourney !  
Ye saw, throughout this Royal House,  
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous  
Of turrets, and a clash of swords  
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

"Lo ! by a destiny well known  
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow ;  
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid  
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed  
Where she by shipwreck had been thrown ;  
Ill sight ! but grief may vanish ere the  
morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,"  
Exclaimed the King, "a mockery hateful ;  
Dutiful Child ! her lot how hard !  
Is this her piety's reward ?  
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek !  
O winds without remorse ! O shore ungrateful !

"Rich robes are fretted by the moth ;  
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder ;  
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate  
A Father's sorrow for her fate ?  
He will repent him of his troth ;  
His brain will burn, his stout heart split  
asunder.

"Alas ! and I have caused this woe ;  
For, when my prowess from invading  
Neighbours  
Had freed his Realm, he plighted word  
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,  
And his dear Daughter on a Knight  
bestow  
Whom I should choose for love and match-  
less labours.

"Her birth was heathen, but a fence  
Of holy Angels round her hovered ;  
A Lady added to my court  
So fair, of such divine report  
And worship, seemed a recompence  
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

"Ask not for whom, O champions true !  
She was reserved by me her life's betrayer ;  
She who was meant to be a bride  
Is now a corse ; then put aside  
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with ob-  
servance due  
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to  
lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close  
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty ;  
Not froward to thy sovereign will  
Esteem me, Liege ! if I, whose skill  
Wafted her hither, interpose  
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

"My books command me to lay bare  
The secret thou art bent on keeping ;  
Here must a high attest be given,  
*What* Bridegroom was for her ordained  
by Heaven ;  
And in my glass significant there are  
Of things that may to gladness turn this  
weeping.

"For this, approaching, One by One,  
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand  
of the Virgin ;  
So, for the favoured One, the Flower may  
bloom  
Once more ; but, if unchangeable her  
doom,  
If life departed be for ever gone,  
Some blessed assurance, from this cloud  
emerging,

"May teach him to bewail his loss ;  
Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises  
And melts ; but grief devout that shall  
endure  
And a perpetual growth secure  
Of purposes which no false thought shall  
cross  
A harvest of high hopes and noble enter-  
prises."

"So be it," said the King ;—"anon,  
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the  
trial ;  
Knights each in order as ye stand  
Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand  
Sir Agravaire advanced ; no sign he won  
From Heaven or Earth ;—Sir Kaye had  
like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away ;  
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure ;  
Though he, devoutest of all Champions,  
ere  
He reached the chon car, the bier



Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,  
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek com-  
posure.

Imagine (but ye Saints ! who can ?)  
How in still air the balance trembled ;  
The wishes, peradventure the despites  
That overcame some not ungenerous  
Knights ;  
And all the thoughts that lengthened out  
a span  
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here !  
And there how many bosoms panted !  
While drawing toward the Car Sir Ga-  
waine, mailed  
For tournament, his Beaver veiled,  
And softly touched ; but, to his princely  
cheer  
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,  
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a  
brother,  
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there  
ensued  
No change ;—the fair Izonda he had  
wooded  
With love too true, a love with pangs too  
sharp,  
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot ;—from Heaven's  
grace  
A sign he craved, tired slave of vain con-  
trition ;  
The royal Guinever looked passing glad  
When his touch failed.—Next came Sir  
Galahad ;  
He paused, and stood entranced by that  
still face  
Whose features he had seen in noontide  
vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream  
He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady,  
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed  
A light around his mossy bed ;  
And, at her call, a waking dream  
Pictured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he  
bowed,  
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred  
with ermine,  
As o'er the insensate Body hung  
The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,

Belief sank deep into the crowd  
That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange ; the Youth had worn  
That very mantle on a day of glory,  
The day when he achieved that matchless  
feat,  
The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,  
Which whosoe'er approached of strenght  
was shorn,  
Though King or Knight the most renowned  
in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,  
And lo ! those Birds, far-famed through  
Love's dominions,  
The Swans, in triumph clap their wings ;  
And their necks play, involved in rings,  
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy  
land ;—  
" Mine is she," cried the Knight ;—again  
they clapped their pinions.

" Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,  
And to her name my soul shall cleave in  
sorrow ;"  
Whereat, a tender twilight streak  
Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's  
cheek ;  
And her lips, quickening with uncertain  
red,  
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to  
borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,  
Of love emboldened, hope with dread en-  
twining,  
When, to the mouth, relenting Death  
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,  
Precursor to a timid sigh,  
To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze  
Upon the signs that pass away or tarry ;  
In silence watched the gentle strife  
Of Nature leading back to life ;  
Then eased his Soul at length by praise  
Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the  
blissful Mary.

Then said he, " Take her to thy heart  
Sir Galahad ! a treasure that God giveth,  
Bound by indissoluble ties to thee  
Through mortal change and immortality ;  
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art  
A goodly Knight that hath no Peer that  
liveth !"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed ;  
 And sage tradition still rehearses  
 The pomp the glory of that hour  
 When toward the Altar from her bower  
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,  
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed  
 verses :—

Who shrinks not from alliance  
 Of evil with good Powers,  
 To God proclaims defiance,  
 And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted  
 From the Land of Nile did go ;  
 Alas ! the bright Ship floated,  
 An idol at her Prow.

By magic domination,  
 The Heaven-permitted vent  
 Of purblind mortal passion,  
 Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,  
 What served they in her need ?  
 Her port she could not win it,  
 Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,  
 And she was seen no more ;  
 But gently gently blame her,  
 She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,  
 And kept to him her faith,  
 Till sense in death was darkened,  
 Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow  
 Kept watch, a viewless band ;  
 And, billow favouring billow,  
 She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair ! whate'er befall you,  
 Your faith in Him approve  
 Who from frail earth can call you,  
 To bowers of endless love !



## 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 noon-day,  
 Like morning's dewy gleams ;  
 While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
 The tremulous heart excite ;  
 And hums the balmy air to still  
 The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power ! when Youths and  
 Maids

At peep of dawn would rise,  
 And wander forth, in forest glades  
 Thy birth to solemnize.

Though mute the song—to grace the rite  
 Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
 Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight ;  
 Man changes, but not Thou !

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings  
 In love's disport employ ;

Warmed by thy influence, creeping Things  
 Awake to silent joy :

Queen art thou still for each gay Plant  
 Where the slim wild Deer roves ;  
 And served in depths where Fishes haunt  
 Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing Peak, and trackless Heath,  
 Instinctive homage pay ;

Nor wants the dim-lit Cave a wreath  
 To honour Thee, sweet May !

Where Cities fanned by thy brisk airs  
 Behold a smokeless sky,

Their puniest Flower-pot-nursling dares  
 To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,  
 The Pole, from which thy name  
 Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
 Of song and dance and game,  
 Still from the village-green a vow  
 Aspires to thee 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.

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TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and set  
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
 And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;  
 There are who to a birthday strain  
 Confine not harp and voice,  
 But evermore throughout thy reign  
 Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,  
 Too sweet to pass away!  
 Oh for a deathless song to meet  
 The soul's desire—a lay  
 That, when a thousand years are told,  
 Should praise thee, genial Power!  
 Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
 And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, Sea, thy presence feel—nor less  
 If yon ethereal blue  
 With its soft smile the truth express,  
 The Heavens have felt it too.  
 The inmost heart of man if glad  
 Partakes a livelier cheer;  
 And eyes that cannot but be sad  
 Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks  
 Of hope that grew by stealth,  
 How many wan and faded cheeks  
 Have kindled into health!  
 The Old, by thee revived, have said,  
 "Another year is ours;"  
 And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,  
 Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song  
 Amid his playful peers?  
 The tender Infant who was long  
 A prisoner of fond fears;  
 But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
 Is quiet in its sheath,  
 His Mother leaves him free to taste  
 Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the Weed that creeps  
 Along the humblest ground;  
 No Cliff so bare but on its steeps  
 Thy favours may be found;  
 But most on some peculiar nook  
 That our own hands have drest,  
 Thou and thy train are proud to look,  
 And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth  
 When May is whispering, "Come!  
 Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
 The happiest for your home;  
 Heaven's bounteous love through me is  
 spread

From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
 Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
 And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs  
 For lilies that must fade,  
 Or "the rathe primrose as it dies  
 Forsaken" in the shade!  
 Vernal fruitions and desires  
 Are linked in endless chase;  
 While, as one kindly growth retires,  
 Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known  
 Mishap by worm and blight;  
 If expectations newly blown  
 Have perished in thy sight;  
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,  
 Were caught as in a snare;  
 Such is the lot of all the young,  
 However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check  
 Are patient of thy rule;  
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
 Loitering in glassy pool:  
 By thee, thee only, could be sent  
 Such gentle Mists as glide,  
 Curling with unconformed intent,  
 On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil  
 Through which yon House of God  
 Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale  
 By few but shepherds trod!  
 And lowly Huts, near beaten ways,  
 No sooner stand attired  
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise  
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,  
 Permit not for one hour  
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
 Nor add to it a flower!

Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
Of self-restraining art,  
This modest charm of not too much,  
Part seen, imagined part !

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INSCRIPTION.

THE massy Ways, carried across these  
Heights

By Roman Perseverance, are destroyed,  
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping  
worms.

How venture then to hope that Time will  
spare

This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's  
side

A Poet's hand first shaped it ; and the steps  
Of that same Bard, repeated to and fro  
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight  
skies,

Through the vicissitudes of many a year,  
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey  
line.

No longer, scattering to the heedless winds  
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,  
Shall he frequent these precincts ; locked  
no more

In earnest converse with beloved Friends,  
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,  
As from the beds and borders of a garden  
Choice flowers are gathered ! But, if Power  
may spring

Out of a farewell yearning favoured more  
Than kindred wishes mated suitably  
With vain regrets, the Exile would consign  
This Walk, his loved possession, to the care  
Of those pure Minds that reverence the  
Muse.

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ELEGIAC MUSINGS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL,  
THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR GEORGE  
BEAUMONT, BART.

[In these grounds stands the Parish Church,  
wherein is a mural monument, the Inscription  
upon which, in deference to the earnest request  
of the deceased, is confined to name, dates,  
and these words :—" Enter not into judgment  
with thy servant, O LORD !"]

WITH copious eulogy in prose and rhyme  
Raven on the tomb we struggle against  
Time,

Alas, how feebly ! but our feelings rise  
And still we struggle when a good man  
dies :

Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and  
forbade,

A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.  
Yet *here* at least, though few have num-  
bered days

That shunned so modestly the light of  
praise,

His graceful manners, and the temperate  
Of that arch fancy which would round him  
play,

Brightening a converse never known to  
swerve

From courtesy and delicate reserve ;  
That sense—the bland philosophy of life  
Which checked discussion ere it warmed  
to strife ;

Those fine accomplishments, and varied  
powers,

Might have their record among sylvan  
bowers.

—Oh, fled for ever ! vanished like a blast  
That shook the leaves in myriads as it  
passed ;

Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and  
From all its spirit-moving imagery,

Intensely studied with a Painter's eye,  
A Poet's heart ; and, for congenial view,  
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue

To common recognitions while the line  
Flowed in a course of sympathy divine—

Oh ! severed too abruptly from delights  
That all the seasons shared with equal  
rights—

Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,  
From soul-felt music, and the treasured  
page,

Lit by that evening lamp which loved to  
shed

Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head,  
While Friends beheld thee give with eye,  
voice, mien,

More than theatric force to Shakspeare's  
scene—

Rebuke us not !—The mandate is obeyed  
That said, " Let praise be mute where I  
am laid ;"

The holier deprecation, given in trust  
To the cold Marble, waits upon thy dust ;  
Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief  
From *silent* admiration wins relief.

Too long abashed thy Name is like a Rose  
That doth " within itself its sweetness  
close ;"

A drooping Daisy changed into a cup  
In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.

Within these Groves, where still are flitting  
by

Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,

Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,  
When towers and temples fall, to speak of  
Thee!

If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom  
Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,  
Green ivy, risen from out the cheerful earth,  
Shall fringe the lettered stone; and herbs  
spring forth,

Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain  
unbound,

Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;  
While truth and love their purposes fulfil,  
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,  
That could not lie concealed where Thou  
wert known;

Thy virtues *He* must judge, and *He* alone,  
The God upon whose mercy they are  
thrown.

---

EPITAPH.

By a blest Husband guided Mary came  
From nearest kindred, Vernon her new  
name;

She came; though meek of soul, in seemly  
pride

Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.  
O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which  
proves

That God will chasten whom he dearly  
loves.

Faith bore her up through pains in mercy  
given,

And troubles that were each a step to  
Heaven:

Two Babes were laid in earth before she  
died;

A third now slumbers at the Mother's side;  
Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford  
A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom eling the pain  
Of recent sorrow combated in vain;  
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to  
thwart

Time still intent on his insidious part,  
Lulling the Mourner's best good thoughts  
asleep,

Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot,  
keep;

Bear with Him—judge *Him* gently who  
makes known

His bitter loss by this memorial Stone;  
And pray that in his faithful breast the  
grace

Of resignation find a hallowed place.

INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE GROUNDS  
OF RYDAL MOUNT.

In these fair Vales hath many a Tree  
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;  
And from the Builder's hand this Stone,  
For some rude beauty of its own,  
Was rescued by the Bard:  
So let it rest;—and time will come  
When here the tender-hearted  
May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
As one of the departed.

---

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;  
Of Friends, however humble, scorn not  
one:

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the  
Sun.

---

INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS.

In Brugès town is many a street  
Whence busy life hath fled;  
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,  
The grass-grown pavement tread.  
There heard we, halting in the shade  
Flung from a Convent-tower,  
A harp that tuneful prelude made  
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,  
Was fit for some gay throng;  
Though from the same grim turret fell  
The shadow and the song.  
When silent were both voice and chords  
The strain seemed doubly dear,  
Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words  
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;  
And pinnacle and spire  
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,  
Clothed with innocuous fire;  
But where we stood, the setting sun  
Showed little of his state;  
And, if the glory reached the Num,  
'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?

---

### A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR,  
 UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings  
 Might bear thee to this glen,  
 With faithful memory left of things  
 To pencil dear and pen,  
 Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring  
 Rhine,  
 And all his majesty,  
 A studious forehead to incline  
 O'er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have seen,  
 In spirit, ere she came  
 To dwell these rifted rocks between,  
 Or found on earth a name;  
 An image, too, of that sweet Boy,  
 Thy inspirations give:  
 Of playfulness, and love, and joy,  
 Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
 How beautiful his eyes,  
 That blend the nature of the star  
 With that of summer skies!  
 I speak as if of sense beguiled;  
 Uncounted months are gone,  
 Yet am I with the Jewish Child,  
 That exquisite St. John.

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,  
 The smooth transparent skin,  
 Refined, as with intent to show  
 The holiness within;  
 The grace of parting Infancy  
 By blushes yet untamed;  
 Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
 Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet  
 As flowers, stand side by side;  
 Their soul-subduing looks might cheat  
 The Christian of his pride:  
 Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
 Upon them not forlorn,  
 Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
 Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite  
 Of poverty and wrong,  
 Doth here preserve a living light,  
 From Hebrew fountains sprung;  
 That gives this ragged group to cast  
 Around the dell a gleam  
 Of Palestine, of glory past,  
 And proud Jerusalem!

---

### DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

“Not to the earth confined,  
 Ascend to heaven.”

WHERE will they stop, those breathing  
 Powers,  
 The Spirits of the new-born flowers?  
 They wander with the breeze, they wind  
 Where'er the streams a passage find;  
 Up from their native ground they rise  
 In mute aerial harmonies;  
 From humble violet modest thyme  
 Exhaled, the essential odours climb,  
 As if no space below the sky  
 Their subtle flight could satisfy:  
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with  
 pride  
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,  
 The spirit-quickener of the flowers,  
 That with moist virtue softly cleaves  
 The buds, and freshens the young leaves,  
 The Birds pour forth their souls in notes  
 Of rapture from a thousand throats,  
 Here checked by too impetuous haste,  
 While there the music runs to waste,  
 With bounty more and more enlarged,  
 Till the whole air is overcharged,  
 Give ear, O Man! to their appeal  
 And thirst for no inferior zeal,  
 Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!  
 So pleads the town's cathedral choir,  
 In strains that from their solemn height  
 Sink, to attain a loftier flight:

While incense from the altar breathes  
 Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths ;  
 Or, flung from swinging censers, shrouds  
 The taper lights, and curls in clouds  
 Around angelic Forms, the still  
 Creation of the painter's skill,  
 That on the service wait concealed  
 One moment, and the next revealed.  
 —Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,  
 And for no transient ecstasies !  
 What else can mean the visual plea  
 Of still or moving imagery ?  
 The iterated summons loud,  
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd,  
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng  
 Hurrying the busy streets along ?

Alas ! the sanctities combined  
 By art to unsensualise the mind,  
 Decay and languish ; or, as creeds  
 And humours change, are spurned like  
 weeds :

The solemn rites, the awful forms,  
 Founder amid fanatic storms ;  
 The priests are from their altars thrust,  
 The temples levelled with the dust :  
 Yet evermore, through years renewed  
 In undisturbed vicissitude  
 Of seasons balancing their flight  
 On the swift wings of day and night,  
 Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
 Wide open for the scattered Poor.  
 Where flower-breathed incense to the skies  
 Is wafted in mute harmonies ;  
 And ground fresh cloven by the plough  
 Is fragrant with a humbler vow ;  
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dells  
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
 And vapours magnify and spread  
 The glory of the sun's bright head ;  
 Still constant in her worship, still  
 Conforming to the almighty Will,  
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
 Her admonitions Nature yields ;  
 That not by bread alone we live,  
 Or what a hand of flesh can give ;  
 That every day should leave some part  
 Free for a sabbath of the heart ;  
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
 From mora to eve, with hallowed rest.

## THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[The subject of the following poem is from the Orlandus of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby ; and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.]

## I.

You have heard " a Spanish Lady  
 How she wooed an English Man ;" \*  
 Hear now of a fair Armenian,  
 Daughter of the proud Soldán ;  
 How she loved a Christian Slave, and told  
 her pain  
 By word, look, deed, with hope that he  
 might love again.

## 2.

" Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"  
 Said she, lifting up her veil ;  
 " Pluck it for me, gentle Gardener,  
 Ere it wither and grow pale."  
 " Princess fair, I till the ground, but may  
 not take  
 From twig or bed an humbler flower, even  
 for your sake."

## 3.

" Grieved am I, submissive Christian !  
 To behold thy captive state ;  
 Women, in your land, may pity  
 (May they not?) the unfortunate."  
 " Yes, kind Lady ! otherwise Man could  
 not bear  
 Life, which to every one that breathes is  
 full of care."

## 4.

" Worse than idle is compassion  
 If it end in tears and sighs ;  
 Thee from bondage would I rescue  
 And from vile indignities ;  
 Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high  
 degree,  
 Look up—and help a hand that longs to  
 set thee free."

## 5.

" Lady, dread the wish, nor venture  
 In such peril to engage ;  
 Think how it would stir against you  
 Your most loving Father's rage :

\* See in Percy's Reliques, that fine old ballad,  
 " The Spanish Lady's Love ;" from which Poem  
 the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is  
 adopted.

Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked  
with shame,  
Should troubles overflow on her from whom  
it came."

6.

"Generous Frank! the just in effort  
Are of inward peace secure;  
Hardships for the brave encountered,  
Even the feeblest may endure:  
I, Almighty Grace through me thy chains  
unbind,  
My Father for slave's work may seek a  
slave in mind."

7.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,  
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"  
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,  
Me to save from chance of harm:  
Leading such Companion I that gilded  
Dome,  
Yon Minarets, would gladly leave for his  
worst home."

8.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess!  
And your brow is free from scorn,  
Else these words would come like mock-  
cry,  
Sharper than the pointed thorn."  
"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too  
wide apart  
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes  
could see the heart!"

9.

"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is  
These base implements to wield;  
Rusty Lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,  
Ne'er assoil my cobwebb'd shield!  
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,  
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts  
widowed hours."

10.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;  
Wedded? If you *can*, say no!—  
Blessed is and be your Consort;  
Hopes I cherished let them go!  
Handmaid's privilege would leave my pur-  
pose free,  
"Without another link to my felicity."

11.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,  
Lady, is a mystery rare;  
Body, heart, and soul in union,  
Make one being of a pair."

"Humble love in me would look for no  
return,  
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but  
cannot burn."

12.

"Gracious Allah! by such title  
Do I dare to thank the God,  
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,  
Flower of an unchristian sod!  
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in  
heaven dost wear?  
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt?  
where am I? where?"

13.

Here broke off the dangerous converse:  
Less impassioned words might tell  
How the pair escaped together,  
Tears not wanting, nor a knell  
Of sorrow in her heart while through her  
Father's door,  
And from her narrow world, she passed for  
evermore.

14.

But affections higher, holier,  
Urged her steps; she shrunk from trust  
In a sensual creed that trampled  
Woman's birthright into dust.  
Little be the wonder then, the blame be  
none,  
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such bold-  
ness on.

15.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:  
In those old romantic days  
Mighty were the soul's commandments  
To support, restrain, or raise.  
Foes might hang upon their path, snakes  
rustle near,  
But nothing from their inward selves had  
they to fear.

16.

Thought infirm ne'er eame between them,  
Whether printing desert sands  
With accordant steps, or gathering  
Forest-fruit with social hands;  
Or whispering like two reeds that in the  
cold moonbeam  
Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a  
crystal stream.

17.

"On a friendly deck reposing  
They at length for Venice steer;  
There, when they had closed their voyage  
One, who daily on the Pier

Watched for tidings from the East, beheld  
his Lord,  
Fell down and clasped his knees for joy,  
not uttering word.

18.

Mutual was the sudden transport;  
Breathless questions followed fast,  
Years contracting to a moment,  
Each word greedier than the last;  
"Hie thee to the Countess, Friend! return  
with speed,  
And of this Stranger speak by whom her  
Lord was freed.

19.

"Say that I, who might have languished,  
Drooped and pined till life was spent,  
Now before the gates of Stolberg  
My Deliverer would present  
For a crowning recompence, the precious  
grace  
Of her who in my heart still holds her  
ancient place.

20.

"Make it known that my Companion  
Is of royal Eastern blood,  
Thirsting after all perfection,  
Innocent, and meek, and good,  
Though with misbelievers bred; but that  
dark night  
Will Holy Church disperse by beams of  
Gospel Light."

21.

Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant,  
Soon returned a trusty Page  
Charged with greetings, benedictions,  
Thanks and praises, each a gage  
For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's  
way,  
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears  
allay.

22.

Fancy (while, to banners floating,  
High on Stolberg's Castle walls,  
Deafening noise of welcome mounted,  
Trumpets, Drums, and Atabals,)  
The devout embraces still, while such tears  
fell  
As made a meeting seem most like a dear  
farewell.

23.

Through a haze of human nature,  
Glorified by heavenly light,  
Looked the beautiful Deliverer  
On that overpowering sight,

While across her virgin cheek pure blushes  
strayed,  
For every tender sacrifice her heart had  
made.

24.

On the ground the weeping Countess  
Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand;  
Act of self-devoted homage,  
Pledge of an eternal band:  
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,  
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd  
did ratify.

25.

Constant to the fair Armenian,  
Gentle pleasures round her moved,  
Like a tutelary Spirit  
Reverenced, like a Sister, loved.  
Christian meekness smoothed for all the  
path of life,  
Who, loving most, should wiseliest love,  
their only strife.

26.

Mute Memento of that union  
In a Saxon Church survives,  
Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured  
As between two wedded Wives—  
Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,  
And the vain rank the Pilgrims bore while  
yet on earth.

---

#### THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A ROCK there is whose homely front  
The passing Traveller slights;  
Yet there the Glow-worms hang their  
lamps,  
Like stars, at various heights;  
And one coy Primrose to that Rock  
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
What kingdoms overthrown,  
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft  
And marked it for my own;  
A lasting link in Nature's chain  
From highest Heaven let down!

The Flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
Their fellowship renew;  
The stems are faithful to the root,  
That worketh out of view;  
And to the rock the root adheres  
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
 Though threatening still to fall ;  
 The earth is constant to her sphere ;  
 And God upholds them all :  
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
 Her annual funeral.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here closed the meditative Strain ;  
 But air breathed soft that day,  
 The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,  
 The sunny vale looked gay ;  
 And to the Primrose of the Rock  
 I gave this after-lay.

I sang, Let myriads of bright flowers,  
 Like Thee, in field and grove  
 Revive unenvied,—mightier far  
 Than tremblings that reprove  
 Our vernal tendencies to hope  
 Is God's redeeming love :

That love which changed, for wan disease,  
 For sorrow that had bent  
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age,  
 Their moral element,  
 And turned the thistles of a curse  
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
 The reasoning Sons of Men,  
 From one oblivious winter called  
 Shall rise, and breathe again ;  
 And in eternal summer lose  
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
 This prescience from on high,  
 The faith that elevates the Just,  
 Before and when they die ;  
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
 A court for Deity.



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 gaiety and ease.

Star-guided Contemplations move  
 Through space, though calm, not raised  
 above  
 Prognostics that ye rule ;  
 The naked Indian of the Wild,  
 And haply, too, the cradled Child,  
 Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,  
 Number their signs or instruments ?  
 A rainbow, a sunbeam,  
 A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,  
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,  
 An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth  
 With 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 kneel 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.

---

SONNETS.

THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLE-DOVE.

As often as I murmur here  
My half-formed melodies,  
Straight from her osier mansion near  
The Turtledove replies :  
Though silent as a leaf before,  
The captive promptly coos ;  
Is it to teach her own soft lore,  
Or second my weak Muse ?

I rather think, the gentle Dove  
Is murmuring a reproof,  
Displeased that I from lays of love  
Have dared to keep aloof ;  
That I, a Bard of hill and dale,  
Have carolled, fancy free,  
As if nor dove, nor nightingale,  
Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,  
Sweet Bird ! to do me wrong ;  
Love, blessed Love, is every where  
The spirit of my song :  
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,  
Love animates my lyre ;  
That coo again !—'tis not to chide,  
I feel, but to inspire.

CHATSWORTH ! thy stately mansion, and  
the pride  
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present  
To house and home in many a craggy rent

Of the wild Peak ; where new-born waters  
glide [abide  
Through fields whose thrifty Occupants  
As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
With every semblance of entire content ;  
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried !  
Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her  
troth [harms,  
To pastoral dales, thin set with modest  
May learn, if judgment strengthen with  
his growth,  
That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath  
charms ; [harms  
And, strenuous to protect from lawless  
The extremes of favoured life, may honour  
both.

---

DESponding Father ! mark this altered  
bough,  
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,  
Or moist with dews ; what more unsightly  
now,  
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if  
formed,  
Invisible ? yet Spring her genial brow  
Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay  
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou  
At like unlovely process in the May  
Of human life : a Stripling's graces blow,  
Fade and are shed, that from their timely  
fall  
(Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may  
grow  
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall  
call ;  
In *all* men, sinful is it to be slow  
To hope—in *Parents*, sinful above all.

---

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT  
BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the  
ground  
Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a  
Seer, appear ;  
Takes fire :—The men that have been re-  
Romans for travel girt, for business gowned,  
And some recline on couches, myrtle-  
crowned, [clear,  
In festal glee : why not ? For fresh and  
As if its hues were of the passing year,  
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From  
that mound  
Hoards may come forth of Trajans,  
Maximins,  
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil :

Or a fierce impress issues with its foil  
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling  
Twins [wins  
The unlettered Ploughboy pities when he  
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

## ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch, as monkish books  
attest,  
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells  
Broke forth in concert flung adown the  
dells, [crest ;  
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy  
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady  
blest  
To rapture ! Mabel listened at the side  
Of her loved Mistress : soon the music died,  
And Catherine said, " Here I set up my  
rest." [had sought  
Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long  
A home that by such miracle of sound  
Must be revealed :—she heard it now, or  
felt  
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought ;  
And there, a saintly Anchoress she dwelt  
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy  
ground.

## THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his enter-  
taining Memoir the substance of the following  
Tale, affirms, that, besides the concurring re-  
ports 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.]

## 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.

## 2.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold un-  
barred,  
Stepped one at dead of night,  
Whom such high beauty could not guard  
From meditated blight ;

By stealth she passed, and fled as fast  
As doth the hunted fawn,  
Nor stopped, till in the dapping east  
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

## 3.

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.

## 4.

" 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.

## 5.

She led her Lady to a seat  
Beside the glimmering fire,  
Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,  
Prevented each desire :  
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,  
And on that simple bed,  
Where she in childhood had reposed,  
Now rests her weary head.

## 6.

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.

## 7.

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 !

## 8.

"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!

## 9.

"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!

## 10.

"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."

## 11.

"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.

## 1.

THE Dwelling of this faithful pair  
 In a stragglng village stood,  
 For One who breathed unquiet air  
 A dangerous neighbourhood;  
 But wide around lay forest ground  
 With thickets rough and blind;  
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade  
 Impervious to the wind.

## 2.

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.

## 3.

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.

## 4.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread  
 Of Power's far-stretching hand,  
 The bold good Man his labour sped  
 At nature's pure command;  
 Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,  
 While, in a hollow nook,  
 She moulds her sight-eluding den  
 Above a murmuring brook.

## 5.

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.

## 6.

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.

## 7.

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.

8.

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.

9.

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.

10.

" 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 !

11.

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.

1.

'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.

From Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. See also his Dedicatory Epistle as fixed to the same work.

2.

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.

3.

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.

4.

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.

5.

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.

6.

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.

7.

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 might she had not dared  
 Their constancy to prove,  
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared  
 The weakness of their love.

## 8.

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.

## 9.

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 !

## 10.

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.

## 1.

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.

## 2.

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.

## 3.

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 !

## 4.

"From your deportment, Sir ! I deem  
 That you have worn a sword,  
 And will not hold in light esteem  
 A suffering woman's word ;  
 There is my covert, there perchance  
 I might have lain concealed,  
 My fortunes hid, my countenance  
 Not even to you revealed.

## 5.

"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 !

## 6.

"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.

## 7.

"From Moscow to the Wilderness  
 It was my choice to come,  
 Lest virtue should be harbourless,  
 And honour want a home ;  
 And happy were I, if the Czar  
 Retain his lawless will,  
 To end life here like this poor Deer,  
 Or a Lamb on a green hill."

## 8.

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,  
 "From Gallic Parents sprung,  
 Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,  
 Sad theme for every tongue ;



Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?  
 You, Lady, forced to wear  
 These rude habiliments, and rest  
 Your head in this dark lair!"

9.

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.

10.

"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.

11.

"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.

12.

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.

13.

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.

14.

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.

15.

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 honour high  
 To them and nature paid!

## SONNETS.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant  
 (As would my deeds have been) with hourly  
 care,  
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
 For naught but what thy happiness could  
 spare.  
 Speak, though this soft warm heart, once  
 free to hold  
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and  
 mine,  
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
 Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow  
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;  
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end  
 may know!

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein  
 Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a  
 sky  
 As void of sunshine, when, from that wide  
 Plain,  
 Clear tops of far-off Mountains we descried,  
 Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,  
 All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?  
 Yes, there was One;—for One, asunder fly  
 The thousand links of that ethereal chain;

And green vales open out, with grove and field,  
 And the fair front of many a happy home ;  
 Such tempting spots as into vision come  
 While soldiers, of the weapons that they wield  
 Weary, and sick of strife-ful Christendom,  
 Gaze on the moon by parting clouds re-  
 vealed.

---

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,  
 Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.]  
 Go, faithful Portrait ! and where long hath  
 knelt  
 Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy  
 place ;  
 And, if Timespare the colours for the grace  
 Which to the work surpassing skill hath  
 dealt,  
 Thou, on thy rock reclined, though King-  
 doms melt  
 And States be torn up by the roots, wilt  
 seem  
 To breathe in rural peace, to hear the  
 stream,  
 To think and feel as once the Poet felt.  
 Whate'er thy fate, those features have not  
 grown  
 Unrecognised through many a household  
 tear,  
 More prompt more glad to fall than drops  
 of dew  
 By morning shed around a flower half  
 blown ;  
 Tears of delight, that testified how true  
 To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how  
 dear !

---

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES,  
 IN A VASE.

THE soaring Lark is blest as proud  
 When at Heaven's gate she sings ;  
 The roving Bee proclaims aloud  
 Her flight by vocal wings ;  
 While Ye, in lasting durance pent,  
 Your silent lives employ  
 For something " more than dull content  
 Though haply less than joy."

Yet might your glassy prison seem  
 A place where joy is known,  
 Where golden flash and silver gleam  
 Have meanings of their own ;

While, high and low, and all about,  
 Your motions, glittering Elves !  
 Ye weave—no danger from without,  
 And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast  
 Is your transparent cell ;  
 Where Fear is but a transient guest,  
 No sullen humours dwell ;  
 Where, sensitive of every ray  
 'That smites this tiny sea,  
 Your scaly panoplies repay  
 The loan with usury.

How beautiful ! Yet none knows why  
 This ever-graceful change,  
 Renewed—renewed incessantly—  
 Within your quiet range.  
 Is it that ye with conscious skill  
 For mutual pleasure glide ;  
 And sometimes, not without your will,  
 Are dwarfed, or magnified ?

Fays—Genii of gigantic size—  
 And now, in twilight dim,  
 Clustering like constellated Eyes  
 In wings of Cherubim,  
 When they abate their fiery glare :  
 Whate'er your forms express,  
 Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are,  
 All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure ;  
 Your birthright is a fence  
 From all that haughtier kinds endure  
 Through tyranny of sense.  
 Ah ! not alone by colours bright  
 Are Ye to Heaven allied,  
 When, like essential Forms of light,  
 Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled  
 Day-thoughts while limbs repose ;  
 For moonlight fascinations mild  
 Your gift, ere shutters close ;  
 Accept, mute Captives ! thanks and praise  
 And may this tribute prove  
 That gentle admirations raise  
 Delight resembling love.

---

LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

[Addressed to a Friend ; the Gold and Silver  
 Fishes having been removed to a pool in  
 the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.]

"The liberty of a people consists in being  
 governed by laws which they have made for

themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse."—COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind regard,  
(Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard;  
Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling,

In lonely spots, become a slighted thing;) Those silent Inmates now no longer share,  
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,  
Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell  
To the fresh waters of a living Well;  
That spreads into an elfin pool opaque  
Of which close boughs a glimmering mirror make,

On whose smooth breast with dimples light and small

The fly may settle, leaf or blossom fall.  
—There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower

Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden Power,

That from his bauble prison used to cast  
Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpass'd;  
And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,  
The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;  
Dissevered both from all the mysteries  
Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.

They pined, perhaps, they languished while they shone;

And, if not so, what matters beauty gone  
And admiration lost, by change of place  
That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?

But if the change restore his birthright, then,  
Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.

Who can divine what impulses from God  
Reach the caged Lark, within a town-abode,  
From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?  
O yield him back his privilege! No sea  
Swells like the bosom of a man set free;  
A wilderness is rich with liberty.

Roll on, ye spouting Whales, who die or keep  
Your independence in the fathomless Deep!  
Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail;  
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!

If unproved the ambitious Eagle mount  
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,  
Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width,  
shall be,

Till the world perishes, a field for thee!

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,  
And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,

Among reflected boughs of leafy trees,  
By glimpses caught—disporting at their ease—

Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,  
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell  
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal Cell;  
To wheel with languid motion round and round,

Beautiful, yet in a mournful durance bound.  
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred;

On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred;

And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?

No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.

When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,  
They wore away the night in starless gloom;  
And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,

How faint their portion of his vital beams!  
Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,  
While not one joy of ours by them was shared.

Is there a cherished Bird (I venture now  
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow)—

Is there a brilliant Fondling of the cage,  
Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,  
Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand

Of a kind Mistress, fairest of the land,  
But gladly would escape; and, if need were,  
Scatter the colours from the plumes that bear  
The emancipated captive through blithe air  
Into strange woods, where he at large may live

On best or worst which they and Nature give?

The Beetle loves his unpretending track,  
The Snail the house he carries on his back:  
The far-fetched Worm with pleasure would disown

The bed we give him, though of softest down;

A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,  
All Ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of the name,

If doomed to breathe against his lawful will  
An element that flatters him—to kill,  
But would rejoice to barter outward show  
For the least boon that freedom can bestow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,  
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,  
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch  
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,  
A natural meal—days, months, from Na-  
ture's hand ;  
Time, place, and business, all at his com-  
mand !

Who bends to happier duties, who more wise  
Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,  
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed  
By cares in which simplicity is lost ?  
That life—the flowery path which winds by  
stealth,

Which Horace needed for his spirit's health ;  
Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome  
By noise, and strife, and questions wearis-  
some,

And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome ?  
Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,  
And fiction animate his sportive lyre,  
Attuned to verse that crowning light Dis-  
tress

With garlands cheats her into happiness ;  
Give *me* the humblest note of those sad  
strains

Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,  
As a chance sunbeam from his memory fell  
Upon the Sabine Farm he loved so well ;  
Or when the prattle of Bandusia's spring  
Haunted his ear—he only listening—  
He proud to please, above all rivals, fit  
To win the palm of gaiety and wit ;  
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,  
Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,  
By the World's Ruler, on his honoured  
head !

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
Such earnest longings and regrets as keen  
Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid  
Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade ;  
A doleful bower for penitential song,  
Where Man and Muse complained of mutual  
wrong ;

While Cam's ideal current glided by,  
And antique Towers nodded their fore-  
heads high,

Citadels dear to studious privacy.

But Fortune, who had long been used to  
sport

With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,  
Relenting met his wishes ; and to You  
The *remnant* of his days at least was true ;  
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved  
best ;

You, Muses, Books, Fields, Liberty, and  
Rest !

But happier they who, fixing hope and aim  
On the humanities of peaceful fame,  
Enter *betimes* with more than martial fire  
The generous course, aspire, and still aspire ;  
Upheld by warnings heeded not too late  
Stifle the contradictions of their fate,  
And to one purpose cleave, their being's  
godlike mate !

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid  
brow  
That Woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy*  
vow ;

With modest scorn reject whate'er would  
blind  
The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged  
mind !

Then, with a blessing granted from above  
To every act, word, thought, and look of  
love,

Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till  
age  
Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest  
page.\*

---

#### EVENING VOLUNTARIES

##### I.

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose  
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with  
falling dews.

Look for the stars, you'll say that there are  
none ;

Look up a second time, and, one by one,

---

\* There is now, alas ! no possibility of the  
anticipation, with which the above Epistle con-  
cludes, being realised : nor were the verses ever  
seen by the Individual for whom they were in-  
tended. She accompanied her husband, the  
Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera,  
at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three  
years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay,  
deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety stead-  
fast ; and her great talents would have enabled  
her to be eminently useful in the difficult path  
of life to which she had been called. The  
opinion she entertained of her own performances,  
given to the world under her maiden name,  
Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed,  
far below their merits ; as is often the case  
with those who are making trial of their powers  
with a hope to discover what they are best  
fitted for. In one quality—viz., quickness in  
the motions of her mind, she was in the author's  
estimation unequalled.

You mark them twinkling out with silvery  
light,  
And wonder how they could elude the sight.  
The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,  
Warbled a while with faint and fainter  
powers,  
But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers :  
Nor does the Village Church-clock's iron  
tone

The time's and season's influence disown ;  
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound  
In drowsy sequence ; how unlike the sound  
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear  
On fireside Listeners, doubting what they  
hear !

The Shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,  
Had closed his door before the day was  
done,

And now with thankful heart to bed doth  
creep,

And join his little Children in their sleep.  
The Bat, lured forth where trees the lane  
o'er shade,

Flits and reflits along the close arcade ;  
Far-heard the Dor-hawk chases the white  
Moth

With burring note, which Industry and Sloth  
Might both be pleased with, for it suits  
them both.

Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard  
no more ;

One Boat there was, but it will touch the  
shore

With the next dipping of its slackened oar ;  
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the  
gay,

Might give to serious thought a moment's  
sway,

As a last token of Man's toilsome day !

---

II.

NOT in the lucid intervals of life  
That come but as a curse to Party-strife ;  
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh  
Of languor puts his rosy garland by ;  
Not in the breathing-times of that poor  
Slave

Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's  
cave,

Is Nature felt, or can be ; nor do words,  
Which practised Talent readily affords,  
Prove that her hand has touched re-  
sponsive chords ;

Nor has her gentle beauty power to move  
With genuine rapture and with fervent love

The soul of Genius, if he dares to take  
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's  
sake ;

Untaught that meekness is the 'cherished  
bent

Of all the truly Great and all the Innocent,  
But who *is* innocent ? By grace divine,  
Not otherwise, O Nature ! we are thine  
Through good and evil thine, in just degre  
Of rational and manly sympathy.

To all that Earth from pensive hearts is  
stealing,

And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes  
revealing,

Add every charm the Universe can show  
Through every change its aspects undergo  
Care may be respited, but not repealed ;  
No perfect cure grows on that bounded  
field.

Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,  
If He, through whom alone our conflicts  
cease,

Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,  
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance ;  
To the distempered Intellect refuse

His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

---

III.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

THE Linnet's warble, sinking towards a  
close,

Hints to the Thrush 'tis time for their  
repose ;

The shrill-voiced Thrush is heedless, and  
again

The Monitor revives his own sweet strain ;  
But both will soon be mastered, and the  
copse

Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,  
Ere some commanding Star dismiss to rest

The throng of Rooks, that now, from twig  
or nest,

(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,  
And a last, a me of mazy hoverings

Around their ancient grove) with cawing  
noise

Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.  
O Nightingale ! Who ever heard thy song

Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so  
strong

That listening sense is pardonably cheated  
Where wood or stream by thee was never  
greeted.



Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,  
 Were not some gifts withheld by jealous  
 hands,  
 This hour of deepening darkness here would  
 be,  
 As a fresh morning for new harmony ;  
 And Lays as prompt would hail the dawn  
 of night ;  
 A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,  
 When the East kindles with the full moon's  
 light.

Wanderer by spring with gradual pro-  
 gress led,  
 For sway profoundly felt as widely spread ;  
 To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,  
 And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear ;  
 How welcome wouldst thou be to this green  
 Vale

Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!  
 From the warm breeze that bears thee on  
 alight

At will, and stay thy migratory flight ;  
 Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or  
 fount,

Who shall complain, or call thee to account ?  
 The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they  
 That ever walk content with Nature's way,  
 God's goodness measuring bounty as it may ;  
 For whom the gravest thought of what they  
 miss,

Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,  
 Is with that wholesome office satisfied,  
 While unrepining sadness is allied  
 In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

## IV.

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the  
 Mere

Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,  
 And motionless ; and, to the gazer's eye,  
 Deeper than Ocean, in the immensity  
 Of its vague mountains and unreal sky !  
 But, from the process in that still retreat,  
 Turn to minuter changes at our feet ;  
 Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn  
 The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,  
 And has restored to view its tender green,  
 That, while the sun rode high, was lost  
 beneath their dazzling sheen.

—An emblem this of what the sober Hour  
 Can do for minds disposed to feel its power !  
 Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away  
 The petty pleasures of the garish day,  
 Meek Eve shuts up the whole usurping host

(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his  
 post)

And leaves the disencumbered spirit free  
 To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time and  
 place,

When wisdom stands in need of nature's  
 grace ;

Why do good thoughts, invoked or not,  
 descend,

Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues  
 to befriend ;

If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,  
 " I come to open out, for fresh display,

The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

## V.

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned  
 hill,

And sky that danced among those leaves,  
 are still ;

Rest smooths the way for sleep ; in field  
 and bower

Soft shades and dews have shed their  
 blended power

On drooping eyelid and the closing flower ;  
 Sound is there none at which the faintest  
 heart

Might leap, the weakest nerve of supersti-  
 tion start ;

Save when the Owl's unexpected scream  
 Pierces the ethereal vault ; and 'mid the  
 gleam

Of unsubstantial imagery—the dream,  
 From the hushed vale's realities, transferred  
 To the still lake, the imaginative Bird  
 Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not un-  
 heard.

Grave Creature! whither, while the  
 moon shines bright

On thy wings opened wide for smoothest  
 flight,

Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,  
 Rising from what may once have been a  
 lady's bower :

Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy  
 mew

At the dim centre of a churchyard yew ;  
 Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod

Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,

Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek  
 or shout,

A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts ;

May the night never come, the day be seen,  
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy  
mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul  
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!  
Thee Athens revered in the studious  
grove;

And, near the golden sceptre grasped by  
His Eagle's favourite perch, while round  
him sate

The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,  
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side—  
Hark to that second larum! far and wide  
The elements have heard, and rock and  
cave replied.

## VI.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,  
Flung back from distant climes a stream-  
ing fire,

Whose blaze is now subdued to tender  
gleams,

Prelude of night's approach with soothing  
dreams.

Look round;—of all the clouds not one is  
moving;

'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling,  
loving.

Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,  
The boundless plain of waters seems to  
lie:—

Comes that low sound from breezes rustling  
o'er

The grass-crowned headland that conceals  
the shore!

No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to  
rebuke

Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,  
And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood  
Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,  
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain

For the brief course that must for me re-  
main;

Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice  
In admonitions of thy softest voice!

Whate'er the path these mortal feet may  
trace,

Breathe through my soul the blessing of  
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere  
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with  
fear;

Glad to expand, and, for a season, free  
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!

## VII.

( BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to  
rest,

And the wild storm hath somewhere found  
a nest;

Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer  
strives,

Only a heaving of the deep survives,  
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,

And by the tide alone the water swayed.  
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild

Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—  
Such is the prospect far as sight can range,

The soothing recompence, the welcome  
change.

Where now the ships that drove before the  
blast,

Threatened by angry breakers as they  
passed;

And by a train of flying clouds bemocked;  
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked

As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,  
Saved by His care who bade the tempest

cease;

And some, too heedless of past danger,  
court

Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port;  
But near, or hanging sea and sky between,

Not one of all those winged Powers is seen,  
Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet

heard;

Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred  
By some acknowledgment of thanks and

praise,  
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays

Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars  
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;

A sea-born service through the mountains  
felt

Till into one loved vision all things melt:  
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver

sound  
The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;

And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise  
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies,

Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine,  
Now when the star of eve comes forth to

shine  
On British waters with that look benign?

Ye mariners, that plough your onward  
way,

Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,  
May *silent* thanks to at least God be given

With a full heart, "our thoughts are heard  
in heaven!"

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY  
HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And he accepts the punctual hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide :  
Then here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light  
We need not toil from morn to night ;  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God !

Why should we crave a hallowed spot ?  
An Altar is in each man's cot,  
A Church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven ! the industrious Sun  
Already half his race hath run ;  
*He* cannot halt nor go astray,  
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the East,  
If we have faltered or transgressed,  
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,  
What yet remains of this day's course :

Help with thy grace, through life's short day  
Our upward and our downward way ;  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final rest.

—◆—  
A WREN'S NEST.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds  
In field or forest with nice care,  
Is none that with the little Wren's  
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,  
And seldom needs a laboured roof ;  
is it to the fiercest sun  
Impervious and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,  
In perfect fitness for its aim,  
That to the Kind by special grace  
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek  
An opportune recess,  
The Hermit has no finer eye  
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied Abbey walls,  
A canopy in some still nook ;  
Others are pent-housed by a brace  
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding Bird her Mate  
Warbles by fits his low clear song ;  
And by the busy Streamlet both  
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
Where, till the flitting Bird's return,  
Her eggs within the nest repose,  
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,  
There is a better and a best ;  
And, among fairest objects, some  
Are fairer than the rest ;

This, one of those small Builders proved  
In a green covert, where, from out  
The forehead of a pollard oak,  
The leafy antlers sprout ;

For She who planned the mossy Lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a Primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed an infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest  
The prettiest of the grove !

The treasure proudly did I show  
To some whose minds without disdain  
Can turn to little things, but once  
Looked up for it in vain :

'Tis gone—a ruthless Spoiler's prey,  
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,  
'Tis gone ! (so seemed it) and we grieved  
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,  
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves ;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple Flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb

Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
Secure from evil eyes and hands  
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, mother-bird ! and when thy young  
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,  
When withered is the guardian flower,  
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,  
Amid the unviolated grove  
Housed near the growing primrose tuft  
In foresight, or in love.

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SONNETS.

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A  
TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN THE SUMMER  
OF 1833.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of sonnets is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Gail-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels ! that have grown  
And spread as if ye knew that days might  
come

When ye would shelter in a happy home,  
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,  
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic  
crown

To sue the God ; but, haunting your green  
shade  
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to  
braid

Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship,  
self sown.

Farewell ! no Minstrels now with harp  
new-strung

For summer wandering quit their house-  
hold bowers ;

Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue  
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours  
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,  
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II.

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying  
through this Isle,

Repine as if his hour were come too late ?  
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,  
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,  
'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund  
toil,

And pleasure-grounds where Taste, re-  
fined Co-mate

Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,  
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.  
Fair land ! by Time's parental love made  
free,

By social Order's watchful arms embraced,  
With unexampled union meet in thee,  
For eye and mind, the present and the  
past ;

With golden prospect for futurity,  
If what is rightly revered may last.

---

III.

THEY called Thee merry England, in old  
time ;

A happy people won for thee that name  
With envy heard in many a distant clime :  
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st  
the same

Endearing title, a responsive chime  
To the heart's fond belief, though some  
there are

Whose sterner judgments deem that word  
a snare

For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can,  
I ask,

This face of rural beauty be a mask  
For discontent, and poverty, and crime ;  
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless  
will ;

Forbid it, Heaven !—that "merry Eng-  
land" still

May be thy rightful name, in prose and  
rhyme !

---

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening ! when huge  
stones

Rumble along thy bed, block after block :  
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,

Combat, while darkness aggravates the  
groans :

But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans

Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert  
 named  
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,  
 And the habitual murmur that atones  
 For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as  
 Spring  
 Deeks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand  
 thrones,  
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,  
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie  
 With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony :  
 To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

## V.

## TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed,  
 loved stream !  
 Thou near the Eagle's nest—within brief  
 sail,  
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
 Where thy deep voice could lull me !  
 Faint the beam  
 Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
 On mortal notice.—Glory of the Vale,  
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown,  
 though frail,  
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
 Of thy soft breath !—Less vivid wreath  
 entwined  
 Nemæan victor's brow ; less bright was  
 worn,  
 Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph  
 borne  
 With captives chained ; and shedding from  
 his car  
 The sunset splendours of a finished war  
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind !

## VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF  
 COCKERMOUTH,

(WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS  
 FATHER'S REMAINS ARE LAID.

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust,  
 And yours, my buried Little-ones ! am I ;  
 And to those graves looking habitually  
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust.  
 Death to the innocent is more than just,  
 And, to the sinner, mercifully bent ;  
 So may I hope, if truly I repent  
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must :

And You, my Offspring ! that do still  
 remain,  
 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,  
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual  
 pain  
 We breathed together for a moment's space,  
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love  
 arraign,  
 And only love keep in your hearts a place.

## VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF  
 COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly  
 think,  
 Poet ! that, stricken as both are by years,  
 We, differing once so much, are now  
 Compeers,  
 Prepared, when each has stood his time,  
 to sink  
 Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link  
 United us ; when thou, in boyish play,  
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey  
 To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink  
 Of light was there ;—and thus did I, thy  
 Tutor,  
 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with  
 the grave ;  
 While thou wert chasing the winged  
 butterfly  
 Through my green courts ; or climbing, a  
 bold suitor,  
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny  
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty  
 wave.

## VIII.

## NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle crowding round this beverage  
 clear  
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs  
 have trod  
 The encircling turf into a barren clod ;  
 Through which the waters creep, then  
 disappear,  
 Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near ;  
 Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-  
 stone-cell  
 Of the pure spring (they call it the '  
 Well,"  
 Name that first struck by chance my  
 startled ear)



A tender Spirit broods—the pensive Shade  
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid  
By hooded Votaries with saintly cheer ;  
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild  
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled  
Into the shedding of “ too soft a tear.”

## IX.

## TO A FRIEND.

(ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

PASTOR and Patriot ! at whose bidding rise  
These modest Walls, amid a flock that  
need

For one who comes to watch them and to  
feed

A fixed abode, keep down presageful sighs.  
Threats which the unthinking only can  
despise,

Perplex the Church ; but be thou firm,—  
be true

To thy first hope, and this good work  
pursue,

Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice  
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the  
smoke

Of thy new hearth ; and sooner shall its  
wreaths,

Mourning while carth her morning incense  
breathes,

From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,  
And straightway cease to aspire, than God  
disdain

This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

## X.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT,  
WORKINGTON.)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces  
vowed,

The Queen drew back the wimple that she  
wore ;

And to the throng how touchingly she  
bowed

That hailed her landing on the Cumbrian  
shore ;

Bright as a Star (that, from a sombre  
cloud

Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth  
darts,

When a soft summer gale at evening parts

The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)  
She smiled ; but Time, the old Saturnian  
Seer,

Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the  
strand,

With step prelude to a long array  
Of woes and degradations hand in hand,  
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear  
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fo-  
theringay !

## XI.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST  
OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF  
MAN.

RANGING the Heights of Scawfell or  
Black-coom,

In his lone course the Shepherd oft will  
pause,

And strive to fathom the mysterious laws  
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or  
gloom,

On Mona settle, and the shapes assume  
Of all her peaks and ridges. What He  
draws

From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the  
cause

He will take with him to the silent tomb :  
Or, by his fire, a Child upon his knee,  
Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak  
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory  
That satisfies the simple and the meek,  
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak  
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

## XII.

## AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith  
was strong,

That no adventurer's bark had power to  
gain

These shores if he approached them bent  
on wrong ;

For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,  
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search,  
though long

And eager, might be still pursued in vain.  
O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song !

That age, when not by *lavos* inanimate,  
As men believed, the waters were impelled,  
The air controlled, the stars their courses  
held,

But clement and orb on *acts* did wait

Of Powers endued with visible form,  
 instinct  
 With will, and to their work by passion  
 linked.

## XIII.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall?  
 To reinstate wild fancy would we hide  
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn  
 aside.  
 No,—let this Age, high as she may, install  
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's  
 fall,  
 The universe is infinitely wide,  
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,  
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new  
 wall  
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,  
 Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,  
 In progress toward the fount of Love,—the  
 throne  
 Of Power, whose ministering Spirits records  
 keep  
 Of periods fixed, and laws established, less  
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

## XIV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE  
 OF MAN.

“Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.”

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,  
 Even when they rose to check or to repel  
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well  
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn  
 Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles  
 adorn  
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;  
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,  
 A Tower of refuge to the else forlorn.  
 Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
 Struggling for life, into its saving arms!  
 Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they  
 stir  
 'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to  
 die?  
 No, their dread service nerves the heart it  
 warms,  
 And they are led by noble HILLARY.

## XV.

## BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling  
 brine  
 With wonder, smit by its transparency,  
 And all-enraptured with its purity?  
 Because the unstained, the clear, the  
 crystalline,  
 Have ever in them something of benign;  
 Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,  
 A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye  
 Of a young maiden, only not divine.  
 Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm  
 For beverage drawn as from a mountain  
 well:  
 Temptation centres in the liquid calm;  
 Our daily raiment seems no obstacle  
 To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!  
 And revelling in long embrace with Thee.

## XVI.

## ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade  
 On the smooth bottom of this clear bright  
 sea,  
 To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee  
 Leapt from this rock, and surely, had not  
 aid  
 Been near, must soon have breathed out  
 life, betrayed  
 By fondly trusting to an element  
 Fair, and to others more than innocent;  
 Then had sea-nymphs sung dirges for him  
 laid  
 In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was  
 frank,  
 Utterly in himself devoid of guile;  
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;  
 Nor aught that makes men's promises a  
 blank,  
 Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless  
 The Power that saved him in his strange  
 distress.

## XVII.

THE RETIRED MARINE OFFICER, ISLE  
 OF MAN.

NOT pangs of grief for lenient time too  
 keen,  
 Grief that devouring waves had caused,  
 nor guilt  
 Which they had witnessed, swayed the  
 man who built

This homestead, placed where nothing  
 could be seen,  
 Naught heard of ocean, troubled or serene.  
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,  
 That o'er the channel holds august com-  
 mand,  
 The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine ;  
 Who, in disgust, turned from the neigh-  
 bouring sea  
 To shun the memory of a listless life  
 That hung between two callings. May no  
 strife  
 More hurtful here beset him, doom'd,  
 though free,  
 Self-doom'd to worse inaction, till his eye  
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth and  
 sky !

## XVIII.

BY A RETIRED MARINER,  
 (A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless  
 Main,  
 My mind as restless and as apt to change ;  
 Through every clime and ocean did I  
 range,  
 In hope at length a competence to gain ;  
 For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still  
 remain.  
 Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,  
 And hardships manifold did I endure,  
 For Fortune on me never deign'd to smile ;  
 Yet I at last a resting-place have found,  
 With just enough life's comforts to procure,  
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,  
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts  
 abound ;  
 Then sure I have no reason to complain,  
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I  
 still remain

## XIX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND  
 OF THE AUTHOR.)

BROKEN in fortune ; but in mind entire  
 And sound in principle, I seek repose  
 Where ancient trees this convent pile en-  
 close,\*  
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire  
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire

\* Rushen Abbey.

To east a soul-subduing shade on me,  
 A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee,  
 A shade but with some sparks of heavenly  
 fire [I note  
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when  
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with  
 the beams  
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams  
 Of stormy weather-stains that semblance  
 wrought,  
 I thank the silent Monitor, and say  
 "Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of  
 the day !"

## XX.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal  
 mound  
 (Still marked with green turf circles  
 narrowing  
 Stage above stage) would sit this Island's  
 King,  
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and  
 crowned ;  
 While, compassing the little mount around,  
 Degrees and Orders stood, each under  
 each ;  
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest  
 reach,  
 The power is merged, the pomp a grave  
 has found.  
 Off with yon cloud, old Snafell ! that thine  
 eye  
 Over three Realms may take its widest  
 range ;  
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter  
 strange  
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,  
 If the whole State must suffer mortal  
 change,  
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

## XXI.

DESPOND who will—I heard a voice ex-  
 claim,  
 " Though fierce the assault, and shatter'd  
 the defence,  
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,  
 The glorious work of time and providence,  
 Before a flying season's rash pretence,  
 Should fall ; that She, whose virtue put to  
 shame,  
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Con-  
 queror's-aim,

Should perish, self-subverted. Black and  
dense  
The cloud is ; but brings *that* a day of  
doom  
To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,  
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred  
shone,  
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales ! ye Streams,  
sweep on,  
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle  
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler  
plume."

## XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.  
(JULY 17, 1833.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,  
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa ; ne'er did  
morn  
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn  
His sides, or wreath with mist his fore-  
head high :  
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's  
eclipse,  
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,  
Towering above the sea and little ships ;  
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,  
Each for her haven ; with her freight of  
Care,  
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom  
looks  
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare ;  
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth  
of books,  
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes  
For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, and  
transient Shows.

## XXIII.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.  
(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

ARRAN ! a single-crested Teneriffe,  
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue ;  
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges  
blue ;  
Who but must covet a cloud-seat or skiff  
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff,  
That he might fly, where no one could  
pursue,  
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew ;  
And, like a God, light on thy topmost cliff.

Impotent wish ! which reason would de-  
spise  
If the mind knew no union of extremes,  
No natural bond between the boldest  
schemes  
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.  
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale  
lies,  
And lofty springs give birth to lowly  
streams.

## XXIV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

THE captive Bird was gone ;—to cliff or  
moor [storm ;  
Perchance had flown, delivered by the  
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the  
worm : [tower,  
Him found we not ; but, climbing a tall  
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity  
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,  
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beam-  
less eye—  
An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.  
Effigies of the Vanished, (shall I dare  
To call thee so ?) or symbol of past times,  
That towering courage, and the savage  
deeds  
Those times were proud of, take Thou too  
a share,  
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes  
That animate my way where'er it leads !

## XXV.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew ;  
But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,  
Came and delivered him, alone he sped  
Into the Castle-dungeon's darkest mew.  
Now, near his Master's house in open view  
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests  
howl, [Fowl,  
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic  
Beware of him ! Thou, saucy Cockatoo,  
Look to thy plumage and thy life ! The  
Roe, [quarry ;  
Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no  
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,  
Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird !  
even so  
Doth Man of Brother-man a creature make,  
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake

## XXVI.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

WE saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,  
Not One of us has felt, the far-famed  
sight ;

How *could* we feel it? each the other's  
blight,

Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud,  
O for those motions only that invite  
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave !  
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave  
Softly embosoming the timid light !

And by *one* Votary who at will might stand  
Gazing, and take into his mind and heart,  
With undistracted reverence, the effect  
Of those proportions where the almighty  
hand

That made the worlds, the sovereign Archi-  
tect,

Has deigned to work as if with human Art !

## XXVII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit  
school <sup>[assign</sup>

For the presumptuous thoughts that would  
Mechanic laws to agency divine ;  
And, measuring heaven by earth, would  
overrule

Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,  
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,  
Might seem designed to humble Man, when  
proud

Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.  
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic  
weight

Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,  
And flashing upwards to its topmost height,  
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its  
grace

In calms is conscious, finding for its freight  
Of softest music some responsive place.

## XXVIII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and  
claims

In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,  
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the  
spot, <sup>[Frames,</sup>

Our Fathers glimpses caught of your thin  
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your  
names ;

And they could hear *his* ghostly song who  
trod

Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,  
While he struck his desolate harp without  
hopes or aims.

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall ;  
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread  
law

Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they  
Not by black arts but magic natural !

If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,  
Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade  
a Chief.

## XXIX.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS  
AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,  
Children of Summer ! Ye fresh flowers that  
brave

What Summer here escapes not, the fierce  
wave,

And whole artillery of the western blast,  
Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn  
nave

Smiting, as if each moment were the last.  
But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and archi-  
trave

Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast,  
Calm as the Universe, from specular Towers  
Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure—  
Suns and their systems, diverse yet sustained  
In symmetry, and fashioned to endure,  
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his  
hours,

As the supreme Artificer ordained.

## XXX.

ON to Iona !—What can she afford  
To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,  
Heaved over ruin with stability  
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD  
(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature ! and  
Time's Lord)

Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom ; but  
why,

Even for a moment, has our verse deplored  
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their des-  
tiny ?

And when, subjected to a common doom  
Of mutability, those far-famed Piles  
Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,



Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,  
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,  
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants  
their praise.

XXXI.

IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

WITH earnest look, to every voyager,  
Some ragged child holds up for sale his  
store

Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the  
shore

Where once came monk and nun with  
gentle stir,

Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.  
But see yon neat trim church, a grateful  
speck

Of novelty amid this sacred wreck—  
Nayspare thy scorn, haughty Philosopher!  
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,  
Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine;  
And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright  
than thine,

A grace by thee unsought and unpossesed,  
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine  
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."

XXXII.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's Voyage among the Western  
Isles.]

HERE on their knees men swore: the stones  
were black,

Black in the People's minds and words, yet  
they

Were at that time, as now, in colour grey.  
But what is colour, if upon the rack

Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that  
lack

Concord with oaths? What differ night and  
day

Then, when before the Perjured on his way  
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance  
crack

Above his head uplifted in vain prayer  
To a aint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom  
He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane.  
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a  
doom;

And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,  
Come links for social order's awful chain.

XXXIII.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's  
Cell,

Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark  
(Kindled from Heaven between the light  
and dark

Of time) shone like the morning star, fare-  
well!—

Remote St. Kilda, art thou visible?  
No—but farewell to thee, beloved sea-mark  
For many a voyage made in Fancy's bark,  
When, with more hues than in the rainbow  
dwell — — —

Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold;  
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,  
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,  
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold  
with fold

Makes known, when thou no longer canst  
be seen,

Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching  
sail.

XXXIV.

GREENOCK.

"Per me si va nella Città dolente."

IV~~e~~ have not passed into a doleful City,  
We who were led to-day down a grim Dell,  
By some too boldly named "the Jaws of  
Hell:"

Where be the wretched Ones, the sights for  
pity?

These crowded streets resound no plaintive  
ditty:

As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,  
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,  
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the  
witty.

Too busy Mart! thus fared it with old Tyre,  
Whose Merchants Princes were, whose  
decks were thrones:

Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire  
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde  
Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy  
stones,

The poor, the lonely herdsman's joy and  
pride.

XXXV.

"THERE!" said a stripling, pointing with  
meet pride

Towards a low roof with green trees half  
concealed,

"Is Mossgiel farm; and that's the very field

Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy." Far  
and wide  
A plain below stretched sea-ward, while,  
descried  
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;  
And, by that simple notice, the repose  
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.  
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or  
stone"  
Myriads of Daisies have shone forth in  
flower  
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural  
hour  
Have passed away, less happy than the One  
That by the unwilling ploughshare died to  
prove  
The tender charm of Poetry and Love.

---

XXXVI.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove  
Their last embrace; beside those crystal  
springs  
The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings  
For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove  
Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would  
rove,  
Not mute, where now the Linnet only sings:  
Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,  
Or Fancy localises Powers we love.  
Were only History licensed to take note  
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments  
Would ill suffice for persons and events:  
There is an ampler page for man to quote,  
A readier book of manifold contents,  
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

---

XXXVII.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed  
By glimpses only, and confess with shame  
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying  
mood,  
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet  
name;  
Yet fetched from Paradise that honour  
came,  
Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee  
flowers  
That have no rivals among British bowers;  
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.

Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at  
length I pay  
To my life's neighbour dues of neighbour-  
hood;  
But I have traced thee on thy winding way  
With pleasure sometimes by the thought  
restrained  
That things far off are toiled for, while a  
good  
Not sought, because too near, is seldom  
gained.

---

XXXVIII.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,  
(*by Nollekens,*)

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON  
THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap,  
lies dead  
Her new-born Babe, dire issue of bright  
hope!  
But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope  
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised  
that head  
So patiently; and through one hand has  
spread  
A touch so tender for the insensate Child,  
Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled.  
Brief parting—for the spirit is all but fled;  
That we, who contemplate the turns of life  
Through this still medium, are consoled  
and cheered;  
Feel with the Mother, think the severed  
Wife  
Is less to be lamented than revered;  
And own that Art, triumphant over strife  
And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

---

XXXIX.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert  
thou  
In heathen schools of philosophic lore;  
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore  
The Tragic Muse thee served with thought-  
ful vow;  
And what of hope Elysium could allow  
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore  
Peace to the Mourner's soul; but He who  
wore  
The crown of thorns around his bleeding  
brow

Warmed our sad being with his glorious  
light :  
*Then Arts*, which still had drawn a soften-  
ing grace  
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,  
Communed with that Idea face to face ;  
And move around it now as planets run,  
Each in its orbit, round the central Sun.

## XL.

## NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon  
be weary ;  
Down from the Pennine Alps\* how fiercely  
sweeps  
CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary !  
He raves, or through some moody passage  
creeps  
Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps  
Into broad light, and sends, through regions  
airy,  
That voice which soothed the Nuns while  
on the steeps  
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful  
Mary.  
Tha' union ceased : then, cleaving easy  
walks  
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset  
with danger,  
Came studious Taste ; and many a pensive  
Stranger  
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.  
What change shall happen next to Nunnery  
Dell ?  
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell !

## XLI.

## STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at  
war  
With old poetic feeling, not for this,  
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss !  
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar  
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar  
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense  
Of future change, that point of vision whence  
May be discovered what in soul ye are.

\* The Chain of Crossfell, which parts Cum-  
berland and Westmoreland from Northumber-  
land and Durham.

In spite of all that beauty may disown  
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace  
Her lawful offspring in Man's art ; and  
Time,  
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother  
Space,  
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered  
crown  
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer  
sublime.

## XLII.

LOWTHER ! in thy majestic Pile are seen  
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord  
With the baronial castle's sterner mien ;  
Union significant of God adored,  
And charters won and guarded by the  
sword  
Of ancient honour ; whence that goodly  
state  
Of Polity which wise men venerate,  
And will *maintain*, if God his help afford.  
Hourly the democratic torrent swells ;  
For airy promises and hopes suborned  
The strength of backward-looking thoughts  
is scorned.  
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,  
With what ye symbolise, authentic Story  
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's  
Glory !

## XLIII.

## TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE ! it were unworthy of a Guest,  
Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,  
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of  
signs  
On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,  
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest  
How in thy mind and moral frame agree  
Fortitude and that Christian Charity  
Which, filling, consecrates the human  
breast.  
And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach  
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS  
THE MAN ;"  
That searching test thy public course has  
stood ;  
As will be owned alike by bad and good,  
Soon as the measuring of life's little span  
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.

## XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M——,

HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

NOT in the mines beyond the western main,  
You tell me, Delia! was the metal sought,  
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has  
wrought

Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;  
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain  
You say, but from Helvellyn's depths was  
brought,

Our own domestic mountain. Thing and  
thought  
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,  
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler  
being:

Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound  
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright  
cord,

What witchery, for pure gifts of inward  
seeing,

Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's  
Lord,

For precious tremblings in your bosom  
found!

## XLV.

CONCLUSION.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eye  
To pace the ground if path there be or none,  
While a fair repose round the traveller lies,  
Which he forbears again to look upon;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of Fancy or some happy tone  
Of meditation, stepping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
If Thought and Love desert us, from that  
day.

Let us break off all commerce with the  
Muse;

With Thought and Love companions of  
our way,

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her  
dews

Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE  
COUNTESS OF ——.

Nov. 5, 1834.

LADY! a Pen, perhaps, with thy regard,  
Among the Favoured, favoured not the  
least,

Left, 'mid the Records of this Book in-  
scribed,

Deliberate traces, registers of thought  
And feeling, suited to the place and time  
That gave them birth:—months passed,  
and still this hand,

That had not been too timid to imprint  
Words which the virtues of thy Lord in-  
spired,

Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.  
And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth  
The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.

Flowers are there many that delight to  
strive

With the sharp wind, and seem to court  
the shower,

Yet are by nature careless of the sun  
Whether he shine on them or not; and  
some,

Where'er he moves along the unclouded  
sky,

Turn a broad front full on his flattering  
beams:

Others do rather from their notice shrink,  
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble Band,  
Modest and sweet, a Progeny of earth,  
Congenial with thy mind and character,  
High-born Augusta!

Towers, and stately Groves,  
Bear witness for me; thou, too, Mountain-  
stream!

From thy most secret haunts; and ye  
Parterres,

Which she is pleased and proud to call her  
own;

Witness how oft upon my noble Friend  
*Mute* offerings, tribute from an inward sense  
Of admiration and respectful love,  
Have waited, till the affections could no  
more

Endure that silence, and broke out in song,  
Snatches of music taken up and dropt  
Like those self-solacing those under notes  
Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal  
leaves

Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,  
The pleasure was, and no one heard the  
praise,

Checked, in the moment of its issue  
checked ;  
And reprehended by a fancied blush  
From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's  
need ;  
Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil  
That, while it only spreads a softening  
charm  
O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,  
Hides half their beauty from the common  
gaze ;  
And thus, even on the exposed and breezy  
hill  
Of lofty station, female goodness walks,  
When side by side with lunar gentleness  
As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor  
(Such the immunities of low estate,  
Plain Nature's enviable privilege,  
Her sacred recompense for many wants)  
Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out  
All that they think and feel, with tears of  
joy ;  
And benedictions not unheard in Heaven :  
And friend in the ear of friend, where  
speech is free  
To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt  
lines  
A just memorial; and thine eyes consent  
To read that they, who mark thy course,  
behold  
A life declining with the golden light  
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves ;  
See cheerfulness undamped by stealing  
Time ;  
See studied kindness flow with easy stream,  
Illustrated with inborn courtesy ;  
And an habitual disregard of self  
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the verse not tell of lighter gifts  
With these ennobling attributes conjoined  
And blended, in peculiar harmony,  
By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile  
grace!

A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,  
Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path  
Thou tread, or on the managed steed art  
borne,  
Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,  
Driven by strong winds at play among the  
clouds.

Yet one word more—one farewell word—  
a wish  
Which came, but it has passed into a prayer,

That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,  
So, at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes,  
Whose tender love, here faltering on the  
way  
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven,—  
So may it set in peace, to rise again  
For everlasting glory won by faith.

---

## 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.

### 2.

Not far from that fair site 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.

### 3.

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—

### 4.

Known chiefly, Aira ! to thy glen,  
Thy brook, and bowers of holly ;  
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,  
'That all but love is folly ;

---

\* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.



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.

## 5.

But in old times Love dwelt not long  
 Sequester'd with repose ;  
 Best thro' 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.

## 6.

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.

## 7.

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.

## 8.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills  
 Whatever path he chooses ;  
 As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
 Received the light hers loses.  
 He comes not back ; an ampler space  
 Requires for nobler deeds ;  
 He ranges on from place to place,  
 Till of his doings is no trace  
 But what her fancy breeds.

## 9.

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.

## 10.

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 shies aloft, while through the wood  
 She thrids her way, the sounding Flood  
 Her melancholy lure !

## 11.

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 desiered ?  
 By whom in that lone place espied ?  
 By thee, Sir Eglamore !

## 12.

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.

## 13.

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 valour, truth, and love.

## 14.

So from the spot whereon he stood,  
 He moved with stealthy pace ;  
 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
 He recognised the face ;

And whispers caught, and speeches small,  
 Some to the green-leaved tree,  
 Some muttered to the torrent-fall,—  
 "Roar on, and bring him with thy call;  
 I heard, and so may he!"

## 15.

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.

## 16.

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

## 17.

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.

## 18.

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!

TO —,

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN  
 CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut sevis projectus ab undis  
 Navita; nudus humi jacet," &c.—LUCRETIVS.

LIKE a shipwreck'd Sailor tost  
 By rough waves on a perilous coast,  
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness  
 And in tenderest nakedness,  
 Flung by labouring nature forth  
 Upon the mercies of the earth.  
 Can its eyes beseech? no more  
 Than the hands are free to implore:  
 Voice but serves for one brief cry,  
 Plaint was it? or prophecy  
 Of sorrow that will surely come?  
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close  
 Duly granted to thy throes;  
 By the silent thanks now tending  
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending  
 Now to mingle and to move  
 With the gush of earthly love,  
 As a debt to that frail Creature,  
 Instrument of struggling Nature  
 For the blissful calm, the peace  
 Known but to this *one* release;  
 Can the pitying spirit doubt  
 That from human-kind springs out  
 From the penalty a sense  
 Of more than mortal recompense?

As a floating summer cloud,  
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,  
 To the sun-burnt traveller,  
 Or the stooping labourer,  
 Ofttimes makes its bounty known  
 By its shadow round him thrown;  
 So, by chequerings of sad cheer,  
 Heavenly guardians, brooding near,  
 Of their presence tell—too bright  
 Haply for corporeal sight!  
 Ministers of grace divine  
 Feelingly their brows incline  
 O'er this seeming Castaway  
 Breathing, in the light of day,  
 Something like the faintest breath  
 That has power to baffle death—  
 Beautiful, while very weakness  
 Captivates like passive meekness!

And, sweet Mother! under warrant  
 Of the universal Parent,  
 Who repays in season due  
 Them who have, like thee, been true  
 To the filial chain let down  
 From his everlasting throne,

Angels hovering round thy couch,  
 With their softest whispers vouch,  
 That, whatever griefs may fret,  
 Cares entangle, sins beset  
 This thy first-born, and with tears  
 Stain her cheek in future years,  
 Heavenly succour, not denied  
 To the Babe, whate'er betide,  
 Will to the Woman be supplied !

Mother ! blest be thy calm ease ;  
 Blest the starry promises,  
 And the firmament benign  
 Hallowed be it, where they shine !  
 Yes, for them whose souls have scope  
 Ample for a wingèd hope,  
 And can earthward bend an ear  
 For needful listening, pledge is here,  
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread  
 In thy footsteps, and be led  
 By that other Guide, whose light  
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,  
 Gave him first the wished-for part  
 In thy gentle virgin heart,  
 Then, amid the storms of life  
 Presignified by that dread strife  
 Whence ye have escaped together,  
 She may look for serene weather ;  
 In all trials sure to find  
 Comfort for a faithful mind ;  
 Kindlier issues, holier rest,  
 Than even now await her prest,  
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast !

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### THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

MARCH, 1833.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing ;  
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of show-  
 ing  
 Their meek heads to the nipping air,  
 Which ye feel not, happy pair !  
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.  
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep ;  
 And if Time leagued with adverse Change  
 (Too busy fear !) shall cross its range,  
 Whatsoever check they bring,  
 Anxious duty hindering,  
 To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds  
 Upon each home-event as life proceeds,  
 Affections pure and holy in their source  
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course ;

Hopes that within the Father's heart pre-  
 vail,  
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to  
 fail ;  
 And if the Harp pleased his gay youth, it  
 rings  
 To his grave touch with no unready strings,  
 While thoughts press on, and feelings  
 overflow,  
 And quick words round him fall like flakes  
 of snow.

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain  
 their sway,  
 And have renewed the tributary Lay.  
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,  
 And FANCY greets them with a fond em-  
 brace ;  
 Swift as the rising sun his beam extends  
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant  
 friends ;  
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious as  
 they prove  
 For the unconscious Babe an unbelated  
 love !)  
 But from this peaceful centre of delight  
 Vague sympathies have urged her to take  
 flight.  
 She rivals the fleet Swallow, making rings  
 In the smooth lake where'er he dips his  
 wings :  
 —Rapt into upper regions, like the Bee  
 That sucks from mountain heath her honey  
 fee ;  
 Or, like the warbling Lark intent to shroud  
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,  
 She soars—and here and there her pinions  
 rest  
 On proud towers, like this humble cottage,  
 blest  
 With a new visitant, an infant guest—  
 Towers where red streamers flout the  
 breezy sky  
 In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,  
 When feasts shall crowd the Hall, and  
 steeple bells  
 Glad proclamation make, and heights and  
 dells  
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks or swells ;  
 And harboured ships, whose pride is on  
 the sea,  
 Shall hoist their topmast flags in sign of,  
 glee,  
 Honouring the hope of noble ancestry

But who (though neither reckoning ills  
 assigned  
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind

The track that was, and is, and must be,  
worn

With weary feet by all of woman born)—  
Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,  
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reprov'd?  
Not He, whose last faint memory will  
command

The truth that Britain was his native land;  
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide  
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs  
died;

Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown  
With rapture thrilled; whose Youth re-  
vered the crown

Of Saxon liberty that Alfred worc,  
Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!  
—Not He, who from her mellowed practice  
drew

His social sense of just, and fair, and true;  
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France  
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,  
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,  
Nor grieved to see, (himself not un-  
beguiled)—

Woke from the dream, the dreamer to  
upbraid,

And learn how sanguine expectations fade  
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—  
To see presumption, turning pale, refrain  
From further havoc, but repent in vain,—  
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road  
Where guilt had urged them on, with  
ceaseless good,

Till indiscriminating Ruin swept  
The Land, and Wrong perpetual vigils  
kept;

With proof before her that on public ends  
Domestic virtue vitally depends.

Can such a one, dear Babe! though  
glad and proud

To welcome Thee, repel the fears that crowd  
Into his English breast, and spare to quake  
Not for his own, but for thy innocent sake?  
Too late—or, should the providence of God  
Lead, through blind ways by sin and  
sorrow trod,

Justice and peace to a secure abode,  
Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing  
world;

Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.  
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering  
Realm?

What hand suffice to govern the state-  
helm?

If, in the aims of men, the surest test  
Of good or bad (what'er be sought for or  
profest)

Lie in the means required, or ways or-  
dained,

For compassing the end, else never gained;  
Yet governors and governed both are blind  
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;  
If to expedience principle must bow;  
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the  
incumbent Now;

If cowardly concession still must feed  
The thirst for power in men who ne'er  
concede;

If generous Loyalty must stand in awe  
Of subtle Treason, with his mask of law;  
Or with bravado insolent and hard,  
Provoking punishment, to win reward;  
If office help the factious to conspire,  
And they who *should* extinguish, fan the  
fire—

Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown  
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;  
To be blown off at will, by Power that  
spares it

In cunning patience, from the head that  
wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud;  
Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!  
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous  
tongues

Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;  
And over fancied usurpations brood,  
Of snapping at revenge in sullen mood;  
Or, from long stress of real injuries fly  
To desperation for a remedy;

In bursts of outrage spread your judg-  
ments wide,

And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our  
guide;"

Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread  
earth's floor

In marshalled thousands, darkening street  
and moor

With the worst shape mock-patience ever  
wore;

Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem  
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream  
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage  
behest

Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,  
And every man sit down as Plenty's  
Guest!

—O for a bridle bitted with remorse  
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong  
course!

Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace  
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,  
By paths no human wisdom can fore-  
trace!

May He pour round you, from worlds far  
above

Man's feverish passions, his pure light of  
love,

That quietly restores the natural mien  
To hope, and makes truth willing to be  
seen!

Else shall your blood-stained hands in  
frenzy reap

Fields gaily sown when promises were  
cheap.

Why is the Past belied with wicked art,  
The Future made to play so false a part,  
Among a people famed for strength of mind,  
Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?  
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune  
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon  
Naught but her changes. Thus, ungrateful  
Nation!

If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,  
Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,  
Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What  
saving skill

Lie in forbearance, strength in standing  
still?

—Soon shall the Widow (for the speed of  
Time

Naught equals when the hours are winged  
with crime)

Widow, or Wif. implore on tremulous  
knee,

From him who judged her Lord, a like  
decree;

The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:  
Ye little ones! Earth shudders at your fate,  
Outcasts and homeless orphans—

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping  
Pair

Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!  
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie  
still;

Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill  
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

If this great world of joy and pain  
Revolve in one sure track;

If Freedom, set, will rise again,  
And Virtue, flown, come back;

Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
The heart with each day's care;

Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
To bear, and to forbear!

## SONNET,\*

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWS-  
PAPER OF THE DAY.

“PEOPLE! your chains are severing link  
by link;

Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the  
Poor

Meet them half way.” Vain boast! for  
These, the more

They thus would rise, must low and lower  
sink

Till, by repentance stung, they fear to  
think;

While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few  
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,  
And mix the poison, they themselves must  
drink.

Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry  
“Knowledge will save me from the  
threatened woe.”

For, if than other rash ones more thou  
know,

Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly  
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,  
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

## LOVING AND LIKING :

IRREGULAR VERSES ADDRESSED TO  
A CHILD.

[In the former editions of the author's Miscella-  
neous Poems are three pieces addressed to  
Children:—the following, a few lines excepted,  
is by the same Writer; and, as it belongs to  
the same unassuming class of compositions,  
she has been prevailed upon to consent to its  
publication.]

THERE'S more in words than I can teach:  
Yet listen, Child!—I would not preach;

But only give some plain directions  
To guide your speech and your affections,

Say not you *love* a roasted Fowl,

But you may love a screaming Owl,

And, if you can, the unwieldy Toad

That crawls from his secure abode

Within the mossy garden wall

When evening dews begin to fall.

Oh mark the beauty of his eye:

What wonders in that circle lie!

So clear, so bright, our fathers said

He wears a jewel in his head!

\* This Sonnet ought to have followed No.  
VII. in the series of 1831, but was omitted by  
mistake.



And when, upon some showery day,  
 Into a path or public way  
 A Frog leaps out from bordering grass,  
 Startling the timid as they pass,  
 Do you observe him, and endeavour  
 To take the intruder into favour ;  
 Learning from him to find a reason  
 For a light heart in a dull season.  
 And you may love him in the pool,  
 That is for him a happy school,  
 In which he swims, as taught by nature,  
 A pattern for a human creature,  
 Glancing amid the water bright,  
 And sending upward sparkling light.  
 Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing  
 A love for things that have no feeling :  
 The spring's first Rose, by you espied,  
 May fill your breast with joyful pride ;  
 And you may love the Strawberry Flower,  
 And love the Strawberry in its bower ;  
 But when the fruit, so often praised  
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,  
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,  
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.  
 Long may you love your pensioner Mouse,  
 'Thouh one of a tribe that torment the  
 house :  
 Nor dislike for her cruel sport the Cat,  
 That deadly foe of both mouse and rat ;  
 Remember she follows the law of her kind,  
 And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind.  
 'Then think of her beautiful gliding form,  
 Her tread that would not crush a worm,  
 And her soothing song by the winter fire,  
 Soft as the dying throbs of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love :  
 It may soar with the Eagle and brood  
 with the Dove,  
 May pierce the earth with the patient Mole,  
 Or track the Hedgehog to his hole.  
 Loving and liking are the solace of life,  
 They foster all joy, and extinguish all  
 strife.  
 You love your father and your mother,  
 Your grown-up and your baby brother ;  
 You love your sister, and your friends,  
 And countless blessings which God sends :  
 And while these right affections play,  
 You *live* each moment of your day ;  
 They lead you on to full content,  
 And likings fresh and innocent,  
 That store the mind, the memory feed,  
 And prompt to many a gentle deed :  
 But *likings* come, and pass away ;  
 'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day :  
 Our heavenward guide is holy love,  
 And it will be our bliss with saints above.

## ST. BEES,

SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF ST.  
 BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF  
 CUMBERLAND.

[St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stand the village of St. Bees ; a place distinguished from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest ; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood ; one of which is alluded to in the following Stanzas : and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit ; and under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College ; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in the following Piece, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith ; a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations, than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for nature.]

## I.

IF Life were slumber on a bed of down,  
 Toil unimposed, vicissitudes unknown,  
 Sad were our lot: no Hunter of the Hare  
 Exults like him whose javelin from the lair

Has roused the Lion; no one plucks the  
 Rose,  
 Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter  
 blows  
 'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,  
 With joy like his who climbs on hands and  
 knees,  
 For some rare Plant, yon Headland of St.  
 Bees.

## 2.

This independence upon oar and sail,  
 This new indifference to breeze or gale,  
 This straight-lined progress, furrowing a  
 flat lea,  
 And regular as if locked in certainty,  
 Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the Storm!  
 That Courage may find something to per-  
 form;  
 That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to  
 freeze  
 At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,  
 Firm as the towering Headlands of St.  
 Bees.

## 3.

Dread Cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish may  
 sleep,  
 Bold as if Men and Creatures of the Deep  
 Breathed the same Element: too many  
 wrecks  
 Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly  
 decks  
 Hast thou looked down upon, that such a  
 thought  
 Should here be welcome, and in verse en-  
 wrought:  
 With thy stern aspect better far agrees  
 Utterance of thanks that we have past with  
 ease,  
 As Millions thus shall do, the Headlands  
 of St. Bees.

## 4.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her  
 store,  
 What boots the gain if Nature should lose  
 more?  
 And Wisdom, that once held a Christian  
 place  
 In Man's intelligence sublimed by grace?  
 When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian  
 coast,  
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand cross'd;  
 As high and higher heaved the billows, faith  
 Grew with them, mightier than the powers  
 of death.

She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath,  
 appease;  
 And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's  
 decrees,  
 Rose, where she touched the strand, the  
 Chauntry of St. Bees.

## 5.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,"  
 Who in these Wilds then struggled for  
 command,  
 The strong were merciless, without hope  
 the weak;  
 Till this bright Stranger came, fair as Day  
 break,  
 And as a Cresset true that darts its length  
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;  
 Guiding the Mariner through troubled seas,  
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,  
 Like the fixed Light that crowns yon head-  
 land of St. Bees.

## 6.

To aid the Votaress, miracles believed  
 Wrought in men's minds, like miracles  
 achieved;  
 So piety took root; and Song might tell  
 What humanizing Virtues round her Cell  
 Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide  
 around;  
 How savage bosoms melted at the sound  
 Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies  
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through  
 close trees,  
 From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

## 7.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of  
 love,  
 Was glorified, and took its place, above  
 The silent stars, among the angelic Quire,  
 Her Chauntry blazed with sacrilegious fire!  
 And perished utterly; but her good deeds  
 Had sown the spot that witnessed them  
 with seeds  
 Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze  
 With quickening impulse answered their  
 mute pleas,  
 And lo! a *statelier* Pile, the Abbey of St  
 Bees.

## 8.

There were the naked clothed, the hungry  
 fed;  
 And Charity extended to the Dead  
 Her intercessions made for the soul's rest  
 Of tardy Penitents; or for the best

Among the good (when love might else  
have slept,  
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.  
Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,  
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,  
Kept watch before the Altars of St. Bees.

## 9.

Were not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred  
ties  
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,  
Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,  
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?  
The prayer for them whose hour was past  
away  
Said to the Living, profit while ye may!  
A little part, and that the worst, he sees  
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the  
keys  
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

## 10.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,  
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,  
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray  
In many an hour when judgment goes  
astray.  
Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try  
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;  
Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies  
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,  
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

## 11.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect  
The forlorn Traveller, or Sailor wrecked  
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the  
boon  
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon  
Claim for the Pilgrim: and, though chidings  
sharp  
May sometimes greet the strolling Min-  
strel's harp,  
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,  
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,  
Brightening the archway of reverend St.  
Bees.

## 12.

How did the Cliffs and echoing Hills rejoice  
What time the Benedictine Brethren's  
voice,  
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,  
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds  
aside.

And under one priestly ensign serve the Lord  
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!  
Flaming till thou from Paynim hands release  
That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities  
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

## 13.

On, Champions, on!—But mark! the pass-  
ing Day  
Submits her intercourse to milder sway,  
With high and low whose busy thoughts  
from far  
Follow the fortunes which they may not  
share.  
While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,  
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:  
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere  
invites  
To sound the crystal depth of maiden  
rights;  
And wedded life, through scriptural mys-  
teries,  
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,  
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

## 14.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren  
moors,  
And to green meadows changed the swampy  
shores?  
Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheer-  
ful Grange  
Made room where Wolf and Boar were used  
to range?  
Who taught, and showed by deeds, that  
gentler chains  
Should bind the Vassal to his Lord's do-  
mains?  
The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to  
please,  
For Christ's dear sake, by human sym-  
pathies  
Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St.  
Bees!

## 15.

But all availed not; by a mandate given  
Through lawless will the Brotherhood was  
driven  
Forth from their cells;—their ancient House  
laid low  
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.  
But now once more the local Heart revives,  
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.  
Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy  
seas,  
And cleared the way for the first Votaries,  
Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees!

16.

Alas! the Genius of our age from Schools  
Less humble draws her lessons, aims, and  
rules.

To Prowess guided by her insight keen  
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;  
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill  
She in her own would merge the eternal  
will:

Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,  
From Newton's Universe would banish  
God.

Better, if Reason's triumphs match with  
these,  
Her flight before the bold credulities  
That furthered the first teaching of St.  
Bees.

[The three following Sonnets are an intended  
addition to the "Ecclesiastical Sketches," the  
first to stand second; and the two that succeed,  
seventh and eighth, in the second part of the  
Series. They are placed here as having some  
connection with the foregoing Poem.]

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,  
His whole life long tills it, with heartless  
toil

Of villain-service, passing with the soil  
To each new Master, like a steer or hound,  
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-  
bound;

But, mark how gladly, through their own  
domains,

The Monks relax or break these iron  
chains;  
While Mercy, uttering, through their voice,  
a sound

Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs,  
abate

These legalized oppressions! Man, whose  
name

And nature God disdained not; Man,  
whose soul

Christ died for, cannot forfeit his high  
claim

To live and move exempt from all controul  
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour  
Lord

Have long borne witness as the Scriptures  
teach?

Ages ere Vaïdo raised his voice to preach

In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,  
Their fugitive Progenitors explored  
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats  
Where that pure Church survives, though  
summer heats

Open a passage to the Romish sword,  
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,  
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut  
wood,

Nourish the Sufferers then; and mists, that  
brood

O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles  
bestrown,

Protect them; and the eternal snow that  
daunts

Aliens, is God's good winter for their  
haunts.

PRaised be the Rivers, from their moun-  
tain-springs  
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy Banners  
here!"

To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,  
And in our Caverns smooth thy ruffled  
wings!"

Nor be unthanked their tardiest lingerings  
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes  
drear,

Their own creation, till their long career  
End in the sea engulfed. Such welcom-  
ings

As came from mighty Po when Venice  
rose,

Greeted those simple Heirs of truth divine  
Who near his fountains sought obscure  
repose,

Yet were prepared as glorious lights to  
shine,

Should that be needed for their sacred  
Charge;

Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits arc at  
large!

THE REDBREAST.

(SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND  
COTTAGE.)

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening air,  
From half-stripped woods and pastures  
bare,

Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:

Not like a beggar is he come,  
But enters as a looked-for guest,

Confiding in his ruddy breast,

As if it were a natural shield  
 Charged with a blazon on the field,  
 Due to that good and pious deed  
 Of which we in the Ballad read.  
 But pensive fancies putting by,  
 And wild-wood sorrows, speedily  
 He plays the expert ventriloquist ;  
 And, caught by glimpses now—now missed,  
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt  
 If the soft voice he throws about  
 Comes from within doors or without !  
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,  
 Sustained by delicate illusion ?  
 He's at your elbow—to your feeling  
 The notes are from the floor or ceiling ;  
 And there's a riddle to be guessed,  
 'Till you have marked his heaving breast,  
 Where tiny sinking and faint swell,  
 Betray the Elf that loves to dwell  
 In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird  
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred  
 Commend him, when he's only heard.  
 But small and fugitive *our* gain  
 Compared with *his* who long hath lain,  
 With languid limbs and patient head,  
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed ;  
 Where now he daily hears a strain  
 That cheats him of too busy cares,  
 Eases his pain, and helps his prayers.  
 And who but this dear Bird beguiled  
 The fever of that pale-faced Child ?  
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,  
 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring ;  
 Recalling now, with descent soft  
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,  
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,  
 And the invisible sympathy  
 Of " Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Blessing the bed she lies upon : " \*  
 And sometimes, just as listening ends  
 In slumber, with the cadence blends  
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn  
 Which Old-folk, fondly pleased to trim  
 Lamps of faith now burning dim,  
 Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,  
 When clouds gave way at dead of night,  
 And the moon filled the church with light,  
 Used to sing in heavenly tone,  
 Above and round the sacred places  
 They guard, with wingèd baby-faces.

\* The words—

" Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use  
 'through the northern coustics.

Thrice-happy Creature ! in all lands  
 Nurtured by hospitable hands :  
 Free entrance to this cot has he,  
 Entrance and exit both *yet* free ;  
 And, when the keen unruffled weather  
 That thus brings man and bird together,  
 Shall with its pleasantness be past,  
 The casement closed and door made fast,  
 To keep at bay the howling blast,  
*He* needs not fear the season's rage,  
 For the whole house is Robin's cage.  
 Whether the bird flit here or there,  
 O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair,  
 Though some may frown, and make a stir  
 To scare him as a trespasser,  
 And he belike will flinch or start,  
 Good friends he has to take his part ;  
 One chiefly, who with voice and look  
 Pleads for him from the chimney nook,  
 Where sits the Dame, and wears away  
 Her long and vacant holiday ;  
 With images about her heart,  
 Reflected, from the years gone by,  
 On human nature's second infancy.

TO ———.

[Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take  
 That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,  
 Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make  
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

"WAIT, prithec, wait!" this answer *Lesbia*  
 threw  
 Forth to her Dove, and took no further  
 heed ;  
 Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew  
 Across the harp, with soul-engrossing  
 speed ;  
 But from that bondage when her thoughts  
 were freed  
 She rose, and towards the close-shut case-  
 ment drew,  
 Whence the poor unregarded Favourite,  
 true  
 To old affections, had been heard to plead  
 With flapping wing for entrance. What a  
 shriek  
 Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a  
 strain  
 Of harmony !—a shriek of terror, pain,  
 And self-reproach !—for, from aloft, a *Kite*  
 l'ounced, and the Dove, which from its  
 ruthless beak  
 She could not rescue, perished in her sight !



## RURAL ILLUSIONS.

## I.

SYLPH was it? or a Bird more bright  
 Than those of fabulous stock?  
 A second darted by;—and lo!  
 Another of the flock,  
 Through sunshine flitting from the bough  
 To nestle in the rock.  
 Transient deception! a gay freak  
 Of April's mimicries!  
 Those brilliant Strangers, hailed with joy  
 Among the budding trees,  
 Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the  
 spray  
 To frolic on the breeze.

## 2.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,  
 And let thy hand be *seen*  
 Which sprinkles here these tiny flowers,  
 That, as they touch the green,  
 Take root (so seems it) and look up  
 In honour of their Queen.  
 Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,  
 That not in vain aspired  
 To be confounded with live growths,  
 Most dainty, most admired,  
 Were only blossoms dropped from twigs  
 Of their own offspring tired.

## 3.

Not such the World's illusive shows;  
 Her wingless flutterings,  
 Her blossoms which, though shed, outbrave  
 The Floweret as it springs,  
 For the Undeceived, smile as they may,  
 Are melancholy things:  
 But gentle Nature plays her part  
 With ever-varying wiles,  
 And transient feignings with plain truth  
 So well she reconciles,  
 That those fond Idlers most are pleased  
 Whom oftenest she beguiles.

## THIS LAWN, &amp;c.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive  
 With shadows flung from leaves—to strive  
 In dance, amid a press  
 Of sunshine—an apt emblem yields  
 Of Worldlings revelling in the fields  
 Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze  
 Encounter, and to narrow seas  
 Forbid a moment's rest;  
 The medley less when boreal Lights  
 Glance to and fro like airy Sprites  
 To feats of arms address!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,  
 This ceaseless play, the genuine life  
 That serves the steadfast hours,  
 Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
 Unheeded, and the mute repose  
 Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

## THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape  
 From every hurtful blast,  
 Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,  
 Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high  
 In fierce solstitial power,  
 Less fair than when a lenient sky  
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves  
 The labours of the plough,  
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves  
 All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,  
 Before she hears the sound  
 Of winter rushing in, to close  
 The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;  
 So may our Autumn blend  
 With hoary Winter, and Life touch,  
 Through heaven-born hope, her end!

## HUMANITY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1829.)

*Not from his fellows only man may learn  
 Rights to compare and duties to discern:  
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.*—MS.

[The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own  
 appeal  
 To righteous Gods when Man has ceased  
 to feel,

Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,  
Before the STONE OF POWER no longer  
stand—

To take his sentence from the balanced  
Block,

As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;  
Though, in the depths of sunless groves,  
no more

The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore;  
Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering  
trees

Do still perform mysterious offices!

And still in beast and bird a function dwells,  
That, while we look and listen, sometimes  
tells

Upon the heart, in more authentic guise  
Than Oracles, or winged Auguries,  
Spake to the Science of the ancient wise.  
Not uninspired appear their simplest ways;  
Their voices mount symbolical of praise—

To mix with hymns that Spirits make and  
hear;

And to fallen Man their innocence is dear.  
Enraptured Art draws from those sacred  
springs

Streams that reflect the poetry of things!  
Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues  
portrayed,

That, might a wish avail, would never fade,  
Borne in their hands the Lily and the Palm  
Shed round the Altar a celestial calm;  
There, too, behold the Lamb and guileless  
Dove

Prest in the tenderness of virgin love  
To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the blend-  
ing

Of right Affections, climbing or descending  
Along a scale of light and life, with cares  
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and  
prayers

Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;  
Descending to the worm in charity;\*  
Like those good Angels whom a dream of  
night

Gave, in the Field of Luz, to Jacob's sight;  
All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent  
stairs

Earthward or heavenward, radiant Mes-  
sengers,

That, with a perfect will in one accord  
Of strict obedience, served the Almighty  
Lord;

And with untired humility forbore  
The ready service of the wings they wore.

What a fair World were ours for Verse  
to paint,

If Power could live at ease with self-  
restraint!

Opinion bow before the naked sense  
Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence;  
Merciful over all existence, just  
To the least particle of sentient dust;  
And, fixing by immutable decrees,  
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!  
Then would be closed the restless oblique  
eye

That looks for evil like a treacherous spy,  
Disputes would then relax, like stormy  
winds

That into breezes sink; impetuous Minds  
By discipline endeavour to grow meek  
As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.  
Then Genius, shunning fellowship with  
Pride,

Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's  
side;

Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice;  
And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,  
But unoffending creatures find release  
From *qualified* oppression, whose defence  
Rests on a hollow plea of recompence;  
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane  
respect

Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.

Witness those glances of indignant scorn  
From some high-minded Slave, impelled  
to spurn

The kindness that would make him less  
forlorn;

Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,  
His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,  
Where day departs in pomp, returns with  
smiles—

To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,  
As the sun mounts, by sea-borne breezes  
fanned;

A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats  
For Gods in council, whose green vales,  
Retreats

Fit for the Shades of Heroes, mingling  
there

To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the  
grave,  
Stone-walls a Prisoner make, but not a  
Slave.

Shall Man assume a property in Man?  
Lay on the moral Will a withering ban?

\* The author is indebted, here, to a passage  
in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.

Shame that our laws at distance should  
protect

Enormities, which they at home reject !  
"Slaves cannot breathe in England"—a  
proud boast !

And yet a mockery ! if, from coast to coast,  
Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors  
and soil

Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,  
For the poor Many, measured out by rules  
Fetched with cupidity from heartless  
schools,

That to an Idol, falsely called " the Wealth  
Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,  
Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen  
Is ever urging on the vast machine  
Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy  
wheels

The Power least prized is that which thinks  
and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate  
age,

And all the heavy or light vassalage  
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit  
Our varying moods, on human kind or  
brute,

'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,  
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.  
There are to whom even garden, grove,  
and field,

Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield ;  
Who would not lightly violate the grace  
The lowliest flower possesses in its place ;  
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,  
Which nothing less than Infinite Power  
could give.



## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE  
PENCIL OF F. STONE.

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care  
Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen  
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene  
In Nature's prodigality displayed  
Before my window, oftentimes and long  
I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam  
Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
The common light; whose stillness charms  
the air,

Or seems to charm it, into like repose ;  
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,  
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits  
With emblematic purity attired  
In a white vest, white as her marble neck

Is, and the pillar of the throat *would be*  
But for the shadow by the drooping chin  
Cast into that recess—the tender shade  
The shade and light, both there and every-  
where,

And through the very atmosphere she  
breathes,

Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with  
skill

That might from nature have been learnt  
in the hour

When the lone Shepherd sees the morning  
spread

Upon the mountains. Look at her, who'er  
Thou be, that kindling with a poet's soul

Hast loved the painter's true Promethean  
craft

Intensely—from Imagination take  
The treasure, what mine eyes behold see  
thou,

Even though the Atlantic Ocean roll  
between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to  
crown,

And in the middle parts the braided hair,  
Just serves to show how delicate a soil

The golden harvest grows in ; and those  
eyes,

Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky  
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,

Must needs be conversant with *upward*  
looks,

Prayer's voiceless service; but now, seeking  
naught

And shunning naught, their own peculiar  
life

Of motion they renounce, and with the head  
Partake its inclination towards earth

In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness  
Caught at the point where it stops short of  
sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make  
me

Thy confidant ! say, whence derived that air  
Of calm abstraction ? Can the ruling  
thought

Be with some lover far away, or one  
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith ?

Inapt conjecture ! Childhood here, a moon  
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,

Has but approached the gates of woman-  
hood,

Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced  
By the blind Archer-god, her fancy free :

The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,  
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies  
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm  
 Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark  
 How slackly, for the absent mind permits  
 No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined  
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears  
 Of yellowing corn, the same that over-  
 topped  
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it  
 'Till they were plucked together; a blue  
 flower  
 Called by the thrifty husbandman *a weed* ;  
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn  
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret,  
 held [knows.  
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she  
 (Her Father told her so) in Youth's gaydawn  
 Her Mother's favourite ; and the orphan  
 Girl, [bright,  
 In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and  
 Loves it while there in solitary peace  
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.  
 —Not from a source less sacred is derived  
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air  
 Of calm abstraction through the face dif-  
 fused  
 And the whole person.

Words have something told  
 More than the pencil can, and verily  
 More than is needed, but the precious Art  
 Forgives their interference—Art divine,  
 That both creates and fixes, in despite  
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath  
 wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world  
 of ours !  
 That posture, and the look of filial love  
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is left  
 Dearly united, might be swept away  
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,  
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak  
 Vanished, nor ever, haply, be restored  
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony  
 So exquisite ; but *here* do they abide,  
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art  
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,  
 In visible quest of immortality,  
 Stretched forth with trembling hope? In  
 every realm,  
 From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,  
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue  
 That Europe knows, would echo this ap-  
 peal ;  
 One above all, a Monk who waits on God  
 In the magnificent Convent built of yore  
 To sanctify the Escorial palace. He.

Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,  
 A British Painter (eminent for truth  
 In character, and depth of feeling, shown  
 By labours that have touched the hearts of  
 kings,  
 And are endeared to simple cottagers)  
 Left not unvisited a glorious work,  
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when  
 first  
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's  
 hand,  
 Graced the Refectory: and there, while both  
 Stood with eyes fixed upon that Master-  
 piece,  
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear  
 Breathed out these words:—"Here daily  
 do we sit,  
 Thanks given to God for daily bread, and  
 here  
 Pondering the mischiefs of these restless  
 Times,  
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dis-  
 persed,  
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom  
 gaze  
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved  
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,  
 Until I cannot but believe that they—  
 They are in truth the Substance, we the  
 Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs  
 Melting away within him like a dream  
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to  
 speak :  
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,  
 Domestic Portrait! have to verse consigned  
 In thy calm presence those heart-moving  
 words :  
 Words that can soothe, more than they  
 agitate ;  
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went down  
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue  
 Informs the fountain in the human breast  
 That by the visitation was disturbed.  
 —But why this stealing tear? Com-  
 panion mute,  
 On thee I look, not sorrowing ; fare thee  
 well,  
 My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell !

The pile of buildings, composing the palace  
 and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common  
 usage, lost its proper name in that of the  
*Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon  
 which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the  
 Second, stands. It need scarcely be added,  
 that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

## THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,  
For One, but surely not for One alone,  
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's  
skill,

Humbling the body, to exalt the soul ;  
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong  
And dissolution and decay, the warm  
And breathing life of flesh, as if already  
Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced  
With no mean earnest of a heritage  
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,  
With thy memorial flower, meek Por-  
traiture !

From whose serene companionship I  
passed,  
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still ;  
thou also—

Though but a simple object, into light  
Called forth by those affections that endear  
The private hearth ; though keeping thy  
sole seat

In singleness, and little tried by time,  
Creation, as it were, of yesterday—  
With a congenial function art endued  
For each and all of us, together joined,  
In course of nature, under a low roof  
By charities and duties that proceed  
Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.  
To a like salutary sense of awe,  
Or sacred wonder, growing with the power  
Of meditation that attempts to weigh,  
In faithful scales, things and their oppo-  
sites,

Can thy enduring quiet gently raise  
A household small and sensitive,—whose  
love,

Dependent as in part its blessings are  
Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved  
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in  
heaven.

STANZAS ON THE POWER OF  
SOUND.

## ARGUMENT.

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual  
functionary, in communion with sounds, in-  
dividual, 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 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 contempla-  
tion.—(Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean theory  
of numbers and music, with their supposed  
power over the motions of the universe—  
imaginings consonant with such a theory.—  
Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realised, in  
some degree, by the representation of all  
sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the  
Creator.—(Last Stanza) the destruction of  
earth and the planetary system—the survival  
of audible harmony, and its support in the  
Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

## I.

THY functions are ethereal,  
As if within thee dwelt a glancing Mind,  
Organ of Vision And a Spirit aerial  
Informs the cell of hearing, dark and blind ;  
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought  
To enter than oracular cave ;  
Strict passage, through which sighs are  
brought,  
And whispers, for the heart, their slave ;  
And shrieks, that revel in abuse  
Of shivering flesh ; and warbled air,  
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose  
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile  
Into the ambush of despair ;  
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn  
aisle,  
And requiems answered by the pulse that  
beats  
Devoutly, in life's last retreats !

## 2.

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 darken-  
ing sea,

Or Widow's cottage lullaby.



## 3.

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.

## 4.

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.

## 5.

When civic renovation  
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste  
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration  
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast  
Piping through cave and battlemented  
tower;

Then starts the Sluggard, pleased to meet  
That voice of Freedom, in its power  
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!  
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads  
Incitements of a battle-day,

Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with  
plumeless heads;  
Even She whose Lydian airs inspire  
Peaceful striving, gentle play  
Of timid hope and innocent desire  
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move  
Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

## 6.

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, wooingly 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!

## 7.

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 stary pole;  
Pure modulations flowing from the heart  
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty,  
Truth  
With Order dwell, in endless youth?

## 8.

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 :  
Held to the lyre bowed low ; the upper arch  
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic  
verse

Her wan disasters could disperse

9.

The GIFT to King Amphion  
That walled a city with its melody  
Was for belief no dream ; thy skill, Arion !  
Could humanise the creatures of the sea,  
Where men were monsters. A last grace  
he craves,

Leave for one chant ;—the dulcet sound  
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.

10.

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 leeward  
shore,  
Repeated—heard, and heard no more !

11.

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 [beat  
Of memory !—O that they might stoop to  
Chains, such precious chains of sight  
As laboured minstrelisies through ages  
wear !  
O for a balance fit the truth to tell  
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well !

12.

By one pervading Spirit  
Of tones and numbers all things are con-  
trolled, [merit  
As Sages taught, where faith was found to  
Initiation in that mystery old.  
The Heavens, whose aspect makes our  
minds as still  
As they themselves *appear* to be,  
Innumerable voices fill  
With everlasting harmony ;  
The towering Headlands, crowned with  
mist,  
Their feet among the billows, know  
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist ;  
Thy pinions, universal Air,  
Ever waving to and fro,  
Are delegates of harmony, and bear  
Strains that support the Seasons in their  
round ;  
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

13.

Break forth into thanksgiving,  
Ye banded Instruments of wind and  
chords ;  
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,  
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of  
words !  
Nor hushed be service from the lowing  
mead,  
Nor mute the forest hum of noon :  
Thou too be heard, lone Eagle ! freed  
From snowy peak and cloud, attune

Thy hungry barkings to the hymn  
Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
The six-days' Work by flaming Seraphim,  
Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep  
Shouting through one valley calls  
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure  
keep  
For praise and ceaseless gratulation poured  
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

## 14.

A voice to Light gave Being;  
To Time, and Man his earth-born Chron-  
nicler; [seeing,  
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim fore-  
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 [her stay  
And vanish, though the Heavens dissolve,  
Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away.

## TO THE MOON.

(COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,—ON THE  
COAST OF CUMBERLAND.)

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and  
com'st so near  
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;  
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to par-  
take, [wake;  
So might it seem, the cares of them that  
And, through the cottage lattice softly  
peeping, [sleeping;  
Dost shield from harm the humblest of the  
What pleasure once encompassed those  
sweet names  
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,  
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!— [shore  
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat  
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend  
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S  
FRIEND; [made known  
So call thee for heaven's grace through thee  
By confidence supplied and mercy shown,

When not a twinkling star or beacon's light  
Abates the perils of a stormy night;  
And for less obvious benefits, that find  
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and  
mind; [prime;  
Both for the adventurer starting in life's  
And veteran ranging round from clime to  
clime,  
Long baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,  
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's  
sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding  
Streams  
Empress of Night! are giaddened by thy  
beams;  
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,  
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;  
Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's  
gloom, [tomb;  
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's  
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated  
cell  
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—  
And lives there one, of all that come and  
go  
On the great waters toiling to and fro,  
One, who has watched thee at some quiet  
hour  
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,  
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds  
that move  
Catching the lustre they in part reprove—  
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway  
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of  
day,  
And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly  
bright  
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,  
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,  
Let me a compensating faith maintain;  
That there's a sensitive, a tender part  
Which thou canst touch in every human  
heart,  
For healing and composure.—But, as least  
And mightiest billows ever have confessed  
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea  
Feels through her lowest depths thy sove-  
reignty; [grace  
So shines that countenance with especial  
On them who urge the keel her plains to  
trace  
Furrowing its way right onward. The most  
rude,  
Cut off from home and country, may have  
stood—

Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,  
Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—  
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,  
With some internal lights to memory dear,  
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the  
breast

Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,—  
Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;  
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,  
Though it can wet with tears the hardest  
cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave  
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;  
Then, while the Sailor mid an open sea  
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves  
thought free,  
Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,  
And nothing save the moving ship's own  
light  
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant  
night—  
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,  
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,  
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S  
FRIEND!

---

TO THE MOON.

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,  
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,  
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver  
brow  
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,  
Alternate empire in the shades below—  
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread  
sea  
Traversed by gleaming ships looked up to  
thee  
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy  
rising hail  
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.  
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,  
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen  
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that  
fair face,  
And all those attributes of modest grace,  
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked  
by fear,  
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy  
sphere,  
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power,  
are charms

That fascinate the very Babe in arms,  
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs  
outright, [Mother's sight)

Spreading his little palms in his glad  
O still beloved, once worshipped! Time,  
that frowns

In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,  
Spares thy mild splendour; still those far-  
shot beams [streams

Tremble on dancing waves and rippling  
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy  
praise

Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;  
And through dark trials still dost thou ex-  
plore

Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,  
When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude  
faith

In mysteries of birth and life and death  
And painful struggle and deliverance—  
prayed

Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.  
What though the rites be swept away, the  
fanes

Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;  
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot cease,  
Love to promote and purity and peace;  
And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace  
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us—not blind  
To worlds unthought of till the searching  
mind

Of Science laid them open to mankind—  
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens  
declare

God's glory; and acknowledging thy share  
In that blest charge; let us—without  
offence

To ought of highest, holiest, influence—  
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to  
dispense.

May sage and simple, catching with one  
eye

The moral intimations of the sky,  
Learn from thy course, where'er their own  
be taken,

“To look on tempests, and be never  
shaken;” [way

To keep with faithful step the appointed  
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,

And from example of thy monthly range  
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;

Meek, patient, steadfast, and with lotier  
scope,

Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

## IMPROMPTU.

THE sun has long been set,  
 The stars are out by twos and threes,  
 The little birds are piping yet  
 Among the bushes and the trees ;  
 There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,  
 And a far-off wind that rushes,  
 And a sound of water that gushes,  
 And the cuckoo's sovereign cry  
 Fills all the hollow of the sky.  
 Who would 'go parading'  
 In London, 'and masquerading,'  
 On such a night of June  
 With that beautiful half-moon,  
 And all these innocent blisses ?  
 On such a night as this is !

## SONNET.

I WATCH, and long have watched, with  
 calm regret  
 Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire  
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering  
 quire !  
 Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and  
 yet ;  
 But now the horizon's rocky parapet  
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright  
 attire,  
 He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—  
 Then pays submissively the appointed debt  
 To the flying moments, and is seen no  
 more.  
 Angels and gods ! we *struggle* with our  
 fate,  
 While health, power, glory, from their  
 height decline,  
 Depressed ; and then extinguished : and  
 our state,  
 In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,  
 That no to-morrow shall our beams restore !

## ELEGIAC PIECES.

## TO 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 labours of the merchant's  
 desk  
 By duty chained. Not seldom did those  
 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, [converse sweet  
 Knowledge and Wisdom, gained from  
 With books, or while he ranged the  
 crowded streets  
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart :  
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
 And poured out truth in works by thought-  
 ful love  
 Inspired—works potent over smiles and  
 tears,  
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning  
 plays,  
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth  
 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,  
 Humour 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 unforbearing judgment from just  
 Heaven.  
 O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived !  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 From a reflecting mind and sorrowing  
 heart [wish,  
 Those simple lines flowed with an earnest  
 Though but a doubting hope, and they  
 might serve  
 fitly to guard the precious dust of him  
 Whose virtues called them forth. That  
 aim is missed ; [quired  
 For much that truth most urgently re-  
 had from a faltering pen been asked in  
 vain ;  
 Yet, haply, on the printed page received,



The imperfect record, there may stand  
unblamed [air  
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the  
Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my  
Friend! [the fields,  
But more in show than truth; and from  
And from the mountains, to thy rural  
grave

Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er  
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing  
flowers; [still

And taking up a voice shall speak (though  
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity  
Which words less free presumed not even  
to touch)

Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit  
lamp

From infancy, through manhood to the last  
Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,  
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light,  
enshrined

Within thy bosom.

"Wonderful" hath been

The love established between man and  
man,

"Passing the love of women;" and between  
Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock  
joined [of love

Through God, is raised a spirit and soul  
Without whose blissful influence Paradise  
Had been no Paradise; and earth were  
now [form,

A waste where creatures bearing human  
Direst of savage beasts, would roam in  
fear, [on;

Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide  
And let him grieve who cannot choose but  
grieve [Vine,

That he hath been an Elm without his  
And her bright dower of clustering  
charities, [have clung

That, round his trunk and branches might  
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, [powers,

All softening, humanizing, hallowing,  
Whether withheld, or for her sake un-  
sought—

More than sufficient recompense!

Her love  
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell  
it here!) [years,

Was as the love of mothers; and when  
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; [have been

Such were they—such thro' life they *might*  
In union, in partition only such; [High;  
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most  
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 un-  
known.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH  
OF JAMES HOGG.

WHEN first descending from the moorlands,  
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes :

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge,  
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;

The 'rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-sum-  
mits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
" Who next will drop and disappear ? "

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-  
looking,

I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before ; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;  
For Her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid !  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their poet  
dead.

## TRANSLATIONS OF EPITAPHS.

FROM CHIABRERA.

WEEP not, beloved Friends ! nor let the air  
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from  
life

Have I been taken ; this is genuine life  
And this alone—the life which now I live  
In peace eternal ; where desire and joy  
Together move in fellowship without end.—  
Francesco Ceni after death enjoined  
That thus his tomb should speak for him.

And surely  
Small cause there is for that fond wish of  
ours

Long to continue in this world ; a world  
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a  
hope

To good, whereof itself is destitute.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero  
With an untoward fate was long involved  
In odious litigation ; and full long,  
Fate harder still ! had he to endure  
assaults

Of racking malady. And true it is  
That not the less a frank courageous heart  
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain ;  
And he was strong to follow in the steps  
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path  
I leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,  
That might from him be hidden ; not a  
track

Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he  
Had traced its windings.—This Savona  
knows,

Yet no sepulchral honours to her Son  
She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled  
Only by gold. And now a simple stone  
Inscribed with this memorial here is raised  
By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.

Think not, O Passenger ! who read'st the  
lines

That an exceeding love hath dazzled me ;  
No—he was One whose memory ought to  
spread

Where'er Permessus bears an honoured  
name,

And live as long as its pure stream shall  
flow.

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle  
blood,

And all that generous nurture breeds, to  
make

Youth amiable ; O friend so true of soul

To fair Aglaia ; by what envy moved,  
 Lelius ! has death cut short thy brilliant  
 day  
 In its sweet opening ? and what dire mishap  
 Has from Savona torn her best delight ?  
 For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to  
 mourn ; [suffice not  
 And, should the outpourings of her eyes  
 For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto  
 Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto

Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to  
 death,  
 In the chaste arms of thy belovèd Love !  
 What profit riches ? what does youth avail ?  
 Dust are our hopes ;—I, weeping bitterly,  
 Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to  
 pray  
 That every gentle Spirit hither led  
 May read them not without some bitter  
 tears.





## NOTES.

Page 511.

## "Highland Hut."

THIS sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. The reader may not be displeas'd with the following extract from the journal of a Lady, my fellow-traveller in Scotland, in the autumn of 1803, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations:—

"On our return from the Trossachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seem'd like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird: he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. 'She keeps a dram,' as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, 'Ye'll get that,' bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cas'd in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was 'bonnier than Loch Lomond.' Our companion from the Trossachs, who, it appear'd, was an Edinburgh drawing master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o'Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to 'go ben,' attend'd me with a candle, and assur'd me that the bed was dry, though not 'sic as I had been used to.' It was of chaff: there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family: the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which cross'd each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under boughs of a large beech tree wither'd by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceiv'd. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping



or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Fairyland of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times, and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colours!"—*MS.*

Page 511.

"Bothwell Castle."

"Once on those steeps I roamed."

The following is from the same MS., and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:—

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, and scattered stones and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled by the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn, and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasant contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory, built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place: elm trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man *is* to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake, or of the sea, come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel."—*MS. Journal.*

Page 512.

"Hart's-horn Tree."

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmorland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfall Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhyme was made upon them:—

' Hercules kill'd Hart a greese  
And Hart a greese kill'd Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmorland and Cumberland.*

The tree has now disappeared, but the author of these poems well remembers its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz. Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith churchyard; Arthur's Round Table; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Eamont; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, &c. &c.

Page 513.

"The Highland Broach."

The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and concurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country. How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

Page 541.

"To the River Greta."

"But if thou like Cocytus," &amp;c.

Many years ago, when the author was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembles a great A." But Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, "*to greet*;" signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up *that* name till within three miles of its disappearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of this Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his Colloquies, "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind:—

—— ' ambiguo lapsu refluítque fluitque,  
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas.

Page 542.

*"To the River Derwent."*

This sonnet has already appeared in several editions of the author's poems; but he is tempted to reprint it in this place, as a natural introduction to the two that follow it.

Page 543.

*"Nun's Well, Brigham."**"By hooded votaries," &c.*

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor, and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.

Page 543.

*"Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington."*

"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.

Page 544.

*"On entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man."**"They are led by noble Hillary."*

The TOWER OF REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment, at that place; by which, under his superintendance, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

Page 545.

*"By a retired Mariner."*

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with the author, who hopes, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

Page 545.

*"Tynwald Hill."**"Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!"*

The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley, as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance!

Page 546.

*"On revisiting Dunolly Castle."*

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as the author afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Page 547.

"Cave of Staffa."

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steam-boat, the author returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions, which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 547.

"Sonnet 29."

"Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,  
Children of Summer!"

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. The author had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

Page 548.

"Iona."

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying the author's feeling better than any words of his own could do.

Page 549.

"The River Eden."

"Yet fetched from Paradise," &amp;c.

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, *a valley*? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Eamont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea.

Page 550.

"Nunnery."

"Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!"

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

Page 550.

"To the Earl of Lonsdale."

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.





## APPENDIX.

*DEDICATION TO THE EDITION OF 1815.*

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Accept my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these poems to you.—In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction ; for, by inscribing them with your name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,—for several of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton ; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood ; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference, by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this collection as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself—who have composed so many admirable pictures from the suggestions of the same scenery. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this region excited your admiration ; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still-strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that these poems may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND, *February 1, 1815.*

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

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THE observations prefixed to that portion of this work which was published many years ago, under the title of "Lyrical Ballads," have so little of a special application to the greater part of the present enlarged and diversified collection, that they could not with propriety stand as an introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those pieces, I have placed it so as to form an essay supplementary to the preface, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the reader.

In the preface to that part of "The Recluse," lately published under the title of "The Excursion," I have alluded to a meditated arrangement of my minor poems, which should assist the attentive reader in perceiving their connexion with each other, and also their subordination to that work. I shall here say a few words explanatory of this arrangement, as carried into effect in the present work.

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description; *i. e.*, the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer; whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, although indispensable to a poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the translator or engraver ought to be to his original. 2ndly, Sensibility,—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a Poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the poet delineated in the original preface, before mentioned.) 3rdly, Reflection,—which makes the poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connexion with each other. 4thly, Imagination and fancy,—to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention,—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation—whether of the poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the poet undertakes to illustrate. And lastly, Judgment,—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The materials of poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, the Narrative,—including the epopœia, the historic poem, the tale, the romance, the mock heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical novel. Of this class, the distinguishing mark is, that the narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which every thing primarily flows. Epic poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their

subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, "Arma virumque *cano*;" but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the "Iliad" or the "Paradise Lost" would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale;—so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2dly, The Dramatic,—consisting of tragedy, historic drama, comedy, and masque, in which the poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though, depending, to the degree that it does upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the Lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class.

3dly, The Lyrical,—containing the hymn, the ode, the elegy, the song, and the ballad; in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

4thly, The Idyllium,—descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as "The Seasons" of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone's "Schoolmistress," "The Cotter's Saturday Night" of Burns, "The Twa Dogs" of the same author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the "Allegro" and "Penseroso" of Milton, Beattie's "Minstrel," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The epitaph, the inscription, the sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic,—the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the poem of Lucretius, "The Georgics," of Virgil, "The Fleecce" of Dyer, Masen's "English Garden," etc.

And, lastly, philosophical satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal: personal and occasional satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of poetry.

Out of the three last has been constructed a composite order, of which Young's "Night Thoughts," and Cowper's "Task," are excellent examples.

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may, with propriety, be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with childhood, and terminating with old age, death, and immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical poem, "The Recluse." This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the little poems alluded to at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, anything material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting reader. I trust there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the reader, that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the author's conception, predominant in the production of them; *predominant*, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of imagination, and *vice versâ*. Both the above classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of "Poems Founded on the Affections;" as might this latter from those, and from the class "Proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection." The most striking characteristics

of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

It may be proper in this place to state, that the extracts in the second [first] class, entitled "Juvenile Pieces," are in many places altered from printed copy, chiefly by omission and compression. The slight alterations of another kind were for the most part made not long after the publication of the poems from which the extracts are taken.\* These extracts seem to have a title to be placed here, as they were the productions of youth, and represent implicitly some of the features of a youthful mind, at a time when images of nature supplied to it the place of thought, sentiment, and almost of action; or, as it will be found expressed, of a state of mind when

"the sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
 An appetite, a feeling, and a love,  
 That had no need of a remoter charm,  
 By thought supplied, or any interest  
 Unborrowed from the eye."

I will own that I was much at a loss what to select of these descriptions: and perhaps it would have been better either to have reprinted the whole, or suppressed what I have given.

None of the other classes, except those of fancy and imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre: with what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves: the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible,—the letter of metre must not be so impulsive to the spirit of versification,—as to deprive the reader of a voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem;—in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere proseman—

"He murmurs near the running brooks  
 A music sweeter than their own."

I come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following poems. "A man," says an intelligent author, "has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which *images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (*φανταζειν* is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterized. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced."—*British Synonyms Discriminated*, by W. Taylor.

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\* These poems are now printed entire.

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious author's mind is enthralled by etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that faculty of which the poet is "all compact;" he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity? Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a class of the following poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the shepherd thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses his goats:—

"Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro  
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo."

"Half way down  
*Hangs* one who gathers samphire,"

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover. In the setwo instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

"As when, far off at sea, a fleet descried,  
*Hangs* in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles  
Of Ternate or Tydore, whence merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole: so seemed  
Far off the flying fiend."

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image: first, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime object to which it is compared.

From images of sight we will pass to those of sound.

"Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove *broods*;

of the same bird,

"His voice was *buried* among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze;"

"O cuckoo! shall I call thee *bird*,  
Or but a wandering *voice*?"

The stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination



to assist in marking the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. "His voice was buried among trees," a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar, and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the poet feels, penetrates the shade in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

"Shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?"

This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to re-act upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a new existence.

I pass from the imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the shepherd, contemplating it from the seclusion of the cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,  
Wonder to all who do the same espy  
By what means it could thither come, and whence  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense.  
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun himself.

Such seemed this man . not all alive or dead,  
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age,  
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the sea-beast; and the sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power; but the imagination also shapes and *creates*—and how? By innumerable processes . and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number.—alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact fleet, as one person, has been introduced

"Sailing from Bengala," "They," *i.e.*, the "Merchants," representing the fleet resolved into a multitude of ships, "ply" their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: "so" (referring to the word "as" in the commencement) "seemed the flying fiend;" the image of his person acting to recombine the multitude of ships into one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. "So seemed," and to whom seemed? To the heavenly muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the poet's mind, and to that of the reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

"Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis."

Hear again this mighty poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from heaven the rebellious angels,

"Attended by ten thousand thousand saints  
He onward came: far off his coming shone,"

the retinue of saints and the person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction, "His coming!"

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present edition, and especially upon one division of it, I shall spare myself and the reader the trouble of considering the imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed friends, "draws all things to one, which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect."\* The grand store-houses of enthusiastic and meditative imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton, to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. However imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations,—of which his character of Una is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic imagination the works of Shakespeare are an inexhaustible source.

"I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdoms, called you daughters!"

And if, bearing in mind the many poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by a recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself; I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

I dismiss this subject with observing—that, in the series of poems placed under the

\* Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.

head of imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of nature in the development of this faculty. Guided by one of my own primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents to plant, for immortality, images of sound and sight, in the celestial soil of the imagination. The boy, there introduced, is listening, with something of a feverish and restless anxiety, for the recurrence of the riotous sounds which he had previously excited; and, at the moment when the intenseness of his mind is beginning to remit, he is surprised into a perception of the solemn and tranquillizing images which the poem describes.—The poems next in succession exhibit the faculty exerting itself upon various objects of the external universe; then follow others, where it is employed upon feelings, characters, and actions;\* and the class is concluded with imaginative pictures of moral, political, and religious sentiments.

To the mode in which fancy has already been characterised as the power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, "the aggregative and associative power," my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the imagination as to the fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch: and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these, are the desires and demands of the imagination. She recoils from everything but the plastic the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman."

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic angel was as tall as Pompey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas;—because these, and if they were a million times as high, it would be the same, are bounded. The expression is "His stature reached the sky!" the illimitable firmament!—When the imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect, less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal properties:—moreover, the images invariably modify each other.—The law under which the processes of fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images, trusting that their number and the facility with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion;—the soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished.—Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, imagination to incite and to support the eternal. Yet is it not the less true that fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with the imagination, and imagination stoops to work with the materials of fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned

\* In the present edition, such of these as were furnished by Scottish subjects are incorporate with a class entitled, "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland."

parts of Bishop Taylor's works can be opened that shall not afford examples. Referring the reader to those inestimable volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the "Paradise Lost":—

"The dews of the evening most carefully shun,  
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathising nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

"Sky lowered, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completion of the mortal sin."

The associating link is the same in each instance; dew or rain not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case, a flash of surprise and nothing more; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects of the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in nature so manifested; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as "earth had, before, trembled from her entrails, and nature given a second groan."

Awe-stricken as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine poet, I scarcely dare venture to add that "An Address to an Infant," which the reader will find under the class of Fancy in the present edition, exhibits something of this communion and interchange of instruments and functions between the two powers, and is accordingly placed last in the class, as a preparation for that of imagination, which follows.

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's "Ode upon Winter," an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of winter, with his retinue, as "a palsied king," and yet a military monarch, advancing for conquest with his army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect, and a corresponding hurry of delightful feeling. Winter retires from the foe into his fortress, where

"a magazine  
Of sovereign juice is cellared in;  
Liquor that will the siege maintain  
Should Phœbus ne'er return again."

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the poem supplies of her management of forms—

"'Tis that that gives the poet rage,  
And thaws the jellied blood of age;  
Matures the young, restores the old,  
And makes the fainting coward bold.

"It lays the careful head to rest,  
Calm's palpitations in the breast,  
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet;

"Then let the chill Sirocco blow,  
And gird us round with hills of snow,  
Or else go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar.

“ Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit ;  
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

“ We'll think of all the friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to ;  
When having drunk all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want healths than wine.

“ But where friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity ;  
Men that remote in sorrows live,  
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

“ We'll drink the wanting into wealth,  
And those that languish into health,  
The afflicted into joy ; the opprest  
Into security and rest.

“ The worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favour return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie,  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

“ The brave shall triumph in success,  
The lovers shall have mistresses,  
Poor unregarded virtue, praise,  
And the neglected poet, bays.

“ Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;  
For, freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be but what we are ?”

It remains that I should express my regret at the necessity of separating my compositions from some beautiful poems of Mr. Coleridge, with which they have been long associated in publication. The feelings with which that joint publication was made, have been gratified ; its end is answered, and the time is come when considerations of general propriety dictate the separation. Three short pieces (now first published) are the work of a female friend [his sister Dora] ; and the reader, to whom they may be acceptable, is indebted to me for his pleasure ; if any one regard them with dislike, or be disposed to condemn them, let the censure fall upon him, who, trusting in his own sense of their merit and their fitness for the place which they occupy, *extorted* them from the authoress.





## ESSAY SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE.

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WITH the young of both sexes, poetry is, like love, a passion; but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage: or it relaxes of itself; the thoughts being occupied in domestic care, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a species of luxurious amusement. In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the afflictions of life. And, lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended *as a study*.

Into the above classes the readers of poetry may be divided; critics abound in them all; but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry (which nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science) her appropriate employment, her privilege and her *duty*, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses* and to the *passions*. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged principle prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason!—When a juvenile reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common-sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts—is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or, if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause;—that,

having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem falls in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The book was probably taken up after an escape from the burthen of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious, with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original work, the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can *serve* (i. e., obey with zeal and fidelity) two masters.

As poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two classes of readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive, that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to overrate the authors by whom these truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they receive from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous consequences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathise with them, however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike; and the heart of the reader is set against the author and his book.—To these excesses, they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous; at another, being troubled as they are, and must be, with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious;—and at all seasons, they are under temptation to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself.

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity:—the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence:

and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what he is incapable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burden upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between religion and poetry;—between religion—making up the deficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry—passionate for the instruction of reason. between religion—whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription and reconciled to substitutions; and poetry—ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error;—so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion,—than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing anything of its quickness; and for active faculties capable of answering the demands which an author of original imagination shall make upon them,—associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it?—Among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed—that, as this class comprehends the only judgments which are trustworthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mis-taught is worse than to be untaught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this class are contained censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalise rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end;—who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; men, who take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily "into the region;"—men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid,—who therefore feed as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provocatives;—judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits—must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them;—it will be further found, and when authors have, at length, raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of virtue, which owes its

being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes ;—a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it ; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this country for the greater part of the last two centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that can now endure to read "The Creation" of Dubartas ? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise ; he was caressed by kings ; and, when his poem was translated into our language, "The Faery Queen" faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

"The laurel meed of mighty conquerors  
And poets *sage*"—

are his own words ; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy ; while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been *their* best friend. But he was a great power ; and bears a high name : the laurel has been awarded to him.

A dramatic author, if he write for the stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the audience, or they will not endure him ; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted ; but I am not sufficiently versed in stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic writers, that Shakspeare, like his predecessors, Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the people, is sufficiently apparent ; and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius, is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation ; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the players, for the gratification of the many ?

But that his works, whatever might be their reception on the stage, made little impression upon the ruling intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him.\*—His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration ; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his edition of the plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our nation : "the English, with their buffon de Shakspeare," is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French

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\* The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears date 1635), writing to refute the error "touching nature's perpetual and universal decay," cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Bartas, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated ; but he makes no mention of Shakspeare.



theatre ; an advantage which the Parisian critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakspeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the poet : for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion, that Shakspeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be "a wild, irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakspeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human nature !

There is extant a small volume of miscellaneous poems in which Shakspeare expresses his own feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the editor, *George Steevens*, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that volume, the *Sonnets* ; though there is not a part of the writings of this poet where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of these,\* or any production of Shakspeare, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces ; and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions—"there sitting where he durst not soar."

Nine years before the death of Shakspeare, Milton was born ; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that *Pope*, in his youth, could pilfer from them without danger of detection. Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated I will not undertake to decide ; nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of readers to suppose the contrary ; seeing that a man of the acknowledged genius of *Voss*, the German poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces. At all events, it is certain that these poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised ; yet they were little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication ; and of the *Sonnets*, *Dr. Johnson*, as appears from *Boswell's* life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as *Steevens* wrote upon those of Shakspeare.

About the time when the *Pindaric Odes* of *Cowley* and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom *Dr. Johnson* has strangely styled metaphysical poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, "*The Paradise Lost*" made its appearance. "Fit audience find though few," was the petition addressed by the poet to his inspiring muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked ; this I believe to be true ; but *Dr. Johnson* has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's countrymen were "just to it" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hundred copies were sold in two years ; an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited. But, be it remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends ; who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising. The demand did not immediately

\* This flippant insensibility was publicly reprehended by *Mr. Coleridge*, in a course of Lectures upon Poetry, given by him at the Royal Institution. For the various merits of thought and language in Shakspeare's *Sonnets* see Numbers 27, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 76, 86, 91, 92, 93, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 120, and many others.



increase; "for," says Dr. Johnson, "many more readers" (he means persons in the habit of reading poetry) "than were supplied, at first the nation did not afford." How careless must a writer be who can make this assertion in the face of so many existing title-pages to belie it! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, 7th Edition, 1681. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, 4th Edition, 1686. Waller, 5th Edition, same date. The poems of Norris of Bemerton not long after went, I believe, through nine editions. What further demand there might be for these works I do not know, but I well remember, that twenty-five years ago, the booksellers' stalls in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley. This is not mentioned in disparagement of that able writer and amiable man; but merely to show—that, if Milton's work was not more read, it was not because readers did not exist at the time. The early editions of "The Paradise Lost" were printed in a shape which allowed them to be sold at a low price, yet only 3000 copies of the work were sold in eleven years; and the nation, says Dr. Johnson, had been satisfied from 1623 to 1644, that is, forty-one years, with only two editions of the works of Shakspeare; which probably did not together make 1000 copies; facts adduced by the critic to prove the "paucity of readers." There were readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorised, then, to affirm that the reception of "The paradise Lost," and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous.\*—How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a wit of Charles's days, or a lord of the miscellanies or trading journalist of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties industriously to work upon this poem, every where impregnated with *original* excellence!

So strange, indeed, are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse, in MS., a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that century. It is the work of an English peer of high accomplishments, and the close of form the character and direct the studies of his son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous. Yet the author, selecting among the poets of his own country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularises only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English muses as only yet lisping in their cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of these arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a belief that nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues which the author intended to be burlesque. The instigator of the work, and his admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous, even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." These pastorals, ludicrous to those who prided themselves upon their refinement, in

\* Hughes is express upon this subject: in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus:—"It was your lordship's encouraging a beautiful edition of 'Paradise Lost' that first brought that incomparable poem to be generally known and esteemed."

† This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.

spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Something less than sixty years after the publication of "The Paradise Lost," appeared Thomson's "Winter;" which was speedily followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," said one of his contemporary biographers, "than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for anything in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the poet or love the man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us:—but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the "Windsor Forest" of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of "The Paradise Lost" and "The Seasons" does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one, from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of night in one of his tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the "Iliad." A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless;\* those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity! If these two distinguished writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time holden in much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention paid to these appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of ignorance; and as the soil was *in such good con-*

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\* "CORTES (*alone in a night-gown*).

All things are hushed as nature's self lay dead:  
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head:  
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat:  
Even lust and envy sleep; yet love denies  
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes."

—DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*.

*dition* at the time of the publication of "The Seasons," the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of his pupils, but he could do little *more*, though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy they recognised a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment,—how is the rest to be accounted for?—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one: in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental common-places, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of "The Seasons" the book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora); these also are prominent in our collections of extracts; and are the parts of his work, which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him "an elegant and philosophical poet;" nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative poet\* were perceived till the elder Warton, almost forty years after the publication of "The Seasons," pointed them out by a note in his "Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope." In "The Castle of Indolence" (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious, and diction more pure. Yet that fine poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed his regrets into an elegiac form, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon *him* who should regard with insensibility the place where the poet's remains were deposited. The poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known, but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the edition into the fire.

Next in importance to "The Seasons" of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come "The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry;" collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales, which appeared not long after its publication; and which were modelled, as the authors persuaded themselves, after the old ballad. The compilation was, however, ill suited to the then existing taste of city society; and Dr. Johnson, mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this country, into temporary neglect, while Bürger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating or imitating these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that though, while he was writing under a mask, he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite

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\* Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have perused the second edition of his "Seasons," and find that even that does not contain the most striking passages which Warton points out for admiration: these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period.

ballad of Sir Cauline, and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the "Hermit of Warkworth," a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact\* with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Bürger (to whom Klopstock gave in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example—

"Now daye was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,  
All save the Lady Emeline,  
Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

"And soone she heard her true-love's voice  
Low whispering at the walle,  
'Awake, awake, my dear ladye  
'Tis I thy true-love call."

Which is thus tricked out and dilated :—

"Als nun die Nacht Gebüg' und Thal  
Vermummt in Rabenschatten,  
Und Hochburgs Lampen überall  
Schon ausgeflummet hatten,  
Und alles tief entschlafen war :  
Doch nur das Fräulein immerdar,  
Voll Fieberangst, noch wachte,  
Und seinen Ritter dachte :  
Da horch ! Ein süsser Liebeston  
Kam leis' empor geflogen.  
'Ho, Trüdchen, ho ! Da bin ich schon !  
Frisch auf ! Dich angezogen !"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.

All hail, Macpherson ! hail to thee, sire of Ossian ! The phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The editor of "The Reliques" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable : how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance ! Open this far-famed book ! I have done so at random, and the beginning of the epic poem Temora, in eight books, presents itself. "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Gray torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king ; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds." Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian !

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak

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\* Shenstone, in his "Schoolmistress," give, a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance (See Disraeli's second series of "The Curiosities of Literature"), the poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions, the commentary was dropped, and the people have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.



disrespectfully of works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion. Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his car-borne heroes;—of Morven, which, if one may judge of its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his very “*ands*” and his “*buts!*” and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; or unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own. It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland;—a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns. These opinions are of ill omen for the epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as these pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly uninfluential upon the literature of the country. No succeeding writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration; no author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them—except the boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a magazine with *Saxon poems*,—counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a gaudy, audacious as worthless.—Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions!—I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work; and for our own country, its poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy on this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish prefaces, biographical and critical, for the works of some of the most eminent English poets. The booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection: they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably, to their books of accounts; and decided upon the claim of authors to be admitted into a body of the most eminent, from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits, which, from the sale of his



works, each had brought and was bringing to the trade. The editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of prefatory lives, and to our astonishment the *first* name we find is that of Cowley!—What is become of the morning-star of English poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation? Or, if names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sidney? and, lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contradistinguished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a dramatist, we have vindicated,—where Shakspeare? These and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have *not*. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made, as in this case before us?) Roscommon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt—Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, and other reputed magnates; writers in metre, utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these poems? The question will be easily answered by the discerning reader who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these pieces were first published, seventeen years ago; who has also observed to what degree the poetry of this island has since that period been coloured by them; and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical works, it is this,—that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical friend for the separation of whose poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them; and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on men who stand below him in the scale of society?

Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted.

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of *knowledge*, it does *not* lie here.—Taste, I would remind the reader, like imagination, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a *passive* sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence *not* passive,—to intellectual *acts* and *operations*. The word, imagination, has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of taste, the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable,—being no other than that selfishness which is the child of *apathy*,—which, as nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word, imagination; but the word, taste, has been stretched to the sense that it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office; for in its intercourse with these the mind is *passive*, and is affected painfully or pleasantly as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of nations have been designated by the metaphor—*taste*. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating *power* in the mind of the reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies *suffering*: but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and *action*, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry! But,

“Anger in hasty words or blows  
Itself discharges on its foes.”

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid,—and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate *power*, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original writer, at his first appearance in the world. Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before. Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility, for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian prince or general—stretched on his palanquin, and borne by his slaves? No, he is invigorated and inspirited by his leader, in order that he may exert himself, for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore, to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect; and *there* lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of an *animal* sensation, it might seem—that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of

the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And, doubtless, in the works of every true poet will be found passages of that species of excellence, which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others—that are complex and revolutionary; some—to which the heart yields with gentleness; others—against which it struggles with pride: these varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected—is language; a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius of the poet melts these down for his purpose; but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of exerting, within his own mind, a corresponding energy. There is also a meditative, as well as a human pathos; an enthusiastic as well as an ordinary, sorrow; a sadness that has its seat in the depths of reason, to which the mind cannot sink gently of itself—but to which it must descend by treading the steps of thought. And for the sublime,—if we consider what are the cares that occupy the passing day, and how remote is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity, in the soul of man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a poet charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word *popular*, applied to new works in poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all men should run after his productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell!—The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in every thing which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her power;—wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination; wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic annunciation of the remotest future, *there* the poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers. Grand thoughts, (and Shakspeare must often have sighed over this truth) as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits, without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the sister art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing—that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age: whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly *perishes*; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty—with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention.

Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the writer, the judgment of the people is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The people have already been justified, and, their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said, above—that, of *good* poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how doth 't survive but through the people? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

— “ Past and future, are the wings  
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,  
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge.” —

MS.

The voice that issues from this spirit, is that *vox populi* which the deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though for a nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is any thing of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence which, under the name of the public, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the people. Towards the public, the writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to: but to the people, philosophically characterized, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, takes leave of his readers, by assuring them—that, if he were not persuaded that the contents of his works, evinced something of the “vision and the faculty divine;” and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction;—from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.



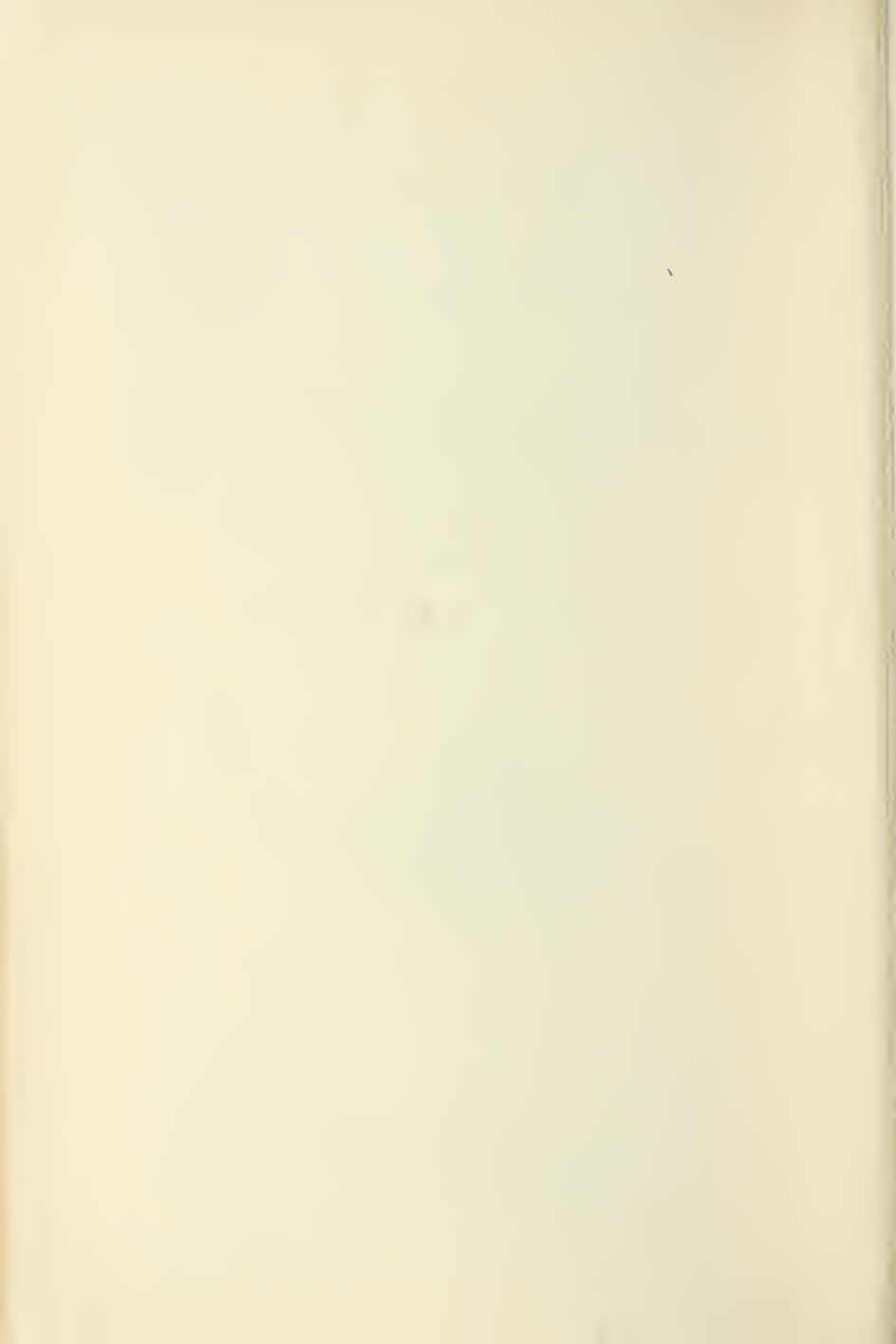
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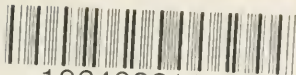












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