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EDWARD M. BARRINGER
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MINOT FUND,
the books (not medical) so bequeathed have been transferred to the Library of the University, April 8, 1881.
THE COMPLETE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[AUTHORIZED EDITION.]

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, SON, AND CO.
44, DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY.
1869.
If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content:—
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,
(Visible though they be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees;
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.
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To a Butterfly
A Farewell
Stanzas written in my Pocket-copy of Thomson’s Castle of Indolence
Louisa. After accompanying her on a Mountain Excursion
Strange fits of passion have I known
She dwelt among the untrodden ways
I travelled among unknown men
Ere with cold beads of midnight dew
To ———
The Forsaken
’Tis said, that some have died for love
A Complaint
To ———
Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved
How rich that forehead’s calm expance
What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
To ———
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The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman
The Last of the Flock
Repentance. A Pastoral Ballad
The Affliction of Margaret——
The Cottager to her Infant
Maternal Grief
The Sailor’s Mother
The Childless Father
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The Idiot Boy
Michael. A Pastoral Poem
The Widow on Windermere Side
The Armenian Lady’s Love
Loving and Liking. Irregular Verses, addressed to a Child
Farewell Lines
The Redbreast. Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage
Her Eyes are Wild

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

It was an April morning: fresh and clear
To Joanna
There is an Eminence,—of these our hills
A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags
To M. H.
When, to the attractions of the busy world
Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base
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Composed after a Journey across the Hambleton Hills, Yorkshire

Those words were uttered as in pensive mood

While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright

Composed during a Storm

To a Snow-drop

To the Lady Mary Lowther

To Lady Beaumont

There is a pleasure in poetic pains

The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said

When haughty expectations prostrate lie,

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the sky!

Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,

Desponding Father! mark this altered bough

Captivity.—Mary Queen of Scots

St. Catherine of Ledebur

Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and near,

Four stony steeeds impatient of the rein

Brook! whose sooty the Poet seeks,

Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream

Pure element of waters! worshipp' er

Malham Cove

Gordalo

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 5, 1802

Conclusion. To ——

PART III.

Though the bold wings of Poesy affect

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!

Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow

Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge

On the Death of His Majesty (George the Third)

Fame tells of groves—from England far away—

A Parsonage in Oxfordshire

Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales

To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P.

To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824

In the Woods of Rydal

When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle

While Anna's peers and early playmates tread

To the Cuckoo

To ——

The Infant M—— M——

To ——, in her seventieth year

To Rotha Q——

A Grave-stone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral

Roman Antiquities discovered at Bishopstone, Herefordshire

Clitheroe! thy stately mansion, and the pride

A Tradition of Oker Hill in Darley Dale, Derbyshire

Filial Piety
THE COMPLETE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[AUTHORIZED EDITION.]

LONDON:
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44. DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY.

1869.
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POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY

PART I.

Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August, 1802

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,

Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802

I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain

Festivals have I seen that were not names:

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic

The King of Sweden

To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

We had a female Passenger who came

Composed in the Valley near Dover, on the day of landing

Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;

Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland

Written in London, September, 1802

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour;

Great men have been among us; hands that penned

It is not to be thought of that the Flood.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed

One might believe that natural miseries

There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear

These times strike monied worldlings with dismay:

England! the time is come when thou should'st wean

When, looking on the present face of things,

To the Men of Kent. October, 1803

What if our numbers barely could defy

Lines on the expected Invasion. 1803

Anticipation. October, 1803

Another year—another deadly blow!

Ode. Who rises on the banks of Seine,

PART II.

On a celebrated Event in Ancient History

Upon the same Event

To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade

A Prophecy. February, 1807

Composed by the Side of Grasmere Lake

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes

Composed while the Author was engaged in Writing a Tract, occasioned by the Convention of Cintra

Composed at the same Time and on the same Occasion

Hoffur

Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground

Feelings of the Tyrolean

Also! what boots the long laborious quest

And is it among rude untutored Dales,

O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain

On the Final Submission of the Tyrolean

Hail, Zaragossa! If with unwet eye

Say, what is Honour—Tis the finest sense

The martial courage of a day is vain

Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight
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Composed in Rosslin Chapel, during a Storm
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Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive
Eagles. Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban
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Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm
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- 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

- Annunciation to the Earth. February, 1816.

- Lines written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy of the Author's Poem "The Excursion," upon hearing of the Death of the late Vicar of Kendal

- Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B., upon the Death of his Sister-in-Law

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POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Of the Poems in this class, "The Evening Walk," and "Descriptive Sketches" were first published in 1783. They are reprinted with some alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication.

This notice, which was written some time ago, scarcely applies to the Poem, "Descriptive Sketches," as it now stands. The corrections, though numerous, are not, however, such as to prevent its retaining with propriety a place in the class of Juvénile Pieces.

1786.

I.

EXTRACT

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

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

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

II.

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH

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

1786.
II.

AN EVENING WALK.
ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's regret of his youth which was passed amongst them—Short description of Noon—Cascade—Noon-tide Retreat—Precipice and sloping Lights.—Face of Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain-farm, and the Cock—State-quarry.—Sunset—Superstition of the Country connected with that moment—Swans—Female Neggar—Twilight-sounds—Western Lamps—Spirit—Night—Moonlight—Hope—Night-sounds—Conclusion.

Far from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove; Where Derwent rests, and listens to the roar That stuns the tremendous cliffs of high Lodore; Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads, To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads; Leads to her bridge, rude church and, cottaged grounds, Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland sounds; Where, undisturbed by winds, Winander* sleeps 'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steepes; Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore, And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes, erewhile, I taught, a happy child, The echoes of your rocks my carols wild: The spirit sought not then, in cherished sadness, A cloudy substitute for falling gladness. In youth's keen eye the livelong day was bright, The sun at morning, and the stars at night, Alike, when first the bittern's hollow hill Was heard, or woodcocks† roamed the moonlight hill.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain, And hope itself was all I knew of pain; For then, the inexperienced heart would beat At times, while young Content forsook her seat, And wild Impatience, pointing upward, showed, Through passes yet unreached, a brighter road. Also! the idle tale of man is found Depicted in the dial's moral round; Hope with reflection blends her social rays To gild the total tablet of his days; Yet still, the sport of some malignant power, He knows but from its shade the present hour.

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

When, in the south, the wan noon, brooding still, Breathed a pale steam around the glancing hill, And shades of deep-engrav'd clouds were seen, Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between; When crowding cattle, checked by rails that make A fence far stretched into the shallow lake, Lashed the cool water with their restless tails, Or from high points of rock looked out for fanning gales;

When school-boys stretched their length upon the green; And round the broad-spread oak, a glimmering scene,

In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear; When horses in the sunburst intake* stood, And vainly eyed below the tempting flood, Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress, With forward neck the closing gate to press— Then, while I wandered where the huddling rill Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll† As by enchantment, an obscure retreat Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.

While thick above the rill the branches close, In rocky basin its wild waves repose, Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green, Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-woods be-tween; And its own twilight softens the whole scene, Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine On withered briers that o'er the crags recline; Save where, with sparkling foam, a small cascade Illumines, from within, the leafy shade; Beyond, along the vista of the brook, Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook, The eye reposes on a secret bridge;† Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge; There, bending o'er the stream, the listless swain Lingers behind his disappearing wain.

—Did Sabine grace adorn my living line, Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine!

* The word intake is local, and signifies a mountain-enclosure.
† Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country; ghyll, and dingle, have the same meaning.
1. The reader who has made the tour of this country, will recognize, in this description, the features which characterize the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal.

* 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.
AN EVENING WALK.

or shall ruthless minister of death

I sigh o'er glooms the glittering steel ungloath;

This shell, for thee, be crowned with flowers,

As in piecious outcry th' lazy bowers;

O'er shapes that by thy margin rove

Are sovereign sacrifices approv'd,

In, in a calm angelic mood

As wise, as meditating good,

Of all from her high powers required,

And, much designed, and more desired,—

Serious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,

A sensation for all human kind.

As Brook, farewell! To-morrow's noon again

Invites me, weeping long thy wildwood strain;

As the sun has gained his western road,

And, till, in mild hour invites my steps abroad.

The, near the midday cliff, the silvered kite

As a whirling circle wheels her flight;

Nature's lights, from parting clouds, space

Along the precipice's base;

In the naked waste of scattered stone,

Beautiful, and snaky moss, overgrown;

She cheers the fagot's peas, or thistle's beard;

Without stone-clad, all day long, is heard.

As pleasant, as the sun declines, to view

Various landscape change in form and hue!

A host of objects, by the searching beams betrayed,

Dark, and here retire in purple shade;

The white stems of birch, the cottage white,

Their glare before the mellow light;

Sils, at anchor where with unbridge wide

Lestens half the latticed boat-house hide,

From whose sides, that face the sun's slant beam,

Rays of radiance on the tremulous stream:

By you travelling flock, a dusty cloud

And spreads its moving cloud:

There, all involved in wreaths of fire,

A shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

As gradal calm the breeze sink,

As the clouders all the lake's still brook;

To the twinkling sapphire's foliage sleep,

Becomes, like dust, the glassy deep;

But, in every side, the surface breaks

And, in the vast, and shallow lengthening streaks;

Of sparkling water tremble bright

A thousand thousand twinkling points of light;

To dance that, hardly witering, die away,

Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray;

And now the whole wide lake in deep repose

Is hushed, and like a burnish'd mirror glows,

Save where, along the shady western marg'e,

Coasts, with industrious car, the charcoal large.

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 stodge;

Bright beams the lonely mountain horse illum'd

Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings*", and

Broom;

While the sharp slope the slacked team confounds,

Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds;

In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,

Dashed over the rough rock, lightly leaps along;

From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet,

Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat;

Sounds from the water-side the hammer'd boat;

And blasting quarry thunders, heard remote!

Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,

Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling floods;

Not un delight are the simplest charms,

Found by the grassy door of mountain-farms.

Sweetly servious', round his native walks,

Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch strolls;

Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread;

A crest of purple tops the warrior's head.

Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-ball hurls

Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls;

On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat,

Threatened by faintly-answering farms remote;

Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,

While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings!

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the sombreous pine

And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline;

I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,

Dwarf pampered steeds, and men, and numerous wains:

How busy all the enormous hive within,

While Echo dallies with its various din!

Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking sound?)

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

† "Delicente forcea."—Tasso.—In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in L'Agriculture, en Les Géographes Francais, of M. Rossetet.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Till, small as pigeons in the gulf profound;
Some, dim between the lofty cliffs descried,
O'erwalk the slender plank from side to side;
These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring,
In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.

Just where a cloud above the mountain rears
An edge all flame, the broadening sun appears;
A long blue bar its segis orb divides,
And breaks the spreading of its golden tide;
And now that orb has touched the purple steep
Whose softened image penetrates the deep.

'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the cliffs aspire,
With towers and woods, a "prospect all on fire;"* When leaves and secret hollows, through a ray
Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray.
Each slip of lawn the broken rocks between Shines in the light with more than earthily green: Deep yellow beams the scattered stems illumine,
Far in the level forest's central gloom:
Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale, Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,— The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering rocks, Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted flocks.
Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots; The druid-stones a brightened ring unfold; And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold; Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessons gives, One bright glance, and drops behind the hill *.

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

The form appears of one that spurs his steed Midway along the hill with desperate speed; Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall. Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro; At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar beam; The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen gleam. While silent stands the admiring crowd below, Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward way; Till the last banner of the long array

Has disappeared, and every trace is fled Of splendor—save the beacon's spiry head Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.

Now, while the solemn evening shadows On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale; And, fronting the bright west, you oak entw Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger 'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray Where, winding on along some secret bay, The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flits: His neck, a varying arch, between his tow wings:
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees How graceful, pride can be, and how majestic While tender cares and mild domestic loves With furtive watch pursue her as she moves The female with a meeker charm succeeds, And her brown little-ones around her leads, Nibbling the water lilies as they pass, Or playing wanton with the floating grass. She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride Forgetting, calls the weared to her side; Alternately they mount her back, and rest Close by her mantling wings' embraces press

Long may they float upon this flood serene Theirs be these holms unmortended, still, and fair; Where leafy shades fence off the blustering And breathe in peace the lily of the vale! You, isle, which feels not even the milkmaid Yet hears her song, *by distance made more You isle conceals their home, their hut-like' Green water-rushes overspreads the floor; Long grass and willows form the woven bed And swings above the roof the poplar tall. Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalks, They crush with broad black feet their walk; Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at: The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow Involves their serpent-heels in changeful The rolled wantonly between their slippery wall, Or, starting up with noise and rude delight Force half upon the wave their cumbersome

Fair Swan! by all a mother's joys care Haspily some wretch has eyed, and cal blessed; When with her infants, from some shady By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the heat; Or taught their limbs along the dusty rou A few short steps to totter with their toe.

* From Thomson.
† See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader.
AN EVENING WALK.

I see her now, denied to lay her head,  
On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built shed,  
Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,  
By pointing to the gliding moon on high.
—When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide,  
And fireless are the valleys far and wide,  
Where the brook brawls along the public road  
Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching broad,  
Oft has she taught them on her lap to lay  
The shining glow-worm; or, in heedless play,  
Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted;  
While others, not unseen, are free to shed  
Green unmolested light upon their mousy bed.

Oh! when the sleetly showers her path assail,  
And like a torrent roars the headstrong gale;  
No more her breast can thaw their fingers cold,  
Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold;  
Weak roof a covering form two babes to shield,  
And faint the fire a dying heart can yield!  
Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears  
Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its tears;  
No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,  
Thy breast their death-bed, coffin'd in these arms!

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

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light  
Blends with the solemn colouring of night;  
Mid groves of clouds that crouch the mountain's brow,  
And round the west's proud lodge their shadows throw,  
Like Una shining on her gloomy way,  
The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray;  
Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and small,  
Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall;  
Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale  
Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.

With restless interchange at once the bright  
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.  
No favoured eye was o'er allowed to gaze  
On lovelier spectacle in fairy days;  
When gentle Spiritus urged a sportive chase,  
Brushing with lucid wand the water's face;  
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,  
Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.  
The lights are vanished from the watery plains:

No wreck of all the pageantry remains.  
Unheeded night has overcome the vales:  
On the dark earth the wearied vision falls;  
The latest lingerer of the forest train,  
The lone black fox, forsakes the faded plain;  
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,  
Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;  
And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,  
Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps appear.  
—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel  
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,  
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find  
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.  
Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!  
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away;  
Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;  
Still the cold check its abuddering tear retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light, to thread  
Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's bed,  
From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon  
Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,  
While with a hoary light she frost the ground,  
And pours a deeper blue to Eris's bound;  
Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds to fold  
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

Above you eastern hill, where darkness broods  
O'er all its vanished dwells, and lawns, and woods;  
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,  
Even now she shews, half-veiled, her lovely face  
Across the gloomy valley flings her light,  
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white;  
And gives, where woods the chequered upland strew,  
To the green corn of summer, autumn's hue.

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

Even now she decks for me a distant scene,  
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between)  
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,  
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way;)  
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!  
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!  
Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,  
'Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs  
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)  
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains,
And, rinary without speck, extend the plains:
The deepest cleft the mountain’s front displays
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
From the dark-blue faint silvery threads divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;
Time softly treads, throughout the landscape breathes
A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by wreaths
Of charcoal-smoke, that o’er the fallen wood,
Steal down the hill, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
The echoed hoof near the distant shore,
The boat’s first motion—made with dashing oar;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn;
The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;
And at long intervals the mill-dog’s howl;
The distant forge’s swinging thump profound;
Or yells, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

IV.

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

V.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS,
COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

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

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet’s heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who marmuring here a later star,
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.

VI.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES
TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE AI
TO THE REV. ROBERT JONES,
FELLOW OF ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Sir,

However dearest I might have been of you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstances of our having been companions among the Alps given this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away scruples which your modesty might otherwise suggested.

* Collins’s Ode on the death of Thomson, the last ten, I believe, of the poems which were published in his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next a
In inscribing this little work to you, I confide to your heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions boiling in a post-chaise, and two travellers paddling slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessaries upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter! I am happy in being conscious that I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feebly in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the shape of Letters, with some skill amongst the sheets. But the scene-sets, which give such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Isdris, the quiet village of Bethgeiri, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steps of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem I am, dear Sir, Most sincerely yours, W. WORDSWORTH.

London, 1793.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on earth) among the charms of Nature—Pinnacles of the pedestrian Traveller—Author crosses France to the Alps—Present state of the Grande Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Timm, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning; Involuntary Character; Old man and forest-cottage music—River Tume—Via Mala and Grison Gipay—Salisien-thal—Lake of Uri—Stummery sunset—Chapel of William Tali—Force of local emotion—Chamois-chauser—View of the higher Alps—manner of life of a Swiss mountaineer, interspersed with views of the higher Alps—Golden age of the Alps—life and views continued—Ran des Vaches, famous Swiss Ait—Abbey of Einsiedeln and its pilgrims—Valley of Chamouny—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of liberty on cottage-happiness—France—Work for the Extirpation of slavery—Conclusion.

Wax there, below, a spot of holy ground Where from distress a refuge might be found, And solitude prepare the soul for Heaven; Sure, nature's God that spot to man had given Where falls the purple morning far and wide In shafts of light upon the margin side; Where with loud voice the power of water shakes The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall roam, Who at the call of summer quits his home, And plods through some wide realm o'er vale and height, Though seeking only holiday delight; At least, not owing to himself an aim To which the sage would give a prouder name. No gains too cheaply earned his fancy clod, Though every passing zephyr whispers joy; Brisk toll, alternating with ready ease, Feeds the clear current of his sympathies. For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorns; And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourn! Dear is the forest browning o'er his head, And dear the velvet green-award to his tread; Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye! Upward he looks—'tis and calls it luxury! Kind Nature's charities his steps attend; In every babbling brook he finds a friend; While chasting thoughts of sweetest use, bestowed By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.

Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bower, To his spare meal he calls the passing poor; He views the sun uplift his golden fire, Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's lyre ; Blesses the moon that comes with kindly ray, To light him shaken by his rugged way. Back from his sight no bashful children steal; He sits a brother at the cottage-meal; His humble looks no shy restraint impart; Around him plays at will the virgin heart. While unsuspended wheels the village dances, The maidens eye him with enquiring glance, Much wondering by what fit of crazing care, Or desperate love, bewildered, he came there.

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

And now, emerging from the forest's gloom, I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy doom. Whither is fled that Power whose frown severe Awed sober Reason till she crouched in fear? That Silence, once in deathlike fitters bound, Chains that were loosened only by the sound Of holy rites chanted in measured round? *

* 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.
—The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms.  
The thundering tube the aged angler hears,  
Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps away his tears.  
Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their troubled heads,  
Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner night overspreads;  
Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,  
And start the astonish'd shades at female eyes.  
From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,  
And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.  
A viewless flight of laughing Demons mock  
The Cross, by angels planted * on the aircal rock.  
The "parrying Genius" signs with hollow breath  
Along the mystic streams of Life and Death †.  
Swelling the outery dull, that long resounds  
Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,  
Vallombre 2, *mid her falling faxes, deplores,  
For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.  
  
More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves  
Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.  
No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps  
Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps.  
—To towns, whose shades of no rude noise complain,  
From ringing team apart and grating wain—  
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound,  
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,  
Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,  
And o'er the whitened wave their shadows fling—  
The pathway leads, as round the steeps it twines;  
And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.  
The loitering traveller hence, at evening, sees  
From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees;  
Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maidens  
Tend the small harvest of their garden glades;  
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view  
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad and blue,  
And track the yellow lights from steep to steep,  
As up the opposing hills they slowly creep.  
Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed  
In golden light; half hides itself in shade:  
While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,  
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:  
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw  
Rich golden verdure on the lake below.  

Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,  
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;  
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,  
And amorous music on the water dies.  

How blest, delicious scene! the eye that greets  
Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;  
Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood that scales  
Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy vales;  
Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,  
Each with its household boast beside the door;  
Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky;  
Thy towns, that cleave, like swallows' nests, on high;  
That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, described  
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,  
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods  
Steal, and compose the ear-forgotten floods;  
—Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue or grey,  
'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from morning's ray  
Slow-travelling down the western hills, to enfold  
Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold;  
Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin bell  
Calls forth the woodman from his desert cell,  
And quickens the bithie sound of oars that pass  
Along the steaming lake, to early mass.  
But now farewell to each and all—adieu  
To every charm, and last and chief to you,  
Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade  
Rest near your little plots of wheaten glade;  
To all that binds the soul in powerless trance,  
Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing dance;  
Whose sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine  
The sylvan cabin's hush-enlivened gloom.  
—Ah! the very murmur of the streams  
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,  
While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell  
On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,  
Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's marge,  
And lures from bay to bay the vocal barge.  

Yet are thy softer arts with power induced  
To soothe and cheer the poor man's solitude.  
By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's home  
Left vacant for the day, I loved to roam.  
But once I pierced the maze of a wood  
In which a cabin deserted stood;  
There an old man an olden measure scanned  
On a rude viol touched with withered hand.  
As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie  
Under a hoary oak's thin canopy,  
Stretched at his feet, with steadfast upward eye,
His children's children listened to the sound;  
—A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence; for fair Locarno smiles  
Embowered in walnut slopes and citron isles:  
Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,  
Where 'mid dim towers and woods, her * waters gleam.

From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire  
The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still, aspire  
To where afar rich orange lustres glow  
Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks, and snow:

Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine  
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,  
Hang o'er the abyss, whose else impervious gloom  
His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go  
O'er Ete's long deserts with its charge of wo,  
With red 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 suffering brings,  
Freshening the wilderness with shades and springs.  
—There be whose lot far otherwise is cast:

Sole human tenant of the pine waste,  
By choice or doom a gipsy wanders here,  
A nursing babe her only comforter;  
Lo, where she sits beneath you shaggy rock,  
A cowering shape half hid in curling smoke!

When lightning among clouds and mountain-snows  
Predomnates, and darkness comes and goes,  
And the fierce torrent, at the flashes broad  
Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring road—

She seeks a covert from the battering shower  
In the roofed bridge †; the bridge, in that dread hour,  
itself all trembling at the torrent's power.

Nor is she more at ease on some still night,  
When not a star supplies the comfort of its light;  
Only the waning moon hangs dull and red  
Above a melancholy mountain's head,

Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant sighs,  
Stops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes;  
Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,  
Or, to the drowsy crow of midnight cock,  
Listens, or quakes while from the forest's gulf  
Howls near and nearer yet the famished wolf.

From the green vale of Ursuren smooth and wide  
Descend we now, the maddened Reusa our guide;  
By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,  
Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as they;  
By cells * upon whose image, while he prays,  
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to gaze;  
By many a votive death-cross † planted near,  
And watered duly with the pious tear,

That faded silent from the upward eye  
Unmoved with each rude form of peril nigh;  
Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves  
Alike in whelming snows, and roaring waves.

But soon a peopled region on the sight  
Opens—a little world of calm delight;  
Where mists, suspended on the expiring gale,  
Spread rooflike o'er the deep secluded vale,  
And beams of evening slipping in between,  
Gently illuminate a sober scene—

Here, on the brown wood-cottages they sleep,  
There, over rock or sloping pasture creep.  
On as we journey, in clear view displayed,  
The still vale lengthens underneath its shade  
Of low-hung vapour: on the fresher mead  
The green light sparkles;—the dim bowers recede.

While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,  
And bells of过往 muels that tinkle dull,  
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye  
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,

Huge convent domes with pinnacles and towers,  
And antique castles seen through gauzy showers.

From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake!  
To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake  
In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,  
Winds neither road nor path for foot to tread:  
The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch,  
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of beech;  
Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,  
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.

Yet here and there, if mid the savage scene  
Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,

* The Catholic religion prevails here; these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.
† Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow, and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.
‡ The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep
To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on the steep.
—Before those thresholds (never can they know
The face of traveller passing to and fro)
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell;
Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark foregoes,
Touched by the beggar's moan of human woe;
The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.
Yet thither the world's business finds its way
At times, and tales unsought beguile the day,
And there are those fond thoughts which Solitude,
However stern, is powerless to exclude.
There doth the maiden watch her lover's sail
Approaching, and upbraids the tardy gale;
At midnight listens till his parting oar,
And its last echo, can be heard no more.

And what if ospreys, cormorants, herons cry,
Amid tempestuous vapours driving by,
Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear
That common growth of earth, the foodful ear;
Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,
And pines the unripened pear in summer's kindlest ray;
Contestment shaves the desolate domain
With Independence, child of high Dieskau.
Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,
Sly as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
And grasps by fits her sword, and often eyes;
And sometimes, as from rock to rock she bounds
The Patriot nymph starts at imagined sounds,
And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs aghast,
Whether some old Swiss air hath checked her haste
Or thrill of Spartan fire is caught between the blast.

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

But, lo! the boatman, overawed, before
The pictured face of Tell suspends his oar;
Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
While his eyes sparkle with heroic tears.
And who, that walks where men of ancient days
Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of praise
Feels not the spirit of the place control,
Or rouse and agitate his labouring soul?
Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
Or wild Aosta hulled by Alpine rills,
On Zutphen's plain; or on that highland dell,
Through which rough Garry cleaves his way, can tell
What high resolves exalt the tenderest thought
Of him whom passion rivets to the spot,
Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest sigh,
And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye;
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
And glad Dundee in "fairest huzza" expired!

But now with other mind I stand alone
Upon the summit of this naked cone,
And watch the fearless chamois-hunter chase
His prey, through tracts abrupt of desolate space,
Through vacant worlds where Nature never gave
A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep;
Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice, and Motion sleep;
Where silent Hours their death-like sway extend,
Save when the avalanche breaks loose, to rend
Its way with uproar, till the rain, drowned
In some dense wood or gulf of snow profound,
Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound.
—'Tis thus, while wandering on from height to height,
To see a planet's pomp and steady light
In the least star of scarce-appearing night;
While the pale moon moves near him, on the bound
Of either, shining with diminished round,
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:
To him the day-star glitters small and bright,
Shorn of its beams, insensibly 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 last of woes;
The Demon of the snow, with angry roar
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
Soon with despair's whole weight his spirits sink;

* For most of the images in the next sixteen verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's Interesting observations annexed to his translation of Cox's Tour in Switzerland.
Bread has he none, the snow must be his drink
And ere his eyes can close upon the day,
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.

Now couch thyselw where, heard with fear afar,
Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar;
Or rather say to taste the mild delights
Ofsnsive Underwalden's pastoral heights.
—Is there who mid these awful wilds has seen
The naives Genii walk the mountain green?
Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,
Soft music o'er the aerial summit steal!
While o'er the desert, answering every close,
A Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes.
—And sure there is a secret Power that reigns
Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,
Nought but the chalet+, flat and bare, on high
Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky;
Or distant herds that pasturing upward creep,
And, not unnoticed, climb the dangerous steep.
How still! no irreligious sound or sight
Romnes the soul from her severe delight.
An idle voice the Sabbath region fills
Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,
And with that voice accords the soothing sound
Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round;
Paint wall of eagle melting into blue
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods' steady sigh;
The solitary heifer's deepened low;
Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
All motions, sounds, and voices, far and nigh,
Blend in a music of tranquillity.
Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy
Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

When, from the sunny breast of open seas,
And bays with myrtle fringed, the southern breeze
Come on to gladden April with the sight
Of green isles widening on each snow-clad height:
When shrouds and lowering herds the valley fill,
And louder torrents stum the noon-tide hill,
The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to scale,
Leaving to silence the deserted vale;
And like the Patriarchs in their simple age
More, as the verdure leads, from stage to stage:
High and more high in summer's heat they go.

And hoar the rattling thunder far below;
Or steel beneath the mountains, half-deterred,
Where huge rocks tremble to the bellowing herd.

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

'Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain
Glowes,
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea! whose billows wide around
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound:
Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops uprear,
That like to leaning mastes of stranded ships appear.
A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
Gapes in the centre of the sea—and through
That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound
Innumerable streams with roar profound.
Mount through the nearer vapours notes of birds,
And mercy flageolet; the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-tower knell:
Think not, the peasant from aloft has gazed
And heard with heart unmoved, with soul unraised:
Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor less
Alive to independent happiness,
Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at even-tide
Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side:
For as the pleasures of his simple day

* 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. Chalets are summer huts for the Swiss herdsmen.
‡ Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.
Beyond his native valley seldom strays,
Nought round its darling precincts can be found
But brings some past enjoyment to his mind;
While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure’s urn,
Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his return.

Once, Man entirely free, alone and wild,
Was blest as free—for he was Nature’s child.
He, all superior but his God disdain’d,
Walked none restraining, and by none restrained.
Confessions no law but what his reason taught,
Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.
As man in his primeval dower array’d,
The image of his glorious Sire displayed,
Even so, by faithful Nature guarded, here
The traces of primeval Man appear;
The simple dignity no forms debase;
The eye sublime, and sure lion-grace;
The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,
His book he prizes, nor neglects his sword;
—Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared
With this “the blessings he enjoys to guard.”

And, as his native hills encircle ground
For many a marvellous victory renowned,
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
With few in arms, innumerable foes,
When to those famous fields his steps are led,
An unknown power connects him with the dead:
For images of other worlds are there;
Awful the light, and holy is the air.
Fifedly, and in flashes, through his soul,
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled transports roll;
His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers amain,
Beyond the senses and their little reign.

And oft, when that dread vision hath past by,
He holds with God himself communion high,
There where the peace of swarming torrents fills
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills;
Or, when upon the mountain’s silent brow
Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow;
While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.

And when a gathering weight of shadows brown
Falls on the valleys as the sun goes down;
And Pikes, of darkness named and fear and storms*,
Uplift in quiet their illumined forms,
In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
Tinged like an angel’s smile all rosy red—
Awe in his breast with holiest love unites,
And the near heavens impart their own delights.

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

Through Nature’s vale his homely pleasures glide,
Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride;
The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
With one bright bell, a favourite heifer’s neck;
Well pleased upon some simple annual feast,
Remembered half the year and hoped the rest,
If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,
Of thrice ten summers dignify the board.
—Aha! in every clime a flying ray
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way;
And here the unwilling mind may more than trace
The general sorrows of the human race:
The churlish gaze of penury, that blow
Cold as the north-wind o’er a waste of snow,
To them the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
Yet more;—compelled by Powers which o’er
Deign
That solitary man disturb their reign,
Powers that support an unremitting strife
With all the tender charities of life,
Full oft the father, when his sons have grown
To manhood, seems their title to disown;

* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria; and, in particular, to one fought at Neuffis near Giarus, where three hundred and thirty men are said to have defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1398, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians, attempting to make a stand, were repulsed snow.

* As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror; Wetter: Has the pike of storms, &c. &c.
And from his nest amid the storms of heaven
Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was driven;
With stern composure watches to the plain—
And never, eagle-like, beholds again!

When long-familiar joys are all resigned,
Why does their sad remembrance haunt the mind?
Lo! where through flat Batavia's willowy groves,
Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;
O'er the curled waters Alpine measures swell,
And search the affections to their inmost cell;
Sweet poison spreads along the listener's veins,
Turning past pleasures into mortal pains;
Poisons, which not a frame of steel can brave,
Bows his young head with sorrow to the grave.*

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume!
Ye flattering eastern lights, once more the hills illumine!
Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious morn,
And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return!
Alas! the little joy to man allowed,
Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud;
Or like the beauty in a flower installed,
Whose season was, and cannot be recalled.
Yet, when oppressed by sickness, grief, or care,
And taught that pain is pleasure's natural heir,
We still confide in more than we can know;
Death would be the favourite friend of woe.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine,
Between interminable tracts of pine,
Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
On the mute Image and the troubled walls.
O! give not me that eye of hard disdain
That views, undimmed, Einsiedlen's† wretched fame.
While ghastly faces through the gloom appear,
Abetive joy, and hope that works in fear;
While prayer contends with silenced agony,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope—oh, past and leave it there!

The tall sun, passing on an Alpine spire,
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire:
Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day
Close on the remnant of their weary way;

While they are drawing toward the sacred floor
Where, so they fondly think, the worm shall gnaw
no more.
How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste
The fountains * reared for them amid the waste!
Their thirst they slake—they wash their toil-worn feet,
And some with tears of joy each other greet.
Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
In that glad moment will for you a sight
Be heaved, of charitable sympathy;
In that glad moment when your hands are prest
In mute devotion on the thankful breast!

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that shields
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields:
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;—
A scene more fair than what the Grecian reigns
Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
Here all the seasons revel hand in hand:
'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
They sport beneath that mountain's matchless height
That holds no commerce with the summer night.
From age to age, throughout his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin filthfully resounds;
Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers on perpetual snow;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

What marvel then if many a Wanderer sighs,
While roars the sullen Arve in anger by,
That not for thy reward, unirvalled Vale!
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale;
That thou, the slave of slavers, art doomed to pine
And droop, while no Italian arts are thine,
To soothe or cheer, to softest or refine.

Hail Freedom! whether it was mine to stray,
With shrill winds whistling round my lonely way,
On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad moors,
Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's shores;
To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose,
And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;
Still have I found, where Tyranny prevails,
That virtue languishes and pleasure fails,
While the remotest hamlets blessings share
In thy loved presence known, and only there;

* The well-known effect of the famous air, called in French l'Air 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, labours under mental or bodily afflictions.

Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Heart-blessings—outward treasures too which the eye
Of the sun peeping through the clouds can spy,
And every passing breeze will testify.
There, to the porch, belike with jasmine bound
Or woodbine wreaths, a smoother path is wound;
The housewife there a brighter garden sees,
Where hum on busier wing her happy bees;
On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow;
And grey-haired men look up with livelier brow,—
To greet the traveller needing food and rest;
Housed for the night, or but a half-hour's guest.

And oh, fair France! though now the traveller sees
Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the breeze;
Though martial songs have banished songs of love,
And nightingales desert the village grove;
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,
And the short thunder, and the flash of arms;
That cease not till night falls, when far and nigh,
Sole sound, the Scream * prolongs his mournful cry!—
—Oh! hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power

Beyond the cottage-hearth, the cottage-door:
All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide
Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,
When from October clouds a milder light
Fell where the blue flood rippled into white;
Methought from every cot the watchful bird
Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard;
Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,
Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams;
Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling leaf
Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief;
The measured echo of the distant fall
Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale;
With more majestic course the water rolled,
And ripening foliage shone with richer gold.
—But foes are gathering—Liberty must raise
Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze;
Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to tower!—
Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour!
Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's perverted ire

* An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.
† The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriages, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields in fire:
Lo, from the flames a great and glorious birth!
As if a new-made heaven were building a new earth!
—All cannot be: the promise is too fair.
For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial air:
Yet not for this will sober reason frown
Upon that promise, nor the hope disown;
She knows that only from high aims ensue
Rich guerdons, and to them alone are due.

Great God! by whom the stripes of men are weighed
In an impartial balance, give thine aid
To the just cause; and, oh! do thou preside
Over the mighty stream now spreading wide:
So shall its waters, from the heavens supplied
In copious showers, from earth by wholesome springs,
Brood o'er the long parched lands with Nile-like wings!
And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries presumptuous, "Here the flood shall stay,"
May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore,
Sink with his servile bands, to rise no more!

To-night, my Friend, within this humble cot
Be scorn and fear and hope alike forgot
In timely sleep; and when, at break of day,
On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,
With a light heart our course we may renew,
The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew.

VII.

LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the lake of Esthwaite, on a denominated part of the shores, 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 the bee love not these barren boughs?
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

Who he was
That piled these stones and with the mousy sod
First covered, and here taught this aged Tree
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
I well remember.—He was one who owned
s common soul. In youth by science nursed, 
and led by nature into a wild scene
lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
favoured Being, knowing no desire
hich genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint
absolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
red him no service; wherefore he at once
in indignation turned himself away,
and with the food of pride sustained his soul
solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs
are charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
as only visitors a straggling sheep,
we stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:
out these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
and juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
xing his downcast eye, he many an hour
bored pleasant ease, tracing here
a emblem of his own unfruitful life:
out, lifting up his head, he then would gaze
the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
now sweet,—and he would gaze till it became
lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
beauty, still more beautiful! Nor, that time,
hen nature had subdued him to herself,
be charged those Beings to whose minds
arm from the labours of benevolence
be world, and human life, appeared a scene
kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
ly disturbed, to think that others felt
what he must never feel: and so, lost Man!
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,
Never disguised in its own majesty,
listlessness; that he who feels contempt
for every living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
is in his infancy. The man whose eye
never on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Useful, ever. 0 be wiser, Thou!  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
The dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
Is loveness of heart.

VIII.

GUILT AND SORROW;

OR,

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM, PUBLISHED
IN 1845.

Not less than one-third of the following poem, though it has
from time to time been altered in the expression, was
published as far back as the year 1793, under the title of
"The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that
an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but
it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the
rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was writ-
ten before the close of the year 1793, and I will detail,
rather as matter of literary biography than for any other
reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

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

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

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

1.

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

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

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

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

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

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

For years the work of carnage did not cease,
And death’s dire aspect daily he surveyed,
Death’s minister; then came his glad release,
And hope returned, and pleasure fondly made
Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fanc’ry’s aid
The happy husband flies, his arms to throw
Round his wife’s neck; the prize of victory laid
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she could know.

Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had earned
The lion roars and glistens over his brood.
Even in the desert’s heart; but he, returned,
Bear not to those he loves their needful food.
His home approaching, but in such a mood
That from his sight his children might have run,
He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his blood;
And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer’s fate and a

From that day forth no place to him could be
So lonely, but that thence might come a pang
Brought from within to outward misery.
Now, as he plodded on, withauen clang
A sound of chains along the desert rang;
He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
A human body that in irons swung
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by;
And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.

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

II.
At one whose brain habitual phrenzy fires
One to the fit in which his soul hath tossed
Profaner quiet, when the fit retires,
Even so the phantasma which had crossed
His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
W理念, or inly troubled, would he seem
To travel who might talk of any casual theme.

III.
Leslie the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
See is the raven timely rest to seek;
Seemed the only creature in the wild
Whom the elements their rage might wreak;
So that the bustard, of those regions bleak
Tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
Man there wandering, gave a mournful shriek.
Half upon the ground, with strange affright,
Red hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

IV.
All was cheerless to the horizon’s bound;
Weary eye—wherefor, where so ‘er it strays,
Rase nothing but the sun’s setting round,
On earth strange lines, in former days
By gigantic arms—at length surveys
Seem an ancient castle spreading wide;
Savagery, naked are its walls, and raise
An brow sublime: in shelter there to bide
Turned, while rain poured down smoking on
every side.

V.
Of Stonehenge! so proud to hint yet keep
Secrets, thou that lov’st to stand and hear:
Plain resounding to the whirlwind’s sweep,
Nate of lonesome Nature’s endless year;
As if thou saw’st the giant wicker rear,
Sacrifice its thongs of living men,
Ore thy face did ever wretch appear,
So in his heart that groaned with deadlier pain
On he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter would gain.

VI.
Thin that fabric of mysterious form,
And met in conflict, each by turns supreme;
D’from the perilous ground dislodged, through
Storm
Rain he wiled on, no moon to stream
On gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,
Any friendly sound his footsteps led;
We did the lightning’s faint disastrous gleam

Disclose a naked guide-post’s double head,
Sight which tho’ lost at once a gleam of pleasure shed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
He well could love in grief; his faith he kept;
And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

“Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
Is now, by beams of dawning light impress’d,
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main;
The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.
How quiet ‘round me ship and ocean were!
As quiet all within me. I was blest,
And looked, and fed upon the silent air
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.
Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,  
And groans that rage of racking famine spoke;  
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps,  
The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke,  
The shriek that from the distant battle broke,  
The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host  
Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke  
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish tossed,  
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

Some mighty gulf of separation past,  
I seemed transported to another world;  
A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast  
The Impatient mariner the sail unfurled,  
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curled  
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home,  
And all hope I was for ever buried.  
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 all but heaven disowned,  
And end my days upon the peaceful flood.'—  
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound;  
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

No help I sought; in sorrow turned adrift,  
Was hopeless, as it cast on some bare rock;  
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,  
Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.  
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock  
From the cross-timber of an out-house hung:  
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!  
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,  
Nor to the beggar's language could I fit my tongue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LXXII.
The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
Trusted my life to what chance bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used:
But what afflicts my peace with keener 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.

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

LXXIV.
True sympathy the Sailor’s looks expressed,
His looks—for pondering he was mute the while.
Of social Order’s care for wretchedness,
Of Time’s sure help to calm and reconcile,
Joy’s second spring and Hope’s long-treasured smile,

"Twas not for him to speak—a man so tried.
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
And not in vain, while they went pacing side by side.

LXXV.
Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight,
Together smoking in the sun’s slant beam,
Rise various wreaths that into one unite
Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam:
Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
Thisence bursting shrill did all remark prevent;
They passed, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,
And female cries. Their course they thither bent,
And met a man who foamed with anger vehement.

LXXVIII.
A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,
And, pointing to a little child that lay
Stretched on the ground, began a piteous tale;
How in a simple freak of thoughtless play
He had provoked his father, who straightway,
As if each blow were deadlier than the last,
Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay
The Soldier’s Widow heard and stood aghast;
And stern looks on the man her grey-haired Com-
rade cast.

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

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

LXXV.
Within himself he said—What hearts have we!
The blessing this a father gives his child!
Yet happy thou, poor boy! I compared with me,
Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.
The stranger’s looks and tears of wrath beguiled
The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;
He kissed his son—so all was reconciled
Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke
Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.

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

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

LX.
They saw and heard, and, winding with the road
Down a thick wood, they drop into the vale;
Comfort by prouder mansions unbetosted
Their weared frames, she hoped, would soon regale.
Erelong they reached that cottage in the dale:
It was a rustic inn—no board was spread,
The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
And lustily the master carved the bread,
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"For evil tongues made oath how on that day
My husband lurked about the neighbourhood;
Now he had fled, and whither none could say,
And he had done the deed in the dark wood—
Near his own home!—but he was mild and good;
Never on earth was gentler creature seen;
He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.
My husband's loving kindness stood between
Me and all worldly harms and wrongs however keen."

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

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

THE BORDERERS.

A Tragedy.

(Composed 1792-6.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MARRANDUCE. Forster.
OSWALD. Eldred, a Peasant.
WALLACE. Peasant. Pilgrims, &c.
LACY. Dundee. Female Beggar.
HERBERT. Excuster, Wife to MARRANDUCE.
WILFRED, Servant to MARRANDUCE.
Host.

Scene, Border of England and Scotland.

Time, the Reign of Henry III.

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

February 22, 1815.

ACT I.

SCENE, road in a Wood.

WALLACE and LACy.

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

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

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

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

LACy. Where he despised alike Mohammedan and Christian. But enough; Let us hie now—the Band may else be foil’d.

[Exeunt.]

Enter MARRANDUCE and WILFRED.

WIL. Be cautious, my dear Master!

Mar. I perceive That fear is like a cloak which old men huddle About their love, as if to keep it warm.

WIL. Nay; but I grieve that we should part This Stranger,

For such he is—

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred, Might tempt me to a smile; but what of him! Wil. You know that you have saved his life.

Mar. I know it.

WIL. And that he hates you!—Pardon me, perhaps That word was hasty.

Mar. I forgive you. By no more of it.

WIL. Dear Master! my gratitude’s a heavy burden To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this Oswald— Yourself, you do not love him.

Mar. I do more, I honour him. Strong feelings to my heart Are natural; and from no one can be learnt More of man’s thoughts and ways than his experience Has given him power to teach: and then for courage And enterprise—what perils hath he shunned! What obstacles hath he failed to overcome! Answer these questions, from our common knowledge, And be at rest.
Fil. Oh, Sir!

Mar. Peace, my good Wilfred; pair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band fell be with them in two days, at farthest. Wil. May He whose eye is over all protect you!

[Exit.

Enter Oswald (in辆ch of plans in his hand).

Mar. This wood is rich in plants and curious simplices.

Nor. (looking at them). The wild rose, and the poppy, and the nightshade; and this is your favorite, Oswald?

Mar. That which, while it is easy to destroy, is also strong to heal—

[Looking forward.

Yet in sight!—We'll smatter here awhile; we cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

Nor. (a letter in his hand). It is no common thing when one like you turns these delicate services, and therefore of myself much bounden to you, Oswald; a strange letter this!—You saw her write it!—Yes, I saw the tears with which she blotted it.

Nor. And nothing less would satisfy her?

Nor. No more; but another in his Child's affection did hold a place, as if 'twere robbery, seemed to quarrel with the very thought. So, I knew not what strange prejudice was in his mind; this Band of ours, as you've collected for the noblest ends, in the confines of the Esk and Tweed stood the Innocent—he calls us “Outlaws”!

[For yourself, in plain terms he asserts that was taken up with that indolence that want no cover, and rapacity ever fed.

Nor. Never may I own the heart cannot feel for one, helpless as he is. So, they know me for a Man not easily moved.

Mar. I grieved provoked to think that I witnessed.

Nor. This day will suffice to end her wrongs.

Mar. But if the blind Man's tale still yet be true?

Nor. Would it were possible! but the Soldier tells thee that himself, others who survived the wreck, beheld from Herbert perish in the waves o'er the coast of Cyprus!

Mar. Yes, even so,

And I had heard the like before: in sooth The tale of this his quondam Barony Is cunningly devised; and, on the back Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail To make the proud and vain his tributaries, And stir the pulse of lazy charity. The seignories of Herbert are in Devon; We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed: 'tis much The Arch-impostor—

Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald; though I have never seen his face, meddles with There cannot come a day when shall cease To love him. I remember, when a Boy Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath the Elm That casts its shade over our village school, 'Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea. Repeat her Father's terrible adventures, Till all the band of play-mates went together; And that was the beginning of my love. And, through all converse of our later years, An image of this old Man still was present, When I had been most happy. Pardon me If this be idly spoken.

Nor. See, they come,

Two Travellers!

Mar. (points). The woman is Idonea.

Nor. And leading Herbert.

Mar. We must let them pass—

This thicket will conceal us. [They step aside.

Enter Idonea, leading Herbert blind.

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

Herb. Nay, you are too careful; yet must I confess, Our march of yesterday had better suited A fainder step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—

In spite of all the larks that cheered our path, I never can forgive it: but how steadily You paced along, when the bewildering moonlight Mocked me with many a strange fantastic shape— I thought the Convent never would appear; It seemed to move away from us: and yet, That you are thus the fault is mine; for the air Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the grass, And midway on the waste ere night had fallen I spied a Covert walled and roofed with sods— A miniature; belike some Shepherd-boy, Who might have found a nothing-doing hour Heavier than work, raised it: within that hut We might have made a kindly bed of heath, And thankfully there rested side by side.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited strength,
Have hailed the morning sun. But cheerily,
Father,—
That staff of yours, I could almost have heart
To fling 't away from you: you make no use
Of me, or of my strength;—come, let me feel
That you do press upon me. There—indeed
You are quite exhausted. Let us rest awhile
On this green bank.

[He sits down.

Her. (after some time). Idones, you are silent,
And I divine the cause.

Idon.

Do not reproach me:
I pondered patiently your wish and will
When I gave way to your request; and now,
When I behold the ruins of that face,
Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope of light,
And think that they were blasted for my sake,
The name of Marmaduke is blown away:
Father, I would not change that sacred feeling
For all this world can give.

Her.

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

Idon.

Believe me, honoured Sire!
'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy fancies,
And you mistake the cause: you hear the woods
Resound with music, could you see the seas
And look upon the pleasant face of Nature—

Her. I comprehend thee—I should be as cheerful
As if we two were twins; two songsters bred
In the same nest, my spring-time one with thine.
My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
As come, dear Child! from a far deeper source
Than bodily weariness. While here we sit
I feel my strength returning,—The bequest
Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive
We have thus far adventured, will suffice
To save thee from the extreme of penury;
But when thy Father must lie down and die,
How wilt thou stand alone?

Idon.

Is he not strong?

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

Idon.

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

Her. Unhappy Woman!

Idon.

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

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

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

Her. Dear Daughter! precious relic of that time—
For my old age, it doth remain with thee
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast been told,
That when, on our return from Palestine,
I found how my domains had been usurped,
I took thee in my arms, and we began
Our wanderings together. Providence
At length conducted us to Rossland,—there,
Our melancholy story moved a Stranger
To take thee to her home—and for myself,
Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuthbert's
Supplied my helplessness with food and raiment,
And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble Cot
Where now we dwell.—For many years I bore
Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirmities
Exact my return, and our reunion.
I did not think that, during that long absence,
My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,
Doth prey alike on two distracted Countries,
Traitor to both.

Idon.

Oh, could you hear his voice?
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for m';
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

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

Idon. My Companion

Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or Hostel
Would be most welcome.
THE BORDERERS.

[Scene. The door of the Hostel.]

Her. (seated). As I am dear to you, remember, Child!

This last request.
Idon. You know me, Sire; farewell!  
Her. And are you going then? Come, come, Idones,  
We must not part,—I have measured many a league  
When these old limbs had need of rest,—and now  
I will not play the sluggard.  
Idon. Nay, sit down.  
[Turning to Host.  
Good Host, such tendance as you would expect  
From your own Children, if you were sick;  
Let this old Man find at your hands; poor Leader,  
[Looking at the dog.  
We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect  
This charge of thine, then ill befal thee!—Look,  
The little fool is loth to stay behind.  
Sir Host! by all the love you bear to courtesy,  
Take care of him, and feed the truant well.  
Host. Fear not, I will obey you—but one so young,  
And one so fair, it goes against my heart  
That you should travel unattended, Lady!—  
I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad  
Shall square you, (would it not be better, Sir?)  
And for less than that would he let him run  
For any lady I have seen this twelvemonth.  
Idon. You know, Sir, I have been too long your  
guard.  
Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.  
Why, if a wolf should leap from out a thicket,  
A look of mine would send him scurrying back,  
Unless I differ from the thing I am  
When you are by my side.  
Her. Idones, wolves  
Are not the enemies that move my fears.  
Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three days at  
farthest  
Will bring me back—protect him, Saints—farewell!  
[Exit Idonel.  
Host. 'Tis never drought with us—St. Cuthbert  
and his Pilgrims,  
Thanks to them, are to us a stream of comfort:  
Pity the Maiden did not wait a while;  
She could not, Sir, have failed of company.  
Her. Now she is gone, I fear would call her back.  
Host (calling). Holla!  
Her. No, no, the business must be done.—  
What means this riotous noise?  
Host. The villagers  
Are flocking in— a wedding festival—  
That's all—God save you, Sir.  
[Enter Oswald.  
Osw. Ha! as I live,  
The Baron Herbert.  
Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!  
Osw. So far into your journey! on my life,  
You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare you?  
Her. Well as the wreck I am permit. And  
you, Sir!  
Osw. I do not see Idones.  
Her. Dutiful Girl,  
She is gone before, to spare my weariness.  
But what has brought you hither?  
Osw. A slight affair,  
That will be soon despatched.  
Her. Did Marmaduke  
Receive that letter?  
Osw. Be at peace.—The tie  
Is broken, you will hear no more of him.  
Her. This is true comfort, thanks a thousand  
times!—  
That noise!—would I had gone with her as far  
As the Lord Clifford's Castle: I have heard  
That, in his milder moods, he has expressed  
Compassion for me. His influence is great  
With Henry, our good King,—the Baron might  
Have heard my suit, and urged my plea at Court.  
No matter—he's a dangerous Man.—That noise!—  
'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.  
Idones would have fears for me,—the Convent  
Will give me quiet lodging. You have a boy, good  
Host,  
And he must lead me back.  
Osw. You are most lucky;  
I have been waiting in the wood hard by  
For a companion—here he comes; our journey  
[Enter Marmaduke.  
Lies on your way; accept us as your Guides.  
Her. Alas! I creep so slowly.  
Osw. Never fear;  
We'll not complain of that.  
Her. My limbs are stiff  
And need repose. Could you but wait an hour!  
Osw. Most willingly!—Come, let me lead you in,  
And, while you take your rest, think not of us;  
We'll stroll into the wood; lean on my arm.  
[Conducts Herneby into the house. Exit Marmaduke.  
[Enter Villagers.  
Osw. (to himself coming out of the Hostel). I have  
prepared a most apt Instrument—  
The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering some-  
where  
About this ground; she hath a tongue well skilled,  
By mingling natural matter of her own  
With all the daring fictions I have taught her,  
To win belief, such as my plot requires.  
[Exit Oswald.
THE BORDERERS.

Eater were Villagers a Musicians among them.
... Into the court, my Friend, and perch yourself
... set upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maidens,
... and Vassals and others, and cakes and merry thoughts,
... here, to send the sun into the west
... speedily than you belike would wish.

Now changes to the Wood adjoining the Hostel—
Mark and Oswald entering.

Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves:
... first I saw him sitting there, alone,
... struck upon my heart I know not how.
... To-day will clear up all.—You marked a

Cottage,
... a rugged Dwelling, close beneath a rock
... the brook-side: it is the abode of One,
... maiden innocent till smarried by Clifford,
... was soon grown weary of her; but alas!
... she had seen and suffered turned her brain.
... off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,
... moves her hands to any needful work;
... it with her food which every day the peasants
... bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has lived
... years; and no one ever heard her voice;
... every night at the first stroke of twelve
... quite her house, and, in the neighbouring

Churchyard
... on the self-same spot, in rain or storm,
... pass out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—
... pass round and round an Infant's grave,
... d in the churchyard sob her feet have worn
... before ring; they say it is knee-deep—

[The Fairies enter, rubbing their eyes as they in sleep a Child in her arms.]

Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady!
... Do you tell fortunes!

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

Mar. Come hither, Fathers,
... And learn what nature is from this poor Wretch!

Bog. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us.
... Why now—but yesterday I overtook
... A blind old Greybeard and accosted him,
... I'd the name of all the Saints, and by the Mass
... He should have used me better!—Charity!
... If you can melt a rock, he is your man;
... But I'll be even with him—here again
... Have I been waiting for him.

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

Bog. Mark you me;
... I'll point him out—a Maiden is his guide,
... Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little dog,
... Tied by a woolen cord, moves on before

And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,
... Trotting alone along the beaten road,
... Came to my child as by my side he slept
... And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden
... Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:
... But here he is, [dying the Child] It must have
... been a dream.

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

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

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

Bog. Thanks to you both; but, O sir!
... How would you like to travel on whole hours
... As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,
... Expecting still, I knew not how, to find
... A piece of money glittering through the dust.

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... Do you tell fortunes!

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... This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—
... Well! they might turn a beggar from their doors,
... But there are Mothers who can see the Babe
... Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it:
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... He should have used me better!—Charity!
... If you can melt a rock, he is your man;
... But I'll be even with him—here again
... Have I been waiting for him.

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... Who is it that hath wronged you?

Bog. Mark you me;
... I'll point him out—a Maiden is his guide,
... Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little dog,
... Tied by a woolen cord, moves on before
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

With look as sad as he were dumb; the cur,
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth
He does his Master credit.

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

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

One. But why so violent
Against this venerable Man?

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

Mar. But to your story.

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

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

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

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

Beg. Angry I well he might;
And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—Yesterday,
To serve me so, and knowing that he owes
The best of all he has to me and mine.
But 'tis all over now.—That good old Lady
Has left a power of riches; and I say it,
If there's a lawyer in the land, the knife
Shall give me half.

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

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

One. How say you? I in disguise?

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

Beg. Daughter! truly—
But how's the day?—I fear, my little Boy,
We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you seen
him?

Mar. I must have more of this;—you shall not

An inch, till I am answered. Know you aught
That doth concern this Herbert?

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

Mar. No trifling, Woman!—
One. You are as safe as in a sanctuary;

Speak.

Mar. Speak!

Beg. He is a most hard-hearted Man.

Mar. Your life is at my mercy.

Beg. Do not harm me
And I will tell you all!—You know not, Sir,
What strong temptations press upon the Poor.

One. Speak out.

Beg. Oh Sir, I've been a wicked Woman
One. Nay, but speak out!

Beg. He flattered me, and as
What harvest it would bring us both; and so,
I parted with the Child.

Mar. Parted with whom?

Beg. Idones, as he calls her; but the Girl
Is mine.

Mar. Yours, Woman! are you Herbert's wife?

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

Sir,

Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter
We've weathered out together. My poor Gilfr
He has been two years in his grave.

Mar. Enough.

One. We've solved the riddle—Miscreant!

Mar. Do you,

Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and wait
For my return; be sure you shall have justice
One. A lucky woman!—go, you have done good service.

[As Mar. (to himself). Eternal praises on the per
that saved her!—
One. (gives her money). Here's for your boy—and when you christen him
I'll be his Godfather.

Beg. Oh Sir, you are merry with
In grange or farm this hundred scarcely owes
A dog that does not know me.—These good Fre
For love of God, I must not pass their doors;
But I'll be back with my best speed: for you
God bless and thank you both, my gentle Mar.

[Exit Be

Mar. (to himself). The cruel Viper!—Poor voted Maid,
Now I do love thee.

One. I am thunderstruck.

Mar. Where is she?—ho!—

[Calling to the Beggar, who returns; he looks a

stealthily.
THE BORDERERS.

You are Idonea's Mother!—
y, be not terrified—it does me good
look upon you.

He. (interrupting). In a peasant's dress
I saw, who was it?

He. Nay, I dare not speak;
is amiss, if it should come to his ears
ever shall be heard of more.

He. Lord Clifford?—

He. What can I do! I believe me, gentle Sire,
we her, though I dare not call her daughter.

He. Lord Clifford—did you see him talk with
Herbert?

He. Yes, to my sorrow—under the great oak
Herbert's door—and when he stood beside
blind Man—at the silent Girl he looked
such a look—it makes me tremble, Sir,
think of it.

Enough! you may depart.

Ser. (to himself). Father!—to God himself we
cannot give
sorrows; and, under such a mask,
and a Spirit, spotless as the blessed,
that ascribed dem of brutal vice!—
old, the firm foundation of my life
ings from under me; these strange discoveries
had at from every point of fear or hope,
y, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin.


ACT II.

20. A Chamber in the Hotel—OSWALD alone,
coming from a Table on which he had been
ading.

He. They choose him for their Chief!—what
cover part
in the preference, modest Youth, might take,
other know nor care. The insult bred
of contempt than hatred; both are flown;
a slender o'er existed is my shame:
as a dull spark—a most unnatural fire
it dealt the moment the air breathed upon it.
These souls of feeling are mere birds of winter
at Issue some barren island of the north,
here, if a famishing man stretch forth his hand,
y think it is to feed them. I have left him
ue meditation—now
r a few swelling phrases, and a flash
truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,
its is mine for ever—here he comes.

Enter Marmaduke.

Mar. These ten years she has moved her lips
all day.

And never speaks!

Osw. Who is it?

Mar. I have seen her.

Osw. Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged home-
stead,

Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to madness.

Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he told me,
These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.

Osw. I too have seen her;

Chancing to pass this way some six months gone,

At midnight, I betook me to the Churchyard:

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

The trees were silent as the graves beneath them.

Long did I watch, and saw her pacing round
Upon the self-same spot, still round and round,

Her lips for ever moving.

Mar. At her door

Rooted I stood; for, looking at the woman,

I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.

Osw. But the pretended Father—

Mar. Earthly law

Measures not crimes like his.

Osw. We rank not, happily,

With those who take the spirit of their rule

From that soft class of devotees who feel
Reverence for life so deeply, that they spare

The vermineous brood, and cherish what they spare

While feeding on their bodies. Would that Idonea

Were present, to the end that we might hear

What she can urge in his defence; she loves him.

Mar. Yes, loves him; 'tis a truth that multiplies

His guilt a thousand-fold.

Osw. Tis most perplexing:

What must be done?

Mar. We will conduct her hither;

These shall witness it—from first to last

He shall reveal himself.

Osw. Happy are we,

Who live in these disputed tracts, that own

No law but what each man makes for himself;

Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

Mar. Let us begone and bring her hither;—here

The truth shall be laid open, his guilt proved

Before her face. The rest be left to me.

Osw. You will be firm: but though we well may

trust

The issue to the justice of the cause,

Caution must not be flungaside; remember,

Yours is no common life. Self-stationed here.

Upon these savage confines, we have seen you
Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy seas
That oft have checked their fury at your bidding,
'Mid the deep holds of Solway's moosy waste,
Your single virtue has transformed a Band
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless retire
For shelter to their banners. But it is,
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is
In darkness and in tempest that we seek
The majesty of Him who rules the world.
Benevolence, that has not heart to use
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.
Your generous qualities have won due praise,
But vigorous Spirits look for something more
Than Youth's spontaneous products; and to-day
You will not disappoint them; and hereafter——

Mar. You are wasting words; hear me then,
once for all:
You are a Man—and therefore, if compassion,
Which to our kind is natural as life,
Be known unto you, you will love this Woman,
Even as I do; but I should loathe the light,
If I could think one weak or partial feeling——

Osw. You will forgive me——

Mar. If I ever knew
My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,
'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have loved
To be the friend and father of the oppressed,
A comforter of sorrow;—there is something
Which looks like a transition in my soul,
And yet it is not.—Let us lead him hither.

Osw. Stoop for a moment; 'tis an act of justice;
And where's the triumph if the delegate
Must fall in the execution of his office?
The deed is done—if you will have it so——
Here where we stand—that tribe of vulgar wretches
(You saw them gathering for the festival)
Rush in—the villains seize us——

Mar. Seize!

Osw. Yes, they——

Men who are little given to sit and weigh——
Would wreak on us the passion of the moment.

Mar. The cloud will soon disperse—farewell——
but stay,
Thou wilt relate the story.

Osw. Am I neither
To bear a part in this Man's punishment,
Nor be its witness?

Mar. I had many hopes
That were most dear to me, and some will bear
To be transferred to thee.

Osw. When I'm dishonored——

Mar. I would preserve thee. How n
done!

Osw. By showing that you look beyond t
A few leagues hence we shall have open
And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
To look upon the deed. Before we ente
The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling
The shattered Castle in which Clifford o
Has held infernal orgies—with the g loot
And very superstition of the place,
Seasoning his wickedness. The Deben
Would there perhaps have gathered the
Of this mock Father's guilt.

Enter Host conducting Herrick.

Host. The Baron He
Attends your pleasure.

Osw. (to Host). We are ready—
(to Herrick)
I hope you are refreshed—I have just
A notice for your Daughter, that she m
What is become of you.—You'll sit
sign it ;
'Twill glad her heart to see her father's

(Gives the letter he).

Her. Thanks for your care.

(Osw. (aside to Marmaduke). Perhaps
be useful
That you too should subscribe your nam
(Marmaduke overlooks Herrick—then write
the letter eagerly.

Mar. I cannot leave this paper.

(He puts it:

Osw. (aside). Dastard! Consp
[Marmaduke goes towards Herrick and say
Marmaduke tremulously becomes Oswails
place.

Mar. (as he quits Herrick). There
in his limbo—he shak.

(Recent Oswald and Herrick—Marm
loveth.)

——

Scene changes to a Wood—a Group q
and I donka with them.

First Pil. A grove of darker and 1
shade
I never saw.

Sec. Pil. The music of the birds
Drops deadened from a roof so thick w
Old Pil. This news! It made my he
with joy.

I don. I scarcely can believe it.

Old Pil. My

The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter.
Which purported it was the royal pleasure
The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed,
Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood,
Should be forthwith restored. The hearing, Lady,
Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When I returned
From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,
Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, comfort,
I met your Father, then a wandering Outcast:
He had a Guide, a Shepherd’s boy; but grieved
He was that One so young should pass his youth
In such and service; and he parted with him.
We joined our tales of wretchedness together,
And begged our daily bread from door to door.
I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lady!
For once you loved me.

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

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

Idem. And I was with you!

Old Pil. If indeed ’twas you—
But you were then a tottering Little-one—
We aye us down. The sky grew dark and darker:
I struck my flint, and built up a small fire
With rotten boughs and leaves, such as the winds
Of many autumns in the cave had piled.
Meanwhile the storm fell heavy on the woods;
Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth
And we were comforted, and talked of comfort;
But ’twas an angry night, and o’er our heads
The thunder rolled in peals that would have made
A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.
0 Lady, you have need to love your Father.
His voice—methinks I hear it now, his voice
When, after a broad flash that filled the cave,
He said to me, that he had seen his Child,
A face (no cherub’s face more beautiful)
Revealed by lustre brought with it from Heaven;
And it was you, dear Lady!

Idem. God be praised,
That I have been his comforter till now!
And will be so through every change of fortune
And every sacrifice his peace requires.—
Let us be gone with speed, that he may hear
These joyful tidings from no lips but mine.

[Enter Idonea and Pilgrim.

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

Mar. ’Tis a wild night.
Osw. I’d give my cloak and bonnet
For sight of a warm fire.
Mar. The wind blows keen;
My hands are numb.
Osw. Ha! ha! ’tis nipping cold.
[Blowing his fingers.

I long for news of our brave Comrades; Lacy
Would drive those Scottish Rovers to their dens
If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed.
Mar. I think I see a second range of Towers;
This castle has another Area—come,
Let us examine it.
Osw. ’Tis a bitter night;
I hope Idonea is well housed. That horseman,
Who at full speed swept by us where the wood
Roared in the tempest, was within an ace
Of sending to his grave our precious Charge:
That would have been a vile mischance.

Mar. It would.
Osw. Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.
Mar. Most cruelly.
Osw. As up the steep we climb,
I saw a distant fire in the north-east;
I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon:
With proper speed our quarters may be gained
To-morrow evening.
[Looks resolutely towards the mouth of the dungeon.

Mar. When, upon the plains,
I had led him ’cross the torrent, his voice blessed me:
You could not hear, for the foam beat the rocks
With deafening noise,—the benediction fell
Back on himself; but changed into a curse.
Osw. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem
The fittest place!
Osw. (aside). He is growing pitiful.
Mar. (listening). What an odd meaning that is!—
Osw. Mighty odd
The wind should pipe a little, while we stand
Cooling our heels in this way!—I’ll begin
And count the stars.
Mar. (still listening). That dog of his, you are sure,
Could not come after us—he must have perished;
The torrent would have dashed an oak to splinters.
You said you did not like his looks—that he
Would trouble us; if he were here again,
I swear the sight of him would quail me more
Than twenty armies.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

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

Osw. He has a tender heart!  
[Oswald offers to go down into the dungeon.
Mar. How now, what mean you?

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

Mar. Stop, stop.

Osw. Perhaps,  
You'd better like we should descend together,
And lie down by his side—what say you to it?
Three of us—we should keep each other warm:
I'll answer for it that our four-legged friend
Shall not disturb us; further I'll not engage;
Come, come, for manhood's sake!

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

Osw. Is it possible?

Mar. One thing you noticed not:
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder
Burst on the mountains with hell-raising force.
This is a time, said be, when guilt may shudder;
But there's a Providence for them who walk
In holiness, when innocence is with them.
At this audacious blasphemy, I thought
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride the air.

Osw. Why are you not the man you were that moment?
[He draws Marmaduke to the dungeon.

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

Osw. This is some sudden seizure!
Mar. A most strange faintness,—will you hunt
me out
A draught of water!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her. You will forgive me, but my heart runs o'er
When my old Leader slipped into the flood
And perished, what a piercing outcry you
Sent after him. I have loved you ever since.
You start—where are we?

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

Her. 'Twas a foolish question

Mar. But when you were an Outcast!—Heav'n
is just;
Your piety would not miss its due reward;
a little Orphan then would be your succour,  
I did good service, though she knew it not.  
Now I turned me from the dwellings of my  
Fathers,  
are none but those who trampled on my rights  
me, in my arms; her looks won pity;  
I brought me food. Have I not cause to love  
her?  
Yes.  
Yes.  
I will not murmur, merciful God!  
I will not murmur; blasted as I have been,  
must I hear to hear her Daughter's voice,  
arms to fold her to my heart. Submissively  
I adore, and find my rest in faith.

Enter Oswald.

Osw. Herbert—confusion! (aside.) Here it  
[Preseits the Horn.

drinking beverage for you to carouse,  
a bitter night.

Her. Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses  
ought have given, not many minutes gone,  
you heard your voice.

Osw. Your cough, I fear, good Baron,  
been but comfortless; and yet that place,  
the tempestuous wind first drove us hither,  
sum as a wreck's nest. You'd better turn  
der covert rest till break of day,  
till the storm abate.

Maramunde (aside). He has restored you.  
I doubt you have been nobly entertained!  
Conscience  
driven him out of harbour!  
Mr.  
Believe  
Mr.  
The trees renew their murmur:  
let us go home together.

[Oswald conducts him to the dungeon.

Mr. (nervously). Had I not  
found you worthy to conduct the affair  
its most fit conclusion, do you think  
I could so long have struggled with my Nature,  
so altered all that's man in me!—away!—  
[Looking towards the dungeon.

Osw. I'm the property of him who best  
has red his crimes. I have resigned a privilege;  
now becomes my duty to resume it.

Mr. Touch not a finger——

Osw. What then must be done!  
Mar. Which way seer'er I turn, I am perplexed.  
Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you. The  
Of doubt is incontestable. Fity, the facts  
Did not admit of stronger evidence;  
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set us right;  
Their verdict would abolish these weak scruples.  
Mar. Weak! I am weak—there does my tor-  
ment lie,

Feeding itself.

Osw. Verily, when he said  
How his old heart would leap to hear her steps,  
You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.  
Mar. And never heard a sound so terrible.  
Osw. Perchance you think so now!  
Mar. I cannot do it:

Twice did I spring to grasp his withered throat,  
When such a sudden weakness fell upon me,  
I could have dropped asleep upon his breast.  
Osw. Justice—is there not thunder in the word!  
Shall it be law to stab the petty robber  
Who sins but at our purse; and shall this Par-  
ricide—  
Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dishonour  
Be worse than death) to that confiding Creature  
Whom he to more than filial love and duty  
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfill his purpose!  
But you are fallen.

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

Osw. Nay, I have done with you:  
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall live,  
And she shall love him. With unquestioned title  
He shall be seated in his Barony,  
And we too chant the praise of his good deeds.  
I now perceive we do mistake our masters,  
And most despise the men who best can teach us:  
Henceforth it shall be said that bad men only  
Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old Man  
Is brave.

[Taking Maramunde's sword and giving it to him.  
To Clifford's arms he would have led  
His Victim—happily to this desolate house.

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

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

[Mar. (Aside.) The Villains rose in mutiny to destroy me;  
I could have quelled the Cowards, but this Stripling
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Must needs step in, and save my life. The look
With which he gave the boon—I see it now!—
The same that tempted me to loathe the gift.—
For this old venerable Grey-beard—faith
'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face
Which doth play tricks with them that look on it :
'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—that conten-
tenance—

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

Might envy, and am now,—but he shall know
What I am now—

[Go and listen at the dungeon.
Praying or parleying!—but!

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

Enter female Beggar with two or three of her Companions.
(Turning abruptly.)

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

[They retire affrighted.

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

[Onward go in the dungeon—listens—returns to
the Beggar.

On. Woman, thou hast a helpless Infant—keep
Thy secret for its sake, or verily
That wretched life of thine shall be the forfeit.
Beg. I do repent me, Sir; I fear the curse
Of that blind Man. 'Twas not your money, sir——
On. Begone!

Beg. (going). There is some wicked deed in
hand:

[Aside.
Would I could find the old Man and his Daughter.

[Exit Beggar.

MARMADUKE re-enters from the dungeon.

On. It is all over then;—your foolish fears

Are hush'd to sleep, by your own act and deed,
Made quiet as he is.

Mar. Why came you down?
And when I felt your hand upon my arm
And spake to you, why did you give no answer?
Fearing you to waken him! he must have been
In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice.
There are the strangest echoes in that place!

On. Tut! let them gabble till the day of doom

Mar. Scarcely, by groaning, had I reached the
Spot,
When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,
As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at it.

On. But after that?

Mar. The features of Idomea
Lurked in his face——

On. Pah! Never to these eyes
Will retribution show itself again
With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me
To share your triumph?

Mar. Yes, her very look,
Smiling in sleep——

On. A pretty feat of Fancy!—
Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me to my
prayers.

On. Is he alive?

Mar. What mean you! who alive
On. Herbert! since you will have it, Bar
Herbert;
He who will gain his Seigniory when Idomea
Hath become Clifford's heir—at he living!
Mar. The old Man in that dungeon is alive.

On. Henceforth, then, I will never in camp
field
Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,
Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all sh
hear it.

You a protector of humanity!
Avenger you of outraged innocence!

Mar. 'Twas dark—dark as the grave; yet
I see,
Saw him—his face turned toward me; and I

Idomea's filial countenance was there
To baffle me—it put me to my prayers.
Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevè
Beheld a star twinkling above my head,
And, by the living God, I could not do it.

[Shakes each

On. (to himself). Now may I perish if this
do more

Than make me change my course.

(To MARMADUKE.)

Dear Marmaduke,

My words were rashly spoken; I recol them
I feel my error; shedding human blood
Is a most serious thing.

Mar. Not I alone,
Nor too am I deep in guilt.

Osw. We have indeed
Been most presumptuous. There is guilt in this,
Else could so strong a mind have ever known These trepidations! Plain it is that Heaven
Has marked out this foul Wretch as one whose crimes
Must never come before a mortal judgment-seat,
Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

Mar. A thought that's worth a thousand words!

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

Mar. Think not of that! 'Tis over—we are safe.

Osw. (as if to himself, yet speaking aloud). The truth is hideous, but how stifle it!

[Turning to MARMADUKE]
Give me your sword—nay, here are stones and fragments,
The least of which would beat out a man's brains;
Or you might drive your head against that wall.
No! this is not the place to hear the tale:
It should be told you pinned on your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blessed to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus! Whatever the monster brooding in your breast
I care not: fear I have none, and cannot fear—

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

Osw. What! dogged like thieves!

[Enter WALLACE and LACY, AS.

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

Osw. (looking at WALLACE). That subtle Grey-beard—

I'd rather see my father's ghost.

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

Mar. Lacy! we look
But at the surfaces of things; we hear

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

Lacy. What mean you?

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

Mar. Harkee, my Friends—

[Appearing pag.]
Were there a Man who, being weak and helpless
And most forlorn, should bide a Mother, pressed
By penury, to yield him up her Daughter,
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,
Prattling upon his knee, to call him Father—

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

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

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

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

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

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

WAL. 'Tis too horrible;

Oswald, what say you to it?

Lacy. Hew him down,

And fling him to the ravens.

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

WAL. (with an appearance of mistrust). But how,
What say you, Oswald?

Lacy. (at the same moment). Stab him, were it
Before the Altar.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

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

Lact. Blind, say you! 

Osw. (coming forward). Are we Men, 
Or own we baby Spirits! —Genuine courage 
Is not an accidental quality, 
A thing dependent for its usual birth 
On opposition and impediment. 

Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats down 
The giant's strength; and, at the voice of Justice, 
Sparest not the worm. The giant and the worm— 
She weighs them in one scale. The wiles of woman, 
And craft of age, seducing reason, first 
Made weakness a protection, and obscured 
The moral shape of things. His tender cries 
And helpless innocence—do they protect 
The infant lamb and shall the infirmities, 
Which have enabled this enormous Culprit 
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanctuary 
To cover him from punishment! Shame!—Justice, 
Admitting no resistance, bends alike 
The feeble and the strong. She needs not here 
Her bonds and chains, which make the mighty feeble. 
—We recognise in this old Man a victim 
Prepared already for the sacrifice. 

Lact. By heaven, his words are reason! 

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

Lact. Idonea! 

Wal. How! what! your Idonea! 

[To Marmaduke. 

Mar. Mine; 
But now no longer mine. You know Lord Clifford; 
He is the Man to whom the Maiden—pure 
As beautiful, and gentle and benign, 
And in her ample heart loving even me— 
Was to be yielded up. 

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

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

Lact. We will have ample justice. 
Who are we, Friends! Do we not live on ground 

Where Souls are self-defended, free to grow 
Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy wind. 
Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which decreed 
This monstrous crime to be laid open—here, 
Where Reason has an eye that she can use, 
And Men alone are Umpires. To the Camp 
He shall be led, and there, the Country round 
All gathered to the spot, in open day 
Shall Nature be avenged. 

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

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

Wal. We will obey you. 

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

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

[Exeunt]

ACT III.

Scene, the door of the Hostel, a group of Pilgrims a 
before; Idonea and the Host among them. 

Host. Lady, you'll find your Father at the Conven 
As I have told you: He left us yesterday 
With two Companions; one of them, as seemed, 
His most familiar Friend. (Going.) There was a letter 
Of which I heard them speak, but that I fancy 
Has been forgotten. 

Idon. (to Host). Farewell! 

Host. Gentle pilgrim, 
St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy errand. 

[Exeunt Idonea and Pilgrims

—

SCENE, a desolate Moor.

Oswald (alone). 

Osw. Carry him to the Camp! Yes, to the Camp! 
Oh, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and then, 
That half a word should blow it to the winds! 
This last device must end my work.— Methinks 
It were a pleasant pastime to construct 
A scale and table of belief—as thus— 
Two columns, one for passion, one for proof;
Each rises as the other falls: and first,
Passion a unit and against us—proof—
Nay, we must travel in another path,
Or we’re stuck fast for ever—passion, then,
Shall be a unit for us; proof—no, passion!
We’ll not insult thy majesty by time,
Person, and place—the where, the when, the bow,
And all particulars that dull brains require
To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.
A whipping to the Moralist who preach
That misery is a sacred thing: for me,
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,
Nor any half so sure. This Scrupling’s mind
Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface;
And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,
He talks of a transition in his Soul,
And dreams that he is happy. We dissect
The senseless body, and why not the mind!
These are strange sights—the mind of man,
Upturned,
Is in all natures a strange spectacle;
In some a hideous—hem! shall I stop!
No—Thoughts and feelings will sink deep, but then
They have no substance. Pass but a few minutes,
And something shall be done which Memory
May touch, where’er her Vassals are at work.

Enter Mardochaeus, from behind.

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


Osw. But hear the proofs—

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

Osw. Last night
When I returned with water from the brook,
I overheard the Villains—every word
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.

Said one, “It is a gentle man
Shall feign a sudden illness, and the Girl,
Who on her journey must proceed alone,
Under pretence of violence, be seized.
She is,” continued the detested Slave,

“shes is right willing—strange if she were not!—
They say, Lord Clifford is a savage man;
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel’s harp,
There’s witchery in’t. I never knew a maid
That could withstand it. True,” continued he,

“when we arranged the affair, she wept a little
(Note the less welcome to my Lord for that)
And said, ‘My Father he will have it so.’”

Mar. I am your hearer.

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

Mar. Misery—

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

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

Osw. You take it as it merits—

Mar. One a King,
General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-ground
With carcasses, in lineament and shape
And substance, nothing differing from his own,
But that they cannot stand up of themselves;
Another sits i’ th sun, and by the hour
Floats kingcups in the brook—a Hero one
We call, and scorn the other as Time’s spend-
thrift;
But have they not a world of common ground
To occupy—both fools, or wise alike,
Each in his way!

Osw. Truth, I begin to think so.

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

Owe. Nay, you leave me behind.

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

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

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

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

Mar. Ha! ha!—

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

[Exeunt.

Scene changes to another part of the Moor at a short distance—Herbert is discovered seated on a stone.

Her. A sound of laughter, too!—'tis well—I feared, 
The Stranger had some pitiable sorrow 
Pressing upon his solitary heart.

Hush!—'tis the feeble and earth-loving wind 
That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather. 
Alas! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sunshine—
What can this mean! There is a psalm that speaks 
Of God's parental mercies—with Idenia 
I used to sing it.—Listen!—what foot is there!

Enter MARMADUKE.

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

[Looking round.

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece 
Of Nature, finished with such master skill! 
(To Herbert). Good Baron, have you ever 
Practised tillage?

Pray tell me what this land is worth by the acre! 

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice! I know not 
Wherein I have offended you;—last night 
I found in you the kindest of Protectors;

This morning, when I spoke of weariness, 
You from my shoulder took my scrip and threw it 
About your own; but for these two hours past 
Once only have you spoken, when the lack 
Whirred from among the fern beneath our feet, 
And I, no coward in my better days, 
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent!—

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

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

No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar. Not a soul: 
Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare, 
That turns its goat's-heard flanks of pease-green moss 
From the stern breathing of the rough sea-wind; 
This have we, but no other company: 
Commend me to the place. If a man should die 
And leave his body here, it were all one 
As he were twenty fathoms underground.

Her. Where is our common Friend?

Mar. A ghost, methinks—

The Spirit of a murdered man, for instance— 
Might have fine room to ramble about here, 
A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

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

Mar. A bold word from you!

Her. Restore him, Heaven!

Mar. The desperate Wretch!—A Flower,

Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but now 
They have snapped her stem—Pok! let her lie.

Besoiled with mire, and let the homeless snail 
Feed on her leaves. You know her well—ay, there,

Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you knew 
The worm was in her——

Her. Mercy! Sir, what means you?

Mar. You have a Daughter!

Her. Oh that she were here!—

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

Mar. (aside). I do believe he weeps—I could 
weep too——

There is a vein of her voice that runs through his: 
Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth 
From the first moment that I loved the Maid; 
And for his sake I loved her more: these tears——
I did not think that sught was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee, Heaven!
One happy thought has passed across my mind.
—It may not be—I am cut off from man;
No more shall I be man—no more shall I
Have human feelings—I (To Has answered)—Now, for a
little more
About your Daughter!

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

Mar. And whither were you going?

Her. Learns, young Man,
To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery,
Whether too much for patience, or, like mine,
Soothed till it becomes a gift of mercy.

Mar. Now, this is as it should be!

Her. I am weak—

My Daughter does not know how weak I am;
And, as thou seest, under the arch of heaven
Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,
By the good God, our common Father, doomed—I
But I had once a heart—

Mar. Now, for a word about your Barony:
I fancy when you left the Holy Land,
And came to—what's your title—eh! your claims
Were undisputed!

Her. Like a mendicant,
Whom no one comes to meet, I stood alone—
I murmured—but, remembering Him who feeds
The pelican and ostrich of the desert,
From my own threshold I looked up to Heaven
And did not want glimmerings of quiet hope.
So, from the court I passed, and down the brook,
Led by its murmuring, to the ancient oak
I came; and when I felt its cooling shade,
I sat me down, and cannot but believe—
While in my lap I held my little Babe.
And clasped her to my heart, my heart that ached
More with delight than grief—I heard a voice
Such as by Cherith on Elijah called;
It said, "I will be with thee." A little boy,
A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone,
Hailed us as if he had been sent from heaven,
And said, with tears, that he would be our guide:
I had a better guide—that innocent Babe—
Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from harm,
From cold, from hunger, penury, and death;
To whom I owe the best of all the good
I have, or wish for, upon earth—and more
And higher far than lies within earth's bounds:
Therefore I bless her; when I think of Man,
I bless her with sad spirit,—when of God,
I bless her in the fulness of my joy!

Mar. The name of daughter in his mouth, he prays!

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

[ Goes up to Herriant. ]

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

Her. Oh, Mercy!

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

Her. My Child, my blessed Child!

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

[ He pauses and looks at Herriant's staff. ]

Ha! what is here! and carried by her own hand!

[ Reads upon the staff. ]

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

[ He leaves Herriant on the Moor. ]
**POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.**

**SCENE, an existence, a Beacon on the summit.**

**LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, &c. &c.**

**Several of the Band (confused).** But patience!—

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

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—

**Len. (to Wal.).** His tool, the wandering Beggar, made last night
A plain confession, such as leaves no doubt,
Knowing what otherwise we know too well,
That she revealed the truth. Stand by me now;
For rather would I have a nest of vipers
Between my breast-plate and my skin, than make
Oswald my special enemy, if you deny me your support.

**Lacy.** We have been fooled—

**But for the motive!**

**Wal.** Nature, such as his spin motives out of their own bowels, Lacy!

I learn'd this when I was a Confessor.

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

**Lacy.** To have been trapped like moles!—

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

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

Some uncouth superstition of its own.

**Wal.** I have seen traces of it.

**Len.** Once he headed

A band of Pirates in the Norway Seas;

And when the King of Denmark summoned him
To the oath of fealty, I well remember,
"Twas a strange answer that he made; he said,
"I hold of Spiritus, and the Sun in heaven."

**Lacy.** He is no madman.

**Wal.** A most subtle doctor

Were that man, who could draw the line that parts
Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from Madness,
That should be scourged, not pitied, Restless Minds,
Such Minds as find amid their fellow-men
No heart that loves them, none that they can love,
Will turn perfere and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings.

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

An expiation and a sacrifice
To those infernal fiends!

**Wal.** Now, if the event
Should be as Lennox has foretold, then swear,
My Friends, his heart shall have as many woe
As there are daggers here.

**Lacy.** What need of swearin

**One of the Band.** Let us away!

**Another.** Away!

A third. Hark! how the horns

Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.

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

**One of the Band.** You shall be obeyed.

[They go out toget—

**SCENE, the Wood on the edge of the Moor.**

**MARMADUK (alone).**

**Mar.** Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human thought,

Yet calm.—I could believe, that there was here

The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,

Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.

**Enter Oswald.**

**Osw.** Ha! my dear Captain.

**Mar.** A later meeting, Osw; would have been better timed.

**Osw.** Alone, I see;

You have done your duty. I had hopes, which

I feel that you will justify.

**Mar.** I had fears,

From which I have freed myself—but 'tis my wish

To be alone, and therefore we must part.

**Osw.** Nay, then—I am mistaken. There's weakness

About you still; you talk of solitude—

I am your friend. **Mar.** What need of this assurance

At any time I and why given now? **Osw.** Because

You are now in truth my Master; you have taught me

What there is not another living man

Had strength to teach;—and therefore gratitude

Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

**Mar.** Wherefore press on this on me! **Osw.** Because

That you have shown, and by a signal instance,

How they who would be just must seek the rule

By diving for it into their own bosoms.

To-day you have thrown off a tyranny

That lives but in the torpid acquiescence
our exsanguinated souls, the tyranny
the world's masters, with the musty rules
which they uphold their craft from age to age;
- have obeyed the only law that sense
suits to recognise; the immediate law,
- as the clear light of circumstances, flashed
- in an independent intellect.

select new prospects open on your path;
- families should grow with the demand;
- ill will be your friend, will cleave to you
- when good and evil, obloquy and scorn,
- as they dare to follow on your steps.

for. I would be left alone.

[meaning unknown]

I know your motives!
- a host of the world's presumptuous judges,
- with where they can neither see nor feel,
- is a hard-hearted ignorance; your struggles
- mean'd, and now nail your victory.

for. Spare me awhile that grieving.

It may be,
- some there are, squeamish half-thinking
- cowards,
- we turn pale upon you, call you murderer,
- one will walk in solitude among them.

night evil for a strong-built mind!—
- twenty tapers of unequal height
- light them joined, and you will see the less
- 'twill burn down the taller; and they all
- all pray upon the tallest. Solitude!—

- Ego lives in Solitude! 

for. Even so,
- Spurrow so on the house-top, and I,
- weakest of God's creatures, stand resolved
- side the issue of my act, alone.

- Now would you 1 and for ever!—My young
- Friend,
- time advances either we become
- pray or masters of our own past deeds.
- friendship we must have, willing or no;
- if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,
- amongst, turn our faces where we may,
- will forthcoming; some which, though they bear
- names, can render in solitudo services.
- incompress for what themselves required.
- meet extremes in this mysterious world,
- opposites thus melt into each other.

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

- Ay, look up—
- your mind's eye, and you will learn
- wise is the child of Enterprise:
- not actions move our admiration, chiefly
- because they carry in themselves an earnest
- of that which we can suffer greatly.

Mar. Very true.

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

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

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

Mar. By no means.

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

Mar. It may be so.

One. Remorse—
- It cannot live with thought; think on, think on,
- And it will die. What I in this universe,
- Where the least things control the greatest, which
- The fainest breath that breathes can move a world;
- What I feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
- A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
- Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.

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

One. Murder!—what's in the word!—
- I have no cases by me ready made
- To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp!—
- A shallow project;—you of late have seen
- More deeply, taught us that the institutes
- Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation
- Baniished from human intercourse, exist
- Only in our relations to the brutes
- That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake
- Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
- A license to destroy him: our good governors
- Hedges in the life of every post and plague
That bears the shape of man; and for what purpose,
But to protect themselves from extirpation!—
This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.
Mar. My Office is fulfilled—the Man is now
Delivered to the Judge of all things.

Osw. Dead!
Mar. I have borne my burden to its destined end.
Osw. This instant we'll return to our Companions—
Oh how I long to see their faces again!

Enter Idonea, with Pilgrims who continue their journey.

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

Idon. Think not so.

Mar. Idones, That I should ever live to see this moment!
Idon. Forgive me.—Oswald knows it all—he knows,
Each word of that unhappy letter fell
As a blood drop from my heart.

Osw. 'Twas even so.
Mar. I have much to say, but for whose ear—
not thine.
Idon. Ill can I bear that look—Plead for me, Oswald!
You are my Father's Friend.

(To MARMADUKES.) Alas, you know not,
And never can you know, how much he loved me.
Twice had he been to me a father, twice
Had given me breath, and was I not to be
His daughter, once his daughter? I could withstand
His pleading face, and feel his clasping arms,
And hear his prayer that I would not forsake him
In his old age— [Hides her face.

Mar. Patience—Heaven grant me patience!—
She weeps, she weeps—my brain shall burn for hours
Ere I can shed a tear.

Idon. I was a woman;
And, balancing the hopes that are the dearest
To womankind with duty to my Father,
I yielded up those precious hopes, which nought
On earth could else have wrested from me;—if erring,
Oh let me be forgiven!

Mar. I do forgive thee.
Idon. But take me to your arms—thi alas!
It throbs, and you have a heart that does r
Mar. (cautiously). She is innocent.

Osw. (aside). Were I a
I should make wondrous revolution here;
It were a quaint experiment to show
The beauty of truth— [Address
I see I interrupt; I shall have business with you, Marmaduke.
Follow me to the Hostel. [Exit

Idon. Marmaduke.
This is a happy day. My Father soon
Shall sun himself before his native doors:
The lame, the hungry, will be welcome th
No more shall he complain of wasted stre
Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying hear
His good works will be balm and life to h
Mar. This is most strange!—I know it was,
But there was something which most please
That thou wert innocent.

Idon. How innocent! Oh heaven! you've been deceived.

Mar. Thou art a
To bring perdition on the universe.
Idon. Already I've been punished to t
Of my offence. [Smiling office
I see you love me still,
The labours of my hand are still your joy
Bethink you of the hour when on your ab
I hung this belt.

[Pointing to the belt on which was
Hannah's srip.

Mar. Mercy of Heaven!
Idon. What ails you! [Dis
Mar. The srip that held his food, and
To give it back again!

Idon. What mean you
Mar. I know not what I said—all may
Idon. That smile hath life in it!
Mar. This road is;
I will attend you to a Hut that stands
Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night
you:
For me, I have business, as you heard, with
But will return to you by break of day.
ACT IV.

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

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

Enter Herman.

Her. Better this bare rock, Though it were tottering over a man’s head, Than a tight case of dungeon walls for shelter From such rough dealing.

[As a meaning voice is heard.]

Ha! what sound is that! Trees creaking in the wind (but none are here) Send forth such noises—and that weary bell! Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night Is ringing it—‘twould stop a Saint in prayer, And that—what is it? never was sound so like A human groan. Ha! what is here! Poor Man—Murdered! alas! speak—speak, I am your friend: No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts his hand And lays it to his heart—(Kneels to him.) I pray you speak!
What has befallen you?

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

Eid. Nay, think not so: come, let me raise you up:

[Raises him.]

This is a dismal place—well—that is well— I was too fearful—take me for your guide And your support—my hut is not far off.

[Draws him gently off the stage.]

SCENE, a room in the Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mor. But for Idomes!—I have cause to think That she is innocent.

Osw. Leave that thought awhile, As one of those beliefs which in their hearts Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no better Than feathers clinging to their points of passion.

This day’s event has laid on me the duty Of opening out my story; you must bear it, And without further preface.—In my youth, Except for that abatement which is paid By envy as a tribute to desert, I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling Of every tongue—as you are now. You’ve heard That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage Was hatched among the crew a foul Conspiracy Against my honour, in which our Captain Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind fell; We lay becalmed week after week, until The water of the vessel was exhausted; I felt a double fever in my veins, Yet rage suppressed itself;—to a deep stillness Did my pride tame my pride;—for many days, On a dead sea under a burning sky, I brooded over my injuries, deserted By man and nature;—if a breeze had blown, It might have found its way into my heart, And I had been—no matter—do you mark me! Mor. Quick—to the point—if any untold crime Doth haunt your memory.

Osw. Patience, hear me further!— One day in silence did we drift at noon By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare; No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade, No tree, nor butting eminence, nor form Inanimate large as the body of man, Nor any living thing whose lot of life Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon. To dig for water on the spot, the Captain Landed with a small troop, myself being one: There I reproached him with his treachery. Imperious at all times, his temper rose; He struck me; and that instant had I killed him, And put an end to his insolence, but my Comrades Rushed in between us; then did I insist (All hated him, and I was stung to madness) That we should leave him there, alive!—we did so.

Mor. And he was famished!

Osw. Naked was the spot; Methinks I see it now—how in the sun Its stony surface glittered like a shield; And in that miserable place we left him, Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures Not one of which could help him while alive, Or mourn him dead.

Mor. A man by men cast off, Left without burial! nay, not dead nor dying, But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms, In all things like ourselves, but in the agony With which he called for mercy; and—even so— He was forsaken!
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

One. There is a power in sounds;
The cries he uttered might have stopped the boat That bore us through the water—
Mar. You returned
Upon that dismal hearing—did you not?
One. Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery,
And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth sea
Did from some distant region echo us.
Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins are filled
At the same poisonous fountain!
One. "Twas an island
Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,
Which with their foam could cover it at will.
I know not how he perished; but the calm,
The same dead calm, continued many days.
Mar. But his own crime had brought on him
this doom,
His wickedness prepared it; these expedients
Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.
One. The man was famished, and was innocent!
Mar. Impossible!
One. The man had never wronged me.
Mar. Banish the thought, crush it, and be at
peace.
His guilt was marked—these things could never be
Were there not eyes that see, and for good ends,
Where ours are baffled.
One. I had been deceived.
Mar. And from that hour the miserable man
No more was heard of!
One. I had been betrayed.
Mar. And he found no deliverance!
One. The Crew
Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid
The plot to rid themselves, at any cost,
Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed.
So we pursued our voyage: when we landed,
The tale was spread abroad; my power at once
Shrunk from me; plans and schemes, and lofty
hopes—
All vanished. I gave way—do you attend?
Mar. The Crew deceived you!
One. Nay, command yourself.
Mar. It is a dismal night—how the wind howls!
One. I hid my head within a Convent, there
Lay passive as a dormouse in mid winter.
That was no life for me—I was overthrown,
But not destroyed.
Mar. The proofs—you ought to have seen
The guilt—have touched it—felt it at your heart—
As I have done.
One. A fresh tide of Crusaders
Drove by the place of my retreat: three nights
Did constant meditation dry my blood;
Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way;
And, wherever'er I turned me, I beheld
A slavery compared to which the dungeon
And clanking chains are perfect liberty.
You understand me—I was comforted;
I saw that every possible shape of action
 Might lead to good—I saw it and burst forth
Thirsting for some of those exploits that fill
The earth for sure redemption of lost peace.
(Marking Marmaduke's costume.)
Nay, you have had the worst. Ferosity
Subdued in a moment, like a wind
That drops down dead out of a sky it vexed.
And yet I had within me evermore
A salient spring of energy; I mounted
From action up to action with a mind
That never rested—without meat or drink
Have I lived many days—my sleep was bound
To purposes of reason—not a dream
But had a continuity and substance
That waking life had never power to give.
Mar. O wretched Human-kind!—Until the
mystery
Of all this world is solved, well may we envy
The worm, that, underneath a stone whose weight
Would crush the lion's paw with mortal anguish,
Doth lodge, and feed, and soil, and sleep, in safety.
Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those traitors?
One. Give not to them a thought. From Palestine
We marched to Syria: oft I left the Camp,
When all that multitude of hearts was still,
And followed on, through woods of gloomy cedar,
Into deep clausms troubled by roaring streams;
Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight sea:
In these my lonely wanderings I perceived
What mighty objects do impress their forms
To elevate our intellectual being;
And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,
'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms
A thing so great to perish self-consumed.
—So much for my remorse!
Mar. Unhappy Man!
One. When from those forms I turned to con-
template
The World's opinions and her usages,
I seemed a Being who had passed alone
Into a region of futurity,
Whose natural element was freedom—
Mar. Stop—
I may not, cannot, follow thee.
One. You must.
I had been nourished by the sickly food
THE BORDERERS.

But what is done will save you from the blank
Of living without knowledge that you live:
Now you are suffering—for the future day,
'Tis his who will command it.—Think of my story—
Herbert is innocent.

Mar. (in a faint voice, and doubtfully) You do
but echo
My own wild words!

Osw. Young Man, the seed must lie
Hid in the earth, or there can be no harvest;
'Tis Nature's law. What I have done in darkness
I will avow before the face of day.
Herbert is innocent.

Mar. What fiend could prompt
This action! Innocent!—oh, breaking heart!—
Alive or dead, I'll find him. [Exit.


SCENE, the inside of a poor Cottage.

ELFEN and IDONA seated.

Idon. The storm beats hard—Mercy for poor
or rich,
Whose heads are shelterless in such a night!
A Voice without. Holla! to bed, good Folks,
within!

Elsa. O save us!

Idon. What can this mean!

Elsa. Alas, for my poor husband!—
We'll have a counting of our flocks to-morrow;
The wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:
Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers
[Voices die away in the distance.

Returning from their Feast—my heart beats so—
A noise at midnight does so frighten me.


Elsa. They are gone. On such a night, my
husband,
Dragged from his bed, was cast into a dungeon,
Where, hid from me, he counted many years,
A criminal in no one's eyes but theirs—
Not even in theirs—whose brutal violence
So dealt with him.

Idon. I have a noble Friend
First among youths of knightly breeding, One
Who lives but to protect the weak or injured.
There again! [Listening.

Elsa. 'Tis my husband's foot. Good Eldred
Has a kind heart; but his imprisonment
Has made him fearful, and he'll never be
The man he was.

Idon. I will retire—good night!

[She goes within.
Enter Eleaun. (Sides a bundle.)

Edw. Not yet in bed, Eleaun!—there are stains in that frock which must be washed out.

Elea. What has befallen you?

Edw. I am belated, and you must know the cause—(saying low) that is the blood of an unhappy Man.

Elea. Oh! we are undone for ever.

Edw. Heaven forbid I should lift my hand against any man. Eleaun, I have shed tears to-night, and it comforts me to think of it.

Elea. Where, where is he?

Edw. I have done him no harm, but—it will be forgiven me; it would not have been so once.

Elea. You have not buried anything! You are no richer than when you left me!

Edw. Be at peace; I am innocent.

Elea. Then God be thanked—

(Short pause; she falls upon his neck.)

Edw. To-night I met with an old Man lying stretched upon the ground—a sad spectacle: I raised him up with a hope that we might shelter and restore him.

Elea. (As if ready to run). Where is he? You were not able to bring him all the way with you; let us return, I can help you.

(Richard shakes his head.)

Edw. He did not seem to wish for life: as I was struggling on, by the light of the moon I saw the stains of blood upon my clothes—he waved his hand, as if it were all useless; and I let him sink again to the ground.

Elea. Oh that I had been by your side!

Edw. I tell you his hands and his body were cold—how could I disturb his last moments! I strove to turn from me as if he wished to settle into sleep.

Elea. But, for the stains of blood—

Edw. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was cut; but I think his malady was cold and hunger.

Elea. Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

Edw. Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me abroad to-night till this hour! I come home, and this is my comfort!

Elea. But did he say nothing which might have set you at ease?

Edw. I thought he grasped my hand while he was muttering something about his Child—his Daughter—(starting as if he heard a noise). What is that?

Elea. Eldred, you are a father.

Edw. God knows what was in my heart; I not curse my son for my sake.

Elea. But you prayed by him! you was hour of his release!

Edw. The night was wasting fast; I friend; I am spited by the world—his terrified me—if I had brought him along and he had died in my arms! —I am sure something breathing—and this chair!

Elea. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone! I have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to your dying hand—I shall be in my grave will attend us all.

Edw. Have you forgot your own troubles was in the dungeon!

Elea. And you left him alive!

Edw. Alive! —the lamps of death were un—he could not have survived an hour.

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Edw. (in a savage tone). Ay, and his h bare; I suppose you would have had me bonnet to cover it. —You will never rest it brought to a felon's end.

Elea. Is there nothing to be done! can to the Convent!

Edw. Ay, and say at once that I n him!

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the or upon the Waste; let us take heart; this I be rich; and could he be saved by our m gratitude may reward us.

Edw. 'Tis all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt.

Man may have a wife, and he may have —let us return to the spot; we may him, and his eyes may yet open upon love him.

Edw. He will never open them more; he spoke to me, he kept them firmly if he had been blind.

Idom. (rushing out). It is, it is, my Fat Edw. We are betrayed (looking at Idom)

Elea. His Daughter!—God have merc (saying to Idon). Idom. (winking down). Oh! lift me up; me to the place.

You are safe; the whole world shall not

Elea. This Lady is his Daughter.

Edw. (moved). I'll lead you to the spot

Idom. (springing up). Alive! —you breathe quickly—
ACT V.

SCENE, A wood on the edge of the Waste.

Enter Oswald and a Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen,
And down into the bottom cast his eye,
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too; did you not say he listened?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood
As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing?

For. See him there!

[MARMADOUK appears.]

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters;
That is no substance which ye settle on!

For. His senses play him false; and see, his arms
Outspread, as if to save himself from falling!—
Some terrible phantom I believe is now
Passing before him, such as God will not
Permit to visit any but a man
Who has been guilty of some horrid crime.

[Mar. disappears.]

Osw. The game is up! —

For. If it be needful, Sir,

I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

Osw. No, no, my Friend, you may pursue your business—
'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind,
Who has a trick of straying from his keepers;
We must be gentle. Leave him to my care.

[Exit Forester.

If his own eyes play false with him, these freaks
Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mine;
The goal is reached. My Master shall become
A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE, the edge of the Moor.

[MARMADOUK and ELDRID enter from opposite sides.

Mar. (raising his eyes and perceiving Eldred.)

In any corner of this savage Waste,
Have you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man?

Eld. I heard—

Mar. You heard him, where? when he heard him?

Eld. As you know,
The first hours of last night were rough with storm:
I had been out in search of a stray heifer;
Returning late, I heard a moaning sound;
Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me,
I hurried on, when straight a second moan,
A human voice distinct, struck on my ear.
So guided, distant a few steps, I found
An aged Man, and such as you describe.

Mar. You heard!—he called you to him! Of all men
The best and kindest!—but where is he I guide me,
That I may see him.

Eld. On a ridge of rocks
A lonesome Chapel stands, deserted now:
The bell is left, which no one dares remove;
And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak,
It rings, as if a human hand were there
To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it;
And it had led him towards the precipice,
To climb up to the spot whence the sound came;
But he had failed through weakness. From his
hand
His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink
Of a small pool of water he was laid,
As if he had stooped to drink, and so remained
Without the strength to rise.

Mar. Well, well, he lives,
And all is safe: what said he?

Eld. But few words:
He only spake to me of a dear Daughter,
Who, so he feared, would never see him more;
And of a Stranger to him, One by whom
He had been sore misused; but he forgave
The wrong and the wrong-doer. You are troubled—
Perhaps you are his son?

Mar. The All-seeing knows,
I did not think he had a living Child—
But whither did you carry him?

Eld. He was torn,
His head was bruised, and there was blood about him—

Mar. That was no work of mine.

Eld. Nor was it mine.

Mar. But had he strength to walk? I could have borne him
A thousand miles.

Eld. I am in poverty,
And know how busy are the tongues of men;
My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one
Whose good deeds will not stand by their own light;
And, though it smote me more than words can tell,
I left him.

Mar. I believe that there are phantoms,
That in the shape of man do cross our path
On evil instigation, to make sport
Of our distress—and thou art one of them!
But things substantial have so pressed on me—

Eld. My wife and children came into my mind.


POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Mar. Oh! Monster! Monster! there are three of us, And we shall howl together.

(After a pause and in a sobbing voice.) I am deserted At my worst need, my crimes have in a net (Pointing to Eldred) Entangled this poor man.- Where was it? where I!

[Dropping him down.]

Eld. 'Tis needless; spare your violence. His Daughter—

Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scorpions lodge: This old man had a Daughter.

Eld. To the spot I hurried back with her.—O save me, Sir, From such a journey!—there was a black tree, A single tree; she thought it was her Father.— Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again For twenty lives. The daylight dawned, and now Nay; hear my tale, 'tis fit that you should hear it— As we approached, a solitary crow Rose from the spot;—the Daughter clapped her hands, And then I heard a shriek so terrible

[Marmaduke shrinks back.]

The startled bird quivered upon the wing.

Mar. Dead, dead!—

Eld. (after a pause). A dismal matter, Sir, for me, And seems the like for you; if 'tis your wish, I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 'twere best That she should be prepared; I'll go before.

Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[Eldred goes off.]

Exa. (enters). Master!

Your limbs sink under you, shall I support you! Mar. (taking her arm). Woman, I've lent my body to the service Which now thou tuckst upon thee. God forbid That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion With such a purpose in thine heart as mine was.

Exa. Oh, why have I to do with things like these?

SCENE CHANGES TO THE DOOR OF ELDRED'S COTTAGE—Idonea seated—Enter Eldred.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful hand Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me, And you remember such was my report: From what has just befallen me I have cause To fear the very worst.

Idon. My Father is dead; Why dost thou come to me with words like these? Eld. A wicked Man should answer for his crimes, I don. Thou seest me what I am.

Eld. It was most heinous, And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon. Do not add, I prithee, to the harm thou'lt done already. Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for this service. Hard by, a Man I met, who, from plain proofs Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt, Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it were You should prepare to meet him.

Idon. I have nothing To do with others; help me to my Father—

(Shrouds and sets Marmaduke leaning on Eldred—thren herself upon his neck, and after some time, In joy I met thee, but a few hours past; And thus we meet again; one human stay Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so. Mar. In such a wilderness—to see no thing, No, not the pitying moon!

Idon. And perish so. Mar. Without a dog to moan for him. Idon. Think not of it, But enter there and see him how he sleeps, Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

Mar. Tranquil—why not?

Idon. Oh, peace! Mar. He is at peace; His body is at rest: there was a plot, A hideous plot, against the soul of man: It took effect—and yet I baffled it, In some degree.

Idon. Between us stood, I thought A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven For both our needs; must I, and in thy presence Alone partake of it!—Beloved Marmaduke! Mar. Give me a reason why the wisest thing That the earth owns shall never choose to die, But some one must be near to count his groans. The wounded deer retires to solitude, And dies in solitude: all things but man, All die in solitude.

(Moving towards the cottage door.) Mysterious God, If she had never lived I had not done it!—

Idon. Alas, the thought of such a cruel death Has overwhelmed him.—I must follow.

Eld. Lady! You will do well; (she goes) unjust suspicion may Cleave to this Stranger: if, upon his entering, The dead Man leave a groan, or from his side Uplift his hand—that would be evidence.

Exa. Shame! Eldred, shame!

Mar. (both returning) The dead have but one face. (to himself).
such a Man—so meek and unoffending—
less and harmless—as a bale; a Man,
rious signal to the world’s protection,
only destined—to destroy him!—
Oh, had you seen him living!—
I (so filled
ofter is this world) am unto thee
thing most precious, that it now contains:
draw through me alone must be revealed
thy Parent was destroyed, Idones!
are the proofs!—
O miserable Father!
didst command me to bless all mankind;
as this moment, have I ever wished
in any living thing; but hear me,
me, ye Heavens!—(treading)—may venge-
ance haunt the fiend
this most cruel murder: let him live
more in terror of the elements;
condemn him on his knees to prayer
open streets, and let him think he sees,
be entreated the house of God,
and, self-moved, unsettling o’er his head;
let him, when he would lie down at night,
his wife the blood-drops on his pillow!
for, My voice was silent, but my heart had
judged thee.

Louisa (rising as Marmadske). Left to the
mercy of that savage Man!
would be call upon his Child!—O Friend!

Turns to Marmadske.
faithful true and only Comforter.

Ay, come to me and weep. (He kisses her.)
(To Evand.) Yes, Varlet, look,
both at such sights do clap their hands.

Thames retires alarmed.

Thy rest is torn, thy cheek is deadly pale;
that pursued the monster!

I have found him.—
I would that thou hadst perished in the flames!
Here art thou, then can I be desolate—
There was a time, when this protecting hand
and against the mighty: never more
& blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

Wild words for me to hear, for me, an
urge,
trusted thy guardianship by Heaven;
4, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope,
thee sorrow, trust, that I am thine
other care;—here, is to malady.

Taking his arm.

Thieves, is a malady—
dying his heart and forehead) And here, and
here,

A mortal malady.—I am accurst:
All nature curses me, and in my heart
Thy curse is fixed; the truth must be laid bare.
It must be told, and borne. I am the man,
(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not)
Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,
Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person
Upon Heaven’s righteous judgment, did become
An instrument of Friend. Through me, through me.
Thy Father perished.

Perished—by what mischance!

Beloved!—if I dared, so would I call thee—
Conflicts must cease, and, in thy frozen heart,
The extremes of suffering meet in absolute peace.

He gives her a letter.

(Reads) ‘Be not surprised if you hear
that some signal judgment has befallen the man
who calls himself your father; he is now with
me, as his signature will shew: abstain from
conjecture till you see me.

‘HERBERT.

MARMADUKEL.’

The writing Oswald’s; the signature my Father’s:
(Looks steadily at the paper) And here is yours,—
or do my eyes deceive me!

You have then seen my Father!

He has leaned

Upon this arm.

You led him towards the Convent!

That Convent was Stone-Arthur Castle.

Thither

We were his guides. I on that night resolved
That he should wait thy coming till the
Of resurrection.

Miserable Woman,
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,
put denial on thy suit, and hence,
With the disastrous issue of last night,
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.

Be calm, I pray thee!

Oswald——

Name him not.

Enter female Beggar.

And he is dead!—that Moor—how shall
I cross it?

By night, by day, never shall I be able
To travel half a mile alone.—Good Lady!
Forgive me!—Sons forgive me. Had I thought
It would have come to this!—

What brings you hither! I speak!

(pointing to Marmadske). This innocent
Gentleman. Sweet heavens! I told him
Such tales of your dead Father!—God is my judge,
I thought there was no harm: but that bad Man,
He bribed me with his gold, and look'd so fierce.
Mercy! I said I know not what,—oh pity me—
I said, sweet Lady, you were not his Daughter—
Pity me, I am haunted;—thrice this day
My conscience made me wish to be struck blind;
And then I would have prayed, and had no voice.

[Ion. to Marmaduke. Was it my Father I—
no, no, no, for he
Was meek and patient, feeble, old and blind,
Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.
—But hear me. For one question, I have a heart
That will sustain me. Did you murder him?]

Mar. No, not by stroke of arm. But learn the process:
Proof after proof was pressed upon me; guilt
Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt,
Whose impious folds enwrapped even thee; and truth
And innocence, embroiled in his looks,
His words and tones and gestures, did but serve
With me to aggravate his crimes, and heaped
Ruin upon the cause for which they pleaded.
Then pity crossed the path of my resolve:
Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, and cast,
Ionea! thy blind Father, on the Ordeal
Of the bleak Waste—left him—and so he died!—

[Ionea sinks senseless; Douglas, Eleanor, &c.,
crouch round, and bear her off.]

Why may we speak these things, and do no more;
Why should a thrust of the arm have such a power,
And words that tell these things be heard in vain?
She is not dead. Why!—if I loved this Woman,
I would take care she never woke again;
But she will wake, and she will weep for me,
And say, no blame was mine—and so, poor fool,
Will waste her curses on another name.

[He walks about distractedly.]

Enter Oswald.

Oswald (to himself). Strong to o'erturn, strong
also to build up.

[To Marmaduke.]
The starts and sallies of our last encounter
Were natural enough; but that, I trust,
Is all gone by. You have cast off the chains
That fettered your nobility of mind—
Delivered heart and head!

Let us to Palestine;

Mar. Ay, what shall we encounter next? This issue—
'Twas nothing more than darkness deepening darkness,
And weakness crowned with the impotence of death—
Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficient. (Ironically.)

Start not!—Here is another face hard by;
Come, let us take a peep at both together,
And, with a voice at which the dead will quake
Resound the praise of your morality—
Of this too much.

[Drawn Oswald towards the College—steps at
at the door.]

Men are there, millions, Oswald,
Who with bare hands would have plucked out a
heart
And flung it to the dogs: but I am raised
Above, or sunk below, all further sense
Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight
Of that old Man's forgiveness on thy heart,
Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine.
Coward I have been; know, there lies not now
Within the compass of a mortal thought,
A deed that I would shrink from—but to ends
That is my destiny. May it be thine:
Thy office, thy ambition, be henceforth
To feed remorse, to welcome every sting
Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.
When seas and continents shall lie between us—
The wider space the better—we may find
In such a course fit links of sympathy,
An incommunicable rivalship
Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our view.

[Confused voices—several of the band enter—
upon Oswald and seize him.]

One of them. I would have dogged him to the
ejaws of hell—

Oswald. Ha! is it so!—That vagrant Hag—d
comes
Of having left a thing like her alive!

Several voices. Despatch him!

Oswald. If I pass beneath a red
And shout, and, with the echo of my voice,
Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it crush me,
I die without dishonour. Famished, starved,
A Fool and Coward blotted to my wish!

[Smiles scornfully and exultingly at Marmaduke.
Wals. 'Tis done! (stabs him.)

Another of the band. The ruthless Traitor!

Mar. A rash deed.

With that reproof I do resign a station
Of which I have been proud.

Wals. (approaching Marmaduke). O my
Master!

Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful Wals.
Why art thou here?—

[Turning to Wall.]

Wallace, upon these bord!
Many there be whose eyes will not want cause
To weep that I am gone. Brothers in arms
Raise on that dreary Waste a monument
my record my story: nor let words—
not they be, and delicate in their touch
it itself—be there withheld from Her
through most wicked arts, was made an
orphan
: who would have died a thousand times,
'th her from a moment's harm. To you,
: and Wilfred, I commend the Lady,
y nature reared, as if to make her
ings worthier of that noble birth,
long-suspended rights are now on the eve
ration: with your tenderest care
ver her, I pray—sustain her—
1 of the band (eagerly). Captain!
No more of that; in silence hear my doom:

THE BORDERERS.

A hermitage has furnished fit relief
To some offenders; other penitents,
Less patient in their wretchedness, have fallen,
Like the old Roman, on their own sword's point.
They had their choice: a wanderer must I go,
The Spectre of that innocent Man, my guide.
No human ear shall ever hear me speak;
No human dwelling ever give me food,
Or sleep, or rest: but, over waste and wild,
In search of nothing, that this earth can give,
But expiation, will I wander on—
A Man by pain and thought compelled to live,
Yet loathing life—till anger is appeased
In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to die.

1796-6.
POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD

I.
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.

II.
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 solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!

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

III.
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 spay
The home and sheltered bed,
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My Father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

IV.
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 cuckoo-flower;
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower;
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;
Only spare the strawberry-blossom!

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

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured strawberry-flower.
Hither soon as spring is fled
You and Charlie and I will walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower;
And for that promise spare the flower!

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 round
And take delight in its activity;
Even so this happy Creature of herself
Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
Is little society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's
Fright-startled from the fern where she lay couched;
Unthought-of, unexpected, as the stir
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-flowers,
Or from before it chasing wantonly
The many-coloured images imprest
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD,
DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING,
BY MY SISTERS.

What way does the Wind come?
What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and, o'er rocky height
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;

But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.
He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum';—but if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

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

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

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.
BY THE BANK.

A month, sweet Little-ones, is past
Since your dear Mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return;
To-morrow is the happy day.
POEMS REFERRING TO

O blessed tidings! thought of joy!
The eldest heard with steady glee;
Silent he stood; then laughed again,—
And shouted, “Mother, come to me!”

Louder and louder did he shout,
With wilder 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 tales to travel through;—
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister’s breast;
She war 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 goings green, the sex’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 some scum’s race;
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

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

VIII.

ALICE FELL;
OR, POVERTY.

The post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound,—and more and more;
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
He stopped his horses at the word,
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain;
But, hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
“Whence comes,” said I, “this piteous moan?”
And there a little Girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

“My cloak!” no other word she spoke,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

“What ails you, child!”—she sobbed “Look here!”
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as o’er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spire,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!
THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

"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."

In sensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

And I to Durham, Sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak!

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

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

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

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! I will 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 rose:
With many a wanton stroke
Her foot disperses the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

II.

LUCY GRAY;

O'er 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!
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.

X.

WE ARE SEVEN.

—— A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death!

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
——Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be!"
"How many! Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they! I pray you tell,"
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven!"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"
XI.

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

A PASTORAL.

The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never never ending song,
To welcome in the May.

The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
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 various wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
I've seen the shepherds sit in sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind—or done.

On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rasty hats they trim:
And this, as happy as the day,
Thee Shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony verge
The am-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And sings loud and strong.

Two thousand lambs are on the rocks,
At new-born lambs! both earth and sky
Are jubilant, and more than all,
These 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 very stump of you old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race."
Away the shepherds flew;
They leap—they ran—and when they came
They stopped opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll.

Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries—
James stopped with no good will;
Said Walter then, exulting; "Here
You'll find a task for half a year.

Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
Come on, and tread where I shall tread."
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a cleft 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 last! 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 extremity 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 woful cry; I knew
The Bay recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid—
A Poet, who loves the brooks
Far better than the sage's books,
By chance had thither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.
He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light:
The Shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

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

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

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

"For, here are woods, hills smooth and w
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Llwyn fare
For Kilve by the green sea."

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

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

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply:
"At Kilve there was no weather-cock;
And that's the reason why."—

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

XIII.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming,
Reginald Shore,
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the highest
More than the height of a councillor's bag;
To the top of Great How, did it please the
climb:

*Great How is a single and conspicuous hill, rises towards the foot of Threlkeld, on the western
THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

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.
Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones;
The Magog of Legberthaite dales.

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

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

1801.

XIV.

THE PET-LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

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

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

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

the beautiful dales of Legberthaite, along the high road
betwixt Keswick and Ambleside.

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

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

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measure numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young One? What! Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee?"

What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

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

Rest, little young One, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned
by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam!
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

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

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

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

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

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

—As homeward through the lane I went with hazy
feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was here, and one half of it was
mine.

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

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

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

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS
IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

From an unpublished poem.

This extract is reprinted from "The Friends."

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'ret to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion I not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

Childhood didst thou intertwine for me
Passions that build up our human soul;
With the mean and vulgar works of Man;
With high objects, with enduring things;
Life and nature; purifying thus
Elements of feeling and of thought,
Sanctifying by such discipline
Pain and fear,—until we recognise
Saudade in the beatings of the heart.

or was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
Of stunted kindness. In November days,
A vapour rolling down the valleys made
Only some mere lonesome; among woods
Then, and amid the calm of summer nights,
Ea, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Such the gloomy hills, homeward I went
Dismal, such intercourse was mine:
Was it in the fields both day and night,
By the waters, all the summer long,
In the frosty season, when the sun
Set, and, visible for many a mile,
Windows-windows through the twilight blazed,
Eld not the summonses: happy time
As indeed for all of us; for me
As a time of rapture! Clear and loud
Village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
And exciting like an untired horse
A cara out for his home.—All shed with steel
Bliss along the polished ice, in games
Delineate, initiates of the chase
Woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
A pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare
Through the darkness and the cold we flew,
In a voice was idle: with the dim
Hilltop, the precipices rang aloud;
Leaves trees and every icy crag
Chilled like iron; while far-distant hills
The imman sent an alien sound
Sounding, not unmasked while the stars,
Arrayed, were sparkling clear, and in the west
A scenic sky of evening died away.

Let solemn from the uproar I retired
To silent bay, or sportively
A walk sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
On across the reflex of a star;
Go, that, flying still before me, gleamed
In the gleam plain: and sometimes,
As we had given our bodies to the wind,
All the shadowy banks on either side
Laying through the darkness, spinning still
Rapid line of motion, then at once
I, receding 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,
Feeble and fickle, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

1799.

XVII.

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESS TO MY DAUGHTER.

LET US QUIT THE LEAFY ARBOUR,
And the torrent murmuring by;
For the sun is in his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sumeena ebbas,—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 redded,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven’s unchanging year!

---

THE NORMAN BOY.

High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted
Down,
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man
his own,
From home and company remote and every playful
joy,
Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged
Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English
Dame,
Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notices
came,
With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered
child
Whom, one bleak winter’s day, she met upon the
dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland’s edge with relics
sprinkled o’er
Of last night’s snow, beneath a sky threatening the
fall of more,
Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at
their feed,
And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of
anxious heed.

There sees he, where of branches rent and withered
and decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a
but had made.
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder
such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly
lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, but the
architect had wrought
Some timber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with
fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest
power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude
nest
In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving
far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely band
must hide.
THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no cherub, not transformed,
But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him in my arms,
And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,
And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love to pay,
By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear Child thou art my own,
To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in town.
What shall it be! a mirthful throng or that holy place and calm.
St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the Church of Notre Dame!"

"St. Ouen’s golden Shrine! Or choose what else would please thee most
Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud France, can boast!"

"My Mother," said the Boy, "was born near to a blessed Tree,
The Chapel Oak of Allonville; good Angel, show it me!"

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise let loose by this reply,
For Allonville, o’er down and dale, away then did we fly;
O’er town and tower we flew, and fields in May’s fresh verdure drest;
The wings they did not flag; the Child, though grave, was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light that broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy looked down on that huge oak,
For length of days so much revered, so famous where it stands
For twofold hallowing—Nature’s care, and work of human hands!

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided round and round
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and stair that wound
Gracefully up the guarded trunk; nor left we 
uneuereyed
The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of
the shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the chapel’s iron
door,
Past softly, leading in the Boy; and, while from
roof to floor
From floor to roof all round his eyes the Child
with wonder cast,
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than
the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the sanctuary
showed,
Bylight of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered
here, there glowed,
Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of
gratitude;
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts; and speech
I thus renewed:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard
thy Mother say,
And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady de
la Paix;"
What mournful sighs have here been heard, and,
when the voice was stopt
By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have on this
pavement dropt!

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a favoured
lot is thine,
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full many
to this shrine;
From body pains and pains of soul thou needest no
release,
Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy,
in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness
and praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy
most busy days;
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy small
hut, will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned the Chapel
of this Tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous
Church in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God under a
mighty Dome;"
Far and wide on hill and valley
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
And the blazing mother’s Young-one
Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as changed, a Cottage-maiden
(Ten years scarcely had she told)
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go,
Peace and rest, as seems, before them
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved;
Clap your hands with joy my Hearers,
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love,
And belike a guardian angel
Came with succour from above.

PART II

Now, to a matured Audience,
Let me speak of this brave Child
Left among her native mountains
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
Mother’s care no more her guide,
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
Even while at her father’s side.

Spare your blame,—remembrance makes him
Loth to rule by strict command;
Still upon his cheek are living
Touched of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,
Sympathy that soothed his grief,
As the dying mother witnessed
To her thankful mind’s relief.

Time passed on; the Child was happy,
Like a Spirit of air she moved,
Wayward, yet by all who knew her
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarce less than sacred passions,
Bred in house, in grove, and field,
Link her with the inferior creatures,
Urged her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
Learn how she can feel alike
Both for tiny harmless minnow
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protector, kindling
Into anger or disdain;
Many a captive hath she rescued,
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile;—with patience
Hear the homely truths I tell,
She in Grasmere’s old church-steeple
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
To their echoes gave the sound,
Notice punctual as the minute,
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire’s office,
Rang alone the far-heard knell,
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed
On that service she went forth;
Nor will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the child to temper,
In her breast, unruly fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire!

Easily a pious training
And a steadfast outward power
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv’rer,
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
Constant as a soaring lark,
Should the country need a heroine,
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered
Prayer that Grace divine may raise
Her humane courageous spirit
Up to heaven, thro’ peaceful ways.
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

1.

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,
Pennel 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 Emmerdale.
It was a July evening; and he sate
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the caves
Of his old cottage,—as it chanced, that day,
Employed in winter's work. Upon the stone
His wife sate near him, teasing matted wool,
While, from the twin cards toothed with glittering wire,
He fed the spindle of his youngest child,

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

'Twas one well known to him in former days,
A Shepherd-lad; who ere his sixteenth year
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust
His expectations to the fickle winds
And perilous waters; with the mariners
A fellow-mariner,—and so had fared
Through twenty seasons; but he had been reared
Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrubs had Leonard heard
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees:—and, when the regular wind
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
And blew with the same breath through days and weeks,
Lengthening invisibly its weary line
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;
And, while the broad blue wave and sparkling foam
Flashed round him images and hues that wrought
In union with the employment of his heart,
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country grey
Which he himself had worn.

And now, at last,
From perilous manifold, with some small wealth
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,
To his paternal home he is returned,
With a determined purpose to resume
The life he had lived there; both for the sake
Of many darling pleasures, and the love
Which to an only brother he has borne
In all his hardships, since that happy time
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two
Were brother-shepherds on their native hills.
—They were the last of all their race: and now,
When Leonard had approached his home, his heart
Failed in him; and, not venturing to enquire
Tidings of one so long and dearly loved,

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

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 crevice!
To me it does not seem to wear the face
Which then it had!

Priest. Nay, Sir, for aught I know,
That chasm is much the same—
Leonard. But, surely, yonder—

Priest. Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend
That does not play you false.—On that tall pile
(It is the loneliest place of all these hills)
There were two springs which bubbled side by side
As if they had been made that they might be
Companions for each other: the huge crag
Was rent with lightning—one hath disappeared;
The other, left behind, is flowing still.
For accidents and changes such as these,
We want not store of them,—a water-spout
Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast
For folks that wander up and down like you,
To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff
One roaring cataract: a sharp May-storm
Will come with loads of January snow,
And in one night send twenty score of sheep
To feed the ravens; or a shepherd dies
By some untoward death among the rocks:
The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge;
A wood is fell'd:—and then for our own homes!
A child is born or christened, a field ploughed,
A daughter sent to service, a web spun,
The old house-clock is decked with a new face;
And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates
To chronicle the time, we all have here
A pair of diaries,—one serving, Sir,
For the whole dale, and one for each fire-side—
Yours was a stranger's judgment: for historians,
Commend me to these valleys!

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

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

Leonard. Your Dalemen, 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 you 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 overflowed the bounds
Of their inheritance, that single cottage—
You see it yonder! and those few green fields.
They toiled and wrought, and still, from sire to son,
Each struggled, and each yielded as before
A little—yet a little,—and old Walter,
They left to him the family heart, and land
With other burthens than the crop it bore.
Year after year the old man still kept up
A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with bond,
Interest, and mortgages; at last he sank,
And went into his grave before his time.
Poor Walter! whether it was care that spurred
him
God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale:
His pace was never that of an old man:
I almost see him tripping down the path
With his two grandsons after him:—but you,
Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,
Have far to travel,—and on these rough paths
Even in the longest day of midsummer—

Leonard. But those two Orphans!

Priest. Orphans!—Such they were—
Yet not while Walter lived:—for, though their parents
Lay buried side by side as now they lie,
The old man was a father to the boys,
Two fathers in one father: and if tears,
Shed when he talked of them where they were not,
And hauntings from the infancy 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. Those boys—I hope
They loved this good old Man!—

Priest. They did—and truly:
But that was what we almost overlooked,
They were such darlings of each other. Yes,
Though from the cradle they had lived with Walter,
The only kinsman near them, and though he
Inclined to both by reason of his age,
With a more fond, familiar, tenderness;
They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,
And it all went into each other's hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,
Was two years taller: 'twas a joy to see,
To hear, to meet them!—From their house the school
Is distant three short miles, and in the time
Of storm and thaw, when every water-course
And unbridged stream, such as you may have noticed
Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,
Was swollen into a noisy rivulet,
Would Leonard then, when elder boys remained
At home, go staggering through the slippery floods,
Bearing his brother on his back. I have seen him,
On windy days, in one of those stray brooks,
Ay, more than once I have seen him, mid-leg deep,
Their two books lying both on a dry stone,
Upon the hither side: and once I said,
As I remember, looking round these rocks
And hills on which we all of us were born,
That God who made the great book of the world
Would bless such piety—

Leonard. It may be then—

Priest. Never did worthier lads break English bread;
The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
THE BROTHERS.

And those two bolls of ours, which there you see—
Hanging in the open air—but, O good Sir!
This is sad talk—they'll never sound for him—
Living or dead,—When last we heard of him,
He was in slavery among the Moors
Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a little
That would bring down his spirit; and no doubt,
Before it ended in death, the Youth
Was sadly crossed.—Poor Leonard! when we parted,
He took me by the hand, and said to me,
If e'er he should grow rich, he would return,
To live in peace upon his father's land,
And lay his bones among us.

Leonard.  If that day
Should come, 't would needs be a glad day for him;
He would himself, no doubt, be happy then
As any that should meet him—

Prie.  Happy! Sir—

Leonard.  You said his kindred all were in their graves,
And that he had one Brother—

Prie.  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!

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

Leonard.  But this Youth,
How did he die at last?
Priest. One sweet May-morning, (It will be twelve years since when Spring returns) He had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs, With two or three companions, whose 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 you precipice—it wears the shape Of a vast building made of many crags; And in the midst is one particular rock That rises like a column from the vale, Whence by our shepherds it is called, The Pillar. Upon its airy summit crowned with heath, The loterter, not unvisited by his comrades, Lay stretched at ease; but, passing by the place On their return, they found that he was gone. No ill was feared; till one of them by chance Entering, when evening was far spent, the house Which at that time was James's home, there learned That nobody had seen him all that day: The morning came, and still he was unheard of: The neighbours were alarmed, and to the brook Some hastened; some ran to the lake: ere noon They found him at the foot of that same rock Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after I buried him, poor Youth, and there he lies! Leonard. And that then is his grave!—Before his death You say that he saw many happy years? Priest. Ay, that he did— Leonard. And all went well with him!— Priest. If he had one, the youth had twenty houses. 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 unallowed end! Priest. Nay, God forbid!—You recollect I mentioned A habit which disquietude and grief Had brought upon him; and we all conjectured That, as the day was warm, he had lain down On the soft heath,—and, waiting for his comrades, He there had fallen asleep; that in his sleep He to the margin of the precipice Had walked, and from the summit had fallen headlong: And so no doubt he perished. When the Youth Fell, in his hand he must have grasp'd, we think, His shepherd's staff; for on that Pillar of rock It had been caught mid way; and there for years It hung—and moulder'd there.

The Priest here ended— The Stranger would have thanked him, but he felt A gushing from his heart, that took away The power of speech. Both left the spot in silence. And Leonard, when they reached the church-yard gate, As the Priest lifted up the latch, turned round,— And, looking at the grave, he said, "My Brother!" The Vicar did not hear the words; and now, He pointed towards his dwelling-place, entreating That Leonard would partake his homely fare: The other thanked him with an earnest voice; But added, that, the evening being calm, He would pursue his journey. So they parted.

It was not long ere Leonard reached a grove That overhung the road: he there stopped short, And, sitting down beneath the trees, reviewed All that the Priest had said: his early years Were with him:—his long absence, cherished hopes, And thoughts which had been his an hour before, All pressed on him with such a weight, that now, This vale, where he had been so happy, seemed A place in which he could not bear to live: So he relinquished all his purposes. He travelled back to Egremont: and thence, That night, he wrote a letter to the Priest, Reminding him of what had passed between them And adding, with a hope to be forgiven, That it was from the weakness of his heart He had not dared to tell him who he was. This done, he went on shipboard, and is now A Seaman, a grey-headed Mariner.
ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE. 73

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour!
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with Poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some
weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief
free!

A Kiyo more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his day;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighbouring countries through his righteous
sway;
He poured rewards and honours on the good;
The oppressor he withstood;
And while he served the Gods with reverence due
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and
cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son;
But how unworthy of that sire was he!
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother
placed.

From realm to realm the humbled exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;
In many a court, and many a warrior’s tent,
He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
Dire poverty assailed;
And, tired with snares his pride no more could
brook,
He towards his native country cast a longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage sped;
He landed; and, by many dangers scared,
‘Poorly provided, poorly followed,’
To Calaterium’s forest he repaired.
How changed from him who, born to highest place,
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troyovant, his seat by silver Thames’s side!

From that wild region where the crownless King
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
A messenger he sends;
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chance to hear
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
From which the tusky wild boar flies in fear;
And, scaring toward him o'er the grassy plain,
Behold the hunter train!
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Eldure, who leads the chase,
Hath checked his foaming courser:—can it be!
Methinks that I should recognize that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity!
He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded and amazed—
"It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,
Feebly returned by daunted Artegaal;
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.
Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Eldure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

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

A while the astonished Artegaal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed:  "To me, of titles shorn,
And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite."

"I do not blame thee," Eldure replied;
"But, if my looks did with my words agree,
I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all disquietude be free.
May the unallied 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.
Odioue to me the pomp of regal court,
And joyless sylvan sport,
While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!"

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

Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
Would balance claim with claim, and right with right!
But thou—I know not how inspired, how led—
Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!
And this for one who cannot imitate
They 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 fail."

"Believe it not," said Eldure; "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
ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

On the gracious opening of thy reign,
there's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

But if 'er that bright unbosoming
of disgrace and envious fortune past
we not seen the glories of the spring
of nostril darkness overcast!

In that glittered like a warrior's shield,
The sky, the gay green field,
ushed; gladness ceases in the groves;
egulation strikes the blackened mountain-coves.

That gloom dissolved! How passing clear
the wide world, far brighter than before!
In thy latent worth will re-appear,
ring the people's heart from shore to shore;
fulful faults ripe virtues shall alone;
Re-panied in thy throne,
shall thou furnish that misfortune, pain,
arrow, have confirmed thy native right to
reign.

Yet to overlook what thou may'st know,
heroes are neither weak nor few;
impercept must be our course, and slow,
and my purpose mien may ensue.
for thy followers; let them calmly wait
Such change in thy estate
steadily have in thought devised;
which, with caution due, may soon be realised."

Gone they were, pursued, by Artegal's, with full consent
his peers, before the multitude,
and, to consummate this just intent,
was upon his brother's head the crown,
Restored by his own;
he people cried, "Receive your lord,
man's first-born son, your rightful king
restored!"

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

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And there will safely ride when we are gone;
The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door
Will flourish, though untended and alone:
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none:
Those narrow bounds contain our private store
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;
Here are they in our sight — we have no more.
Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!
For two months now in vain we shall be sought;
We leave you here in solitude to dwell
With these our latest gifts of tender thought;
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,
Bright gown, and marash-marigold, farewell!
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,
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossom blown
Among the distant mountains, flower and weed,
Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,
Making all kindness registered and known;
Thou for our sakes, though Nature's child indeed,
Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.

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

Help us to tell Her tales of years gone by,
And this sweet spring, the best beloved and best;
Joy will be flown in its mortality;
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.
Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's breast
Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die

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

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STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'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 belle to-day,
Seek for him—he is fled; and whither none can say.

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

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this Man
When he came back to us, a withered flower,—
Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan.
Down would he sit; and without strength or power
Look at the common grass from hour to hour:
And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,
Where apple-trees in blossom made a bower,
Retired in that sunshine shade he lay;
And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew;
For happier soul no living creature has
Than he had, being here the long day through.
Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong;
But verse was what he had been wedded to;
And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary Wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly guise,
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
A noticeable Man with large grey eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

1805.

VII.

Strange fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover’s ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide sea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy’s cot
Came near, and nearer still.

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

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

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover’s head!
“O mercy!” to myself I cried,
“If Lucy should be dead!”

1799.

VIII.

Sure dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

IX.

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!

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee
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;
And, grieved for their brief date, confess
That measured by what we are and ought to be
Measured by all that, trembling, we force,
Is not so long!

If human life do pass away,
Perverse yet more swiftly than the flowers;
If we are creatures of a winter's day;
What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose
Her sweets, and triumph o'er the brevity
Not even an hour!

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

Then shall love teach some virtuous youth
'To draw, out of the object of his eye,'
The while on thee they gaze in simple trust,
Hues more exalted, 'a refined form,'
That dreads not age, nor suffers from the
And never dies.

X.

Eau with cold beads of midnight dew
Had mingled tears of thine,
I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst see
To haughty Geraldine.

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

Pine not like them with arms across,
Forgetting in thy care
How the fast-rooted trees can toes
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.

THE FORSAKEN.

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

O weary struggle! silent years
Tell seemingly no doubtful tale;
And yet they leave it short, and fears
And hopes are strong and will prevail.
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

almost faith escapes not pain;
for thus to see thee nodding in the air,

for thus to see thee nodding in the air,
feeling that the hope is vain,

feeling that the hope is vain,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,

To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,—

Thus rise and thus descend,—
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear."

The Man who makes this feverish complaint
The Man who makes this feverish complaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.

Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

Such happiness as I have known to-day.

XIII.

A Complaint.

There is a change—and I am poor;
What happy moments did I count!
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
Blest was I then all bliss above!
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Now, for that consecrated fount
Whose only business was to flow;
Of what I shall I dare to tell!
And flow it did; not taking heed
A comfortless and hidden well.

What happy moments did I count!

What happy moments did I count!

A well of love—it may be deep—
What matter! if the waters sleep
I trust it is,—and never dry;
In silence and obscurity.

Now, for that consecrated fount
—Such change, and at the very door
Of what I shall I dare to tell!
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

XIV.

TO

Lev other bards of angels sing,
Lev other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:

Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that thou art not!

Rejoice that thou art not!
POEMS Founded on the Affections.

XVI.

Yea! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy’s own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear Maid, this truth believes,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To feed my heart’s devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

XVII.

How rich that forehead’s calm expanse!
How bright that heaven-directed glance!
—Waft her to glory, wingèd 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!

XVIII.

What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
Through my very heart they shine:
And, if my brow gives back their lig
Do thou look gladly on the sight;
As the clear Moon with modest Eric
Beholds her own bright beams,
Reflected from the mountain’s side
And from the headlong streams.

XIX.

TO——

O nearer far than light and life are dear
Full oft our human foresight I desplore;
Trembling, through my unworthiness,
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet
Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of
While all the future, for thy purer soul,
With ‘sober certainties’ of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human
Tells that these words thy humbleness or
Yet bear me up—else faltering in the sea
Of a steep march: support me to the

Peace settles where the intellect is meek
And Love is dutiful in thought and deed
Through Thee communion with that love
The faith Heaven strengthens where He is
Cred.

XX.

LAMENT OF MARY Queen of P

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
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of
My torpor to reprove!
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

II.
Bright boon of pitying Heaven!—alas,
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering that Time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

III.
And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

IV.
To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these 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.

V.
Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On sight of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowers of the fields!
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

VI.
Yet how I—for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty, for confounding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

VII.
Unblest distinction! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains:
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

VIII.
A Woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

IX.
Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burden to support.

X.
Hark! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block!

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 be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work HUNTER'S JOURNEY FROM HUNSOVER'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 cracking noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

XI.
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
The stars, they were among my dreams;
In rustling conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive;
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;
Yet is it dead, and I remain:
All stiff with ice the sashes 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.

Abs! 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 ye!
For strong and without pain I lay,
Dear 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 these 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 lock 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?

Young as I am, my course is run,
I shall not see another sun;
I cannot lift my limbs to know
If they have any life or no.
My poor forsaken Child, if I
For once could have thee close to me,
With happy heart I then would die,
And my last thought would happy be;
But thou, dear Babe, art far away,
Nor shall I see another day.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

I.
In distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads, alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway, I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
And in his arms a Lamb he had.

II.
He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide:
And with his coat did then essay
To wipe those briny tears away.
I followed him, and said, "My friend,
What ails you! wherefore weep you so?"
—"Shame on me, Sir! this lusty Lamb;
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetched him from the rock;
He is the last of all my flock."
III.
When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be;
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store.

IV.
Year after year my stock it grew;
And from this one, this single one,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As fine a flock as ever grazed!
Upon the Quantock hills they fed;
They thronged, and we at home did thrive:
—This lusty Lamb of all my store
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

V.
Six Children, Sir! had I to feed;
Hard labour in a time of need!
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the Parish asked relief.
They said, I was a wealthy man;
My sheep upon the uplands fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
'Do this: how can we give to you?'
They cried, 'what to the poor is due!'

VI.
I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food;
For me—it never did me good.
A useful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away—
For me it was a woeful day.

VII.
Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopped—
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropped.

'Till thirty were not left alive
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
And I may say, that many a time
I wished they all were gone—
Reckless of what might come at last
Were but the bitter struggle past.

VIII.
To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me:
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease, within doors or without;
And, crazily and wearily
I went my work about;
And oft was moved to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

IX.
Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time;
God cursed me in my sore distress;
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week, and every day,
My flock it seemed to melt away.

X.
They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!
From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a weaner, 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.'

XXIII.
REPTENANCE
A PASTORAL BALLAD.

The fields which with a covetous spirit we sold,
Those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,
Would have brought us more good than a hundred
of gold,
Could we but have been as contented as they.
When the troublesome Tempter best us, said I,
Let him come, with his purse proudly grasped in
his hand;
But, Allan, be true to me, Allan—we'll die
Before he shall go with an inch of the land!

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers;
Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;
We could do what we liked with the land, it was ours;
And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late;
And, often, like one overburthened with sin,
With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,
I look at the fields, but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's
day,
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,
What ails you, that you must come creeping to me?

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad;
Our comfort was near if we were ever lost;
But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we
had,
We slighted them all—and our birth-right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son
Who must now be a wanderer! but peace to that
strain!
Think of evening's repose when our labour was done,
The sabbath's return; and its leisure's soft chain!

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,
Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep
That besprinkled the field; 'twas like youth in my
blood!

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a snail;
And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a sigh,
That follows the thought—We've no land in the vale,
Save six feet of earth where our forefathers lie!

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, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled;
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss;
I catch at them, and then I miss;
Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold;
Well born, well bred; I sent him forth
Innocent, 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 is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unaware!
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.

_XX._  
Perhaps some dungeon bears 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.

_XXI._  
I look for ghosts; but none will force  
Their way to me: ’tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Between the living and the dead;  
For, surely, then I should have sight  
of him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

_XXII._  
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.

_XXIII._  
Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief:  
If any chance to heave a sigh,  
They pity me, and not my grief.  
Then come to me, my Son, or send  
Some tidings that my woes may end;  
I have no other earthly friend!

_XXV._  
THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.  
_BY MY SISTER._  
In days are cold, the nights are long,  
The north-wind sings a doleful song;  
Then rush 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.

_XXVI._  
MATERNAL GRIEF.  
_Thinked Child! I could forget thee once_  
Though at my bosom nursed; this woeful gain  
Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul  
Is present and perpetually abides  
A shadow, never, never to be displaced  
By the returning substance, seen or touched,  
Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my embrace.  
Absence and death how differ they! and how  
Shall I admit that nothing can restore  
What one short sigh so easily removed!—  
Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,  
Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,  
0 teach me calm submission to thy Will!

The Child she mourned had overstepped the pale  
Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air  
That sanctifies its confines, and partook  
Reflected beams of that celestial light  
To all the Little-ones on sinful earth  
Not unvouchsafed—a light that warmed and  
cheered  
Those several qualities of heart and mind  
Which, in her own blest nature, rooted deep,  
Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,  
And not hers only, their peculiar charms  
Unfolded,—beauty, for its present self,  
And for its promises to future years,  
With not unfrequent rapture fondly hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn  
A pair of Leverets each provoking each  
To a continuance of their fearless sport,  
Two separate Creatures in their several gifts  
Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all  
That Nature prompts them to display, their looks,  
Their starts of motion and their fits of rest,  
An indistinguishable style appears  
And character of gladness, as if Spring  
Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and the spirit  
Of the rejoicing morning were their own.
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Such union, in the lovely Girl maintained
And her twin Brother, had the parent seen,
Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of prey,
Death in a moment parted them, and left
The Mother, in her turns of anguish, worse
Than desolate; for oft-times from the sound
Of the survivor’s sweetest voice (dear child,
He knew it not) and from his happiest looks,
Did she extract the food of self-reproach,
As one that lived ungrateful for the stay
By Heaven afforded to uphold her maimed
And tottering spirit. And full oft the Boy,
Now first acquainted with distress and grief,
Shrank from his Mother’s presence, shunned with
fear
Her sad approach, and stole away to find,
In his known haunts of joy where'er he might,
A more congenial object. But, as time
Softened her pangs and reconciled the child
To what he saw, he gradually returned,
Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew
A broken intercourse; and, while his eyes
Were yet with pensive fear and gentle saw
Turned upon her who bore him, she would stoop
To imprint a kiss that lacked not power to spread
Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,
And stillled his tremulous lip. Thus they were calmed
And cheered; and now together breathe fresh air
In open fields; and when the glare of day
Is gone, and twilight to the Mother’s wish
Befriends the observance, readily they join
In walks whose boundary is the lost One’s grave,
Which he with flowers hath planted, finding there
Amusement, where the Mother does not miss
Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf
In prayer, yet blending with that solemn rite
Of pious faith the vanities of grief;
For such, by pitying Angels and by Spirits
Transferred to regions upon which the clouds
Of our weak nature rest not, must be deemed
Those willing tears, and unforbidden sighs,
And all those tokens of a cherished sorrow,
Which, soothe and sweetened by the grace of
Heaven
As now it is, seems to her own fond heart,
Immortal as the love that gave it being.

Majestic in her person, tall and straight
And like a Roman matron was her mien
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 est
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abase
When from those lofty thoughts I woke,
"What is it," said I, "that you bear,
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
Protected from this cold damp air!"
She answered, soon as she the question!
"A simple burlen, Sir; a little Singing-bit"
And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a Son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away:
And I have travelled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still
for me.

The bird and cage they both were his:
'Twas my Son's bird; and near and true
He kept it: many voyages
The singing-bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed, he left the bird behind
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his
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
in it."

THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

"Up, Timothy, up with your staff and awl,
Not a soul in the village this morning will;
The hare has just started from Hamilton's
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the
—Of coats and of jackets grey, scarlet, and
On the slopes of the pastures all colours wild
With their comely blue aprons, and caps and
snow,
The girls on the hills made a holiday show;
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

As sprigs of green box-wood, not six months before,
At Timothy's door;
Child did it bear, and that Child was his last.

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 smiles, worth all the world to me.
Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;
Thou troubledst me with strange alarms;
Smiles last thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms;
For they confound me:—where—where is
That last, that sweetest smile of his!

Oh! how I love thee!—we will stay
Together here this one half day.
My sister's child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England came;
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

She with her mother crossed the sea;  
The babe and mother near me dwell;  
Yet does my yearning heart to thee  
Turn rather, though I love her well:  
Rest! little Stranger, rest thee here!  
Never was any child more dear!

VII.  
—I cannot help it; ill intent  
I've none, my pretty Innocent!  
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,  
These tears—and my poor idle tongue.  
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek  
How cold it is! but thou art good;  
Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,  
I think, to help me if they could.  
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,  
My heart again is in its place!

VIII.  
While thou art mine, my little Love,  
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;  
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee  
I seem to find them all in thee:  
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers;  
I'll call thee by my darling's name;  
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,  
Thy features seem to me the same;  
His little sister thou shalt be;  
And, when once more my home I see,  
I'll tell him many tales of Thee."  1802.

XXX.  
VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

The following tale was written as an Epis de l'avenement d'un homme, 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.

O happy time of youthful lovers (thus  
My story may begin) O balm! time,  
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
Is faired than the fairest star in heaven!  
To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
(Fancy that sports more desperately with minds  
Than ever fortune hath been known to do)  
The high-born Vaudracour was brought, by years  
Whose progress had a little overstepped  
His stripling prime. A town of small repute,  
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,  
Was the Youth's birth-place. There he wooed a  
Maid  
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit  
With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,  
Plebeian, though ingenious, the stock,  
From which her graces and her honours sprung:  
And hence the father of the enamoured Youth,  
With haughty indignation, spurned the thought  
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,  
With but a step between their several homes,  
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife  
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;  
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;  
And, in their happiest moments, not content,  
If more divided than a sportive pair  
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering  
Within the eddy of a common blast,  
Or hidden only by the concave depth  
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age  
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given  
By ready nature for a life of love,  
For endless constancy, and placid truth;  
But whatso'er of such rare treasure lay  
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support  
Of their maturer years, his present mind  
Was under fascination;—he beheld  
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.  
Arabian fiction never filled the world  
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.  
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;  
Life turned the meanest of her implements,  
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;  
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;  
Her chamber-window did surpass in glory  
The portals of the dawn; all paradise  
Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
Let itself in upon him:—pathways, walks,  
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank;  
Surcharged, within him, overlast 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 effort  
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved  
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it, not!  
Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw  
So many bars between his present state  
And the dear haven where he wished to be  
In honourable wedlock with his Love,  
Was in his judgment tempted to decline  
To perils weakness, and entrust his cause  
To nature for a happy end of all;  
Deem that by such fond hope the Youth was swayed,  
And bear with their transgression, when I add
at Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,  
cried about her for a secret grief  
A promise of a mother.  

To conceal  
threatened shame, the parents of the Maid  
and means to hurry her away by night,  
unforewarned, that in some distant spot  
might remain shrouded in privacy,  
if the babe was born. When morning came,  
Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,  
all uncertain whither he should turn,  
did like a wild beast in the toils; but soon  
covering traces of the fugitives,  
stepped he followed to the Maid’s retreat.  
By may the sequel be divided—  
divis to and fro—watchings at every hour;  
d the fair Captive, who, whence’er she may,  
was, at her casement as the swallow  
flutters its pinions, almost within reach,  
but the pendent nest, did thus enwrap  
the Lover!—thence a stolen interview,  
compelled under friendly shade of night.  

I pass the rapture of the pair—such theme  
by immemorial poets, touched  
more delightful verse than skill of mine  
did fashion; chiefly by that darling bard  
tho’ told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
d the last to note heard before its time,  
d the stanzas that laced the severing clouds  
the unrelenting east.—Through all her courts  
vacant city slept; the busy winds,  
at keep no intervals of rest,  
could not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed  
the jewels, that like mysterious pulses beat  
still—memorably and uneasy bliss!  
their full hearts the universe seemed hung  
that brief meeting’s slender filigree!  

They parted; and the generous Vaudracour  
laich speedily the native threshold, bent  
soaking (as the Lovers had agreed)  
sacrifice of kingly gifts to attain  
and person from his father’s hand;  
and graced, Bride and Bridesman then would  
be.  

some remote and solitary place,  
only as night, and beautiful as heaven,  
then they may live, with no one to behold  
their happiness, or to disturb their love.  
All saw of this no whisper; not the less,  
ever an expletive word were dropped  
beneath the master of his passion, still,  
his stern father’s hearing, Vaudracour  
Persisted openly that death alone  
Should arrogate his human privilege  
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,  
Upon the ailing, to the Maid he loved.  

“You shall be baffled in your mad intent  
If there be justice in the court of France.”  
Muttered the Father.—From these words the Youth  
Conceived a terror; and, by night or day,  
Stirred nowhere without weapons, that full soon  
Found dreadful provocation: for at night  
When to his chamber he retired, attempt  
Was made to seize him by three armed men,  
Acting, in furtherance of the father’s will,  
Under a private signet of the State.  
One the rash Youth’s ungovernable hand  
Slew, and as quickly to a second gave  
A perilous wound—he shuddered to behold  
The breathless corse; then peacefully resigned  
His person to the law, was lodged in prison,  
And wore the fetters of a criminal.  

Have you observed a tuft of winged seed  
That, from the dandelion’s naked stalk,  
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use  
Its natural gift; for purposes of rest,  
Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro  
Through the wide element? or have you marked  
The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,  
Within the vortex of a foaming flood,  
Tormented! by such aid you may conceive  
The perturbation that ensued;—ah, no!  
Desperate the Maid—the Youth is stained with  
blood;  
Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet!  
Yet as the troubled seed and tortured bough  
Is Man, subjected to despotice 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 dispensed in air.  
He flew to her from whom they would divide him—  
He cleave to her who could not give him peace—  
Yes, 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; then no longer canst be mine,  
I think—the conscience-stricken must not woo  
The unruffled Innocent,—I see thy face,  
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!””  

“One, are we not?” exclaimed the Maiden—“One,  
For innocence and youth, for woe and woe!””
Then with the father's name she coupled words
Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
Checked her with filial meekness; for no thought
Uncharitable crossed his mind, no sense
Of hasty anger rising in the eclipse
Of true domestic loyalty, did '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
Dissipated, pitiable lot! But here
A portion of the tale may well be left
In silence, though my memory could add
Much how the Youth, in scanty space of time,
Was traversed from without; much, too, of thoughts
That occupied his days in solitude
Under privation and restraint; and what,
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,
And what, through strong compunction for the past,
He suffered—breaking down in heart and mind!

Doomed to a third and last captivity,
His freedom he recovered on the eve
Of Julia's travail. When the babe was born,
Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes
Of future happiness. "You shall return,
Julia," said he, "and to your father's house
Go with the child.—You have been wretched; yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burden weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.
Malice, beholding you, will melt away.
Go!—A town where both of us were born;
None will reproach you, for our truth is known;
And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our fate
Remain unvisited, pity is not in man.
With ornaments—the prettiest, nature yields
Or art can fashion, shall you deck our boy,
And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks
Till no one can resist him.—Now, even now,
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;
My father from the window sees him too;
Startled, as if some new-created thing
Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods
Bounded before him—but the unweakening Child
Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's heart
So that it shall be softened, and our loves
End happily, as they began!"

These glooms
Appeared but seldom; often was he seen
Propping a pale and melancholy face
Upon the Mother's bosom; resting thus
His head upon one breast, while from the other
The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.

—That pillow is no longer to be thine,
Fond Youth! that mournful solace now must pass
Into the list of things that cannot be!
Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears
The sentence, by her mother's lip pronounced,
That dooms her to a convent.—Who shall tell
Who dares report, the tidings to the lord
Of her affections! so they blindly asked
Who knew not 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 disseminate their lives
For ever.—And alternative I preferred,
By the unbending Parents of the Maid,
To secret espousals mainly disavowed.

—So be it!

In the city he remained
A season after Julia had withdrawn
To those religious walls. He, too, departs—
Who with him t— even the senseless Little-one.
With that sole charge he passed the city-gates,
For the last time, attendant by the side
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,
In which the Babe was carried. To a hill,
That rose a brief league distant from the town,
The dwellers in that house where he had lodged
Accompanied his steps, by anxious love
Impelled—they parted from him there, and stood
Watching below till he had disappeared
On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle
(Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!) that veiled
The tender infant: and at every inn,
And under every hospitable tree
At which the bearers halted or reposed,
Laid him with timid care upon his knees,
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known to see
Upon the nursling which his arms embraced.

This was the manner in which Vaudracour
Departed with his infant; and thus reached
His father's house, where to the innocent child
Admittance was denied. The young man spoke
No word of indignation or reproof,
But of his father begged, a last request,
That a retreat might be assigned to him
THE IDIOT BOY.

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

Scarce a soul is out of bed;
Good Betty, put him down again;
His lips with joy they burn at you;
But, Betty! what has he to do
With stirrup, saddle, or with reins?

But Betty’s bent on her intent;
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a pitiful 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 asks they cannot guess.

And Betty’s husband’s at the wood,
Where by the beck he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale;
There’s none to help poor Susan Gale;
What must be done? what will be done?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her Pony, that is mild and good;
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—
And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy
Has on the well-girt saddle set
(The like was never heard of yet)
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
Across the bridge and through the dale,
And by the church, and o’er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
There is no need of whip or wand;
For Johnny has his holly-bough,
And with a hurly-burly now
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

THE IDIOT BOY.

In sight o’clock,—a clear March night,
The moon is up,—the sky is blue,
The veil, in the moonlight air,
Draws near to nobody knows where;
Its lengthens, set his lonely shout,
Huzzah! huzzah! a long huzzah!
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, what'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 overflows,
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 cry,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
As o'er he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree;
For of this Pony there's a rumour,
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks!
And when he thinks, his pace is slack;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What speedy help her Boy will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
By this time is not quite so flurried:
Demure with porringier 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 to Susan will not tell.
THE IDIOT BOY.

For 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—tie almost ten—
But will be here before eleven."

For Susan moans, poor Susan groans;
The clock gives warning for eleven;
"Is it the stroke—" he must be near,"
Cries 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,
In Johnny's idle reflections cast:
"I like idle ambling 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 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 mischiefs not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned;
Or lost, perhaps, and never found;
Which must both for ever rue.

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

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

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

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

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

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and square,
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In bush and brake, in black and green;
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

And while she crossed the bridge, there came
A thought with which her heart is sore—
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon within the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide;
There's neither Johnny nor his Horse
Among the fern or in the gorse;
There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

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

Or him that wicked Pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's lair;
Or in the castle he's pursuing
Among the ghosts his own undoing;
Or playing with the waterfall."
At poor old Susan then she sailed,
While to the town she posted away;
"If Susan had not been so ill,
Alas! I should have had him still,
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,
The Doctor's self could hardly spare:
Unworthy things she talked, and wild;
Even he, of cattle the most mild,
The Pony had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,
And to the Doctor's door she flies;
'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 glistening eyes that peep and doze!
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh Doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny!"
"I'm here, what is't you want with me?"
"Oh Sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,
And I have lost my poor dear Boy,
You know him—him you often see;

He's not so wise as some folks be;"
"The devil take his wisdom!" said
The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,
"What, Woman! should I know of him?"
And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

"O woe is me! O woe is me!
Here will I die; here will I die;
I thought to find my lost one here,
But he is neither far nor near,
Oh! what a wretched Mother!"

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 knoll!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail;
This pitious news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road:
"O cruel! I'm almost thereready;
Such night as this was never before,
There's not a single soul around."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are flow
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if ever you can.

The owls 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 pyres and 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.
THE IDIOT BOY.

Perhaps he’s turned himself about,
His face unto his horse’s tail,
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
All silent as a horseman-ghost,
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he;
You 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,
Thebane of all that dread the devil!

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong indentures:
O gentle Muses! let me tell
But half of what to him befell;
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses! is this kind!
Why will ye thus my suit repel?
Why of your further aid bereave me?
And can ye thus unfriend 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,
Six upright on a feeding horse!

Upto his horse—there feeding free,
He seems, I think, the reins to give;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed;
Of such we in romances read:
—To 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 rushing waterfall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony’s worth his weight in gold:
Tune 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 bursts, 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 stilled 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,
Wend slowly through the woody dale;
And who is she, betimes abroad,
That hobbleth up the steep rough road?
Who is it, but old Susan Gale!
Long time lay Susan lost in thought;
And many dreadful fears beset her,
Both for her Messenger and Nurse;
And, as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body—it grew better.

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

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

Away she goes up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come;
She spies her Friends, she shouts a 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-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold!"
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story.

XXXII.

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
But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that simple object appertains
A story—unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spoke to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved;—not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hill
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.

Urons the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Michaels.

87

e learned the meaning of all winds, every tone; and, oftentimes, a heeded note. He heard the South
tranceous music, like the noise
on distant Highland hills.

rd, at such warning, of his flock
him, and he to himself would say,
are now devising work for me!'
at all times, the storm, that drives
or to a shelter, summoned him
ountains: he had been alone
art of many thousand miles,
ho, and left him, on the heights.
all his eigththth year was past.
that man errs, who should suppose
en valleys, and the streams and rocks,
indifferent to the Shepherd’s thoughts.
he with cheerful spirits he had breathed
air; hills, which with vigorous stop
en climbed; which had impressed
idents upon his mind
, skill or courage, joy or fear;
book, preserved the memory
imals, whom he had saved,
sheltered, linking to such acts
ity of honourable gain;
, those hills—what could they less I
had
en his affections, were to him
he feeling of blind love,
o which there is in life itself.

had not been passed in singleness.
was a comely matron, old—
ger than himself full twenty years.
woman of a stirring life,
nt was in her house: two wheels she had
form; this large, for spinning wool;
for flux; and if one wheel had rest
ese the other was at work.
nd but one inmate in their house,
hild, who had been born to them
ed, telling over his years, began
at he was old,—in shepherd’s phrase,
hot in the grave. This only Son, 
rae sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
e inestimable worth,
ir household. I may truly say,
ere a proverb in the vale
industry. When day was gone,
he occupations out of doors
Fd Father were come home, even then,
or did not cease; unless when all
he cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,
Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when
the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook 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
With huge and black projection overrode
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth
year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
Father and Son, while far into the night
The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunsmall-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named The Evening Star.

Thus living on through such a length of years,
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael’s heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all—
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they

n
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, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbounding mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
Under the large old oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
Tenchce in our rustic dialect was called
The Clipping Tree *, a name which yet it bears.
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipped
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock; and
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights,
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,

He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
Were dearer now! that from the Boy there came
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again!

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up;
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year,
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him; and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had armed himself with strength
To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of 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 less like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind.
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman’s help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained!"

At this the old Man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
There’s Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
A basket, which they filled with pedlar’s wares;
And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
And left estates and monies to the poor,
And, as his birth-place, built a chapel floored
With marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme
These two days, has been meat and drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
—We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope.
—Make ready Luke’s best garments, of the best
Boy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
—If he could go, the Boy should go to-night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things seedful for the journey of her son.
Her scalp was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
By Michael’s side, she through the last two nights
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go:
We have no other Child but thee to lose,
Nay to remember—do not go away,
For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
The Youth made answer with a joyous voice;
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house appeared
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
The expected letter from their kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
To which, requests were added, that forthwith
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;
Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke’s. When Isabel
Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
“He shall depart to-morrow.” To this word
The Housewife answered, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
In that deep valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheep-fold; and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet’s edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked:
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
And thus the old Man spake to him:—"My Son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; ‘twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should touch
On things thou canst not know of. After thou
First camest into the world—as oft befalls
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father’s tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy Mother’s breast. Month followed month,
And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains; else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father’s knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know.”

Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
And said, “Nay, do not take it so— I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.
—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others’ hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not both
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 burdened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my life was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
—It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou shouldst go.”

At this the old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:

“This was a work for us; and now, my Son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and hale;—do thou thy part;
I will do mine,—I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy! Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes; it should be so—yes—yes—
I know that thou could’st never have a wish
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
What will be left to us?—But, I forget
My purpose. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
May’st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
When thou return’st, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here: a covenant
’Twill be between us; but, whatever fate
Befal thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave.”

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped
down,
And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight
The old Man’s grief broke from him; to his heart
He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.
—Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
Ere the night fell;—with morrow’s dawn the Boy
Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kineman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
‘The prettiest letters that were ever seen.’
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months passed on: and once again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and, as at length
He in the desolate 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 sea.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
’Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE.

III.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
Till a winter's snow-day placed her buried Son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!
His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
Which they are touching; yes far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.

Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
Whate'er before she could not grieve or pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power
Over material forms that mastered reason.

Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thing!

But why that prayer! as if to her could come
No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we should judge omnis.
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice;
No, passing through strange sufferings toward the tomb
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won:
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees
The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly essences
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

(As the subject of the following poem is from the Orlando
Of the author's friend, Kesten 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 pietie 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 Soldan;

How she loved a Christian Slave, and told her pain
By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love again.

* 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.
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

II.
"Flack that rose, it moves my liking,
Said she, lifting up her veil;
"Flack it for me, gentle gardener,
Ere it wither and grow pale."
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not take
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for your sake!"

III.
"Grieved am I, submissive Christian!
To behold thy captive state;
Women, in your land, may pity
(May they not?) the unfortunate."
"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise man could not bear
Life, which to every one that breathes is full of care."

IV.
"Worse than idle is compassion
If it end in tears and sighs;
Thee from bondage would I rescue
And from vile indignities;
Nurtured, as thy men beaspeaks, in high degree,
Look up—and help a hand that longs to set thee free."

V.
"Lady! dread the wish, nor venture
In such peril to engage;
Think how it would stir against you
Your most loving father's rage:
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shame,
Should troubles overflow on her from whom it came."

VI.
"Generous Frank! the just in effort
Are of inward peace secure:
Hardships for the brave encountered,
Even the feeblest may endure:
If almighty grace through me thy chains unbind
My father for slave's work may seek a slave in mind."

VII.
"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,
Me to save from chance of harm:
Leading such companion I that grieved dome,
You inhuman, would gladly leave for his worst home."

VIII.
"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess
And your brow is free from scorn,
Else these words would come like mock
Sorer than the pointed thorn."
"Whence the undeserved mistrust! Too wide
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes con
the heart!"

IX.
"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is
These base implements to wield;
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
Ne'er assault my cobwebb'd shield!
Never see my native land, nor castle tower,
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts wist
hours."

X.
"Prisoner I 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 purpose
Without another link to my felicity."

XI.
"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
Lady, is a mystery rare;
Body, heart, and soul in union,
Make one being of a pair."
"Humble love in me would look for no return
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot l

XII.
"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank the God,
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
Flower of an unchristian sod!
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in a
dost wear?
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt I
am I! where?"

XIII.
Here broke off the dangerous converse.
Less impassioned words might tell
How the pair escaped together,
Tears not wanting, nor a knell
Of sorrow in her heart while through her
door,
And from her narrow world, she passed far
more.
THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

XIV.

But affections higher, holier,
Urged her steps; she shrank from trust
In a sensual creed that trampled
Woman's birthright into dust.
Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,
Tall, a timid Maid, hath put such boldness on.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:
In those old romantic days
Mighty were the soul's commandments
To support, restrain, or raise.
O'er might hang upon their path, makes rustle near,
Yet nothing from their inward souls had they to fear.

XV.

Thought infirm ne'er came between them,
Whether printing desert sands
With accordant steps, or gathering
Forest-fruit with social bands;
Whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam
Send with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal stream.

XVI.

On a friendly deck reposing
They at length for Venice steer;
There, when they had closed their voyage,
One, who daily on the pier
Washed for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,
Fall down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering word.

XVII.

Mutual was the sudden transport;
breathless questions followed fast,
Years contracting to a moment,
Each word greedier than the last;
Be the to the Countess, friend! return with speed,
And of this stranger speak by whom her lord was freed.

XVIII.

Say that I, who might have languished,
Drooped and pined till life was spent,
Now before the gates of Stolberg
My Deliverer would present
For a crowning recompense, the precious grace
Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient place.

XX.

Make it known that my Companion
Is of royal eastern blood,
Thirsting after all perfection,
Innocent, and meek, and good,
Though with misbelievers bred; but that dark night
Will holy Church disperse by beams of gospel-light.

XXI.

Swiftly went a 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.

XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,
While beneath their castle-walls,
Runs a deafening noise of welcome!—
Blest, though every tear that falls
Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,
And makes a meeting seem most like a dear farewell.

XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature,
Glorified by heavenly light,
Looked the beautiful Deliverer
On that overpowering sight,
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,
For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess
Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand;
Act of soul-devoted homage,
Pledge of an eternal bond:
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify.

XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian,
Genteel 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.
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

XXXVI.
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.

XXXV.
LOVING AND LIKING:
 IRREGULAR VERSES.
ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.
BY MY SISTER.

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 dew begins to fall.
Oh mark the beauty of his eye:
What wonders in that circle lie!
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head!
And when, upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
Starting the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavour
To take the intruder into favour;
Learning from him to find a reason
For a light heart in a dull season.
And you may love him in the pool,
That is for him a happy school,
In which he swims as taught by nature,
Fit pattern for a human creature,
Glancing amid the water bright,
And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
A love for things that have no feeling:
The spring's first rose by you espied,
May fill your breast with joyful pride;
And you may love the strawberry-flower,
And love the strawberry in its bower;
But when the fruit, so often praised
For beauty, to your lip is raised,
Say not you love the delicate treat,
But like it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,
Though one of a tribe that torment the house;
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,
Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;
Remember she follows the law of her kind,
And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind.
Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,
And her soothing song by the winter fire,
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:
It may soar with the eagle and brood with the dove;
May pierce the earth with the patient mole,
Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
Loving and liking are the solace of life,
Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed strife.
You love your father and your mother,
Your grown-up and your baby brother;
You love your sister, and your friends,
And countless blessings which God sends:
And while these right affections play,
You live each moment of your day;
They lead you on to full content,
And likings fresh and innocent,
That store the mind, the memory feed,
And prompt to many a gentle deed:
But likings come, and pass away;
'Tis love that remains till our latest day:
Our heavenward guide is holy love,
And will be our bliss with saints above.

XXXVI.

FAREWELL LINES.

'How bliss is only for a higher state,'
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
With patience merit the reward of peace,
Peace ye deserve; and may the solid good,
Sought by a wise though late exchange, and
With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof,
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
Nor for the world's best promises renounced.
Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,
Fresh from the crowded city, to behold
That lonely union, privacy so deep,
Such calm employments, such entire content.
So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
pair of herons oft-times have I seen,
on a rocky islet, side by side,
ying their feathers in the sun, at ease;
and, when night with grateful gloom had fallen,
a glow-worms in each nearness that they shared,
shone, their soft self-satisfying light,
with the other, on the dewy ground,
are He that made them blesses their repose.

In wandering among lakes and hills I note,
so rare, those creatures thus by nature paired,
I guarded in their tranquil state of life,
and, as your happy presence to my mind
of union brought, will they repay the debt,
and send a thankful spirit back to you,
I hope that we, dear Friends! shall meet again.

XXXVII.

THE REDBREAST.

[Inscribed in a Wiltshire Land Cottage.]

[Text continues on the page]
Her long and vacant holiday;  
With images about her heart;  
Reflected from the years gone by,  
On human nature's second infancy.  

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XXXVIII.  
HER EYES ARE WILD.  

I.  
Her eyes are wild, her head is bare,  
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;  
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,  
And she came far from over the main.  
She has a baby on her arm,  
Or else she were alone:  
And underneath the hay-stack warm,  
And on the greenwood stone,  
She talked and sung the woods among,  
And it was in the English tongue.  

"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 press.  
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 will I be;  
And I will always be thy guide,  
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.  
I'll build an Indian bower; I know  
The leaves that make the softest bed:  
And, if from thee 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 cannot 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 forswake,  
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.

wash my boy the sweetest things:

Oh! smile on me, my little lamb!

teach him how the owlet sings.

For I thy own dear mother am:

little babe, thy lips are still,

My love for thee has well been tried:

thou hast almost sucked thy fill.

I've sought thy father far and wide.

here art thou gone, my own dear child?

I know the poisons of the shade;

it wicked looks are those I see!

I know the earth-nuts fit for food:

! alas! that look so wild,

Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:

ver, never came from me:

We'll find thy father in the wood.

ou art mad, my pretty lad,

Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!

I must be for ever sad.

And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

1708.
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, and renew the gratifications of such feelings. Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

I.

It was an April morning: fresh and clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed; and yet the voice
Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living things
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to urge on
The steps of June; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object; but, meanwhile, prevailed
Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful day
Were native to the summer.—Up the brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all.
At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The Stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such satlisy of glad sound, that all
Which I till then had heard, appeared the voice
Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the lamb,
The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the thrush
Vied with this waterfall, and made a song,
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves were here;
But 'twas the foliage of the rocks—the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent forge:
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 to meet the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the streams and
groves.
Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you well,
Joanna! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,
That you will gladly listen to discourse,
However trivial, if you thence be taught
That they, with whom you once were happy, talk
Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past
Beneath those lofty fires, that overtop
Their ancient neighbour, the old steeple-tower,
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by

II.
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished
To shelter from some object of her fear.
—And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen moons
Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm
And silent morning. I sat down, and there,
In memory of affections old and true,
I chiselled out in those rude characters
Joanna's name deep in the living stone:
—
And I, and all who dwell by my fireside,
Have called the lovely rock, Joanna's Rock.

Note.—In Cumberland and Westmorland are several
Inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wast-
ing of time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have
been mistaken for Roman. They are without doubt Roman.
The Rothea, mentioned in this poem, is the River which,
flowing through the lakes of Grassmere and Rydal, falls
into Wymandermere. On Holmcrag, that impressive single
mountain at the head of the Vale of Grassmere, is a rock
which from most points of view bears a striking resem-
bance to an old Woman cowering. Close by this rock is
one of those fissures or caverns, which in the language of
the country are called dungeons. Most of the mountains
here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Gos-
mere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance,
but they belong to the same cluster.

III.

There is an Eminence,—of these our hills
The last that parleys with the setting sun;
We can behold it from our orchard-seat;
And, when at evening we pursue our walk
Along the public way, this Peak, so high
Above us, and so distant in its height,
Is visible; and often seems to send
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.
The meteors make it a favourite haunt:
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair
As when he shines above it. ’Tis in truth
The loneliest place we have among the clouds.
And she who dwells with me, whom I have loved
With such communion, that no place on earth
Can ever be a solitude to me,
Hath to this lonely Summit given my Name.

IV.

A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags,
A rude and natural causeway, interposed.
Between the water and a winding slope
Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore
Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy:
And there myself and two beloved Friends,
One calm September morning, ere the mist
Had altogether yielded to the sun,
Sainted on this retired and difficult way.
—Ill suits the road with one in haste; but we
Played with our time; and, as we strolled along,
It was our occupation to observe
Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore—
Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,
Each on the other heaped, along the line
Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,
Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft
Of dandelion seed or thistle’s beard,
That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,
Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!
And starting off again with freak as sudden;
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,
Making report of an invisible breeze.
That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,
Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul.
—And often, trilling with a privilege
Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,
And now the other, to point out, perchance
To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair
Either to be divided from the place
On which it grew, or to be left alone
To its own beauty. Many such there are,
Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall fern,
So stately, of the queen Osmunda named;
Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode
On Grasmere’s beach, than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
—So fared we that bright morning: from the fields,
Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy mirth
Of reapers, men and women, boys and girls.
Delighted much to listen to those sounds,
And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced
Along the indented shore; when suddenly,
Through a thin veil of glittering haze was seen
Before us, on a point of jutting land,
The tall and upright figure of a Man
Attired in peasant’s garb, who stood alone,
Angling beside the margin of the lake.
"Improvident and reckless," we exclaimed,
"The Man must be, who thus can lose a day
Of the mid harvest, when the labourer’s hire
Is ample, and some little might be stored
Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time."
Thus talking of that Peasant, we approached
Close to the spot where with his rod and line
He stood alone; whereas he turned his head
To greet us—and we saw a Man worn down
By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks
And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean
That for my single self I looked at them,
Forgetful of the body they sustained.—
Too weak to labour in the harvest field,
The Man was using his best skill to gain
A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake
That knew not of his wants. I will not say
What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how
The happy idleness of that sweet morrow,
With all its lovely images, was changed
To serious musings 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, unceonth indeed
As o’er by mariner was given to bay
Or forland, on a new-discovered coast;
And Point Rash-Judgment is the name it bears.
1802.

TO M. H.

Our walk was far among the ancient trees:
There was no road, nor any woodman’s path;
But a thick umbrage—checking the wild growth
Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf
Beneath the branches—of itself had made
A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
And a small bed of water in the woods.
All round this pool both flocks and herds might drink
On its firm margin, even as from a well,
Or some stone-basin which the herdsman’s hand
Had shaped for their refreshment; nor did sun
Or wind from any quarter, ever come,
But as a blessing to this calm recess,
This glade of water and this one green field.
The spot was made by Nature for herself;
The travellers know it not, and ‘twill remain
Unknown to them; but it is beautiful;
And if a man should plant his cottage near,
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
And blend its waters with his daily meal,
He would so love it, that in his death-hour
Its image would survive among his thoughts:
And therefore, my sweet Maxt, this still Nook,
With all its beeches, we have named from You!
1802.
POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

VI.

The attractions of the busy world,
the stidious leisure, I had chosen
in this peaceful Vale,
soon followed of continual storm
at winter; and, from week to week,
and lane, and public road, were clogged
by the showers of snow. Upon a hill
at distance from my cottage, stands
Fir-grove, whither I was wont
for I found, beneath the roof
of the spot, where I knew,
a cloistered place
with an unimpressed floor:
full covert, on the shallow snow,
seem on, a speck of visible earth,
neath near me hopped; nor was I loth
to shine with vulgar Coppice birds.
 Protection from the nipping blast,
spared.
A single beech-tree grew
his grove of fires! and, on the fork
of the beech, appeared a thrush’s nest;
its nest, copiously built
small elevation from the ground
sure sign that they, who in that house
and of love had made their home
of fir-trees, all the summer long
a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,
look, stragglers from some mountain-flock,
atch my motions with suspicious stare,
remotest outskirts of the grove,—
ok where they had made their final stand,
gathering, two fears—the fear
of the storm. Full many an hour
I lose. But in this grove the trees
so thickly planted, and had thriven
perplexed and intricate array;
ly did I seek, beneath their stems
of open space, where to and fro
might move without concern or care;
Red thus, though earth from day to day
ered, and the air by storm disturbed,
the shelter to frequent,—and prized,
I wished to prize, that calm recess.

Much wondering how I could have sought in vain
For what was now so obvious. To abide,
For an allotted interval of ease,
Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come
From the wild sea a cherished Visitant;
And with the sight of this same path—begun,
Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind
That, to this opportune recess allured,
He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
A heart more wakeful; and had worn the track
By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
In that habitual restlessness of foot.
That haunts the Sailor measuring o’er and o’er
His short domain upon the vessel’s deck,
While she pursues her course through the dreary sea.

When thou hast quitted Ethirwaite’s pleasant
standard, upon the path of those green hills
And rocks that were the play-ground of thy youth,
Year followed year, my Brother! and we two,
Conversing not, knew little in what mood
Each other’s mind was fashioned; and at length,
When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,
Between us there was little other bond
Than common feelings of fraternal love.
But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hast carried
Undying recollections; Nature there
Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she still
Was with thee; and even so didst thou become
A silent Poet; from the solitude
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
And an eye practised like a blind man’s touch.
—Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone;
Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours
Could I withhold thy honoured name—and now
I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns
Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong;
And there I sit at evening, when the steep
Of Silver-how, and Grasmere’s peaceful lake,
And one green island, gleam between the stems
Of the dark fires, a visionary scene!
And, while I gaze upon the spectacle
Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight
Of solemn loneliness, I think on thee,
My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.
Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,
Muttering the verses which I muttered first
Among the mountains, through the midnight watch
Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel’s deck
In some far region, here, while o’er my head,
At every impulse of the moving breeze,
The fir-grove murmur 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 Parson
not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his
duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Com-
pany’s Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

1805.

VII.

Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend
In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
Rising to no ambitious height; yet both,
O’er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes

Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,
And took no note of the hour while thence the;
gazed,
The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by
side,
In speechless admiration. I, a witness
And frequent sharer of their calm delight
With thankful heart, to either Eminence
Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.
Now are they parted, far as Death’s cold hand
Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love
As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles—
That, while the generations of mankind
Follow each other to their hiding-place
In time’s abyss, are privileged to endure
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced
With like command of beauty—grant your aid
For Mary’s humble, Sarah’s silent claims,
That their pure joy in nature may survive
From age to age in blended memory.

1814.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

I.

A MORNING EXERCISE

... who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Is pleased a wayward dart to throw;
... soad shadows after things not sad,
... the harmless fields with signs of woe:
... a simple forest cry
... an echo of man's misery.

... the unsuspecting fowl
... mishap or seems but to complain;
... to harass and annoy,
... the evidence of joy.

... where naked Indians stray,
... notes attest her sublile skil;
... task-master cries, "Work away!"
... iteration, "Whip poor Will!"
... the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
... out of life, not quiet in the grave.

... ancient lays
... grief the voice of Philemon;
... that fleet messenger of summer days,
... twittered subject to like spell;
... could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark
... melancholy service—hark! O hark!

... the dewy lawn,
... the head that evening bowed;
... is risen, a later star of dawn,
... twinkle near you rosy cloud;
... music, vocal spark;
... that sprang out of the Ark!

... Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely skilled
... with fixed to balance, high with low,
... the halecyon free her hopes to build
... forbearance as the deep may show;
... unchecked by earthly ties,
... to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled 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-weared voice.

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 might'st thou beem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles most his own domain!
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear
These maestas mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bards
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute;
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

II.

A FLOWER GARDEN,

AT COLNORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
Did only softly-stealing hours
There close the peaceful lives of flowers!

Say, when the moving creatures saw
All kinds commingled without fear,
Prevailed a like indulgent law
For the still growths that prosper here!
Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
The half-blown rose, the lily spare!

* See Warton's Wanderings in South America.
Or peeped they often from their beds
And prematurely disappeared,
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
A bower to the sun endeared!
If such their harsh untimely doom,
It falls not here on bud or bloom.

All summer-long the happy Eve
Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,
From the next glance she casts, to find
That love for little things by Fate
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fences wound
So subtly are our eyes beguiled
We see not nor suspect a bound,
No more than in some forest wild;
The sight is free as air—or vast
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse
By random footsteps to be prest,
And feed on never-sullied dews,
To, gentle breezes from the west,
With all the minstrels of hope
Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort;
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
Some, perched on stems of stately port
That nod to welcome transient guests;
While hare and leveret, seen at play,
Appear not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
This delicate Enclosure shows
Of modest kindness, that would hide
The firm protection she bestows;
Of manners, like its viewless fence,
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing
Abruptly spreading to depart,
She left that farewell offering,
Memento for some docile heart;
That may respect the good old age
When Fancy was Truth's willing Page;
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,
Though entering but as Fancy's Shade.

III.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rushed o'er the wood with startling as
Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered round
Where leafless oaks towered high above
I sat within an undergrowth
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 e'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.

IV.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLAN

I.

"BEZONS, thou fond presumptuous EM
Exclaimed an angry Voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!"
A small Cascade fresh swoln with snow
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

II.

"Doest thou presume my course to close
Off, off! or, puny Thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."
The Flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past;
But, seeing no relief, at last,
He ventured to reply.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

m.
"Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you spread
The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

iv.
When spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The Linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

v.
But now proud thoughts are in your breast—
What grief is mine you see,
Ah! would you think, even yet how blast
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter day,
A happy Eglantine!

vi.
What more be said I cannot tell,
The Torrent down the rocky dell
Came thundering loud and fast;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

vii.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.
A PASTORAL.

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 clay,
Along this mountain’s edge,
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,
Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up! and think, above your head
What trouble, surely, will be bred;
Last night I heard a crash—’tis true,
The splinters took another road—
I see them yonder—what a load
For such a Thing as you!

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 you cliff a fragment broke;
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,
And hitherward pursued its way;
This ponderous block was caught by me,
And o’er your head, as you may see,
’Tis hanging to this day!

If breeze or bird to this rough steep
Your kind’s first seed did bear;
The breeze had better been asleep,
The bird caught in a snare:
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little wised shepherd-boy
To come and slumber in your bower;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon!
Will perish in one hour.
VI.

From me this friendly warning take —
The Broom began to done,
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;
Fruit is the bond by which we hold
Our being, whether young or old;
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

VII.
Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all.
For me, why should I wish to roam?
This spot is my paternal home,
It is my pleasant heritage;
My father many a happy year,
Spread here his careless blossoms here
Attained a good old age.

VIII.
Even such as his may be my lot.
What cause have I to haunt
My heart with terrors? Am I not
In truth a favored plant?
On me such bounty Summer pours,
That I am covered o'er with flowers;
And, when the Frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay
That you might look at me and say,
This Plant can never die.

IX.
The butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or dew,
Beneath my shade, the mother-ewe
Lies with her infant lamb; I see
The love they to each other make,
And the sweet joy which they partake,
It is a joy to me.

X.
Her voice was blithe, her heart was light;
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech, until the stars of night
Their journey had renewed;
But in the branches of the oak
Two ravens now began to croak.

Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling bees
To rest, or murmur there.

XI.

One night, my Children! from the north
There came a furious blast;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirled, and whirled him far away;
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little careless Broom was left
To live for many a day."

VI.

TO A SEXTON.

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

Mark the spot to which I point—
From this platform, eight feet square,
Take not even a finger-joint:
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.
Here, alone, before thine eyes,
Simon's sickly daughter lies,
From weakness now, and pain defende
Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride—
How he glories, when he sees
Roses, lilies, side by side,
Violets in families!
By the heart of Man, his tears,
By his hopes and by his fears,
Thou, too heedless, art the Warden
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear,
Let them all in quiet lie,
Andrew there, and Susan here,
Neighbours in mortality.
And, should I live through sun and rain
Seven widowed years without my Jane,
O Sexton, do not then remove her,
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover!

VII.

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 meaneast object’s sight.

By the murmurs of a spring,
Or the least birds’ rustling ;
By a Daisy whose leaves spread
Most plesas’d when most uneasy ;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature’s love partake,
Of Thee, sweet Daisy!

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

In chains and bands, a morrice train,
Thou great’st the traveller in the lane ;
Placed at his greeting thou again ;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou art set at nought ;
And off alone in woods remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted,

Be violetts in their secret meows
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;
Pos’d be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impair’d,

Thou liest 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 weary 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 couch’d an hour,
Have I deriv’d 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 humble urn
A lowlier pleasure ;
The homely sympathy that needs
The common life, our nature breeds ;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-enam’ten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness :
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink’st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eas’d my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing ;
An instinct call it, a blind sense ;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day’s begun
As ready to salute the sun
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

As lark or leveret,
Thy long-last praise thou shalt regale;
Norr be ye a dear to future men
Than in old time;—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite.*

VIII.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

Went little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similies,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish—and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In flight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so far as many are

In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee?

Bright Flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath't with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

IX.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to great
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here, to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid you tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasy,
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.

* See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.
My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flies, and from the cottage-caves
Pours forth his song in guises;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

---

TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Fairy,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunkent Lark! thou wouldst be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

---

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

Panions, lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout;
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know,
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude;
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton woosers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth Behave,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

Pleasurés newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whose' er the man might be,
Who the first with painted rays
(Workman worthy to be praised)
Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slip'st into thy sheltering hold;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or small,
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
Labouring for her waxen cells,
Fondly set upon Thee
Pried above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied!

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing 'neath our shoon:
Let the bold Discoverer thrid
In his bark the polar sea;
Rear who will a pyramid;
Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little Flower.

THE SEVEN SISTERS;

THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
You could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland, of seven lilies, wrought!
Seven Sisters that together dwell;—
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their Father, took of them no thought.
He loved the wars so well:
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

n.

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 harc! the Leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

m.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns repose.
But now, upstarting with alight
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.

n.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful Rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

v.

Some close behind, some side 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.

vi.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o' er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little Islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishes say, those sisters fair,
By faeries all are buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

x.

Who fancied what a pretty sight
This Rock would be if edged around
With living snow-drops! circle bright!
How glorious to this orchard-ground!
Who loved the little Rock, and set
Upon its head this coronet!
Was it the humour of a child?
Or rather of some gentle maid,
Whose brows, the day that she was styled
The shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed?
Of man mature, or matron sage?
Or old man toy ing 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 selfsame bent
Where life is wise and innocent.

xv.

THE

REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

Aar thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn-winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird, that by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother,
The darling of children and men!
Could Father 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,
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood!

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou couldst not pursue
A beautiful creature,
That is gentle by nature!
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly;
'Tis all that he wishes to do.
The cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness,
He is the friend of our summer gladness:
What hinders, then, that ye should be
Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together!
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
A crimson as bright as thine own:
Would'st thou be happy in thy nest,
O pious Bird! whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone!

XVI.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A LETTER FROM AN AMONG THE PASTORAL WALS OF WESTMORELAND.

Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour,
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from fairy power;
Dewy night overshades the ground;
Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely-scattered sheep;—
Ply the pleasant labour, ply!
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Rings with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

XVII.

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAIN

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PERVERSERS.

"Who but hails the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
Their ability to measure
With great enterprise;
But in man was never such daring
As you 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 abd 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 you Toft of Fien!

Such it is; the aspiring creature
Soaring on undaunted wing,
(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!"

* 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.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

XVII.

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARPSICHORD.

THE WORK OF H.M.A.

Flying are on every Muse’s face, Reproaches from their lips are sent, That mimicry should thus disgrace The noble instrument.

A very Harp in all but size! Needles for strings in apt gradation! Minerva’s self would stigmatize The unclassic profanation.

Even her own needle that subdued Arachne’s rival spirit, Though wrought in Vulcan’s happiest mood, Such honour could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate’s child, A living lord of melody! How will her Sire be reconciled To the refined indignity!

I spake, when whispered a low voice, “Bard! moderate your ire; Spirits of all degrees rejoice In presence of the lyre.

The Minstrels of Pygmyean 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 Syrphs this miniature will court, Made vocal by their brushing wings, And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport Around its polished strings;

Whence strays 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 deplores; Though ‘mid the stars the Lyre shine bright, Love stoops as fondly as he soars.”

1827.

XIX.

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers That in Madeira bloom and fade, I who ne’er sate within their bowers, Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed! How they in sprightly dance are worn By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen, Or holy festal pomps adorn, These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho’ to me the pencil’s art No like remembrances can give, Your portraits still may reach the heart And there for gentle pleasure live; While Fancy ranging with free scope Shall on some lovely Alien set A name with us endeared to hope, To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care, Some new resemblance we may trace: A Heart’s-eve will perhaps be there, A Specimen may not want its place. And so may we, with charmed mind Beholding what your skill has wrought, Another Star-of-Beulahem find, A new Forget-me-not.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet From heaven to earth their thoughts will pass, A Holy-thistle here we meet And there a Shepherd’s weather-glass; And haply some familiar name Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant Whose presence cheers the drooping frame Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath; Alas! that meek that tender smile Is but a harbinger of death! And pointing with a feeble hand She says, in faint words by sighs broken, Dear for me to my native land This precious Flower, true love’s last token.”
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

XX.

Glad sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.

XXI.

THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

L

Within her gilded cage confined,
I saw a dazzling Belle,
A Parrot of that famous kind
Whose name is non-pareil.
Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
And, smoothed by Nature’s skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill.
Her plummy mantle’s living hues
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imubes
The robes of pictured glass.
And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feather’d 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!

XXII.

THE DANISH BOY.

A FRAGMENT.

L

Between two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.
And in this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-stricken tree;
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a lonely hut;
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e’er destroy,
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

Il

In clouds above, the lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest;
Within this lonesome nook the bird
Did never build her nest.
No beast, no bird hath here his home;
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
Pass high above those fragrant bells
To other flowers:—to other dells
Their burthens do they bear;
The Danish Boy walks here alone:
The lovely dell is all his own.
III.
A Spirit of noon-day is he;
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood;
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,
Nor herds-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 its freshness blue
As budding pines in spring;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

IV.
A harp is from his shoulder slung;
Bowing the harp upon his knee;
To words of a forgotten tongue,
He suits its melody.
Of fleeces upon the neighbouring hill
He is the daring and the joy;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-pensies prick their ears,
—They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sings alone
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

V.
There sits he; in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair.
The lovely Danish Boy is blest
And happy in his flowery cove:
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far;
And yet he warbles songs of war,
That seem like songs of love,
For calm and gentle is his mien;
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

XXIII.
SONG
FOR THE WANDERING JEW.
Though the torrent 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 Alpes the Chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground:
And the Sea-horse, though the ocean
Yield him no domestic cave,
Slumbers without sense of motion,
Couched upon the rocking wave.
If on windy days the Raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.
The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,
Vagrant over desert sands,
Brooding on her eggs repose
When chill night that care demands.
Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the Wanderer in my soul.

1800.

XXIV.
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!
The platform is small, but gives room for them all;
And they’re dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes
To their mill where it floats,
To their house and their mill tethered fast;
To the small wooden isle where, their work to beguile,
They from morning to even take whatever is given;—
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as free,
While they dance on the calm river’s breast.
Man and Maidens wheel,
They themselves make the reel,
And their music's a prey which they seize;
It plays not for them,—what matter 'tis theirs;
And if they had care, it has scattered their care,
While they dance, crying, "Long as ye please!"

They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee!
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find;
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring
Rouse the birds, and they sing;
If the wind do but stir for his proper delight,
Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss;
Each wave, one and t'other, speeds after his brother;
They are happy, for that is their right!

`` Exalted Star!'’ the Worm replied,
``Abate this unbecoming pride,
Or with a less uneasy lustre shine;
Thou shrink’st as momently thy rays
Are mastered by the breathing baze;
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 glory;—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 boling sound—for aught but sleep unfit:
Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran;
That Star, so proud or 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
Transfigur'd 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 sea:
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.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

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XXVI.

THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE.

As often as I murmur here
My half-formed melodies,
Straight from her utter 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 caroll'd, 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!—'t is not to chide,
I feel, but to inspire.

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 labour'd roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the King 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 brow
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the fitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in 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 sward sprout;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfill.

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 heed 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.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intents,
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.

XXVIII.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may,
Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only droops,
As we have seen it here from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not away:
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus toopees,
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power)
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,
The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!

("Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,
Though by a slender thread.)
So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
While Venus in a passion of despair
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.
She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do;
But pangs more lasting far, that Lover knew
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart,
His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name which
thou wilt ever bear.

XXX.

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING.

Never enlivened with the liveliest ray
That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,
Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,
This Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,
Preserves her beauty mid autumnal leaves
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.
When files of statistial plants have ceased to!
One after one submitting to their doom,
When their coevals each and all are fled,
What keeps her thus reclined upon her len
bed?

The old mythologists, more impressed than
Of this late day by character in tree
Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
Or by the silent lapses of fountain clear,
Or with the language of the viewless air
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand sung
To the plaintive lyre in Grecian tales.
Nor doubt that something of their spirit swea
The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid.
Who, while each stood companionless and o
This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
Thought of a wound which death is slow to
A fate that has endured and will endure,
And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
Called the rejected Lingerer, Love lies blevid

XXX.

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

SYLPH was it 1 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 mimicking!
Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
Among the budding trees,
Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the
To frolic on the breez.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,
And let thy hand be seen,
Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,
That, as they touch the green,
Take root (so seems it) and look up
In honour of their Queen.
Yet, sooth, those little stary specks,
That not in vain aspired
To be confounded with live growths,
Most dainty, most admired,
Were only blossoms dropped from twigs
Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the World's illusive shows;
Her wingless flutterings,
Her blossoms which, though shed, outlive
The flowerets 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 sighings with plain truth
So well she reconciles,
That those fond Idlers most are pleased
Whom oftentimes she beguiles.

Tis a pretty baby-treat;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other play-mate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmuring,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And this vale so blithes 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—head pointing towards the ground—
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound;
Lithiest, gaudiest Harlequin!
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart and light of limb;
What is now become of Him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighbouring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.

Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;

Creation 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, what'eres enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature;

Whatso'er we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks—

Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Laura's face;
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,

That almost I could repent
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!

And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,

Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.
—Pleased by any random toy;

By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy;
I would fare like that or this,

Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,

Matter for a jovial thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER
DORA,
ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD:
DAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Mild Offspring of inflamed humanity,
Meek Infant! among all forlornest things
The most forlorn—one life of that bright star.
The second glory of the Heavens!—That has
Already fast survived that great decay,
That transformation through the wide earth:

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!—neat
A measure is of Those, whose claims extend
Through heaven's eternal year:—Yet hail to T
Frail, feeble, Monthling!—by that name, methi
Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out
Not idly.—Hast thou been of Indian birth,
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,

And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
Or to the churlish elements exposed
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the nigh
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
Would, with imperious admonition, then
Have scored thin age, and punctually timed
Thine infant history, on the minds of those
Who might have wandered with thee.—Moth

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 solemnise thy helpless state,
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty.—Parallels have risen,
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,
Within the region of a father's thoughts,
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.

And first,—thy sinless progress, through a worm
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,

Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered cloths.
THE WAGGONER.

living untouched in silver purity,
so cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.

are ye both, and both are free from stain:
so thin, how leisurely thou fillest thy horn
sh brightness! leaving her to post along,
so range about, disquieted in change,
so still impatient of the shape she wears.

so up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe
will suffice thee; and it seems that now
so haste sore-knowledge that such task is thine;
so travellest so contentedly, and sleepest
such a needless peace. Alas! full soon
this conception, grateful to behold,
hung countenance, like an object swollen o'er
breathing mist; and thine appears to be

A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope, and a renovation without end.

—That smile forbids the thought; for on thy face
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,
To shoot and circulate; smiles have there been seen;
Transquil assurances that Heaven supports
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
Thy loneliness: or shall those smiles be called
Feeders of love, put forth as if to explore
This untried world, and to prepare thy way
Through a stratage intrigue and dim!
Such are they; and the same are tokens, signs,
Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to own.

1804.

XXXIII.

THE WAGGONER.

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

THOMSON.

TO

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

My dear Friend,

Were I sent you, a few weeks ago, the Tale of Peter Bell, you asked 'why The Waggoner was not added?'

I say the truth—from the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I feared, 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 bound to hope, that, since the localities on which the Poem partly depends did not prevent its being interesting you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being therefore in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you shall receive the gratification of inscribing it to you; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your verses, and of the high esteem with which

I am very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, May 20, 1818.

CANTO FIRST.

a spent—this burning day of June!
a darkness over its latest gleams is stealing;

a buzzing harrow, round and round, is wheeling,

a solitary bird
all that can be heard
silence deeper far than that of deepest noon!

Bumbling Glow-worms, 'tis a night
opinion to your earth-born light!

where the scattered stars are seen
may straiten the clouds between,

$, in his station twinkling not,
are changed into a tall spire.

mountains against heaven's grave weight
up, and grow to wondrous height.

The air, as in a lion's den,
Is close and hot;—and now and then
Comes a tired and sultry breeze

With a haunting and a panting,
Like the stifling of disease;

But the dews allay the heat,

And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!
'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner;
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,

Companion of the night and day.

That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,
Mix'd with a faint yet grating sound
In a moment lost and found,

The Wain announces—by whose side

Along the banks of Rydal More
He paces on, a trusty Guide;—
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Listen! you can scarcely hear!
Hither he his course is bending;—
Now he leaves the lower ground,
And up the craggy hill ascending
Many a stop and stay he makes,
Many a breathing-fit he takes;—
Steep the way and wearisome,
Yet all the while his whip is dumb!

The Horses have worked with right good-will,
And so have gained the top of the hill;
He was patient, they were strong,
And now they smoothly glide along,
Recovering breath, and pleased to win
The praises of mild Benjamin.
Heaven shield him from mishap and snare!
But why so early with this prayer!—
Is it for threatenings in the sky?
Or for some other danger nigh?
No; none is near him yet, though he
Be one of much infirmity;
For at the bottom of the brow,
Where once the Dove and Olive-bough
Offered a greeting of good ale
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;
And called on him who must depart
To leave it with a jovial heart;
There, where the Dove and Olive-bough
Once hung, a Poet harbours now,
A simple water-drinking Bard;
Why need our Hero then (though frail
His best resolves) be on his guard?
He marches by, secure and bold;
Yet while he thinks on times of old,
It seems that all looks wondrous cold;
He shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head, and
And, for the honest folk within,
It is a doubt with Benjamin
Whether they be alive or dead!

Here is no danger,—none at all!
Beyond his wish he walks secure;
But pass a mile—and then for trial,—
Then for the pride of self-denial;
If he resist that tempting door,
Which with such friendly voice will call;
If he resist those casement panes,
And that bright gleam which thence will fall
Upon his Leaders' bells and manes,
Inviting him with cheerful lure:
For still, though all be dark elsewhere,
Some shining notice will be there,
Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin right well
Is known, and by as strong a spell
As used to be that sign of love
And hope—the Olive-bough and Dove;
He knows it to his cost, good Man!
Who does not know the famous Swan!
Object uncoath! and yet our bosom,
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 thistledown clay,
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
Could tell with self-disatisfaction
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 Dummail-raise;
And with his team is gentle here
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere;
His whip they do not dread—his voice
They only hear it to rejoice.
To stand or go is at their pleasure;
Their efforts and their time they measure
By generous pride within the breast;
And, while they strain, and while they rest,
He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—
And with proud cause my heart is light:
I trespassed lately worse than ever—
But Heaven has blest a good endeavour;
And, to my soul's content, I find
The evil One is left behind.
Yes, let my master fume and fret,
Here am I—with my horses yet!
My jolly team, he finds that ye
Will work for nobody but me!
Full proof of this the Country gained;
It knows how ye were vexed and strained,
And forced unworthy stripes to bear,
When trusted to another's care.
Here was it—on this rugged slope,
Which now ye climb with heart and hope,
I saw you, between rage and fear,
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,
And ever more and more confused,
As ye were more and more abused:
As chance would have it, passing by
I saw you in that jeopardy:

* This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the gift of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.
A word from me was like a charm;
Is pulled together with one mind;
Ibid your huge burthen, safe from harm,
Held like a vessel in the wind:
Yes, without me, up hills so high
Is vain to strive for mastery.

Though tough in road we travel, steep, and rough;
Rough Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise;
As all their fellow banks and breses,
All often make you stretch and strain,
At halt for breath and halt again,
As to their sturdiness 'tis owing.

While Benjamin in earnest mood
Meditations thus pursued,
A storm which had been smothered long,
Was growing inwardly more strong;
And, in its struggles to get free,
Was bodily employed as he.

The thunder had begun to growl,
A heavy, not too intent of soul;
At sea was now without a breath—
Marked not that 'twas still as death.

So large rain-drops on his head
With the weight of drops of lead;
So, and, at the admonition,
Mist survey of his condition.

In mud is black before his eyes,
Drowning faintly where it lies;
Dusk is the sky—and every hill,
To the sky, is blacker still—

High, hill, and dale, one dismal room,
Tin round and overflowing with gloom;
So that above a single height
He saw a lurid light,
The Helm-crag—a streak half dead,
Of pertinacious red;

The Astorloger, sage Sidrophel,

"Whoe'er you be, stop,"
"And pity me!"

And, less in pity than in wonder,
Admire the darkness and the thunder,
The Waggoner, with prompt command,
Commands his horses to a stand.

While, with increasing agitation,
The Waggoner urged her supplication,
In rueful words, with sobs between—
The voice of tears that fell unseen;
There came a flash—a startling glare,
And all Scat-Sandal was laid bare!
Tis not a time for nice suggestion, 
And Benjamin, without a question, 
Taking her for some way-worn rover, 
Said, "Mount, and get you under cover!"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse 
As a sworn brook with rugged course, 
Cried out, "Good brother, why so fast! 
I've had a glimpse of you—mean/ 
Or, since it suits you to be civil, 
Take her at once—for good and evil!"

"It is my Husband," softly said 
The Woman, as if half afraid: 
By this time she was snug within, 
Through help of honest Benjamin; 
She and her Babe, which to her breast 
With thankfulness the Mother pressed; 
And now the same strong voice more near 
Said cordially, "My Friend, what cheer! 
Rough doings these! as God's my judge, 
The sky owes somebody a grudge! 
We've had in half an hour or less 
A twelvemonth's terror and distress!"

Then Benjamin entreats the Man 
Would mount, too, quickly as he can: 
The Sailor—Sailor now no more, 
But such he had been heretofore— 
To courteous Benjamin replied, 
"Go you your way, and mind not me; 
For I must have, whate'er betide, 
My Ass and fifty things beside,— 
Go, and I'll follow speedily!"

The Waggon moves—and with its load 
Descends along the sloping road; 
And the rough Sailor instantly 
Turns to a little tent hard by: 
For when, at closing-in of day, 
The family had come that way, 
Green pasture and the soft warm air 
Tempted them to settle there.— 
Green is the grass for beast to graze, 
Around the stones of Dumwall-rais! 

The Sailor gathers up his bed, 
Takes down the canvas overhead; 
And, after farewell to the place, 
A parting word—though not of grace, 
Pursues, with Ass and all his store, 
The way the Waggon went before.

CANTO SECOND.

Is Wytheburn's modest House of prayer, 
As lowly as the lowest 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 tells 
Under the brow of old Helvellyn— 
Its bead-roll of midnight, 
Then, when the Hero of my tale 
Was passing by, and down the vale 
(The vale now silent, hushed I ween 
As if a storm had never been) 
Proceeding with a mind at ease; 
While the old Familiar of the seas 
Intent to use his utmost haste, 
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast, 
And gives another lusty cheer; 
For spine of rumbling of the wheels, 
A welcome greeting he can hear;— 
It is a fiddle in its glee 
Dinning from the CHERUB T UBE!

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!*

Although before in no dejection, 
At this insidious recollection 
His heart with sudden joy is filled,— 
His ears are by the music thrilled, 
His eyes take pleasure in the road 
Glittering before him bright and broad; 
And Benjamin is wet and cold, 
And there are reasons manifold 
That make the good, tow'rd's which he's yea: 
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!"

* A term well known in the North of England, applied to rural Festivals where young persons in the evening for the purpose of dancing.
The fiddler's squeak— that call to bliss,
Ever followed by a kiss;
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,
Up springs the Sailor from his chair—
Lumps (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor—
Is gone—returns—and with a prize;
With what I—a Ship of lusty size;
A gallant stately Man-of-war,
Fixed on a smoothly-sailing 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 noble 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 uncounted terms of art,
Accomplished in the showman’s part;
And then, as from a sudden check,
Cries out—“’Tis there, the quarter-deck
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—
A sight that would have roused your blood!
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,
Burned like a fire among his men;
Let this be land, and that be sea,
Here lay the French—and then came we!”

Hushed was by this the fiddler’s sound,
The dancers all were gathered round,
And, such the stillness of the house,
You might have heard a nibbling mouse;
While, borrowing helps where’er he may,
The Sailor through the story runs
Of ships to ships and guns to guns;
And does his utmost to display
The dismal conflict, and the might
And terror of that marvellous night!

* At the close of each strathmerry, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of solacing his partner.
"A bowl, a bowl of double measure,"
Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length,
To Nelson, England’s pride and treasure,
Her bulwark and her tower of strength!"
When Benjamin had seized the bowl,
The mastiff, from beneath the waggion,
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,
Rattled his chain —‘twas all in vain,
For Benjamin, triumphant soul!
He heard the monitory growl;
Heard—and in opposition quaffed
A deep, determined, desperate draught!
Nor did the battered Tar forget,
Or flinch from what he deemed his debt:
Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,
Back to her place the ship he led;
Wheeled her back in full apparel;
And so, flag flying at mast head,
Re-yoked her to the Ass:—anon,
Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."
Thus, after two hours’ hearty stay,
Again behold them on their way!

CANTO THIRD.

Rumor gladly had the horses stirred,
When they the wished-for greeting heard,
The whip’s loud notice from the door,
That they were free to move once more.
You think, those doings must have bred
In them disheartening doubts and dread;
No, not a horse of all the eight,
Although it be a moonless night,
Fears either for himself or freight;
For this they know (and let it hide,
In part, the offenses of their guide)
That Benjamin, with clouded brains,
Is worth the best with all their pains;
And, if they had a prayer to make,
The prayer would be that they may take
With him whatever comes in course,
The better fortune or the worse;
That no one else may have business near them,
And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,
And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,
The triumph of your late devotion!
Can aught on earth impede delight,
Still mounting to a higher height;
And higher still—a greedy flight!

Can any low-born care pursue her,
Can any mortal eke come to her!
No notion have they—not a thought,
That is from joyless regions brought!
And, while they cast the silent lake,
Their inspiration I partake;
Share their empurpled spirits—yes,
With their enraptured vision, see—
O fancy—what a jubilee!
What shifting pictures— clad in gleams
Of colour bright as feverish dreams!
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,
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 waggion,
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 waggion’s skirts was tied
The Creature, by the Mastiff’s side,
The Mastiff wondering, and perplexed
With dread of what will happen next;
And thinking it but sorry cheer,
To have such company so near!

This new arrangement made, the Wain
Through the still night proceeds again;
No Moon bath risen her light to lend;
But indistinctly may be known
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 state.
And this of mine—this bulky creature
Of which I have the steering—this,
Seem fairly, is not much amiss!
We want your streamers, friend, you know;
But, altogether as we go,
THE WAGGONER.

This explanation stillled the alarm,  
Cured the foreboder like a charm;  
This, and the manner, and the voice,  
Summoned the Sailor to rejoice;  
His heart is up—he fears no evil  
From life or death, from man or devil;  
He wheels—and, making many stops,  
Brandished his crutch against the mountain tops;  
And, while he talked of blows and scars,  
Benjamin, among the stars,  
Beheld a dancing—and a glancing;  
Such retreating and advancing  
As, I ween, was never seen  
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars!

CANTO FOURTH.

Thus they, with freaks of proud delight,  
Besiege 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 heed  
No farther than her story needs;  
Nor will she servilely attend  
The loitering journey to its end.  
—Blithe spirits of her own impulse  
The Muse, who scents the morning air,  
To take of this transported pair  
A brief and unproved farewell;  
To quit the slow-paced waggoner’s side,  
And wander down you 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 Glimmer-crag, * his tall twin brother,  
Each peering forth to meet the other:—  
And, while she roves through St. John’s Vale,  
Along the smooth unpavedwayed 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.

* The crag of the ewe lamb.
— Fly also, Muse! and from the dell
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell;
Thence, look thou forth o'er wood and lawn
Hour with the frost-like dews of dawn;
Across the 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 Blencathra's rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford; from annoy
Concealed the persecuted boy,
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed
Among this multitude of hills,
Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills;
Which soon the morning shall enfold,
From east to west, in ample vest
Of musky gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed
Hung low, begin to rise and spread;
Even while I speak, their skirts of grey
Are smitten by a silver ray;
And lo!—up Castrigg's naked steep
(Where, smoothly urged, the vapours sweep
Along—and scatter and divide,
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
The stately waggon is ascending,
With faithful Benjamin attending,
Apparent now beside his team—
Now lost amid a glittering stream:
And with him goes his Sailor-friend,
By this time near their journey's end;
And, after their high-minded riot,
Sickening into thoughtful quiet;
As if the morning's pleasant hour,
Had for their joys a killing power.
And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein
Is opened of still deeper pain
As if his heart by notes were stung
From out the lowly hedge-rows flung;
As if the warbler lost in light
Reproved his sorings of the night,
In strains of rapture pure and holy
Upbraided his destempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull;
But the horses stretch and pull;
With increasing vigour climb,
Eager to repair lost time;
Whether, by their own desert,
Knowing what cause there is for shame,
They are labouring to avert
As much as may be of the blame,
Which, they foresee, must soon slight
Upon his head, whom, in despite
Of all his failings, they love best;
Whether for him they are distress,
Or, by length of fasting roused,
Are impatient to be housed:
Up against the hill they strain
Tugging at the iron chain,
Tugging all with might and main,
Last and foremost, every horse
To the utmost of his force!
And the smoke and respiration,
Rising like an exhalation,
Blend with the mist—a moving shroud
To form, an undissolving cloud;
Which, with slant ray, the merry sun
Takes delight to play upon.
Never golden-haired Apollo,
Pleased some favourite chief to follow
Through accidents of peace or war,
In a perilous moment threw
Around the object of his care
Veil of such celestial hue
Interposed so bright a screen—
Him and his enemies between!

Alas! what boots it!—who can hide,
When the malicious Fates are bent
On working out an ill intent!
Can destiny be turned aside!
No—sad progress of my story!
Benjamin, this outward glory
Cannot shield thee from thy Master,
Who from Keswick has pricked forth,
Sour and surly as the north;
And, in fear of some disaster,
Comes to give what help he may,
And to hear what thou canst say;
If, as needs he must forebode,
Thou hast been loitering on the road!
His fears, his doubts, may now take flight—
The wished-for object is in sight;
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath
Stirred him up to livelier wrath;
Which he stifles, moody man!
With all the patience that he can;
To the end that, at your meeting,
He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,
Till the waggon gains the top;
Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
The gift of this adventurous song;
A record which I dared to frame,
Though timid scripules 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 unslaid,
Until the debt I owe be paid.
Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine:
In him, while he was wont to trace
Our roads, through many a long year's space,
A living almanack had we;
We had a speaking diary,
That in this uneventful place,
Gave to the days a mark and name
By which we knew them when they came.
—Yes, I, and all about me here,
Through all the changes of the year,
Had seen him through the mountains go,
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
Majestically huge and slow:
Or, with a milder grace adorning
The landscape of a summer's morning;
While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain
The moving image to detain;
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to his march kept time;
When little other business stirred,
And little other sound was heard;
In that delicious hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude, and calm,
While yet the valley is arrayed,
On this side with a sober shade;
On that is prodigally bright—
Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.
—But most of all, thou lovely West!
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney rears,
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 struggling through the wind and rain:
And oft, as they pass slowly on,
Beneath my windows, one by one,
See, perched upon the naked height
The summit of a cumbersome freight,
A single traveller—and there
Another; then perhaps a pair—

The lame, the sickly,
Men, women, hearties
And babes in wet and
Which once, be weal
Had still a nest within
Thy shelter—and the
Then most of all, the
Do I regret what we
Am grieved for that;
Which robbed us of
And of his stately
Could keep alive what
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I.

THERE WAS A BOY.

as was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
islands of Wimander!—many a time,
residing, when the earliest stars began
beve along the edges of the hills,
ag or setting, would be stand alone,
dans the trees, or by the glistening lake;
I there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
and closely palm to palm and to his mouth
thee, as through an instrument,
emissive hootings to the silent owls,
they might answer him.—And they would shout
the watery vale, and shout again,
pensive to his call,—with quivering poals,
long ballocks, and screams, and echoes loud
laubled and redoubled; concourse wild
jealous din! And, when there came a pause
silence such as baffled his best skill:
and, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
swinging, a gentle shock of mild surprise
was carried far into his heart the voice
memoria-torrents; or the visible scene
and enter unawares into his mind
all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
woods, and that uncertain heaven received
the bottom of the steady lake.

his boy was taken from his mates, and died
childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
cumination in beauty is the vale
where he was born and bred: the church-yard hangs
a slope above the village-school;
through that church-yard when my way has led
summer-evenings, I believe, that there
my half-hour together I have stood
—looking at the grave in which he lies!

1789.

II.

TO THE CUCKOO.

SLIGHT New-comer! I have heard,
bear thee and rejoice.
Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
perch a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shape 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, fairy place;
That is fit home for Thee!

1804.

III.

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,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

To Scotland's heaths or th
And drew their sounding be
Perhaps at earlier Crewe, or
Of vast circumvence and
This solitary Tree a living
Produced too slowly ever to
Of form and aspect too may
To be destroyed. But woe
Are those fraternal Four o
Joined in one solemn and
cHuge trunks! and each pa
Of intertwined fibres serp
Up-coiling, and invertebra;
Nor uninform'd with Phar
That threaten the profane
Upon whose grassless floor
By sheddings from the pin
Perennially—beneath whos
Of boughs, as if for festal
With unrejcing berries—
May meet at noon tide; Fe
Silence and Foresight; De
And Time the Shadow; t—
As in a natural temple sea
With altars undisturbed of
United worship; or in mu
To lie, and listen to the m
Murmuring from Glarama.

IV.
AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

Not a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motionless.
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

V.
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 both to furnish weapons for the hands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
in scene!—A little while I stood,
Sing with each expression of the heart
Delights in; and, with wise restraint
Words, fearless of a rival, cried
Sought;—or beneath the trees I sate
The flowers, and with the flowers I played;
Per known to those who, after long
Very expectation, have been bleft
Sudden happiness beyond all hope.
As it was a bower beneath whose leaves
Shades of five seasons re-appear
Now, unseen by any human eye;
Fairy water-breaks do murmur on,
And I saw the sparkling foam,
With my cheek on one of those green stones
Danced with moss, under the shady trees,
And me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
If you murmur and the murmuring sound
Sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
To ease; and, of its joy secure,
Not luxuriates with insignificant things,
As its kindliness on stocks and stones,
As the vacant air. Then up I rose,
Rag to earth both branch and bough, with
Wasted
Rowel savagery and the shady nook
And the green and mossy bower, on
And amRolling, patiently gave up
The savagery of quiet being: and, unless I now
Under its influence the past;
On that intimated bower I turned
Risk beyond the wealth of kings,
Some of pain when I beheld
Trees, and saw the inclining sky.—
Dearne Maiden, move along these shades,
Almost all the heart; with gentle hand
She there is a spirit in the woods.

VII.

THE SIMPSON PASS.

Brook and road
Wheat-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
Whom then did we journey several hours
We step. The immeasurable height
Is deceiving, never to be decayed.
Ephemeral blasts of waterfalls,
The narrow rent, at every turn,
Thrashing winds bewildered and torn,
Revolving from the clear blue sky,
Rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Brilliant erags that spoke by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Character of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

1799.

VIII.

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 way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

1804.

IX.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a ‘fiery heart’—
These notes of thine— they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing’st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dew, 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 wood:
His song 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!

X.

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 bind or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spoke—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.

XII.

A smoother did my spirit seal;
I had no human fear;
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.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION. 145

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,
So He, where he stands, is a centre of light;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bond Prentice was passing in haste—
What matter! he's caught—and his time runs to waste;
The Newman is stopped, though he stops on the fret;
And the half-breathless Lamplighter—he's in the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore;
The Lass with her narrow wheels kith her store;—
If a thief could be here he might pifer at ease;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!

He stands, backed by the wall;—he abates not his
din;
His hat gives him vigour, with broons dropping in,
From the old and the young, from the poorest;
and there!
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the band
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band;
I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all the while
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch;—like a tower
That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour!—
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!

XIII.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
As a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard a silence of morning the song of the Bird.
A note of enchantment; what site her! She sees a volume of vapour through Lothbury glide,
A river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

In a pasture she views in the midst of the dale,
A which she so often has tripped with her pail;
A single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
She only dwelling on earth that she loves.

Isis and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
And the river, the hill and the shade:
Stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
The colours have all passed away from her eyes!

XIV.

POWER OF MUSIC.

Ophelias! an Ophelias! yes, Faith may grow bold,
Take to herself all the wonders of old;—
The saddest Panthenes you'll meet with the same
At street that from Oxford bath borrowed its name.

Music is there; and he works on the crowd,
Ways them with harmony merry and loud;
He with his power all their hearts to the brim—
Sought ever heard like his fiddle and him!

An eager assembly! what an empire is this!
Scary have life, and the hungry have bliss;
Assurance is cheered, and the anxious have rest;
The guilt-burthened soul is no longer opprest.

1297.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XV.

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:
Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of little boat,
Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's
waters float.

The Show-man 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 locking;—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 your 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 rule,
Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multi-
tude,
Have souls which never yet have risen, and there-
fore prostrate lie?
No, no, this cannot be; men thirst for power and
majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the
mind employ
Of him who gazes, or has gazed! a grave and
joy,
That doth reject all show of pride, admits a
ward sign,
Because not of this noisy world, but silent
divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that the
joy and pure
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy
before:
One after One they take their turn, nor have
acquired
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatis

XVI.

WRITTEN IN MARCH,
WHILE READING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT
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 eldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping—anon—an
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!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XVII.
LYRIS! though such power do in thy magic live
As might from India's farthest plain
Recal the not unwilling Maid,
Assist me to detain
The lovely Fugitive:
Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.
Here let me gaze entrapt upon that eye,
The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
Of contemplation, the calm port
By reason fenced from winds that sigh
Among the restless sails of vanity.
But if no wish be hers that we should part,
A humbler blinse would satisfy my heart.
Where all things are so fair,
Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
Of this Elysian weather;
And, on or in, or near, the brook, espy
Shade upon the sunshine lying
Faint and somewhat pensively;
And downward Image gaily vying
With its upright living tree
Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance
Cast up the Stream or down at her beseeching,
To mark its eddyng foam-balls prettily distrest
By ever-changing shape and want of rest;
Or watch, with mutual teaching,
The current as it plays
In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps
Adown a rocky maze;
Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance !)
In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,
So vivid that they take from keenest sight
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

XVIII.
BEGGARS.
Sez had a tall man's height or more;
Her face from summer's noontide heat
No bonnet shaded, but she wore
A mantle, to her very feet
Descending with a graceful flow,
And on her head a cap as white as new-fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown:
Haughty, as if her eye had seen
Its own light to a distance thrown,
She towered, fit person for a Queen
To lead those ancient Amazonian files;
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand
And begged an alms with doleful plea
That ceased not; on our English land,
Such woes, I knew, could never be;
And yet a boon I gave her, for the creature
Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature.

I left her, and pursued my way;
And soon before me did espy
A pair of little Boys at play,
Chasing a crimson butterfly;
The taller followed with his hat in hand,
Wreathed round with yellow flowers the gayest of
the land.

The other wore a rimless crown
With leaves of laurel stuck about;
And, while both followed up and down,
Each whooping with a merry shout,
In their fraternal features I could trace
Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's face.

Yet they, so britehe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air:
Wings let them have, and they might flit
Precursors to Aurora's car,
Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far, I
ween,
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level
green.

They dart across my path—but lo,
Each ready with a plaintive whine!
Said I, "not half an hour ago
Your Mother has had aims of mine."
"That cannot be," one answered—"she is dead:"—
I looked reproof—they saw—but neither hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."—
"Hush, boys! you're telling me a lie;"
It was your Mother, as I say!"
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
"Come! come!" cried one, and without more ado,
Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew!

1902.
XIX.
SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING,
COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys!
For whose free range the desol earth
Was filled with animated toys,
And implements of frolic mirth;
With tools for ready wit to guide;
And ornaments of scemiller pride,
More fresh, more bright, than princes wear;
For what one moment flung aside,
Another could repair;
What good or evil have they seen
Since I their pastime witnessed here,
Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer!
I ask—but all is dark between!

They met me in a genial hour,
When universal nature breathed
As with the breath of one sweet flower,—
A time to overrule the power
Of discontent, and check the birth
Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,
The most familiar bane of life
Since parting Innocence bequeathed
Mortality to Earth!

Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran clear;
The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;
With songs the budding groves resounding;
And to my heart are still endeared
The thoughts with which it then was cheere'd;
The faith which saw that gladness pair
Walk through the fire with unaging hair.
Or, if such faith must needs deceive—
Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,
Associates in that eager chase;
Ye, who within the blameless mind
Your favourite seat of empire find—
Kind Spirits! may we not believe
That they, so happy and so fair
Through your sweet influence, and the care
Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
From touch of deadly injury!
Destined, what'er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom!

XX.

GIPSIES.

Ye're 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 Gippay-faces falls,
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.
—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are
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 dimention of her power,
Behold the mighty Moon! this way
She looks as if at them—but they
Regard not her!—oh better wrong and drift
(By nature transrent) than this torpid life;
Life which the very stars reprouse
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
And breeding suffer them to be;
Wild outcasts of society!

XXI.

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 music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.
Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
And, passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore—
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung,
But no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek
In finest tones the Youth could speak:
—While he was yet a boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as told to any maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perennial to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues;
With budding, fading, faded flowers
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dew.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The cypress and her spire;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or in shade
To wander with an easy mind;
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

What days and what bright years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while," said he, "to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father's love:
"For thee," 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 lone some 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 Scipion, sportive, gay, and bold,
And, with his dancing crew,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favored bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's ices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus up armed, 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 woosed the Maidens, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could be less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature play
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
"O Ruth! I have been worse than dead
False thoughts, thoughts bold and wild,
Encircled me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly:
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

No more of this; for now, by thee
Dear Ruth! more happily set free
With nobler zeal I burn;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return."

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

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

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she felt
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of woe
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May;
—They all were with her in her cell;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.
RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

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 engine 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 are gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

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

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

That vain pipe of hers is mute,
Or drawn away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This fun, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quassock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Seeing her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such usual machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be,
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

1790.

XXII.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

I.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Maggie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

II.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops,—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

III.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ;
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

IV.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
Could name.

V.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I thought of the playful hare
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.
VI.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all!

VII.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we defined:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

VIII.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

IX.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same spy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endowed 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.

X.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XI.

At length, himself unstiffened
Stirred with his staff, and
Upon the muddy water,
As if he had been reading
And now a stranger's privacy,
And, drawing to his side,
"This morning gives us pr

XII.

A gentle answer did the old man give
In courteous speech which
And him with further words
"What occupation do you have?
This is a lonesome place for
Ere he replied, a flash of light
Broke from the sable orb

XIII.

His words came feebly, faint
But each in solemn order
With something of a lofty
Choice word and measure
Of ordinary men; a state
Such as grave Livers do enjoy
Religious, men, who give

XIV.

He told, that to those who
To gather leeches, being
Employment hazardous;
And he had many hardships;
From pond to pond he roved
Housing, with God's goodwill
And in this way he gained

XV.

The old Man still stood there
But now his voice to me
Scarce heard; nor word
And the whole body of that
Like one whom I had met
Or like a man from some
To give me human strength.

XVI.

My former thoughts rete
And hope that is unwilling
Cold, pain, and labour;
And mighty Poets in the
—Perplexed, and longs;
My question eagerly did
"How is it that you live,
XXVIII.
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."

XXIX.
While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech— all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

XX.
And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"
1807.

THE THORN.

I.
"There is a Thorn—it looks so old,
In truth, you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey.
Not higher than a two years' child
It stands erect, this aged Thorn;
No leaves it has, no prickly points;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens is it overgrown.

II.
Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,
With lichens to the very top;
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop:
Up from the earth those mooses creep,
And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
So close, you'd say that they are bent
With plain and manifest intent
To drag it to the ground;
And all have joined in one endeavour
To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

III.
High on a mountain's highest ridge,
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale;
Not five yards from the mountain path,
This Thorn you on your left espy;
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water—never dry
Though but of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns and parching air.

IV.
And, close beside this aged Thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colours there you see,
All colours that were ever seen;
And mossy network too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been;
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermillion dye.

V.
Ah me! what lovely tints are there
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars
Green, red, and pearly white!
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
Which close beside the Thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be:
But never, never any where,
An infant's grave was half so fair.

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

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

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

IX.
"I cannot tell; I wish I could;
For the true reason no one knows:
But would you gladly view the spot,
The spot to which she goes;
The hillock like an infant's grave,
The pond—and Thorn, so old and grey;
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."

X.
"But wherefore to the mountain-top
Can this unhappy Woman go,
Whatever star is in the skies,
Whatever wind may blow!"

"Full twenty years are past and gone
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave with a maiden's true good-will
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
While friends and kindred all approved
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

XI.
And they had fixed the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both
But Stephen to another Maid
Had sworn another oath;
And, with this other Maid, to church
Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha! on that woeful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

XII.
They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
What could she seek!—or wish to hide
Her state to any eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad;
Yet often was she sober and
From her exceeding pain.
O guilty Father!—would that death
Had saved him from that breach of faith!

XIII.
Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child!
Sad case, as you may think, for one
Who had a brain so wild!
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
And grey-haired Wilfred of the glen
Held that the unborn infant wronged
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again:
And, when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

XIV.
More know I not, I wish I did,
And it should all be told to you;
For what became of this poor child
No mortal ever knew;
Nay—if a child to her was born
No earthly tongue could ever tell;
And if 'twas born alive or dead,
Far less could this with proof be said;
But some remember well,
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.
THE THORN.

XV.

And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,
The churchyard path to seek:
For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from the mountain head:
Some plainly living voices were;
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead:
I cannot think, whate'er they say,
They had to do with Martha Ray.

XVI.

But that she goes to this old Thorn,
The Thorn which I described to you,
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,
I will be sworn is true.
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climbed the mountain's height:—
A storm came on, and I could see
No object higher than my knee.

XVII.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain:
No screen, no fence could I discover;
And then the wind! in sooth, it was
A wind full ten times over.
I looked around, I thought I saw
A justling 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 justling crag, I found
A Woman seated on the ground.

XVIII.

I did not speak—I saw her face;
Her face!—it was enough for me;
I turned about and heard her cry,
'Oh misery! oh misery!'
And there she sits, until the moon
Through half the clear blue sky will go;
And, when the little breezes make
The waters of the pond to shake,
As all the country know,
She shudders, and you hear her cry,
'Oh misery! oh misery!'"
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 Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor With the slow motion of a summer's cloud And now, as he approached a vassal's door, "Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That about the vassal heard And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey; Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes; The horse and horseman are a happy pair; But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies, There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall, That as they galloped made the echoes roar; But horse and man are vanished, one and all; Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind, Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain: Blanch, Swift, and Musco, noblest of their kind, Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hooloed, he cheered and chid them on With suppliant gestures and upbraiding stern; But breath and eye-sight fail; and, one by one, The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race? The bugles that so joyfully were blown!—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase; Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side; I will not stop to tell how far he fled, Nor will I mention by what death he died; But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn; He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy; He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn, But gazed upon the spoll with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned, Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat; Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yessed; And white with foam as if with cleansing sloat.

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 finished The waters of the spring were trembling still.

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

And climbing up the hill—(It was at least Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now Such sight was never seen by human eyes: Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow, Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot, And a small arbour, made for rural joy; "Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's rest, A place of love for damask that are coy.

A cunning artist will I have to frame A basin for that fountain in the dell! And they who do make mention of the same, From this day forth, shall call it Hart-Leap Well.

And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known, Another monument shall here be raised; Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone, And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long, I will come hither with my Paramour; And with the dancers and the minstrel's song We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fall My mansion with its arbour shall endure;— The joy of them who till the fields of Swale, And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead, With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring,— Soon did the Knight perform what he had said; And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.
HART-LEAP WELL.

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

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

The arbour does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain
Have past!
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Luilled by the fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on dreariest hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves those 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.

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XXV.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHTHAM 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,
And Emont’s murmur mingled with the Song.—
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—

“From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:
Both roses flourish, red and white:
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—
Joy! joy to both! but most to her
Who is the flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how She smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall;
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!"
SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE.

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 lovely 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 Blencathra's rugged coaves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderranakin'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'd;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

A resonant 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
Hast he, a Child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fellow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stoope down to pay him fealty;
And both the mending fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight.

He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing:
And into caves where Faeries sing
He hath entered; and been told
By Voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
‘Quell the 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,
Groom thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Malled and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a re-appearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!'

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know
How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart was framed:
How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

LINES,
COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON
EXPANDING THE RAPES 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 soft inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded spot 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-tuffs,
Which at this season, with their purple fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedges-rows, hardy hedges-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these shadowy forms
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, have I 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,
Is lightened:— that serene and blessed mood,

In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the bestings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the wretches,
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 the
first
I came among these hills; when like a rose
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature the
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.— I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.— That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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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 unweary'd in that service: rather say with warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal of holier love. nor wilt thou then forget, that after many wanderings, many years of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs, and this green pastoral landscape, were to me more dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

1793.

XXVII.

It is no spirit who from heaven hath flown, and is descending on his embassy; nor traveller gone from earth the heavens to spy! 'tis hesperus—there he stands with glittering crown, first admonition that the sun is down! for yet it is broad day-light: clouds pass by; a few are near him still—and now the sky, he hath it to himself—'tis all his own. o most ambitious star! an inquest wrought within me when I recognised thy light; a moment I was startled at the sight: and, while I gazed, there came to me a thought that I might step beyond my natural race as thou seem'st now to do; might one day trace some ground not mine; and, strong her strength above, my soul, an apparition in the place, tread there with steps that no one shall reprov'e!

1803.

XXVIII.

FRENCH REVOLUTION,

as it appeared to enthusiasts at its commencement, reprinted from "the friend." ou! pleasant exercise of hope and joy! for mighty were the auxiliaries which then stood

* This and the extract, page 62, and the first piece of this class are from the unpublished poem of which some account is given in the preface to the excursion.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Ere, we who were strong in love!
In that dawn to be alive,
Was young was very heaven!—Oh! times,
With the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of men, law, and statute, took at once
Action of a country in romance!
Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
Most intent on making of herself
The Enchantress—to assist the work,
And then was going forward in her name!
Favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
Beauty wore of promise, that which sets
At some moment might not be unseen
(Hung the bowers of paradise itself?)
Budding rose above the rose full blown,
At temper at the prospect did not wake
Happiness unthought of! The inert
Roused, and lively natures rapt away!
Who had fed their childhood upon dreams
Of fellows of fancy, who had made
Flowers of wit, subtlety, and strength
Ministers—who in lordly wise had stirred
The grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
If they had within some lurking right
Wield it;—they, too, who, of gentle mood,
Watched all gentle motions, and to these
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 staff at hand, plastic as they could wish;
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!

XXIX.

Yes, it was the mountain Echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life!
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!

Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
Voices of two different natures!

Have not we too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence!

Such resounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are.

XXX.

TO A SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abide?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and soul
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will;
Those quivering wings composed, that still
Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence dost thou pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Hell.

XXXI.

LAODAMIA.

With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspire
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades of night,
My slaughtered Lord have I requited
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 lifteth her
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her comeliness brightens—and her eye exudes
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature
And she expects the issue in repose.
LAODAMIA.

But thou, though capable of sternest deed,   
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;  
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed   
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:   
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair   
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this;   
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!   
Give, on this well known couch, one muptial kiss   
To me, this day, a second time thy bride:"

Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parce threw   
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:   
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys   
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys   
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains;   
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

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

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force   
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb   
Aeleus, a reanimated corpse,   
Given back to dwell on earth in eternal bloom?   
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,   
And Jason stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

The Gods to us are merciful—and they   
Yet further may relent: for mightier far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway   
Of magic potent over sun and star,   
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,   
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!" he said,—   
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;   
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;   
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared   
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,   
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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 acts in graver mood,
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellicid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Chimes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

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

And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chiefsains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enthralled.

The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains,
flows;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die!'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought;

And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

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

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!
Round the fair Shade she would have clung—his 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-door a lifeless corse. She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity move,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and overthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellepont (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!

* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's Natural History, lib. xvi. cap. 44.; and for the features in the character of Protestants see the Epitaphs in Aulis: Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Leodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

His Leodamia

It Comes.
XXXII.

DION.

(See Plutarch).

I.

Mars, and fittest to embrace,
Here he was turned, a swan-like grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And unfolded a still magnificence,
Was pristinely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage then did wait
On Don’s virtues, while the lunar beam
Of Plato’s genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Soothing their imbed dignity austere—
That he, not too late
With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endowed,
Light is the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, make every change of adverse fate.

In.

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear
and shield,
Or rather weapon which their course might yield,
ToSyrenes advance in bright array.
Who leads them on?—The anxious people see
Long-entitlled 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,
Shine those strangers as a holy train
Or blast procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates were entered, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine
In seamy order stand,
In 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;
For both the general voice abstain from prayer,
Making Dion’s tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were!

IV.

form, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
lies, bending o’er their classic urn!

Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,
Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven’s broad causeway-paved
with stars)
Which Dion learned to measure with sublime
delight;—
But He hath overslept the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathing 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 hear;
The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
But whence that sudden check! that fearful start!
He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery’s dusky bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!
A woman’s garb the Phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skims the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Meenlus he stops
His flight, ’mid eddying pine-tree tops!

IV.

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—reverently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avowed!
“Avant, inexplicable Guest!—avant,”
Exclaimed the Chieflain—“let me rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid flame,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt:
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee.
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have
borne!”
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

v.

Mockery—or mold roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake striven,
Or from the Flood escaped:
Altars for Druid service fit;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be razed
On which four thousand years have gazed

vi.

Ye plough—shares sparkling on the slopes
Ye snow—white lams that trip
Imprison '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 unweary game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dozed Time—
O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
Hero, 'mid his own unversed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

list to those shriller notes!—that march
Penchance was on the blast,
When, through this Height's inverted arc
Rome's earliest legion passed!
—They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block—and you, whose church-like
Gives to this savage Pass its name.
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide:
And I (as all men may find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And they have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That choice lacked courage to bestow!
TO ENTERPRISE.

IV.

My Soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted—can she slight
The scene that opens now!

Though habitation none appear,
The greenness tells, man must be there;
The shelter—that the perspective
Is of the clime in which we live;
Where Toll pursues his daily round;
Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,
In woebegone bowery 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 down the rocky steepes.

 Forsworn, thou desolate Domain!
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
Couch like a shepherd-boy;
And she is she!—Can that be Joy?
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
Smoothly stims the meadows wide;
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,

"What'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,
Thy is, O Man, is good, thy portion fair!

1817.

XXXIV.

TO ENTERPRISE.

Kneel for the Young the impassioned smile
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
High on that chalyb of Briton's Isla,
A tender volume grasping in thy hand—

(Pershance 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 blush 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!

1.

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendour dost appear
Embodied to poetie 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 did dell
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
And where the mightier Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
And Thou, thy favourite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare
From her rock-fortress in mid air,
With infant shout; and often sweep,
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain;
Or, tired with sport, wouldest 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 lushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinity impelled,
The Stripling seeks the tented field;
The aspiring Virgin kneels; and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender Heroine
Vowed to severer discipline;
Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
And of the ocean's dismal breast
A play-ground,—or a couch of rest;
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The Chamois-chaser awed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice;
And hast Thou not with triumph seen
How soaring Mortals glide between
Or through the clouds, and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight!
How they, in bells of crystal, dive—
Where winds and waters cease to strive—
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the Deep;
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep!
Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
In never-slaughtering voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow;
And, slighting sails and scowling ears,
Keep faith with Time on distant shores!
—Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste;
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain head;
Thou speak'st—and lo! the polar Sea
Unseem their last mysteries.
—But oh! what transports, what sublime reward,
Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare
For philosophic Sage; or high-souled Bard
Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,
Hast fed on pageants floating through the air,
Or calentured in depth of Limpid floods;
Nor grieves—the doomed thro' silent night to bear
The domination of his glorious themes,
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

III.
If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
From source still deeper, and of higher worth,
'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control,
And in due season send the mandate forth;
Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,
When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no more.

IV.
Dread Minister of wrath!
Who to their destined punishment dost urge
The Pharos of the earth, the men of hardened heart!
Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
When in pomp depart
With trampling horses and refugent cars—
Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge;
Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands;
Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—
An Army now, and now a living hill
That a brief while heaves with convulsive threes—
Then all is still;
Or, to forget their madness and their woes,
Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows!

V.
Back flows the willing torrent
If to provoke such doom the
Why should it daunt a bland—
—Bold Goddess! range on
Nor let thy genuine impulse
In hearts no longer young;
Still may a veteran few ha
In thoughts whose sternness
In fixed resolves by Reason
That to their object clear
Whitening a pine tree's nor
When fields are naked far
And withered leaves, from
Up-caught in whirlwinds, no

VI.
But, if such homage thou dost
As doth with mellowing ye;
One rarely absent from thy
More humble favours may
For thy contented Rotary.
She, who incites the frolic:
In presence of their heebles
And to the solitary fawn
Vouchsafes her lessons, but
That wakes the breeze, the
Doth hurry to the lawn
She, who inspires that stray
Which the sweet Bird, mis
Pours forth in shady groves
And vernal mornings open
With views of undefined de
And cheerful songs, and so
On busy days, with thankst

VII.
But thou, O Goddess! in the
(Freedom's impregnable re
The wide earth's store; how
With breakers roaring to the
That stretch a thousand th
Quicken the slothful, and e
Thy impulse is the life of E
Glad Hope would almost co
If torn from thy society;
And Love, when worthiest
Is proud to walk the earth
XXXV.
TO——,
OR HIS FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

Israel of a mountain-dwelling,
They last clomb afoft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awe, delighted, and amazed!

Point was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey;
For the Ether's arms, swung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Let the dwindled woods and meadows;
What a vast abyss is there
Let 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
Glimmering like a silver shield!

Maiden! now take flight;—inhabit
Alps or Andes—they are thine!
With the morning's roseate Spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colours dress
Flag from off the purple pinions,
Braving spreads throughout the west!

This are all the coral fountains
Washing in each sparry vault
Of the untridden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,
Whither spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty!

XXXVI.
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 heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh
A melancholy slave
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

XXXVII.
WATER-FOWL.

1 Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolu-
tions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine
day towards the close of winter.—Extract from the
Author's Book on the Lakes.

Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood;
With grace of motion that might scarcely seem
 Inferior to angelical, prolong
Their curious pastime shaping in mid air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars
High as the level of the mountain-tops)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath—
Their own domain but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circllets, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight. 'Tis done—
Ten times, or more, 'tis fancied it had ceased;
But lo! the vanished company again
Ascending; they approach—I hear their wings,
Faint, faint at first and then an eager sound,
Past in a moment—and as faint again!
They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;
They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
To show them a fair image; 'tis themselves,
Their own fair forms, upon the glistening plain,
Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch;—then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and rest!

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB.

This Height a ministering Angel might select:
For from the summit of BLACK COMB (dread name
Derived from clouds and storms!) the amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands:—low dusky tracts,
Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian
hills
To the south-west, a multitudeous show;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Tivio's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde:—
Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth
Gigantic mountains rough with crags; beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base
Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and grey;—
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 stretch
Her habitable shores, but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud? Or there
Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swain
(Like the bright confines of another world)
Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward now!
In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
The spectacle, how pure!—Of Nature's works,
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing seas,
A revelation infinite it seems;
Display august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

THE HAUNTED TREE.

To—

Those silver clouds collected round the sun
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming less
To overshade than multiply his beams
By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our humane sense
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
More ample than the time-dismantled Oak
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now, attire
In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords
Couch beautiful as o'er for earthly use
Was fashioned; whether by the hand of Art,
That eastern Sultan, amid flowers enwrought
On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs
In languor; or, by Nature, for repose
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied with the chase.
O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight
Than fairest spiritual creature of the groves,
Approach;—and, thus invited, crown with rest
The noon-tide hour: though truly some there is
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 dolorous 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 the old trunk; lamenting deeds of which
The flowery ground is conscious. But no wind
Sweeps now along this elevated ridge;
Not even a zephyr stirs;—the obnoxious Tree
Is mute; and, in his silence, would look down,
O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,
On thy reclining form with more delight
Than his coevals in the sheltered vale
Seem to participate, the while they view
Their own far-stretching arms and leafy heads
Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,
That, for a brief space, checks the hurry'd stream!
XL

THE TRIAD.

w me the noblest Youth of present time,
ese trembling fancy would to love give birth;
se God or Hero, from the Olympian clime
armed, to seek a Consort upon earth;
inae doubtless prospect, let me see
e brightest star of ages yet to be,
e I will mate and match him blissfully.

ill not fetch a Naiad from a flood
es herself—(song lacks not mightier power)
se leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,
ev Sea-nymph glinting from her coral bower;
es Mortals bodied forth in vision still,
e with Mountiad's triple lustre fill
ese cluster coverts of a British hill.

—Appar!—obey my lyre's command!
es, like the Graces, hand in hand!
ere, though not by birth allied,
e Sistern in the bond of love;
ere still the tongue of envious pride
ese those interweavings to reprove
ere, which that fair progeny of Jove,
ese from the tuneful spheres that glide
ene union, earth and sea above."
ese in vain;—the pines have hushed their
aving:
ese Youth expectant at my side,
eless as they, with unabated craving
es to the earth, and to the vacant air;
ev, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,
es of the clouds what occupants they hide:—
ese why solicit more than sight could bear,
esing on a moment all we dare!
esse those bright Beings one by one;
es was boldly promised, truly shall be done.

Fear not a constraining measure!
ese this gentle spell,
es! from domes of pleasure,
erom cottage-sprinkled dell,
es to regions solitary,
es the eagle builds her aery,
es the hermit's long-forsaken cell!"—
es comes!—behind
ese Figure, like a ship with snow-white sail!
es she draws; a breeze uplifts her veil;
es her coming wait
ese a sunshine and as soft a gale

As o'er, on herbage covering earthly mold,
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
His richest splendour—when his veering gait
And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne!
No less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown;
What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou near,
Humbly that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
That its fair flowers may from his cheek
Brush the too happy tear!
—Queen, and handmaid lowly!
Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,
And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or hand prepares;
O Thou, against whose lip, without its smile
And in its silence even, no heart is proof;
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would reconcile
The softest Nursing of a gorgeous palace
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of Wallace—
Who that hath seen thy beauty could content
His soul with but a glimpse of heavenly day?
Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent
To take thee in thy majesty away!
—Pass onward (even the glancing deer
Till we depart intrude not here);
That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine throws
A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"

Glad moment is it when the throng
Of warblers in full concert strong
Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout
The lagging shower, and force coy Phoebus out,
Met by the rainbow's form divine,
Issuing from her cloudy shrine;—
So may the thrillings of the lyre
Prevail to further our desire,
While to these shades a sister Nymph I call.

"Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,
Come, youngest of the lovely Three,
Submissive to the might of verse
And the dear voice of harmony,
By none more deeply felt than Thee!"
—I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal
She hastens to the tents
Of nature, and the lonely elements.
Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen;
But mark her glowing cheek, her venture green!
And, as if wishful to disarm
Or to repay the potent Charm,
She bears the stringed lute of old romance,
That cheered the treasured armour's privacy,
And soothed war-wearied knights in raftered hall.
How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!
So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;
So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head
Why are they ungarlanded!
Why bedeck her templeless
Than the simplest shepherdess!
Is it not a brow inviting
Cholistent flowers that ever breathed,
Which the myrtle would delight in
With Italian rose enwreathed!
But her humility is well content
With one wild flow'ret (call it not forlorn)
FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom worn—
Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and height!
For She, to all but those who love her, shy,
Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight;
Though where she is beloved and loves,
Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves;
Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
That rife blossoms on a tree,
Turning them inside out with arch audacity.
Also! how little a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!
—She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's side;
And there (while, with solatier mien,
O'er timid waters that have scarcely left
Their birth-place in the rocky cleft
She bends) at leisure may be seen
Features to old ideal grace allied,
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—
Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth;
The bland composure of eternal youth!

What more changeful than the sea!
But over his great titles
Fidelity presides;
And this light-hearted Maiden constant is he.
High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as either her good-will;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:

Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to her charity no bar,
Nor interrupts her frolic graces
When she is, far from these wild places,
Encircled by familiar faces.
O the charm that manners draw,
Nature, from thy genuine law!
If from what her hand would do,
Her voice would utter, thought cease
Untoward or unfit;
She, in benign affections pure,
In self-forgetfulness secure,
Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance
A light unknown to tutored elegance:
Her's is not a cheek shame-stricken,
But her blushes are joy-flushed;
And the fault (if fault it be)
Only ministers to quicken
Laughter-loving gaiety,
And kindle sportive wit—
Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free
As if she knew that Oberon king of Faery
Had crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary
And heard his viewless bands
Over their martial triumph clapping hands.

"Last of the Three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn
Touched by the sky-lark's earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afflatt.
But whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn—or Eno, fair vision of the west,
Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest.
—Or 1 would hail thee when some high-wrong
page
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age."

Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer stream;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.
What would'st thou more? in sunny glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
THE WISHING-GATE.

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

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

Yes! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknown, and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Belov'd—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim!
The local Genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrecoverable past,
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unwavering tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loth such help to seek,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;

as such a stillness e'er diffused
Once earth grew calm while angels mus'd
She treadeth, as if her foot were loth
to crush the mountain dew-drope—soon to melt
in the flower's breast; as if she felt
the flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
with all their fragrance, all their glistening,
to the heart for inward listening—
though for bridal wreaths and tokens true
denied wisely; though a growth
Thick the careless shepherd sleeps on,
A shy spring from turf the mourner weeps on—
With all wrong are cropped the marble tomb
to strew.

Her charm is o'er; the mute Phantoms gone,
Will return—but drop not, favoured Youth;
No apparition that before thee shone
Invoked a summons equivocal of truth.
From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will guide
To bowers in which thy fortune may be tried,
And one of the bright Three become thy happy
Bride.

XIII.

THE WISHING-GATE.
In the West Graemeere, by the side of the old high-way lead-
ing to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind,
has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that
wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable
issue.

Here rules a land for ever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Glads at her bidding disappear;
Peace she to aught! the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

As such the land of Wishes—there
Well fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
As how forlorn, should ye depart;
Superstitions of the heart,
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Arriving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate!
Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply;
Time pressing on with starry crest,
To fill its sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity.

XLI.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream
That round it clung, and tempting scheme
Released from fear and doubt;
And the bright landscape too must lie,
By this blank wall, from every eye,
Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
That opening—but a look ye cast
Upon the lake below,
What spirit-stirring power it gained
From faith which here was entertained,
Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs
Of history, Glory claps her wings,
Fame sheds the exulting tear;
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of is, like this, a book
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
That grafted, on so fair a spot,
So confident a token
Of coming good;—the charm is fled;
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas! for him who gave the word;
Could be no sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;
Their very wishes wanted aid
Which here was freely given!

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found
A balm of expectation?
Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air
Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss
'Mid trivial care and petty cross
And each day's shallow grief;
Though the most easily beguiled
Were oft among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
A reconciling thought may turn
To harm that might lurk here,
Ere judgment prompt from within
Fit aims, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man: our state
Endures, while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heaven-ward enterprises.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All accidents of time and place;
Whatever props may fall,
Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottager may part,
Ungrieved, with charm and spell;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory
Shall bid a kind farewell!

See Note at the end of the Volume.

XLIII.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A Rock there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slight's;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lam
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 clinging 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.

Her closed the meditative strain;
But air breathed soft that day,
The heavy 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
Renew unenvied;—mightier far,
Their trembling that reprove
Our moral tendencies to hope,
Is God's redeeming love;

That love which changed—for wan disease,
For arms that had bent
Our hopeless dust, for withered age—
Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.

Sin-lightsed though we are, we too,
The reasoning Sons of Men,
From one oblivious winter called
Still rise, and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
Their three-score years and ten.

Humbleness of heart descends
This presence from on high,
A faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die;
A makes each soul a separate heaven,
A court for Deity.

Preseiments—

PRESEMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS.

Preseiments! they judge not right
Who deem that ye from open light
Rest in fear of shame;
All Aeon-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, unforoskied 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,
Lark near you—and combine
To taint the health which ye insue;
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 bome-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 exciting Nation’s hope,
Oft, startled and made wise
By your low-breathed interpretations,
The simply-meek foretaste the springs
Of bitter contrarieties.

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

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

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

XLV.

VERNAL ODE.

Herum Natura tota est susquam 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 presence of the spiritual eye
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,

The form and rich habiliment
Whose countenance bore the
When it reveals, in evening
Features half lost amid their
Posed like a weary cloud, it
He hung,—then floated with
(Softening that bright effulgent
Till he had reached a summit
Where off the venturous bide breeze.

Upon the apex of that lofty
Alighted, there the
Strange Fair as a gorgeous Fabric
Suddenly raised by some ex
Where nothing was; and
Of Britain’s realm, whose
Waves high, embellished by

Beneath the shadow of his
Rested a golden harp;—he
And, after prelude of unease
Poured through the echoing
He sang—

“‘No wintry desolation
Scorching blight or noxious
Affect my native habitation
Buried in glory far beyond
Of man’s inquiring gaze, b
Imaged, though faintly in
Profound of night’s ethereal
And in the aspect of each
Some fixed, some wandering star
And fixed; blended in absolute serenity
And free from semblance
Fresh as if Evening brought
Her darkness semblance;

To testify of Love and Gr.

What if those bright fires
Shine subject to decay,
Sons hasty of extinguishers
Themselves to lose their
Like clouds before the wind
Be thanks poured out to the
Nightly, on human kind
That vision of endurance
And though to every day
Renewed throughout the year
The melancholy gates of

Respond with sympathetic
DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

... and armed with living spear for mortal fight;
   A cunning forger
That spreads no waste; a social builder; one
In whom all busy offices unite
With all fine functions that afford delight—
Safe through the winter storm in quiet 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!
Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown,
The seeds of malice were not sown;
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,
And no pride blended with their dignity.
—Tears had not broken from their source;
Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarian den;
The golden years maintained a course
Not undiversified though smooth and even;
We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow then,
Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men;
And earth and stars composed a universal heaven!

——

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.
Housed by this kindliest of May-showers,
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand threats—
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounties more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, 0 Man! to their appeal
And thirst for no inferior seal,
Thou, who canst shun, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral spire,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrounds
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 ecstacies!
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery—
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along!

Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualise the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humours change, are spurned like weeds:
The priests are from their altars thrust;
Temples are levelled with the dust;
And solemn rites and awful forms
Founder amid fanatic storms.
Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh-cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;

Where birds shed brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearyed canticles,
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head—
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the eternal Will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Divine monition Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart:
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has set his flight,
By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
How far-off yet a glimpse of morning light,
And if to lure the truant back be well?
Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,
That, answering to thy torch, will sound the hom
Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
For service hung behind thy chamber-door;
And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,
The double note, as if with living power,
Will to composure lead— or make thee blithe
Bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho' tempests howl,
Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:
I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice beguiles
Thou wilt salute old memories as they thoug
Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild,
Through fresh green fields, and budding grov
Among,
Will make thee happy, happy as a child;
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and so
And breathe as in a world where nothing can
Wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns the d
And nightly toses on a bed of pain,
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,
Must come unhoped for, if they come again;
TO THE CLOUDS.

P osing your splendours high above the heads
Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God!
Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of
speed!
Speak, silent creatures.—They are gone, are fled,
Buried together in your gloomy mass
That loads the middle heaven; and clear and bright
And vacant doth the region which they thronged
Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting
Down to the unapproachable abys,
Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose
To vanish—fleet as days and months and years,
Fleet as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be.
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpears the rock
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life
Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye
That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,
And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.

A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot
Or of his flock?—jointed prestige of them both.
I pace it unregretting, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have wings.
Where is the Orpheus lyre, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse? The mountain blast
Shall be our hand of music; he shall sweep
The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,
And search the fibres of the caves, and they
Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds
And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales—
Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn
With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers—
Love them; and every idle breeze of air
Bends to the favourite lurchten. Moon and stars
Keep their most solemn vigil when the Clouds
Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they Lr.,
As if some Protean art the change had wrought,
In listless quiet o'er the eternal deep
Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings!
Ye are their pellucid offspring; and the Sun—
Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
And type of man’s far-darting reason, therefore
In old time worshipped as the god of verse,
A blazing intellectual deity—
Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
Visions with all but benignant light
Enraptured—too transient were they not renewed
From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
In silent rapture, credulous desire
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power
To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vanished thought!
Yet why repine, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things!

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wish
Gave the first impulse to the Poet’s song
But, of his scorn repeating soon, he drew
A juster judgment from a calmer view;
And, with a spirit freed from discordant,
Thankfully took an effort that was meant
Not with God’s bounty, Nature’s love, to
Or made with hope to please that inward
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy
But to recall the truth by some faint trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
That in the living Creature find on earth

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

Gaze on Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou wouldst forgo the neighbouring
And all his majesty—
A studious forehead to incline
O’er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have seen
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
Thy inspirations give—
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star;
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

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-soothing 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,
Dost 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!

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

ARGUMENT.
The ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary,
in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in
vocal harmony.—Sources and effects of those sounds
(to the close of 6th Stanza).—The power of music,
without preceding, 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
setting causally and severally.—Wish uttered (11th
Stanza) that those could be united into a scheme or
system for moral interests and intellectual contempla-
tion—(stanz 12th).—The Pythagorean theory of
numbers and music, with their supposed power over the
motions of the universe—imaginations consonant with
such a theory.—Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) 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
arrival of audible harmony, and its support in the
Horae Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

IV.
Yet functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Orpea of vision! And a Spirit aerial
Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;
Incites 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 wrangled 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!

The headlong streams and fountains
Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers;
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
Theyull perchance ten thousand thousand flowers.
That roar, the prowling lion’s Here I am,
How fearful to the desert wide!
That balest, how tender! of the dam
Calling a stranger to her side.
Shout, cuckoo!—let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun’s faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor’s prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow’s cottage-hullaby.

Yo Voices, and ye Shadows
And Images of voice—to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-banished 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
Bespinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milkmaids, 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.

BLEST be the song that brightens
The blind man’s gloom, exhals the veteran’s mirth;
Unsconred the peasant’s whistling breath, that
Lightens His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid car,
And bids it apily fall, with chimes
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
You pilgrims see—in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral *Awake* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray;
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V.

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the singer, 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 unwounded crowd with nameless heed—
Even She whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move
Panoned by the pleasurable wings of Love.

VI.

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions trod!
O Thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,
Betray not by the censure of sense
Thy votaries, woeing resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better, mind;
But lead sick Fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience,—stay
The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm array
Knit every thought the impending issue needs,
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII.

As Conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pain
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The molndy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch for Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then again, as at the war
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a swi
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or, awed he weeps, struggling
Point not these mysteries to
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing free
Of divine Love, where Wisdom
With Order dwell, in endless.

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover
All treasures hoarded by the
Orpheus: Insight! truth's and
To the first leagues of tutored
When Music deigned within
Her subtle essence to unfold.
And voice and shall draw fort
Softer than Nature's self could
Yet sorrow was the infant
Art, daring because souls con
Stirred nowhere but an urge
Of raft imagination sped her
Through the realms of woe a
Hell to the lyre bowed low;
Rejoiced that clamorous spef
Her wan disasters could disp

IX.

The Gyrre to king Amphiion
That walled a city with its m
Was for belief no dream:—ti
Could humanise the creature
Where men were monsters: / Leave for one chant:—the d
Steals from the dock o'er wil
And listening dolphins gathe
Self-cost, as with a desperate
'Mid that strange audience, h
A proud One docile as a man
And singing, while the accett
Sweeps his harp, the Master
So shall he touch at length a
And he, with his preserver,  
In memory, through silent ni

X.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherd
Couched in the shadow of Ma
Was passing sweet; the eyeb
That in high triumph drew d
ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

...ow did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
Bale Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
in cadence,—and Silenus swung
his way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.
'Tis life, to life give back thine ear:
'Tis who are longing to be rid
Of trial, though to truth subervient, hear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Sighed from the coffin-lid;
The seer's summons in the steeple's knell;
The vain distress-gun, from a leeward shore,
Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

XLI.

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 base, that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
Ye wondering Utterances, has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral music—to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory!—O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As bared minstrelsides through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XLI.

By one pervading spirit
Voxes and numbers all things are controlled,
In ages taught, where faith was found to merit
Missions in that mystery old,
In heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Summable voices fill
In everlasting harmony;
In towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Sir feet among the billows, know

That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords;
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
Nor hailed 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 bookings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A Voice to Light gave Being;
To Time, and Man his earth-born chronicler;
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary sirs;
The trumpet (we, intoxicated with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave! No! though earth be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Word, that shall not pass away.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

PETER BELL.

A TALE.

What's in a Name?

Braves will start a Spirit as soon as Caesar!

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., F.L.S. ETC. ETC.

My Dear Friend,

The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and in 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, poems have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourite reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling permanently a station, however humble, in the Literature of our Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently labour to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it, may happily 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 only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as importantly and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass, poetically probable, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that Prologue was written, you have marked most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my pen 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 unappropriate offering. To relish it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (as you put 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,

RYDAL MOUNT, April 7, 1818.

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PROLOGUE.

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

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

The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger's in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast,
To see how ye are all distressed,
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my Boat and I—
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars!
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her:
Up goes my little Boat so bright!

The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull—
We pry among them all; have shot
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from top to toe with scars;
Such company I like it not!
The towns in Saturn are decayed,  
And melancholy Spectres through them;—  
The Pleiades, 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 in our sight?  

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth:—  
Whose age if I here should roam,  
The world for my remarks and me  
Would not a whit the better be;  
I’ve left my heart at home.

See! there she is, the matchless Earth!  
Then streams the famed Pacific Ocean!  
Oft Ares thrusts upon craggy spear  
Though the grey clouds the Alps are here,  
Life waters in commotion!

I saw a ship in Libya’s sands;  
The silver thread the river Dnieper;  
As I look, where clothed in brightest green  
In a sweet isle, of isles the Queen;  
Ye kites, from all evil keep her!

And on the town where I was born!  
Among those happy fields we span  
In by-born gambols;—I was lost  
Where have been, but on this coast  
I feel I am a man.

Nor did fifty things at once  
Appear so lovely, never, never;—  
How sweetly the forests ring!  
To hear the earth’s soft murmuring  
Thou couldst I hang for ever!

“Sank 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!”

Never in the breast of full-grown Poet  
Flittered so faint a heart before;—  
Was it the music of the spheres  
The overpowered your mortal ears!  
—Such sin shall trouble them no more.
Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices—her tears, her mirth,
Her humbled mirth and tears.

The dragon’s wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire
To stir, to soothe, or elevate!
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life’s daily prospect find,
May find or there create?

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

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

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

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

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

Off flew the Boat—away she flies,
Spurning her freight with indignation!
And I, as well as I was able,
On two poor legs, toward my stone-table
Limped on with sore vexation.

“O, here he is!” cried little Bee—
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 voices, like one
Not wholly rescued from the pale
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion;
But, straight, to cover my confusion,
Began the promised Tale.

PART FIRST.

All by the moonlight river side
Groaned the poor Beast—also in vain;
The staff was raised to loftier height,
And the blows fell with heavier weight
As Peter struck—and struck again.

“Hold!” cried the Squire, “against the r
Of common sense you’re surely sinning;
This leap is for us all too bold;
Who Peter was, let that be told,
And start from the beginning.”

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

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

And he had seen Caernarvon’s towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum;
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o’er the fen that ponderous knell—
A far-renowned alarum!

* In the dialect of the North, a hawker of earths is thus designated.
At Dornoch, 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 Perth, by the mountain-ville,
Had traced his round with Highland seas;
And he had lain beside his easa
On lofty Cheviot Hills:

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

And all along the indented coast,
Enriched with the salt-sea foam;
Wherever a knot of houses lay
On landfast, or in hollow lay—
Sea 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 learnt or head the better.

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day—
But nature never could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

Is van, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A pleasure 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 pampered train
With more than verbal pleasure feeding,
Wherever the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

Is van, through water, earth, and air,
The soil of happy sound was spread,
Where Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Maid 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 turning time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a felon’s race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all;—
He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and twelve!
But how one wife could e’er come near him,
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
‘Mid summer storms or winter’s ice,
Had Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence;
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.
He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his 'eekas' and 'kowes';
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 Boz I
We’ve reached at last the promised Tale;) One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river’s winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and brake,
He trudged along o’er hill and dale;
Nor for the moon cared he a little,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way;
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerily his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried, like a bird
Darkling, among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter’s mood is changed,
And on he drives with cheeks that burn
In downright fury and in wrath—
There’s little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return!

The path grows dim, and dimmer still;
Now up, now down, the Rover wends,
With all the soil 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 evil
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry—and behold!
A scene of soft and lovely hue!
Where blue and grey, and tender greens,
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 is not;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the grey rocks,
But he flowed quiet and unseen—
You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale
To that green spot, so calm and green!

And is there no one dwelling here,
No hermit with his beads and glass?
And does no little cottage look
Upon this soft and fertile nook?
Does no one live near this green grass?

Across the deep and quiet spot
Is Peter driving through the grass—
And now has reached the skirting trees;
When, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary Ass.

“'A prize!’” cries Peter—but he first
Must spy about him far and near:
There’s not a single house in sight,
No woodman’s hut, no cottage light—
Peter, you need not fear!

There’s nothing to be seen but woods,
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
And this one Beast, that from the bed
Of the green meadow hangs his head
Over the silent stream.
His head is with a halter bound;
The halter seizing, Peter leapt
Upon the Creature's back, and plied
With ready heels his shaggy side;
But still the Ass his station kept.

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,
A jet 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?"
Ours 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
Turned round his long left ear.

But Peter, What can mean all this?
Some ugly witchcraft must be here!
One more the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread;
Yet with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hide,
He dealt a sturdy blow.

The poor Ass staggered with the shock;
And then, as if to take his ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees;

As gently on his side he fell;
And by the river's brink did lie;
And, while he lay like one that mourned,
The patient Beast on Peter turned
His shining hazel eye.

True but one mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eye-ball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and clear.

Upon the Beast the snapling rings;
His lack sides bowed, his limbs they stirred;
He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans;
And not till now hath Peter seen
How gaunt the Creature is,—how lean
And sharp his staring bones!

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay—
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue;
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death;
And Peter's lips with fury quiver;
Quoth he, "You little mulish dog,
I'll fling your carcass like a log
Head foremost down the river!"

An impious oath confirmed the threat—
Whereat from the earth on which he lay
To all the echoes, south and north,
And east and west, the Ass sent forth
A long and clamorous bray!

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks;
But in the echo of the rocks
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
Or that he could not break the chain,
In this serene and solemn hour,
Twined round him by demoniac power,
To the blind work he turned again.

Among the rocks and winding crags;
Among the mountains far away;
Once more the Ass did lengthen out
More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray!

What is there now in Peter's heart?
Or whence the might of this strange sound?
The moon unseasely looked and dimmer,
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
And the rocks staggered all around—
From Peter's hand the sapling dropped!
Threat has he none to execute;
"If any one should come and see
That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,
"I'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the Ass from limb to limb,
And ventures now to uplift his eyes;
More steady looks the moon, and clear,
More like themselves the rocks appear
And touch more quiet skies.

His scorn returns—his hate revives;
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize
With malice—that again takes flight;
For in the pool a startling sight
Meets him, among the inverted trees.

Is it the moon's distorted face?
The ghost-like image of a cloud?
Is it a gallows there portrayed?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud?

A grisly idol hewn in stone!
Or imp from witch's lap let fall?
Perhaps a ring of shining fairies!
Such as pursue their feared vagaries
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall!

Is it a fiend that to a stake
Of fire his desperate self is tethering?
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell
In solitary ward or cell,
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren!

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
And never heart so loudly panted;
He looks, he cannot choose but look;
Like some one reading in a book—
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well—a-day for Peter Bell!
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear!
His hat is up—and every hair
Bristles, and whitens in the moon!

He looks, he ponders, looks again;
He sees a motion—hears a groan;
His eyes will burst—heart will break—
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
And back he falls, as if his life were flown!

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

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

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

His head upon his elbow propped,
Becoming less and less perplexed,
Sky-ward he looks—to rock and wood—
And then—upon the glassy flood
His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one
In his last sleep securely bound!
So toward the stream his head he bent,
And downward thrust his staff, intent
The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest-shattered bark,
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a1 forming 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.
pulle—and looks—and pulle again;
If he whom the poor Ass had lost,
Be man who had been four days dead,
Cast foremost from the river’s bed
Pries like a ghost!

And Peter draws him to dry land;
And through the brain of Peter pass
One poignant twitches, fast and faster;
No doubt,” quoth he, “he is the Master
Of this poor miserable Ass!”

The grey Shadow that looks on—
What would be now? What is he doing?
In sudden fit of joy is flown—
As in his knees hath laid him down,
As he were his grief renewing;

But to—that Peter on his back
Last moon, he wavels well as he can:
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,
’Tis what he would have me do,
For pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts
Upon the pleasant and thankful Ass;
And thus, without a moment’s stay,
That earnest Creature turned away,
Sawing the body on the grass.

Sent upon his faithful watch,
He Beast four days and nights had past;
Seawater meadow never was seen,
Nor there the Ass four days had been,
or ever once did break his fast:

Cicero his step, and stout his heart;
He read is crossed—the quarry’s mouth
Reaches; but there the trusty guide
to a thicket turns aside,
And defily ambles towards the south.

Her heart a burst of dolorous sound!
And Peter honestly might say,
As like came never to his ears,
Though he has been, full thirty years,
River—night and day!

Is not a plover of the moors,
Is not a bittern on the fen;
Is not it a barking fox,
Sight-bird chambered in the rocks,
Wild-cat in a woody glen!

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

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

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

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern’s mouth he peeps;
Then back into the moonlight creeps;
Whom seeks he—who?—the silent dead:

His father!—Him doth he require—
Him hath he sought with fruitless pangs,
Among the rocks, behind the trees;
Now creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running o’er the open plains.

And loiter 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 cry to chase—
It wrought in him conviction strange;

A faith that, for the dead man’s sake
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befell.
Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home,
Is striving stoutly as he may;
But, while he climbs the woody hill,
The cry grows weak—and weaker still;
And now at last it dies away.

So with his freight the Creature turns
Into a gloomy grove of beech,
Along the shade with footsteps true
Descending slowly, till the two
The open moonlight reach.

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

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

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

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

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

But whence this faintly-rustling sound
By which the journeying pair are chased?
—A withered leaf is close behind,
Light plaything for the sportive wind
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,
It only doubled his distress;
"Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me—
So huge hath been my wickedness!"
PETER BELL.

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart;
But he hath said, poor gentle wight!
It brighten full many a sin to light
Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread Spirit! to confound the meek
Why wander from your course so far,
Discrediting colour, form, and stature?
—Let good men feel the soul of nature,
And see things as they are.

Yet, pensive Spirit! well I know,
How ye, that play with soul and sense,
Are not unused to trouble friends
Of godliness, for most gracious ends—
And this I speak in reverence!

But might I give advice to you,
When in my fear I love so well;
From men of pensive virtue go,
Dread Beings! and your empire show
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence often have I felt
In darkness and the stormy night;
And, with like force, if need there be,
Ye can put forth your agency
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,
That powerful world in which ye dwell,
Come, Spirits of the Mind! and try
To sight, beneath the moonlight sky,
What may be done with Peter Bell!

—O, would that some more skilful voice
My further labour might prevent!
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,
I feel that I am all unfit
For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, with my narration;
I listened long ere I began:
Ye wasted then on my good pleasure;
Poor soul indulgence still, in measure
As liberal as ye can.

Our Travellers, ye remember well,
Are shedding a sequestered lane;
And Peter many tricks is trying,
And many anodynes applying,
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;
And, finding that he can account
So snugly for that crimson stain,
His evil spirit up again
Does like an empty bucket mount.

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

And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,
That here has been some wicked dealing;
No doubt the devil in me wrought;
I'm not the man who could have thought
An Ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes
His shining horn tobacco-box;
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,
Tell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The Ass turned round his head, and grinned.

Appalling process! I have marked
The like on heath, in lonely wood;
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous—yet
It smited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed—
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,
A murmur, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road,

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

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 gazin moon!—

The Beast bestriding thus, he reached
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove;

Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
It seemed—wall, window, roof and tower—
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

As ruinous a place it was,
Thought Peter, in the shire of Fife
That served my turn, when following still
From land to land a reckless will
I married my sixth wife!

The unheedig Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a casing crow,
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 stifing power compressed his frame,
While-as a swimming darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
But a few hours ago, had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child;
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild!

Her dwelling was a lonely house,
A cottage in a heathy dell;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pleasant thoughts
Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or sun
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 truth 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
Uprising, with a prevalence
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspen 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 died,
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 visage!
sin is the well-deserving brute,
To peace hath no offence betrayed;
Is now, while down that slope he wends,
That voice to Peter’s ear ascends,
Ascending from the woody glade:

He voice, though clamorous as a horn
Echoed by a naked rock,
Comes from that tabernacle—List
Within, a fervent Methodist
A preaching to a heedless flock!

‘Repent! repent!’ he cries aloud;
‘While yet ye may find mercy—as 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 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,
His joy was more than he could bear!—He nestled into tears.

Wet tears of hope and tenderness!
His face, a pensive shower!
It serves, his sinews seemed to melt;
Through all his iron frame was felt
Pain, a relaxing, power!

Such flow of his frame was weak;
Till all the animal within;
Yet in its helplessness, grew mild
As gentle as an infant child,
A child that has known no sin.

O wild, meek Beast! that, through Heaven’s grace,
Is not unmoved did notice now
Be cross upon thy shoulder scored,
Or lasting impress, by the Lord
When all human-kind shall bow;

Imperial of his touch—that day
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,
Entering the proud Jerusalem,
If an immeasurable stream
Of glowing people defied!

Meanwhile the persevering Ass,
Turned towards a gate that hung in view
Across a slaty lane; his chest
Against the yielding gate he pressed
And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes;
No ghost more softly ever trod;
Among the stones and pebbles, he
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,
As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty Ass
Went twice two hundred yards or more,
And no one could have guessed his aim,—
Till to a lonely house he came,
And stopped beside the door.

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

She to the Meeting-house was bound
In hopes some tidings there to gather:
No glimpse it is, no doubtful gleam;
She saw—and uttered with a scream,
“My father! here’s my father!”

The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother—
Her joy was like a deep affliction,
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another!

And, instantly, upon the earth,
Beneath the full moon shining bright,
Close to the Ass’s feet she fell;
At the same moment Peter Bell
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the Woman lie
Breathless and motionless, the mind
Of Peter sadly was confused;
But, though to such demands unused,
And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up; and, while he held
Her body propped against his knee,
The Woman waked—and when she spied
The poor Ass standing by her side,
She moaned most bitterly.
"Oh! God be praised—my heart's at ease—
For he is dead—I know it well!"
—At this she wept a bitter flood;
And, in the best way that he could,
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death;
His voice is weak with perturbation;
He turns aside his head, he pauses;
Poor Peter from a thousand causes,
Is crippled sure in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow-ground;
And that her Husband now lay dead,
Beside that luckless river's bed
In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Widow cast
Upon the Beast that near her stands;
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;
She calls the poor Ass by his name,
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

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

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

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

Make haste—my little Rachel—do,
The first you meet with—bid him come,
Ask him to lend his horse to-night,
And this good Man, whom Heaven requites,
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 sies,
And up the cottage stairs she kies,
And on the pillow lays her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not how,
With his hands pressed against his brow,
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep
The trance is passed away—he wakes;

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine;
"When shall I be as good as thou!
Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now
A heart but half as good as thine!"

But He—who deviously hath sought
His Father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night his grief and sorrowful fear—
He comes, escaped from fields and floods

With weary pace is drawing nigh;
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving.

Forth to the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times!
PART I

DEDICATION.

This book is dedicated to my dear friend, Peter, who has been a constant source of inspiration and support throughout my journey. His unwavering friendship and encouragement have been invaluable. Thank you, Peter, for being a true friend. May this book bring joy to all who read it.

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III.
"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 tears
Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no tears;
Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had I none.
By doubts and thousand petty fancies crept
I stood, of simple shame the blushing Thrall;
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small!
A Juggler's ball old Time about him tossed;
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed; and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

IV.

At Applethwaite, near Keswick.
1804.

Beaumont! it was this wish that I should rear
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dale,
On favoured ground, thy gift, where I might dwell
In neighbourhood with One to me most dear,
That undivided we from year to year
Might work in our high Calling—a bright hope
To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope
Till checked by some necessities severe.
And should these slacken, honoured Beaumont! still
Even then we may perhaps in vain implore
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.
Whether this boon be granted us or not,
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

V.

Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled:
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
And that inspiring Hill, which 'd divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,'
Shines with poetical radiance as of old;
While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girl shore they rise in crowds:
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw! in his natural sovereignty
Our British Hill is nobler far; he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

VI.

There is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name!—it quivers down the hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will;
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought
Often than Ganges or the Nile; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still!
Months perish with their moons; year treasur'd as
year;
But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst say
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they;
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

VII.

Has only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,
And the glad Muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along; regardless who shall chide
If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,
Happy Associates breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, Fancy said 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 base
To flesh and blood; no Goddess from above,
No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love!

VIII.

The fairest, brightest, hues of other fade;
The sweetest notes must terminate and die;
O Friend! thy flute has breathed a harmony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade;
Such strains of rapture as the Genius played
In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high;
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed.
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread!
The visionary Archers are not there,
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas;
Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
Whence I have risen, uplifted on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

* See the Vision of Mirza in the Spectator.
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

IX.
THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,
Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.
no the Art whose subtle power could stay
, and fix it in that glorious shape ;
I permit the thin smoke to escape,
bright sunbeams to forsake the day ;
pedd that band of travellers on their way,
were lost within the shady wood ;
and the Bark upon the glassy flood
anchored in her sheltering bay.
ning Art ! whom Morning, Noon-tide,
with all their changeable pageantry ;
ambition modest yet sublime,
the sight of mortal man, hast given
ef moment caught from fleeting time
priest calm of blest eternity.

X.
instrud, these untuneful murmurens—
ing notes that with each other jar !
entle Lady, of a Harp so far
own country, and forgive the strings."
swer ! but even so forth springs;
astilian fountain of the heart,
y of Life, and all that Art
words quickening insensate things.
issive necks of guiltless men
on the block, the glittering axe recoils ;
, and stars, all struggle in the toils
sympathy ; what wonder then
poor Harp distempered music yields
Lord, far from his native fields !

XI.
lock—whose solitary brow
how threshold daily meets my sight ;
t forth to hail the morning light ;
ars with a lingering farewell—how
ly pay to thee a grateful vow !
The Muse's aid, her love attest !
ing on thy naked head the crest
erial Castle, which the plough
all not touch. Innocent scheme !
sume no more than to supply
rious vale and roaring stream
ough neglect of hoar Antiquity.
, ye votive Towers ! and catch a gleam
set, ere it fade and die.

XII.
TO SLEEP.
O GENTLE SLEEP ! do they belong to thee,
These twinklings of oblivion ! Thou dost love
To sit in meaness, 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 above
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.

XIII.
TO SLEEP.
Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep !
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names ;
The very sweetest, Fancy calls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep !
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost sleep
In rich reward all suffering ; Balm that tame
All anguish ; Saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,
I surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost !
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most !

XIV.
TO SLEEP.
A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless ! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth!
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XV.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
Owes not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
With emerald floor'd, and with purpureal shell
Celldged and roof'd; that is so fair a thing
As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring,
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.
Words cannot paint the o'er-shadowing yew-tree
And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown though,
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing, sighed
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride!

XVI.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign! Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Mock, nobly versed in simple discipline—
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down in the tempting maze of Sharrow brook—
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowl-alp-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety! [nook

XVII.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright;
Nor hallowed less with moral delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy child-
hood stray'd,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, deep embayed,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur roll'd;
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Groungar Hill!

XVIII.

ON THE DISTRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLI-
CATON OF A CERTAIN POEM.

see Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was writ of late called

A Book came forth of late, called Parma Bazz;
Not negligent the style;—the matter is—good
As ought that song records of Robin Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish daal;
But some (who break those hackneyed themes full well,
Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their blast)
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a hargy brood,
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,
Who mad'at story length the better life thy chases,
Heed not such coarse! nay, if praises of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and rejoice
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!

XIX.

Gaudy, thou hast lost an ever ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute:
And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her forward mood, and softest reproach;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to lead
More effusively than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without end:
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

XX.

TO S. H.

Excus'd is needless when with love sincere
Of occupation, not by fashion led, [spread;
Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'er-
My nerves from so much murmur shrunk,—tho' near,
Soft as the Dorfhawk's to a distant car,
When twilight shades darken the mountain's head.
Even she who toils to spin our vital thread
Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear
To household virtues. Venerable Art,
Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Heaven proter
Its own; though Rulers, with undue respect,
Trusting to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient heart.
XXI.

DEAD IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON MASTER SUNDAY.

i each recurrence of this glorious morn
saw the Saviour in his human frame
from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame
in fresh raiment—still that hour unvorn;
more hands the home-bred wool had shorn,
who span is called the daintiest fleece,
oughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,
se temples bled beneath the platted thorn.

+a estate when piety sublime
b humble props disdained not! O green dales!
A jn I be who heard your sabbath chime
Arts abused inventions were unknown;
Nature's various wealth was all your own;
such were weighed in Reason's scales!

XXII.

DECAY OF PIETY.

sve I seem, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,
us and Sires—who, punctual to the call
is loved Church, on fast or festival
gh the long year the House of Prayer would
riussen snows, by visitation blank [seek:
ster winds, unscared, from but or hall
same to lovely bench or sculptured stall,
ith one fervour of devotion meek.
be places where they once were known,
, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
t Piety for ever flown!
even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
struggling through the western sky, have won
sensive light from a departed sun!

XXIII.

REED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A

need of clamorous bells, or ribbons gay,
humble nuptials to proclaim or grace\of love, look down upon the place;
the chosen vale a sun-bright day!
pride gladness would the Bride display
or such promise—serious is her face,
hermien; and she, whose thoughts keep pace
endless, in that becoming way
ank you. Faultless does the Maid appear;
portion in her soul, no strife:
hen the closer view of wedded life
own that nothing human can be clear
rality, for that insight may the Wife
indulgent Lord become more dear.

XXIV.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yea! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be unlaced, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none finds grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hast 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 hallowed and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

XXV.

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
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek [hold;
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes: nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

XXVI.

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,
That quickens only where thou say'st it may:
Unless Thou shew to us thine own true way
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXVII.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find!
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind?

To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
Was the 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.

XXVIII.

L

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne
Which misted 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 rufhest that flesh and bone
Ever put on; a miserable crowd,
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,
"Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we groan."

Those steps I clomb; the mists before me gave
Smooth way; and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
With her face up to heaven; that seemed to have
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone;
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

THE

Even so for me a Vision sanctified
The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had seen
Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—
When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's
No trace of pain or languor could abide [Bride:
That change:—age on thy brow was smoothed—
thy cold
Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
A loveliness to living youth denied.
Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,
The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn;
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,
The bright assurance, visibly return:
And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

XXX.

It is a beauteous evening, cal
The holy time is quiet as a N
Breathless with adoration; t
Is sinking down in its tranqu
The gentleness of heaven bru
Listen! the mighty Being is
And doth with his eternal m
A sound like thunder—ever!
Dear Child! dear Girl! th
here,
If thou appear untouched by
Thy nature is not therefore
Thou liest in Abraham's boe
And worship'at the Temp
God being with thee when w

XXXI.

WHERE lies the Land to wh
Fresh as a lark mounting at
Festively she puts forth in t
Is she for tropic suns, or pc
What boots the inquiry !—I
She cares for ; let her trave
She finds familiar names, a
Ever before her, and a win
Yet still I ask, what haven
And, almost as it was when
(From time to time, like Pi
Crossing the waters) doubt,
Of the old Sea some rever: e
Is with me at thy farewell,

XXXII.

WITH Ships the sea was sp
Like stars in heaven, and j
Some lying fast at anchor n
Some veering up and down
A goodly Vessel did I then
Come like a giant from a n
And lustily along the bay a
Her tackling rich, and of as
This Ship was sought to me
Yet I pursued her with a i
This Ship to all the rest dit
When will she turn, and wh
No tarrying; where She sti
On went She, and due nort
XXXIV.

A tribe of Bards on earth are found,
In their cantos, as the zephyrs round them flown.

XXXV.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks;
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks.

XXXVI.

TO THE MEMORY OF RAILLY 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 condemn
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem—
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
Where'er I liked; and finally array
My temples with the Muse's diadem.

Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth;
If there be sought 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.

PART II.

II.

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

XXXIII.

in too much with us; late and soon,
spending, we lay waste our powers;
the Zephyrs that are ours;
our hearts away, a sordid boon;
at time her bosom to the moon;
will be bowling at all hours,
gathered now like sleeping flowers;
every time, we are out of tune;
not.—Great God! I'd rather be
ckled in a creed outworn;
standing on this pleasant lies,
seas that would make me less forlorn;
of Proteus rising from the sea;
Triton blow his wreathed horn.
III.

TO B. R. HAYDON.

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse

Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be sternorous 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!

IV.

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 winged steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
Ifught be them in of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
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.

V.

Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild
With ready sunbeams every struggling shower;
And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy’s errands,—then, from fields half-tiled
Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,
Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
Unpilied 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 glowing 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.

VI.

I watch, and long have watched, with calm rep;
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 high decline,
Depressed; and then extinguished: and our star
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

VII.

I heard (alas! ’t was only in a dream)
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waving ears have sometimes been received
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 drowsey 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 Hallow:
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires!
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quire!
She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.

VIII.

Retirement.

If the whole weight of what we think and feel,
Save only far as thought and feeling blend
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;
But to promote and fortify the weal
Of our own Being is her paramount end;
A truth which they alone shall comprehend
Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.
Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss:
Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,
And startled only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered Mind
By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

* See the Phaedon of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.
IX.

not War, nor the tumultuous swell
of night, nor the wrecks of change,
struggling with affictions strange—
alone inspire the tuneful shell;
untroubled peace and concord dwell,
the Muse not lost to range,
the twilight smoke of cot or grange,
ascending from a woody dell.

rations please her, lone endeavour,
content, and placid melancholy;
to gaze upon a crystal river—
because it travels slowly;
met with charm for ever;

of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

X.

concentrated hazels that enclose
the sum of all that is free,
even the beams that play
while wantonly the rough wind blows,
free to touch the moss that grows
roof, amid embowering gloom,
image framing of a Tomb,
some ancient Chieftain finds repose
in lonely mountains.—Live, ye trees!
grey Stone, the pensive likeness keep
chamber where the Mighty sleep:
than Fancy to the influence bends
ity Nature condescends
Time’s forlorn humanities.

XI.

AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

I more dark the shades of evening fell;
for point was reached—but at an hour
be glowing west with marvellous power
there stood Indian ciadel,
Greece, and minster with its tower
ly expressed—a place for bell
toll from! Many a tempting isle,
that never were imagined, lay
steadfast! objects all for the eye
rapture; but we felt the while
forget them; they are of the sky,
our earthly memory fade away.

XII.

—'t they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

Those words were uttered as in pensive mood
We turned, departing from that solemn sight:
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life’s unspiritual pleasures daily wood:
But now upon this thought I cannot brood;
It is unstable as a dream of night;
Will I ever praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man’s gifts, and proper food.
Grove, isle, with every shade 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:
Those cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigiously fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature’s tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and you crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

NOVEMBER 1.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effluence from you distant mountain’s head,
Which, strewn with smoke smooth as the sky can shed,
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, your mountain’s glittering head—
Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of cold mortality’s earth-sullying wing,
Unswept, unsullied! Nor shall the aerial Powers
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XV.
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
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings proul
Insidiously, untimely thunders grouw;
While trees, dim-seen, in fronted numbers tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did appear
Large space (mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,
An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!

XVI.
TO A SNOW-DROP.
Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend [they
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
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 jumplets, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peer;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

XVII.
TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.
With a selection from the Poems of Amor, Countess of Winchelsea;
and others of similar character from other Writers; uninscribed
by a female hand.
LADY! I rived a Parnassian Cave
(But seldom trod) of mility-gleaming ore;
And culled, from sandry beds, a hard store
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
The azure brooks, where Dian joys to lave
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore
Dim shades—for relics, upon Lethie's shore,
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
To female hands the treasures were resigned;
And to this Work—a grotto bright and clear
From stain or taint; in which thy blameless mind
May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere;
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
To holy musings, it may enter here.

XVIII.
TO LADY SEA.
LADY! the songs of Spring
While I was shaping beds for
While I was planting green
And shrubs—to hang upon;
And sheltering wall; and at
The dream, to time and not
I gave this paradise for you.
A labyrinth, Lady! which;
Yes! when the sun of life is
Becoming thoughts, I trust,
Or of high gladness you shall
And these perennial bowers
Be gracious as the music are;
And all the mighty ravishment

XIX.
THERE is a pleasure in one
Which only Poets know:—'
Whom could the Muse of
Their smoothest paths, to we
When happiest Fancy has
How oft the malice of one
Pursues the Enthusiast to
Haunts him belated on the
Yet he repines not, if his t
At last, of hindrance and o
Fresh as the star that crow
Bright, speckless, as a sofl
The moment it has left the
Or rain-drop lingering on t

XX.
THE Shepherd, looking eas
"Bright is thy veil, O Mo;
Forthwith, that little cloud,
And penetrated all with te
She cast away, and allowed
Uncovered; dazzling the E
As if to vindicate her beaut
Her beauty thoughtlessly d
Meanly that veil, remov
Went floating from her, d:
And a huge mass, to bury c
Approached this glory of th
Who meekly yields, and is
With one calm triumph of t
\textit{XXI.}

Sight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
At Thon as undiscerning Night;
As only to remove from sight
able distinctions.—Ancient Power!
The waters gleam, the mountains lower,
He Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
ag wild, he laid him down to rest
re rock, or through a leafy bower
his eyes were closed. By him was seen
une Vision which we now behold,
See bidding, shadowy Power! brought th:
bye barriers, and the gulf between;
the stars,—a spectacle as old
panning of the heavens and earth!

\textit{XXII.}

\textit{XXIV.}

Even as a dragon’s eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns yet Taper—mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:
The lake below reflects it not; the sky
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing—or they sing,
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

\textit{XXV.}

The stars are mansions built by Nature’s hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature’s sage command.
Glad thought for every season, but the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
‘Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year’s prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower,—was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

\textit{XXVI.}

Desponding Father! mark this altered bough,
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dew; what more unsightly now,
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
Invisible! yet Spring her genial brow
Knits not o’er that discoloring and decay
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
At like unlovely process in the May
Of human life: a Stripping’s graceless 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.
## XVII.

**CAPTIVITY.—MARRY QUEEN OF SCOTS.**

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier chill,
Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
Glistening with unperticipated ray,
Or shining slope where he must never stray;
So joys, remembered without wish or will,
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.

Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind
To fit proportion with my altered state!
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Reflected in my bosom all too late!—
O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait;
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind!"

## XVIII.

**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,
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
Of her loved mistress; soon the music died,
And Catherine said, "Breathe not up my rest."

Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought
A home that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed;—she heard it now, or felt
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
And there, a saintly Anchorses, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

## XXIX.

"—gives to sky 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,
Seen the Seven Whistlers in their nightly rounds,
And counted them: and oftentimes will start—
For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's Hounds
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!"

## XXX.

**FOUR SYRIAN STEEPS IMPATIENT OF THE REIN**

Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,
Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
Yes, there was One;—for One, anumber fly
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
And green vale open out, with grove and field,
And the fair front of many a happy Home;
Such tempting spots as into vision come
While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
And sick at heart of strifeful Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

## XXXI.

**BROOK! WHOSE SOCIETY THE POET SEES,**

Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears;—no Naiad shouldst thou be,—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hair:
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good:
Unworn joy, and life without its cares.

## XXXII.

**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 falser and demur,
Checked in your course by many a treading burr;
These natural council-seats your acid blood
Might cool;—and, as the Genius of the flood
Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy gleams
That o'er the pavement of the surging streams
Welter and flash, a synod might detain
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched themes!
XXXIII.

IS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE SUGGESTED
BY MR. W. WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC.
IN YORKSHIRE.

Re element of waters! whereasoe'er
On dost forsoke thy subterranean haunts,
Een herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing
Plants, se into life and in thy train appear:
5 That, through the sunny portion of the year,
Ist insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants:
6 If thy bounty fail, the forest pants;
6 Hart and hind and hunster with his spear,
Aish and droop together. Nor unfelt
Man's perturbed soul thy sway benign;
8 Happily, far within the marble belt
Central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
8 Grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
Air anguish— and they blend sweet songs with
Thine.*

XXXIV.

MALHAK COXIE

As the aim frustrated by force or guile,
Ben giants scooped from out the rocky ground,
Or under tier, this semi-circum profound!
Plants— the same who built in Erin's isle
Last Ceneway with incomparable toil!—
Had this vast theatric structure wound
With finished sweep into a perfect round,
So mightier work had gained the plausible smile
Of all-beholding Phoebus! But, alas,
Earth! false world! Foundations must be laid
In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is and was,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make adding transite o'er thought's optic glass
Then noblest objects utterly decayed.

XXXV.

ORDNALE.

At my dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with failing light, and shadowy Eve
Is least to confer and to bereave;
Then, precise Votary! let thy feet repair
To Gondal-bower, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch; for so, by leave

Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive
The local Deity, with oozey hair
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,
Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt sea tides!

XXXVI.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and 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;
Nor ever 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!

XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

To

If these brief Records, by the Muse's 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 glistening 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.

* This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.
PART III.

I.

Thou art the bold wings of Poesy affect
The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deck,
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect
The lingering dew—there steals along, or stops
Watching the least small bird that round her hops,
Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.
Her functions are they therefore less divine,
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent
Her simplest fancies! Should that fear be thine,
Aspiring Vertue, ere thy hand present
One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,
With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

II.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!
In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth;
Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth:
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my striding feet;
Face the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious street—
An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown!

III.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow
Such transport, though but for a moment's space;
Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—
The crecent moon clove with its glittering prow
The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough;
But in plain daylight—She, too, at my side,
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!
Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;
Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;
Take from her brow the withering flowers of eve,
And to that brow life's morning wreath restore;
Let her be comprehended in the frame
Of these musings, or they please no more.

IV.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
The vestments brocaded with barbaric pride;
And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that furtive eye
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-descried.
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?
'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,
We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check nor time abate!

V.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE THE THIRD).

Ward of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King
Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;
Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
Darkness as thick as life o'er life could cling,
Save haply for some feeble glimmering
Of Faith and Hope—if thou, by nature's dooms,
Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling.
When thankfulness were best!—Fresh-flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
Which justly it can claim. The Nation sees
In this deep knell, silent for three-score years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory!

VI.

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 quire of Richmond hill
Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
Strains that recalled to mind a distant day:
When, haply under shade of that same wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
Piled steady between those willowy shores,
The sweet-sealed Poet of the Seasons stood—
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.
VII.
A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Alone ground begins, unhailed ends,
By no distinguishable line;
Unites, the pathways intertwine;
Recross the stealing footstep tends,
And that Domain where kindred, friends,
Hours rest together, here confound
Real features, mingled like the sound
Waters, or an evening blend.

Night, Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
Remittest, to each silent grave;
those lofty poplars gently wave,
Between them comes and goes a sky
The glimpses of eternity,
Accompanied in their mortal hour.

VIII.
AMONG THE RuINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

Shattered galleries, mid roofless hails,
With timid footsteps oft betrayed,
Scars, scar, now crucibles to upbrand
Though high, gentle among the Thralls
Upon these wounds hath laid its touch,
Soft as light that falls.

Wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,
Pining the profoundest sleep of shade.

Wreck! Wreck of forgotten wars.
Abandoned and the prying stars
Thee at his call the Seasons turn,
Wreaths around thy forhead hoar;
Whose pomp and changes can restore,
Recompence, his gift, is thine.

IX.
To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales 1824.

How art thou named! In search of what strange land
From what huge height, descending! Can such force
Of waters issue from a British source,
Or hath not Jupies led thee, where the band
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand
Desperate as thine! Or come the incessant shocks
From that young Stream, that smites the throbbling
Rocks of Viamala! There I seem to stand,
As in life's morn; permitted to behold,
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods,
In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose;
Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

X.
IN THE WOODS OF BIDAL.

WILD Redbreast! hast thou at Jemima's lip
Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say,
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
Its glistening dew; but hallowed is the clay
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is grey,
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
Nor could I let one thought—a motion—slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose care
Vouchsafed no sparrow faileth to the ground
Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

XII.
When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
Like a Form sculptured on a monument
Lay couched; on him or his dread bow unbent
Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From his lov'd home, and from heroic toil.

And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;
Yes, veriest reptiles have suffered to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.
XIII.

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge;
Or float with music in the festal barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet, helped by Genius—untired 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;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eye.

XIV.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Nor the whole warbling grove in concert heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unair'd,
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
The lordly eagle race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never more
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But, long as cock shall crow from household perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!

XV.

TO

[Miss the not the occasion: by the fourlock take.
First whistle Dower, the snare-halling Time.
Last a mere moment's putting off—'twill make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

"Wait, prince, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw
Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed.
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,
Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true
To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
(peak Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its rootless
She could not rescue, perished in her sight.]

XVI.

THE INFANT

Unquiet Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
In painful struggles. Mouths each other chase,
And nought untunes that Infant's voice; so true
Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
That one enwrap 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 alone with kindred light;
A nursing couched upon her mother's knee;
Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

XVII.

TO ——, IN HER SEVENTH YEAR.

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 [sight,
Than flesh and blood; whence'er thou meet'st my
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

XVIII.

TO ROTHIA Q——.

Rothia, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
When at the sacred font for thee I stood;
Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day
For steadfast hope the contract to fulfill;
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
Embodied in the music of this Lay.

[Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain
Whose murmur soothes thy languid Mother's ear
After her throws, this Stream of name more dear
Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
For others; for thy future self, a spell
To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

* The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the
Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

XX.

ANTIQUE DISCOVERIES AT BISHOPSTON,
HEREFORDSHIRE.

E poing Antiquarians search the ground
With curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,
Fire:—The men that have been reappear;
As for travel girt, for business gowned;
One recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
All gleam: why not? For fresh and clear
As hues were of the passing year,
This time-buried pavement. From that mound
A may come forth of Tranjan, Maximins,
Into coins with all their warlike toil:
The dissever issues with its foil derness—the Wolf,
Whose buckling Twain slobbered ploughboy pities when he wins
Such treasure from the furrowed soil.

1830.

WORTH! thy stately mansion, and the pride
Domain, strange contrast do present
Use and home in many a craggy rent;
Wild Peak; where new-born waters glide
Till fields whose thrifty occupants abide
A dear and chosen banishment,
Every semblance of entire content;
Is simple Nature, fairly tried!
Is whose heart in childhood gave her troth
Aural dales, thin-set with modest farms,
Em, if judgment strengthen with his growth,
Not for fancy only, pomp hath charms;
Weariness to protect from lawless harms:
Extases of favoured life, may honour both.

XXII.

A TRADITION OF GREY HILL IN DARLEY DALE,
DERBYSHIRE.

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face to face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen Tree; then, eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight that fond memorial;—the trees grew,
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again
Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain;
Nor sought of mutual joy or sorrow knew
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity.

XXIII.

PETIT, PHILL.

(ON THE WATERS BETWEEN Preston AND Liverpool.)

Untroubled through all severity of cold;
Inviolate, whate'er the cottage heath
Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth;
That Pile of Turf is half a century old:
Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work on earth:
Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold
Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
Through reverence, touch it only to repair
Its waste:—Though crumbling with each breath of air,
In annual renovation thus it stands—
Rude Mausoleum! but wares nestle there,
And red-breasted warble when sweet sounds are rare.

XXIV.

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 Time spare the colours for the grace
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt
And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
And think and feel as once the Poet felt.
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
Unrecognised through many a household tear
More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops of dew
By morning shed around a flower half-blown;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXV.

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless agistine—

Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

XXVI.

TO R. B. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BOONA PACE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of coloures; I applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that laboured to enslave
The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill—

Hack turned, arms folded, the unapparent face
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them. The unquiet Power pursues his way,
And before him doth dawn perpetual run.

XXVII.

A Post!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor darest to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.

Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its own divine vitality.

XXVIII.

THE most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendor, shall we covet storms,
And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high!
Behold, already they forget to shine,
Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed a sigh.

Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
Of pure delight, come whencesoever it may,
Peace let us seek,—to stedfast things attune,
Calm expectations, leaving to the gay
And volatile their love of transient bower;
The house that cannot pass away be ours.

XXIX.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and Warem both
Stand
On ground yet stern with their last battle's wreck;
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side
Hangs that day's tresured sword, how firm a check
Is given to triumph and all human pride!

Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed
Elites not, but brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame
In Heaven; hence no one blushes for thy name,
Conqueror, mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

XXX.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1833.

Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.

Does joy approach! they meet the coming tide;
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol,—each with his shadow at his side,
Varying its shape wherever he may run.

As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new!
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

XXXI.
ere she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
and hand, as if she needed rest
of her eyelids an ethereal glance;
the less—may more—that countenance,
be illuminated, tells of painful strife
heart made weary of this life
long crossed with adverse circumstance.
She was now as when she hoped to pass
appointed hour to them who tread
a sapphire pavement, yet breathed well
content,
used, her foot should print earth's common
grass,
ankful for day's light, for daily bread,
th, and time in obvious duty spent.

XXXII.
TO A PAINTER.
ise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed;
a fruitless task to paint for me,
eling not to changes Time has made,
habited light of memory see
ished, see bloom that cannot fade,
les that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee
land where ghosts and phantoms be;
ing this, own nothing in its stead,
ou go back into far-distant years,
with me, fond thought! that inward eye,
sonly, Painter! could thy Art
ual powers of Nature satisfy,
hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
ereign empire in a faithful heart.

XXXIII.
ON THE SAME SUBJECT.
I beheld at first with blank surprise
or, I now see it was so long
brush with unrelenting eyes;
beloved! I have done thee wrong,
as of blessedness, but, when the e're sprang,
heedless, as I now perceive:
to noon did pass, noon into eve,
cld day was welcome as the young
one, and as beautiful—in sooth
heart, as being a thing more holy:
to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
blessedness, never melancholy;
art heart and humble mind, that cast
vision, future, present, past.

XXXIV.
WARD by the Thrush, undaunted, undepressed,
By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
Nor does that roaring wind endanger his strain
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more best.
Thanks! thou hast snapped a fire-side Prisoner's
Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.
Yes, I will forth, bold Bird: and front the blast,
That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,
Mute in her nest love-choesen, if not love-built.
Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,
Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.

Rycedal Mount, 1838.

XXXV.
'Twas He whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm—but how subdued
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attain
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane!
Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster prove
(The balance trembling between night and morn
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven above,
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

XXXVI.
Oh what a Wreak! how changed in mien and
Yet—though dread Powers, that work in mystery,
spin
Entanglements of the brain; though shadows stretch
O'er the chilled heart—reflect; far, far within
Hers a holy Being, freed from Sin.
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
To Her from heights that Reason may not win.
Like Children, She is privileged to hold
Divine communion; both do live and move,
What'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
Love pitying innocence not long to last,
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.
XXXVII.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake
You busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon:
Great is their glee while flake they add to flake
With rival earnestness; far other strife
Than will hereafter move them, if they make
Pastime their idol, give their day of life
To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.
Can pomp and show alloy one heart-born grief?
Pains which the World inflicts can she require?
Not for an interval however brief;
The silent thoughts that search for steadfast light,
Love from her depths, and Duty in her might;
And Faith—these only yield secure relief.
March 5th, 1843.

XXXVIII.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
To every author, Equity is lame;
And social Justice, strict of reverence
For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;
Law but a casual dupe of false pretence,
If, guarding grossest things from common claim
Now and for ever, Sis, to works that came
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.
"What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
For Books?" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved
That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved
Like others, with like temporal hopes to die;
No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned; and streams of truth dried up, even at
their source!

XXXIX.

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1835.

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have here
Disposed some cultured Flowers (drawn from spots
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),
Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
Both to the allure the casual Loiterer,
And that, so placed, my Nurslings may require
Studios regard with opportune delight,
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

XL.

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER W.
MASTER OF HARLOW.

After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicus
ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly I
Have I received this proof of p
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on
That, in our native isle, and ev
The Church, when trusting in t
And in her Catholic attributes,
O may these lessons be with p
To thy heart's wish, thy labour
So the bright faces of the yon
Shall look more bright—the h
Catch, in the pauses of their k
Motions of thought which elev
And, like the Spire that from
Points heavenward, indicate t
Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1843.

XL.

TO THE PLANET

Upon its approachment (as an Evening f
WHAT strong allurement draw
Thou, Vesper! brightening sti
Thou com'st to man's abode t
Night after night! True is it
Her treasures less and less.—
In power, where once he trem
Science advances with giganti
But are we aught enriched in
Aught dost thou see, bright S
More than in humbler times
That makes our hearts more
With heaven, our souls more
When earth shall vanish for
Ere we lie down in our last d

XLI.

WANSFELL!* this Household
Living with liberty on thee t
To-watch while Morn first croa
Or when along thy breast sea
Evening's angelic clouds, v
Hath sounded (shame upon t
For all that thou, as if from
Of glory lavished on our quit
Bountiful Son of Earth! who
From every object dear to r
As soon we shall be, may the
How oft, to elevate our spiri
Thy visionary majesties of f
How in thy pensive glooms c
Dec. 24, 1842.

* The Hill that rises to the soul
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
Mid his paternal fields at random thrown!
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-head
Given to the pausing traveller’s rapturous glance:
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.
October 1826, 1844.

XLVI.

Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows; ye gloriéd in each scar;
Now, for your shame, a Tower, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o’er Britain like a beneficent star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
Heard ye that Whistle! As her long-linked Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view!
Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.

XLVII.

At Furness Abbey.

Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,
Man left this Structure to become Time’s prey
A soothing spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursing.
See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin
Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,
The flowers in pearly dews their bloom renewing!
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;
Even as I speak the rising Sun’s first smile
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower
Whose caving occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
Where, Cavendish, thine seems nothing but: a name!

XLVIII.

At Furness Abbey.

Well have you Railway Labourers to this ground
Withdrawn for noonide rest. They sit, they walk
Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
Is heard; to grave demeanour all are bound;
And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound
Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.
Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was
raised,
To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace:

All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
And by the general reverence God is praised
Profane Despilers, stand ye not reproved,
While thus these simple-hearted men are

June 13th, 1803.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1803.

II.

DEPARTURE
FROM THE VALE OF GRAEMERIE. AUGUST, 1803.

The gentle 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 bold
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold;
O'er Limbo lake with airy flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
Such animation often do I find,
Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,
Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,
Perchance without one look behind me cast,
Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.
O pleasant transit, Grasmere! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine;
Not like an outcast with himself at strife;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,
But moved by choice; or, if constrained in part,
Yet still with Nature's freedom at the heart;—
To call contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors;
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold,
—Then why these lingering steps!—A bright
adieu.

For a brief absence, prove that love is true;
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

Sighing I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chaunted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

III.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANES OF BETH,
NEAR THE FORT'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—
With holly spray,
He sanctified, drifted to and fro,
And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister, thronr
Our minds when, lingering all too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung
In social grief—
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid Stream
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true,
When Wisdom p ospered in his sight
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his Book in hand,
We went to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
There lurks his home; in that Abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
The Rustic sate.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,  
Before it humbly let us pause,  
And ask of Nature, from what cause  
And by what rules  
She trained her Burns to win applause  
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen  
Are felt the flashes of his pen;  
He rules mid winter snows, and when  
Bees fill their hives;  
Deep in the general heart of men  
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far cliuo  
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,  
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme  
From genuine springs,  
Shall dwell together till old Time  
Folds up his wings!

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven  
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;  
The useful conflict, the heart riven  
With vain endeavour,  
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,  
Effaced for ever.

But why to Him confine the prayer,  
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear  
On the frail heart the purest share  
With all that live!—  
The best of what we do and are,  
Just God, forgive!*  

IV.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,  
AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER.

The Poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard. We  
looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections,  
repeating to each other his own verses—  
"Is there a man whose judgement clear," &c.  
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!

* See note.

Through twilight shades of good and ill  
Ye now are panting up life's hill,  
And more than common strength and skill  
Must ye display;  
If ye would give the better will  
Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear  
Intemperance with less harm, beware!  
But if the Poet's wit ye share,  
Like him can speed  
The social hour—of tenfold care  
There will be need;

For honest men delight will take  
To spare your fallings 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 hills  
He paid to Nature tuneful vows;  
Or wiped his honourable brows  
Becloven with toil,  
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs  
Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray  
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;  
But ne'er to a seductive lay  
Let faith be given;  
Nor deem that 'light which leads astray  
Is light from Heaven.'

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;  
Be independent, generous, brave;  
Your Father such example gave,  
And such revere;  
But be admonished by his grave,  
And think, and fear!
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

V.

ELLEN IRWIN:

THE BRAES OF KIRKLE.  

An Ellen Irwin, when she sat
On the braes of Kirkle,
In lovely as a Grecian maid
Drest with wreaths of myrtle;
Aye, Adam Bruce beside her lay,
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Each the budding beechees.

How many knights and many squires
To Bruce had been selected;
Yet on Gordon, fairest of them all,
Eldest was rejected.

To that noble Youth!
It may be proclaimed with truth,
That he loved Ellen sincerely,
But Gordon loves as dearly.

As are Gordon's form and face,
Shattered hopes and crosses,
So Bruce's pleasant brack,
Blessed on flowers and mosses!

And when he was born!
So Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
They and their caressing;
Their blest and blessing.

And Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,
And forth, and at the heart of Bruce
Brought a deadly javelin!

Ellen saw it as it came,
Starting up to meet the same,
With her body cover
Youth, her chosen lover.

Falling into Bruce's arms,
Died the sweet beauty Ellen,
From the heart of her true-love,
Dreadful spear repelling.

Bruce, as soon as he had slain
Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
'Sought with rage incessant
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 Kirkonnel churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn JEt Tat !

VI.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(At Inveresk, 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;
And these grey rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years,
Thou, neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benevolence and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Hers scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need.
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wearest 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 courtseyies, 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 call
For thee who art so beautiful!
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea—and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common 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 recompence.
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!

VII.

GLEN-ALMAIN;

or,

THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Osian, 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 rest
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were
And everything unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it—I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit’s cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead:
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Osian, last of all his race!
Lies buried in this lonely place.

VIII.

STEPPING WESTWARD.

While my Fellow traveller and I were walking by
of Loch Ketternie, one fine evening after sunset,
road to a Hut where, in the course of our Tour,
been hospitably entertained some weeks before, in
in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary regis-
well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, to
of greeting, “What, you are stepping westward?"

“`What, you are stepping westward?‘”—I
—`Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on!

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of seemingly 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 enwrapt
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

Whate'er the theme, the Maidens 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.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, lost, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

X.

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 (for an
island the food had made it) at some distance from the
shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruchan,
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,—mist rested upon
the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a
mild devotion in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur
in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—
not dismantled of turrets—not the walls broken down,
though obviously a ruin.—*Extract from The Journal of
my Companion.

CHILD of lond-throwed War! the mountain Stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care
Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in place
And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
But a mere footstool to thy sovereign Lord,
Huge Cruchan, (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, suspend his own; submitting
All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
All that he holds in common with the stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time
Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unreproved!
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite
To pay thee homage; and with these are joined,
In willing admiration and respect,
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called
Youthful as Spring.—Shades of departed Power,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle we welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infant years!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,
To the perception of this Age, appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued.
And quieted in character—the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades* 1

XI.

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
Pinefold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate
Appearance, which the traveller meets with in the High-
lands 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!

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 statues and their shelves:
They stir us up against our kind;
And worse, against ourselves.

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

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

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

For why!—because the good old rule
Suffoceth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the paw;
And they should keep who can.

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

All freakishness of mind is checked;
He tamed, who foolishly aspireth;
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;

* The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady
during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND. 225

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

The 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 chase few meagre Vales confined;
But thought how wide the world, the times,
Fell fairly to his mind!

And as his Sword he would have said,
"You, my sovereign will enact
Proven had to stand through half the earth!
Judge thou of law and fact!

The 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 wax to the sign of life and death;
Kings, too, shall shift about, like clouds,
Obdient 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 could not wrong thee, Champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For there, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild Chief of a savage Clan!
Hidest thine to boast of; thou didst love
The liberty of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's land;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine as at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
 Alone upon Loch Yool's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's breezes!

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.

XII.

SONNET.

COMPILED AT — CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame takes him,) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horse,
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged — Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XIII.

YARROW UNVISITED.

(See the various Poems, the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning

'Bisk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,'
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!' —)

From Stirling castle we had seen
The many 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 Bruces of Yarrow."
"Let Yarrow folk, free Solieck town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let heroes feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow!

What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under!
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My True-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock*,
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 bevese and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it!
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

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

XIV.
SONNET
IN THE PASS OF KILLCARNY
An invasion being expected, October 1644.
Six thousand veterans practised in war's game
Tried men, at Killcranny were arrayed
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a whirlwind's cress
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like the
And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the
Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the Men of England see;
And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

XV.
THE MATRON OF JEDBURGH AND HER HUSBAND.
At Jedborough, my companion and I went into priv
belongings for a few days; and the following Verses
called forth by the character and domestic situation
our Hostess.

Age! twine thy brow with fresh spring flow
And call a train of laughing Hours;
And bid them dance, and bid them sing;
And then, too, mingle in the ring!
Take to thy heart a new delight;
If not, make merry in despite
That there is One who scorn's thy power;—
But dance! for under Jedborough Tower,
A Matron dwells who, though she bears
The weight of more than seventy years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

* See Hamilton's Ballad as above.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

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, dropping, that is now his doom:
His world is in this single room:
Is this a place for mirthful cheer?
Can merry-making enter here!

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him that forsook estate;
He brushes a subterranean dump;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp:
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower:
She found 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 ended the Vale to holiday.

I praise thee, Matron! and thy due
I take, heroic praise, and true!
With admiration I behold
Thy goodness unembused 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!
Delight am I for thy sake;
And yet a higher joy partake:
Our human nature throws away
Its sensual light, and looks gay;
A heft of promise and of pride
Casting wide as life is wide.

Ah! see her helpless Charge! enclosed
Within himself as seems, composed;
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain,
Cruelly dead! yet in the guise
Of little infants, when their eyes
Beg 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;
As animal delight though dim!
To all that now remains for him

The more I looked, I wondered more—
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
Some inward trouble suddenly
Broke from the Matron's strong black eye—
A remnant of uneasy light,
A flash of something over-bright!
Nor long this mystery did detain
My thoughts;—she told in penive 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 so untimely joyousness;
Which makes of thine a blissful state;
And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

XVI.

Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!
Say that we come, and come by this day's light;
Fly upon swiftest wing round field and height,
But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale;
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that shall not fail:
And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
Yes, 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.

XVII.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.
A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

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
That, under hills which rise like towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love:
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow—
And thus from house to house would go;
And all were pleased to hear and see,
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrent roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake the
Not small like on
But one of mighty
That, rough or at
And stirring

For to this lake,!
The great Sea-wa
Through long, lo
And drinks up al
And rivers !

Then hurries bac
Returns, on erra
This did it when
And this for eva
As long as e

And, with the co
Come boats an
Between the woc
And to the shep
Bring tales :

And of those tal
The blind Boy al
Whether of mig
With warmer su
Or wonders

Yet more it plea
When from the 'n
The shouting, an
The bustle of the
In stillness :

But what do his
For He must ne
Nor mount the n
In sailor's ship, (c
Upon the re

His Mother oft
What sin would
If she should su
Whate'er you do
The danger

Thus lived he by
Still sounding wi
And heard the bi
Without a shado
Till he was ;
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>When one day (and now mark me well,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ye soon shall know how this befell)</td>
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<tr>
<td>He in a vessel of his own,</td>
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<td>On the swift flood is hurrying down,</td>
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<td>Down to the mighty Seas.</td>
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<tr>
<td>In such a vessel never more</td>
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<td>May human creature leave the shore!</td>
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<td>If this or that way he should stir,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Woe to the poor blind Mariner!</td>
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<td>For death will be his doom.</td>
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<tr>
<td>But say what bears him!—Ye have seen</td>
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<td>The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,</td>
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<td>Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;</td>
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<td>Gifts which, for wonder or delight,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Are brought in ships from far.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Such gifts had those seafaring men</td>
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<td>Spread round that haven in the glen;</td>
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<td>Each lust, perchance, might have its own;</td>
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<td>And to the Boy they all were known—</td>
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<td>He knew and prized them all.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The vessel was a Turtle-shell</td>
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<td>Which he, poor Child, had studied well;</td>
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<tr>
<td>A shell of ample size, and light</td>
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<td>As the sportive dolphins drew.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And, as a Coracle that braves</td>
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<td>On Toga's breast the fretful waves,</td>
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<tr>
<td>The shell upon the deep would swim,</td>
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<td>And gaily lift its fearless brim</td>
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<tr>
<td>Above the tossing surge.</td>
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<td>And this the little blind Boy knew:</td>
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<td>And how strange yet true</td>
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<td>And heard, how in a shell like this</td>
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<tr>
<td>An English Boy, O thought of bliss!</td>
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<td>And stoutly launched from shore;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Launched from the margin of a bay</td>
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<td>Among the Indian isles, where lay</td>
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<td>In father's ship, and had sailed far—</td>
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<td>That gallant ship of war,</td>
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<td>In his delightful shell.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Highland Boy oft visited</td>
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<td>The breast that held this prize; and, led</td>
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<tr>
<td>His choice or chance, did thither come</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day when no one was at home,</td>
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<td>And found the door unbarred.</td>
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<tr>
<td>While there he sat, alone and blind,</td>
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<td>That story flashed upon his mind;</td>
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<td>A bold thought reposed him, and he took</td>
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<td>The shell from out its secret nook,</td>
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<td>And bore it on his head.</td>
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<tr>
<td>He launched his vessel,—and in pride</td>
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<td>Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,</td>
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<td>Stepped into it—his thoughts all free</td>
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<td>As the light breezes that with glee</td>
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<td>Sang through the adventurer's hair.</td>
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<td>A while he stood upon his feet;</td>
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<td>He felt the motion—took his seat;</td>
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<td>Still better pleased as more and more</td>
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<td>The tide retreated from the shore,</td>
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<td>And sucked, and sucked him in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And there he is in face of Heaven.</td>
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<td>How rapidly the Child is driven!</td>
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<td>The fourth part of a mile, I ween,</td>
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<td>He thus had gone, ere he was seen</td>
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<td>By any human eye.</td>
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<td>But when he was first seen, oh me.</td>
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<td>What shrieking and what misery!</td>
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<td>For many saw; among the rest</td>
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<td>His Mother, she who loved him best,</td>
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<td>She saw her poor blind Boy.</td>
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<td>But for the child, the sightless Boy,</td>
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<td>It is the triumph of his joy!</td>
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<td>The bravest traveller in balloon,</td>
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<td>Mounting as it to reach the moon,</td>
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<td>Was never half so blessed.</td>
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<td>And let him, let him go his way,</td>
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<td>Alone, and innocent, and gay!</td>
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<tr>
<td>For, if good Angels love to wait</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the forlorn unfortunate,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Child will take no harm.</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>But now the passionate lament,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which from the crowd on shore was sent,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The cries which broke from old and young</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Gaelic, or the English tongue,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are stifled—all is still.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And quickly with a silent crew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A boat is ready to pursue;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And from the shore their course they take,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And swiftly down the running lake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They follow the blind Boy.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
But soon they move with softer pace;
So have ye seen the Fowler chase
On Grasmere’s clear unruffled breast
A youngling of the wild-duck’s nest
With deftly-lifted ear;

Or as the wily sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
The hapless creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing shell,
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,
They follow, more and more afraid,
More cautious as they draw more near;
But in his darkness he can hear,
And guesses their intent.

"Lei-gha—Lei-gha"—he then cried out,
"Lei-gha—Lei-gha"—with eager shout;
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
And what he meant was, "Keep away,
And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands——
You’ve often heard of magic wands,
That with a motion overthrow
A palace of the proudest show,
Or melt it into air:

So all his dreams—that inward light
With which his soul had shone so bright—
All vanished;—twas a heartfelt cross
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice,
With which the very hills rejoice;
’Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
Have watched the event, and now can see
That he is safe at last.

And then, who
Full sure they
Which, gathering
Of that great V
And welcomed

And in the gen
The blind Boy
He leapt about
His master’s heel
With sound

But most of all
She who had in
Rejoiced when
The Child; wh
And touched

She led him on
When he was in
Tears flowed in
She kissed him
She was to

Thus, after he
The perilous D
And, though he
Yet he was in
To live in

And in the long
Still do they kr
And long the e
Of the blind B
And how I

Note.—It is recorded
son of the captain of a
Turtle-shell, and floats
ship, which lay at and
in deference to the opus
such a shell f e the b
Voyager did actually
rent of Loch Leven, as
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

I.

D by a beautiful ruin upon one of the
of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for the
of a solitary individual, from whom this
now acquired the name of

THE BROWNIE’S CELL.

n heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,
of labyrinthine glen;
rackless forest set
en, whose lofty umbrage met;
heated Men withdrew of yore;
their trust, and prayer their store;
he wilderness were bound
apartments as they found;
a new ambition raised;
I might suitably be praised.

II.

god the Warrior, like a bird of prey;
wide waters round him lay:
wide Ruin is no ghost
vices—buried, lost!
his little lonely isle
ood a consecrated Pile;
somers burned, and mass was sung,
av whom timidity clung
shall succour, though the tomb
en, for ever fixed, their doom!

III.

We servants of another world
adding Power her bolts had hurled,
bitation shook;—it fell,
shed, save one narrow cell;
, at length, a Wretch retired
ther grovelled nor aspired:
gliding in the net of pride,
re scorned, the past defied;
pering, from the ungueful forge
concit, an iron scourge!

IV.

Revenant was he of a fearless Race,
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
Burnt, when repose grew wearisome;
And, taking impulse from the sword,
And, mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare’s bourn, its travel’s belt!

V.

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade;
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head
Beneath the change; who heard a claim
How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
(Seemed it) down a strange descent:
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
Him, free from all malicious taint,
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwearied—to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan!

VII.

Sun’s through blood their western harbour sought,
And stars that in their courses fought;
Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
And beast and bird that from the spell
Of sleep took import terrible;—
These types mysterious (if the show
Of battle and the routed foe
Had failed) would furnish an array
Of matter for the dawning day!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

III.
How disappeared He—that ask the newt and toad,
Inhabitants of his abode;
The other 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.

X.
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 Ily from her sleep
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is warbling near the Brownsea's Den.

Wild Roseline! beauteous as the chosen spot
In Nym'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, glazed,
Close-crowding round the infant-god;
All colours,—and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek!

II.
COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,
IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

—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.

Loom of the vale! astounding Flood;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented Tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear;
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
Lord of the vale! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully descried:—
Their transient mission over,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy!
To what un trodden 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 woe 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, Leondias
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri's lake, where Tell
Leapt, from his stormy fleet, to land,
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

III.

EFFUSION,

IN PLEASURABLE GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAH, NEAR DUNKFORD.

be waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we expect it. We were first, however, conducted into an apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look picture of Osian, which, while he was telling the story of the young Artist who executed the work, died, parting in the middle—flying around us by the help of magic—and lo! we are at the entrance of a still apartment, which was almost disa and silver vases, that tumbled in all directions; the great side, opposite the window, which faced us, being studded with innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and at the walls."—Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-travelers.

Just then—who, amid the kindred throng of heroes that inspired his song, not yet frequent the hill of storms, he saw dim-twinkling through their forms! O that Osian here—a painted Tirrell, this fixture on a stuccoed wall; a mere—an unsuspected screen to show that must not yet be seen; at, when the moment comes, to part of truth by mysterious art; and, harp, and body, split asunder, a gem to a world of wonder; by salon, with waters dancing on the sight wherever glancing; a bold cascade in front, and lo! bound like it, white as snow—songs on the walls, and torrent-foam active round the hollow dome, these cataracts! of their terrors stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors, catch the pageant from the flood clerking adown a rocky wood. it pains to dazzle and confound! a strife of colour, shape and sound is quaint medley, that might seem, seen out of a sick man's dream! the scene, fantastic and uneasy, ever made a maniac dizzy, in disenchanted from the mood—sooth on sullen thoughts to brood!

Nature—in thy changeful visions, through all thy most abrupt transitions, death, graceful, tender, or sublime—sovereign to pantomime,

Thee neither do they know nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured Spot;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The Bard from such indignity!

* The Effigies of a valiant Wight
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
Not prostrate, not like those that rest
On tombs, with palms together prest,
But sculptured out of living stone,
And standing upright and alone,
Both hands with rival energy
Employed in setting his sword free
From its dull sheath—sterling sentinel
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;
As if with memory of the affray
Far distant, when, as legends say,
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's core,
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:
Unearthly workmanship, and rude!
But, nursed in mountain solitude,
Might some aspiring artist dare
To seize whate'er, through misty air,
A ghost, by glimpses, may present
Of imitable lineament,
And give the phantom an array
That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Osian out of mural rock,

* On the banks of the River Nith, near Knarborough.
And leave the figurative Man—
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!—
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old indiscretion abused.

What though the Granite would deny
All favour 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 affection interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deserted man applauds;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern
The freshness, the everlasting youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart?

Thus (where the intrusive I'll, ill-graced
With babbles of theatric taste,
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
On motley lands of alien flowers
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mused; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

IV.

Yarrow Visited,

September, 1814.

(See page 223.)

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

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

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

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was you smooth moon
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;
Bears witness, rueful Yarrow!
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Mock 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!
Yea cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

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

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

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow,
POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

PART I.

I.

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

Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink
Thou hgest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st
wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

II.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and
blind,
Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour!
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

III.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ANDREY, AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES! as from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side, this public Way
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day*.
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:
A homeless sound of joy was in the sky:
From hour to hour the antiquated Earth,
Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, mirth,
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!
And now, sole register that these things were,
Two solitary greetings have I heard,
'Good morrow, Citizen!' a hollow word,
As if a dead man spake it! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird
Whose vernal covert is winter hath laid bare†.

IV.

1801.

I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that Man's mind—what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes! what knowledge could he gain!
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood;
Wisdom doth live with children round her knee;
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Swain doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are
these.

* 14th July, 1790. † See Note.
VI.

CALLAS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

Hath I seen that were not names :—
Long Bonaparte's natal day,
Sinceforth an established way
Of life. With worship France proclaims
Religion, and with pomp various games.
May that other Cities may be gay !
Not: and I have bent my way
A-coast, noting that each man frames
As he likes. For other show
There witnessed, in a prouder time;
In the palest beauty, then sublime!
Be, who, caring not for Pope,
King, can sound himself to know
Of Man, and live in hope.

VII.

EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

She hold the gorgeous cast in fee;
She the safeguard of the west: the worth
Did not fall below her birth,
Eldes Child of Liberty,
In her City, bright and free;
That shall, no force could violate;
She she took unto herself a Mate,
To perpetuate the everlasting Sea.
For if she had seen those glorious fade,
Blessing vanish, and that strength decay;
Some tribute of regret be paid
Of her life that reached its final day:
We, and must grieve when even the Shade
Which once was great, is passed away.

VIII.

TO TOUCMAIL L'OUTREUR.

Toumaint, 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 Chief! Where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; so thou
Wear in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exertions, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

IX.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Amidst the capricious acts of tyranny that degraded those who, was
The champion of all Europe from France by decree of the govern-ments; we had a Polish passenger who was one of the executed.

We had a female Passenger who came
From Calais with us, spotless in array,—
A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She sat, from notice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech, or to the same
No sign of answer made by word or face;
Yet still her eyes retained their trobie fire,
That, burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
To mock the Outcast.—O ye Heavens, be kind!
And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

X.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells—those boys who in you meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore;—
All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.
XI.

September, 1802. Near Dover.

Island, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into sightful neighbourhood.
I shrank; for verify the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to thee, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

XII.

Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation 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 foughtst against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear had been bereft:
Then clear, O clear to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

XIII.

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 drear
For show; mean handy-work of craftman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idlatriy; 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 law.

XIV.

London, 18

Milton! thou shouldst be living:
England hath need of thee:
Of stagnant waters: altar, sw
Fire-side, the hero’s wealth of
Have forfeited their ancient I
Of inward happiness. We ar
Oh! raise us up, return to us
And give us manners, virtue,
Thy soul was like a Star, and
Thou hast a voice whose son
Pure as the naked heavens; u
So didst thou travel on life’s:
In cheerful godliness; and ye
The lowest duties on herself

XV.

Great men have been among us
And tongues that uttered wise
The later Sidney, Marvel, Ha
Young Vane, and others who
These moralists could act and
They knew how genuine glory
Taught us how rightfully a n
In splendour: what strength
But in magnanimous meekness
Hath brought forth no such e
Perpetual emptiness! unceas
No single volume paramount,
No master spirit, no determin
But equally a want of books s

XVI.

It is not to be thought of that
Of British freedom, which, of
Of the world’s praise, from &
Hath flowed, ‘with pomp of
Roused though it be full of
Which spurrs the check of
That this most famous S
Should perish; and to evil a
Be lost for ever. In our hal
Armoury of the invisible K
We must be free or die, who
That Shakespeare spake; the
Which Milton held.—In ever
Of Earth’s first blood, have t
XVII.

have borne in memory what has tamed
sions, how ennobling thoughts depart
en change swords for ledgers, and desert
ient’s bower for gold, some fears unamed
Country)—am I to be blamed!
I think of thee, and what thou art, n
the bottom of my heart,
unfilial fears I am ashamed,
ry must we prize thee; we who find
bolwark for the cause of men;
y my affection was beguiled:
nder if a Poet now and then,
the many movements of his mind,
eas as a lover or a child!

XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

ght believe that natural miseries
ed France, and made of it a land
men; and that in one great band
were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.
a chosen soil, where sun and breeze
favour : rural works are there,
inary business without care;
 in all things that can soothe and please:
ten then that there should be such dearth
ledge ; that whole myriads should unite
against themselves such fell despite:
 cane in phrenzy and in drunken mirth,
at to put out the only light
ry that yet remains on earth!

XIX.

is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
. Tyrant’s solitary Thrall:
ho walks about in the open air,
. Nation who, henceforth, must wear
sters in their souls. For who could be,
hen the best, in such condition, free
self-reproach, reproach that he must share
man-nature! Never be it ours
be sun how brightly it will shine,
that noble feelings, manly powers,
of gathering strength, must droop and pine;
th with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
participate in man’s decline.

XX.

OCTOBER, 1803.

These times strike monied worldlings with dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or unilled are given,
Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope’s perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death!

XXI.

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou shouldst
wear
Thy heart from its enameled food;
The truth should now be better understood;
Old things have been unsettled; we have seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou wouldst step
between.
England! all nations in this charge agree:
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
Far—for 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!

XXII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

Where, looking on the present face of things,
I see one Man, of men the meanest too!
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty Nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that a doubt almost within me springs
Of Providence, such omnipotence at length
Seems as the heart of all things. But, great God:
I measure back the steps which I have trod;
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
Of such poor instruments, with thoughts sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.
TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.

Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear ye shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parlory, ye, of yore,
Dide from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before;
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were besoiled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords!
Yields every thing to discipline of swords!
Is man as good as man, none low, none high!
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION.

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land
Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,
Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,
And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your pride—
COME ye—who, not less zealous, might display
Banners at enmity with regal sway,
And, like the Pym and Miltons of that day,
Think that a State would live in sounder health
If Kingship bowed its head to Commonwealth—
YE too—whom no discreditable fear
Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,
Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
And ye—who might mistake for sober sense
And wise reserve the plea of indolence—

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

Swordy, for a mighty Victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like sea
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again!—the work is done.
Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show
And greet your sons! drums beat and trumpets blow,
Make merry, wives! ye little children, sun
Your grandnain's ears with pleasure of your noise
Clap, infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys—
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

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
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.
DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;
shades on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
spreads her arms, as if the general air
she could satisfy her wide embrace,
left, Principalities, before her melt!
love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!
She through many a change of form hath gone,
shades amidst now an armed creature,
en passuyl is not a thing put on,
the live souls of a portentous nature;
as, having forced its way from birth to birth,
in round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to
the Earth!

marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
Seal, a sorrowful interpreter,
many a midnight vision boded
the ominous aspect of her spear;
shakes the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
rested her focuss—or, pompously at rest,
used to dimble her orbied shield,
strains a blue bar of solid cloud
cross the setting sun and all the fiery west.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!
so, whereas'er she spread her sovereignty,
she tainted all that was most pure.
—live we not known—and live we not to tell—
but Justice seemed to bear her final knell!
she buried deeper in her own deep breast
she was, and sighed to find them insecure!
shades was maddened by the drops that fell
she chose place of short-lived rest.
she followed shame, and was supplanted woe—
the only change that time can show!

ev shall vengeance sleep! Ye patient
Heavens, how long!

—straw ejaculation! from the tongue
Nations wasting virtue to be strong?
the measure of accorded might,
in being not to fulfill the majesty of right!

The 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, [sawed him.
The same weak wish returns, that had before de-

v.
But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not speed
The course of things, and change the creed
Which hath been held aloft before men's sight
Since the first framing of societies,
Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
Or press together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong.

PART II.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the people at the Isthmian Games
Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
The Liberty of Greece—words resounded
Until all voices in one voice were drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
Yet were the thoughtful griefed; and still that voice
Haunted, with sad echoes, musings fancy's ear:
Ah! that a Conqueror's words should be so dear:
Ah! that a boast 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 , Eiotians smiled with bitter scorn.
"This 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 brawns.—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."

Waxing Spirits are there—who would ask,
the pressure of a painful thing,
be fow's shinew, or the eagle's wing;
let their wishes loose, in forest-gleade,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lovely flowers,
seek, from saints above, miraculous aid—
III.

TO THOMAS CLARKESON, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABDUCTION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

March, 1807.

CLARKESON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
How tedious—say, how dire—It was, by thee
Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly:
But thou, who, starting in thy severest prime,
Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!
The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn;
And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm.
A great man's happiness; thy seal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!

IV.

A PROPHET. FEBRUARY, 1807.

Hark! deede, O Germans, are to come from you!
Thus in your books the record shall be found,
"A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound—
AMINUS!—all the people quaked like dew
Stirred by the breeze; they rose, a Nation, true,
True to herself—the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
She rose, and at once the yoke she threw.
All power was given her in the dreadful trance;
Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame."

—Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and shame
To that Bavarian who could first advance
His banner in accursed league with France,
First open traitor to the German name!

V.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE.

1807.

Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant war.
Is it a mirror!—or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires!—But list! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the
"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds,
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

VI.

Go back to antique ages, if thou
The genuine men and charmed
Of the rich Spirit that still live;
Prompting the world's anarchy
Go back, and see the Tower of
The pyramid extend its prospect
For some Aspirant of our shoes
Anxious an airy name to impose
There, too, are wiles and polit
Gave spectres colouring to air
See the first mighty Hunter
To chase mankind, with men
For his field-pastime high and wide,
While, to disrobe his game,

VII.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR
WRITING A TRACT, OCCASION
TION OF CINTRA.

1808.

Nor 'tis the World's vain o'er
The free-born Soul—that War
In selfish interest perverts th
Whose factions lead astray t
Not there; but in dark wood
And hollow vale which foams
With omnipresent murmur
Down their steep beds, that t
Here, mighty Nature! in the
I weigh the hopes and fears t
For her consult the auguries
And through the human bent
And look and listen—gather
Triumph, and thoughts no b

VIII.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME
OCCASION

1809.

I dropped my pen; and list
That sang of trees up-torn ar
A midnight harmony; and
To the general sense of men
Of business, care, or pleasure
To timely sleep. Thought I, t
Which, without aid of number
Like acceptance from the W
Yet some with apprehensive
A dirge devoutly breathed or
And to the attendant promise
The prophecy,—like that of t
Which, while it makes the best
Tells also of bright calms the
Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty.

IX.

Hopeful.

Nay, parents in the Hero born
On the undaunted Tyrants are led! I
Tell'st great Spirit, from the dead
To animate an age forlorn!

See like Phaethon through the gaps of morn
Dreamy darkness is disseminated,
Ark his misconduct! Upon his head,
A mope crest, a hero's plume, in war.

Riy! they stagger at the shock
To rear—and with one mind would fly,
If their host in burial:—rock on rock
De:—beneath this godlike Warrior, see! I
Arrests, wood, embolden to beware
Rants; and confound his cruelty.

X.

Ere—come forth from thy Tyrian ground,
Liberty! stand! under Nymph of cool unmoved;
Nymph, o sightly of the mountains unnamed!
Sh the long chain of Alps from named to unnamed
Or the eternal sneers, like Echo, hound;
Che; when the hunter train at dawn
Came her from her sleep: and forest-hood,
Woods and caves, her viewless steps reconnoitred
Shed of her passions:—O, dread Power!
Such invincible motion spread thy flight,
Hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
H the green vales and through the hardships man's bower—
H the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, and in all places at one hour.

XII.

Alas! what boasts the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;
Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
And lend us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the way attend
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If ancient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword,—Her haughty Schools Shall blush; and may we with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the hardmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind in this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought?

XIII.

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 battle in the soul. This knew
Heronius Burghers when the sword they draw
In Zaragoza, asked to the gates
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
By Paladins, and many a brave companion,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
By ladies, mock-eyed women without fear;
And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find.

XIV.

Over the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
Dwell 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 unvarying times of fear and pain?
Such does await us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
We knew the redoubled strain, the eternal hew
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?
XV.

ON THE VITAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLES.
In was a moral and for which they fought;
Bless how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
A resolution, and elevating thought?
Nor hath that moral good been easily sought;
For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
Which neither can be overthrown nor bought.
Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills repose!
We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul:
And when, impatient of her guilt and woe,
Europe breaks forth; then, Shepherds shall ye rise
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI.

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 detestable remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;
Disease consumed thy virile; War upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force:
Dread trials; yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from necessity received.

XVII.

Say, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;
Sleep the proud heads, but not the dust—
A foe's most favourite purpose to fulfill:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

XVIII.

True martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a strain
Of triumph, how the labouring Danube here
A weight of hostile corseus; drenched with gore
Were the wide fields, the hamlets leaped with sighs
Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)
Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!
And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as told,
To think that such assurance can stand fast!

XIX.

Brave Scheil! by death delivered, take thy sigh
From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,
Or in the fields of empyrean light.
A moose went thou crossing a dark night:
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.
Aye! it may not be: for earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives
A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

XX.

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 endued;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
He sits a more exalted Potentate,
Throned in the hearts of men. Should He ordain
That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to eke
Yet may a sympathizing spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain
In thankful joy and gratulation pure. 9

9 See Note to Sonnet VII. page 227.
DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

XXI.

A power that can sustain and cheer live chiefain, by a tyrant’s doom, to descend into his destined tomb—on dark where he must waste the year, cut off from all his heart holds dear; me his injured country is a stage a deliberate Valour and the rage sous Vengeance side by side appear, rom morn to night the heroic some eds of hope and everlasting praise:—he think of this with mind serene at fettors! Yes, if visions bright he’s soul, reflected from the days e himself was tried in open light.

XXII.

w on that Adventurer who hath paid to Fortune; who, in cruel slight sus hope, of liberty, and right, lowed whereon’er a way was made dind Goddess,—ruthless, undismayed; iath gained at length a prosperous height, which the elements of worldly might his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid. i power that stands by lawless force! re his dire portion, scorn, and hate, darkness and unquiet breath; d judgments keep their sacred course, n that height shall Heaven precipitate nt and ignominious death.

XXIII.

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 unfaddonign creature’s brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
Then do a festal company unite
In choral song; and, while the uplifted cross
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
Uncovered to his grave: “tis closed,—her loss
The Mother does mourns, as she needs must mourn;
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued;
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS.

1810.

Yea, yet, Biscayans! we must our Foes
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
Our ancient freedom; else ‘twere worse than vain
To gather round the bier these festal shows.
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose father is a slave:
Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave!
These venerable mountains now enclose
A people sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!
The awful light of heavenly innocence
Will fail to illuminate the infant’s hier;
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 Lachaye in his account of Biscay, in a most venerable natural monument, Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1492, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria de Guernica, gave this oak the name of oak of Guernica to maintain their arms (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following

OAK OF GUERNICA: TREE OF HOLIER POWER

Oak of Guernica: Tree of holier power Than that which in Dodons did ensnare (So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine Heard from the depths of its astral bower— How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour! What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee, Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic seas, The dews of morn, or April’s tender shower! Stroke merciful and welcome would that be Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

XXVII.
INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD
1810.
We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;
And we can brook the thought that by his bands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

XXVIII.
AVANT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!
I better like a blunt indifference,
And self-respecting slovenly, disinclined
To win me at first sight: and be there joined
Patience and temperance with this high reserve,
Honour that knows the path and will not swerve;
Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind;
And piety towards God. Such men of old
Were England's native growth; and, throughout Spain,
(Thanks to high God) forests of such remain:
Then for that Country let our hopes be bold;
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

XXIX.
1810.
O'erwening Statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth:
But from wealth proceeds a Nation's health;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride
To the paternal floor; or turn aside,
In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.

There are who cannot languish in this strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
Of such high course was felt and understood;
Who to their Country's cause have bound a life
Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven.

XXX.
THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS
1811.
Hermes, and sultry heat, and nipping blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height—
These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam: but as a sight
Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope; but they are fled—
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead:
Where now!—Their swords is at the Poetman's heart!
And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

XXXI.
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;
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.
In One who lived unknown a shepherd's life
Redoubted Viriatus breathes again;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader's vices, who, sick of strife
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.

XXXII.
1811.
The power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring

* See Laborde's character of the Spanish people; from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.
† Sertorius.
DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

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will—for freedom combating
enge inflamed! No foot may chase,
follow, to a fatal place
, that spirit, whether on the wing
ving wind, or sleeping like the wind
sultry cates.—From year to year
indigenous produce far and near;
ambsem element can bind,
water from the soil, to find
ok a lip that it may cease.

XXXII.

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:—the poet claims at least this praise,
as Liberty hath been the apotheosis
song, which did not shrink from hope
ment of these evil days;
the paramount duty that Heaven lays,
honour, on man’s suffering heart.
from our souls one truth depart—
ured thing it is to pass
us tyrants with a dazzled eye;
ed with due abhorrence of their guilt
ire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
labours in extremity—
weakness, upon which is built,
man, the throne of tyranny!

XXXIV.

333

IX FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

1812—13.

delighting to behold
eration of her own decay,
d Winter like a traveller old,
a staff, and, through the sultry day,
ante, limping o’er the plain,
its weakness were disturbed by pain:
ercany should allow
ed symbol of command,
accept a withered bough,
aped within a palsied hand.
us suit the helpless and forsaken;
Winter the device shall scorn.

as—dread Winter! who bestow,
and van and rear his ghastly net,
then from the regions of the Pole
, insane ambition’s barren goal—
a huge and strong as e’er defied
and placed their trust in human pride!
secession rebellious sons,
se blossoms of their warrior youths;
He called on Frost’s inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood’s firmest hold;
Nor spared the revered blood that feebly runs;
For why—unless for Liberty enrolled
And sacred home—ah! why should hoary Age be
held?

Fleet the Tartar’s restless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caverns the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And made the Snow their ample backes baxtride,
And to the battle ride.

No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, bemused, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and desolate,
When more returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

XXXV.

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—meets in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter’s triumph sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter’s breath surcharged with sleetly showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Krait the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, loins, lips, express your gain;
Whisper it to the kibes 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!

XXXVI.

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pledge sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small voice;—to quell that Host
Gathered his power, a manifest ally;
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud bost
Of Phærac, said to Fames, Snow, and Frost,
“Finish the strife by deathless victory!”
XXXVII.

The Germans on the heights of Hock Heim
Arrested passed 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 sooth.
O Silence! thou wert mother of a shout
That through the texture of thy azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!

—Fly, wretched Gauls! are they the charge renew
Who have seen—themselves now casting off the yoke—
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

XXXVIII.

November, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,
Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and flow
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
Incessant. He sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night;
Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose mind ensued,
Through perilous war, with regal fortune
Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.
Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
(Though it were only for a moment’s space)
The triumphs of this hour; for they are Think!

XXXIX.

O D E.

1814.

— Carmina passuum
Donare, et premitium diore muneri.
Non indea nosis marmora publicis,
Per quae spiritus et vita retit bonis
Post mortem ductibus

— clarus Indicium
Landos, quam —— Fluctus; noque,
Sic chartis silent quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris —— Hor. Car. S. Lib. 4.

1.

When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping up
Was free her choice
I saw, in wondrous part
A landscape more aug
Of pencil ever clothe
An intermingled pomp
City, and naval stream
And stately forest wh
Nor wanted lurking h
And scattered rural fa
And, here and there, I
The azure sea upsaw
Fair prospect, such as
But not a living crea
Through its wide cirn
And, even to sadness
Lay hushed; till—th
Brighter than brightens
Opening before the su
Issued, to sudden vie
Earthward it gilded w
Saint George himself!
And, ere a thought co
He sought the regions
A thrilling voice was l
City and field and foo

“Though from m
“Like a Champlo
“On my helm th
“And the red cr
“1, the Guardian
“Speak not now
“Well obeyed w
“Whence bright
“Haste, Virgins, haste
mer gave
“Have perished
“But the green thick
“Fit garlands for
“That will be welcome
“Haste, Virgins, hast
grave,
“Go forth with rival
“And gather wh
“Of hardy laurel and
“To deck your storm
“Such simple girl
“Though they have g
“And in due tim
“Those palms and ar
“Unto their martyrs
“In realms where eve
DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

II.

And lo! with crimson bannsers proudly streaming,
And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain
Advance in order the redoubled Bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the hands
Of a fair female train—
Maids and Matrons, eight
In robes of dazzling white;
While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise
By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion tell their joys;
And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,
Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,
Thus strives a grateful Country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

III.

Amidst those sight a palace rose
Blest of all precious substances,—so pure
And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendour to endure:
Entranced, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The heavens of stable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to throw
Solms effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vast rong with choral harmony,
Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea.
—No sound ceased that peal, than on the verge
Of emission hung a dirge
Bestowed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindred recollections
Of quelled affections;
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The sorrowful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV.

But par-fands wither; festal shows depart,
Like dreamers themselves; and sweetest sound—
(Allusion of effect profound)
It wanes—and it is gone!

Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Effect, in glowing lines that shall not fade,
These high achievements, even as she arrayed
With answered life the deeds of Marathon
Up on Athenian walls;

So may she labour for thy civic halls:
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil;
And let imperishable Columns rise
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;
Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life;—
Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,
The morning sun may shine
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

V.

And ye, Pictian Sisters, sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarrowed
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 eye
Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move,
Spared for obedience from perpetual love
For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet the soul's desires!
That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear
What ye, celestial Maid! have often sung
Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt ear,
And give the treasure to our British tongue!
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to age;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every clime;
And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man's heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortiude 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!
XL.
FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST,
ON THE DISMEMBERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEN.

Dear Reliques! from a pit of vileness mould
Uprise to lodge among ancestral kings;
And to inflict shame's salutary ings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
In a blind worship; men perversely bold
Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now forsake
Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
To warn the living; if truth were ever told
By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave:
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!
The power of retribution once was given:
But 'tis a useful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

XL.
OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
(Read six lines intended for an inscription.)
February, 1816.

Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
No'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 nearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war:
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
Yet filled with ardor and on triumph bent
Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

XLII.
SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SLOBESKI.
February, 1815.

O, for a kindling touch from that pure flame
Which ministered, creehole, to a sacrifice
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
In words like these: * Up, Voice of song! proclaim
Thy sainly rapture with celestial aim:
For lo! the Imperial City stands released
From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
And Christendom respires; from guilt and shame
Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
By one day's feat, one mighty victory.

—Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue
The cross shall spread, the crescent blush was dim;
He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,
He conquering through God, and God by him.

XLIII.
OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
February, 1816.

The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day
Yet trained to judgments rightly severe,
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognising one Almighty sway:
He—whose experienced eye can pierce the arms
Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away
Assailed from all encumbrance of our time,
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
Shall worthily rehouse the hideous rout,
The triumph hall, which from their peaceful abode
Angels might welcome with a choral shout!

XLIV.
EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples run
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's son
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
sprung;
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swear
Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unified hearts to bleed.

XLV.
O D E.
1815.

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
But eye ascending, restless in her pride
From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present—

* See Filidor's Ode.
† * From all this world's encumbrance did himself set free
—Spencer.
DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY. 281

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
Bright be the Fabric, as a star
Fresh risen, and beautiful within—there meet
Dependence infinite, proportion just;
A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can trust
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

iii.
But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
Where their serene progenitors are laid;
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-like sages,
England’s illustrious sons of long, long ages;
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals;
Commemoration holy that unites
The living generations with the dead;
By the deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence,—
By visual pomp, and by the tie
Of sweet and threatening harmony;
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,
And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness;
While the white-ro’d choir attendant,
Under mouldering banners pendant,
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled
With medicable wounds, or found their graves
Upon the battle field, or under ocean’s waves;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons’ sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

iv.
Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breast;
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,
Darken the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—‘tis Thou—the work is Thine!—
The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
For these, and mourning for our errors,
And sins, that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent;
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And for thy righteous purpose they prevail;
Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight:
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

v.
Forbear — to Thee —
Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue
But in a gentler strain
Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong,
(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
Of pity pleading from the heart in vain —
To Thee — To Thee
Just God of christianised Humanity
Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,
That thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory!
Blest, above measure blest,
If on thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,
And all the Nations labour to fulfil
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure
good will.

XLVI.
ODE.
THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL
THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 15, 1816.

I.
Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
On hearts how'er insensible or rude;
Whether thy punctual visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, imperial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!
Not unregarded 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
Submitted to th
That bind thee to the
That thou shalt
Till, with the heavens;
Nor less, the stillness
Their utter stillness, as
Of you ethereal summits
(Whose tranquil pomp
Report of storms
To us who trem
Do with the service of
—Divine Object who
Of mortal man is sufff
Thou, who upon the
Meek lustre, nor forge
Thou who dost warm!
And for thy bounty we
By pious men
Once more, heart-cheer!
Bright be thy course to

'Mid the deep quiet
All nature seems to he
By feelings urged that
Apt language, ready as
That stream in blithe,
Of birds, in loud
Warbling a farewell to
—There is a radiant th
That burns for Poets!
And oft my soul hath
When the captivity of
But He who fixed imm
Of the round world, as
A solid refuge!
The towers of
He knows that from a
The quickening spark!
Knows that the source
The current of
That deeper!
Than aught dependant

Have we not conquer
Ah no, by dint of Map
That curbed the basin
A loyal band to follow
Clear-sighted Honour,
Along a track of most
In execution of heroic
Whose memory, spoils
THANKSGIVING ODE.

II.

Low upon the untrodden meads,
rushed above the starry spheres,
concrct with an earthly string
in's acts would sing,

Embraced voice will tell
a spirit no reverse could quell ;
mid the falling never failed—

Now Britain struggled and prevailed
in her labouring with an eye
inspect humanity ;

in clothed with strength and skill,

in stationaty fight;

in the lightning's gleam;

in-gate bursting at mid night
wicked from their giddy dream—
all that face her in the field!

may not be, and cannot yield.

III.

Is weaned the sole true glory
belong to human story !

they only shall arrive
ough the abysses of weakness dive.

ablest are too proud of heart ;

day is rightly set apart

tilsheth up and layeth low ;

ightly God to whom we owe,

we have vanquished—but that we

IV.

If ful the dominion of the impure !
the Song be tardy to proclaim
power unbounded could not tame
Evil—which, from hell let loose,

astonished world with such abuse

tainance only could endure

regions—cities wrapt in flame—
by lift a streaming eye

who never saw, may heave a sigh ;

sition of our nature shakes,
infinite pain the spirit aches,

ed countries, towns on fire,

the avowed atrocity
aged with desperate mind
life of virtue in mankind ;

without ruth

kinds of truth ;

s gardens of civility,

ance defaced,

ced waste,

retrieved for flower or tree !
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Their solemn joy—praising thee,
For tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity reigned,
For liberty confirmed, and peace

But hark—the summons!
Floats the soft cadence of the
tender insects sleeping in
Bright shines the Sun—and a
The drops that tip the melting

O, enter now his temple grave
Inviting words—perchance at
As the crowd press devoutly
Of some old Minister's venerable
From voices into zealous paces
While the tabard engine feeds
And has begun—its clouds of
Forth towards empyreal
As if the fretted roof were
Un, humbler ceremonies now
But in the bosom, with devotion
The banners of our joy we wave
And strength of love our soul
For to a few collected in his
Their heavenly Father will
Gracious to service hallowed
Awake! the majesty of God
Go—and with foreheads
Present your prayers—go—a
The Holy One will
And what, 'mid silence deep,
Ye, in your low and undisguised
Shall simply feel and purely
Of warnings—from the unpro
Which, in our time, the impi
And of more arduous duties
Upon the future advocates of
Of mysteries reveal
And judgments untold
Of earthly revolt and
And final retribution
To his omniscience will
An offering not unworthy to
On this high Day of Thank
of Grace!
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

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DEDICATION.

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS., TO ———)

W. WORDSWORTH.

I.

Fires-women—On landing at Calais.

1d, fantastic ocean doth enfold
Lines of what'er on land is seen;

The Nereid Sisters and their Queen,

Whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,

Rees resemble whom we here behold,

Wearful were it down through opening waves
It, and meet them in their fretted caves,

Red, grotesque, immeasurably old,

Brill and fierce in accent—Fear it not:

May Earth's fairest daughters do excel;

Undecaying beauty is their lot;

Voices into liquid music swell,

Eing each pearly cleft and sparry grot,

Disturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell!

II.

BRUGES.

As I saw attired with golden light

And now the sunless hour,

Slowly making way for peaceful night,

Arms with fallen grandeur, to my sight

The beauty, the magnificence,

Of grave, left her for defence

At the injuries of time, the spite

The desolating storms were war. Advance not—spare to hide

The Power of darkness! these mild hues;

Not yet these silent avenues

None at their basest architecture, where the Forms

Like females, with soft motion, glide!

III.

BURG.

True Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined

In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,

In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,

And with devout solemnities entwined—

Mounts to the seat of grace within the mind:

Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along,

Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,

To an harmonious decency confined:

As if the streets were consecrated ground,

The city one vast temple, dedicate

To mutual respect in thought and deed;

To leisure, to forbearances sedate;

To social cares from jarring passions freed;

A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

IV.

INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges town is many a street

Whence busy life hath fled;

Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,

The grass-grown pavement tread.

There heard we, luring 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 fall
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 innocent fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

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

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

V.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A winged Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought
Of rainbow colours; One whose port was bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought—
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished; leaving prospect blank and cold
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
And monuments that soon must disappear:
Yet a dread local recompence we found;
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-zeal
Sank in our hearts, we felt as men should feel
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground!

WHEN

What lovelier home
In this the stream,
War's favourite play;
Familiar, as the Morn,
The Morn, that now
Spreading her peace
To tend their silent
Or strip the bough
The ripening corn b
Turn from the fort
How sweet the proc
With its grey rocks
That, shaped like ok
From the smooth me

AIR-

Was it to disenchase
That we approached
To sweep from many
That faith which no
Why does this puny
Her feeble columns!
This sword that one;
Objects of false pret
If from a traveller's
A palpable memora
Then would I seek t
That Roland clove.
And to the enormous
Where unremitting f

IN THE CAT

O for the help of A
This Temple—Angé
Thus far pursued (b
Studiosus that His mi
Who dwells in heav
Hath failed; and no
wings
And splendid aspect
But faintly picture,
For you, on these w
The midnight virtu
This vast design mi
Strains that call fort
Immortal Fabric, a
Of penetrating harp
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

IX.

LIEGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

is dance of objects madness steals
defrauded heart—while sweeping by,
fit of Thespian jollity,
her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reeds:
rd, in rapid evanescence, wheels
erable pageantry of Time,
eeting rampart, and each tower sublime,
at the Dell unwillingly reveals
ng clostral arch, through trees espied
ight River’s edge. Yet why repine!
e, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
veet way-faring—of life’s spring the pride,
nner’s faithful joy—that still is mine,
: me measure cheers autumnal days.

X.

HYMN,

IN MANNER, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS
THROUGH THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

ae ! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
its threatening—let them not
Drown the music of a song
thly mercy to implore,
r these troubled waters roar!

, for our warning, seem
sailing on that precious Rood;
灵活 through the meadowsgreen
rently wound the peaceful flood,
: on Thee, do not Thou
ng thy Suppliants now!

, like you ancient Tower
aching over the River’s bed,
: the shadow of thy power,
we sleep among the dead;
who treadst the billowy sea,
: us in our jeopardy!

: our Bark among the waves;
ough the rocks our passage smooth;
: the whirlpool frets and raves
: thy love its anger soothe:
; her hope is placed in Thee;
: Domine * !

XI.

THE BONS OF THE DANUBE.

Nor, like his great Compeer, indignantly
Doth Danube spring to life ! The wandering
Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent’s gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant gle
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment’s flight
Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forlorn to meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their cars
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece—
Argo—exulted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

XII.

ON APPROACHING THE STAD-BACK, LAUENTUNKEN.

Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed
For what strange service, does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind!
Mid fields familiarized to human speech—
No Mermaids warble—to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—
More thrilling melodies; Witch answering Witch,
To chant a love-spell, never interwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:
Also! that from the lips of abject Want
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free Fancy to enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born, WATERFALL†!

XIII.

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDSCH.

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 copy 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 you Pines-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature’s God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

XIV.
MEMORIAL,
NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

ANDERSEN
MEYER FREUNDRE
ALOYS REIDING
MOUNT.VI.

Aloys Reiding, it will be remembered, was Captain-
General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage
and perseverancy worthy of the cause, opposed the
agitatos and too successful attempt of Buonaparte
to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway leading,
We reached a soviet Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reiding.

Well judged the Friend who placed it there
For silence and protection;
And happily with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West;
And, while in summer glory
He sets, his sinking yields a type
Of that pathetic story:

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

XV.
COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTOES.

DOOMED as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane,
Where simple Sufferers bide, 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 champaign wild
What'ee we look on, at our side
Be Charity!—to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

XVI.
AFTER-THOUGHT.

On Life! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene
Or whence could virtue flow?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's peace.

XVII.
SCENE ON THE LAKE OF OBERNE.

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 fold
Homeward in their rugged Boat,
(While all the ruffling winds are fled—
Each slumbering on some mountain's b
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!
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

XVIII.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

best uses, oft-times Nature takes
of Fancy from her willing hands;
a beautiful creation makes
in needless spells and magic wands,
the holiest tale belief commands.
at mine eyes beheld that famous Hill
of Engelberg, celestial Bands,
streaming motions soft and still,
and its top, on wings that changed their
hes at will.

not name those Visitants; they were
Angels whose authentic lays,
in that heavenly ground in middle air,
own the spot where piety should raise
structure to the Almighty's praise.

Apparition! if in vain
I did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
ate the slow departure of the train,
skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to

XIX.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Virgin Mother, more benign
than fairest Star, upon the height
thy own mountain, set to keep
visits through the hours of sleep,
thy eye can look upon thy shrine
roused at the sight!

in crowded offerings as they hang
in misery relieved,
these, without intent of theirs,
with comfortless despair,
may a deep and curule es pang
confidence deceived.

Nee, in this aerial clift,
> a common centre, tend

sufferers that no more rely
natural succour—all who sigh
pines, of human hope bereft,

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plentiful flowers around thee blow,
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,
These have thy Votaries aptly styled,
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor fails that intermingling shade
To summer-gladsomeness unkind:
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

XX.

EFFUSION,

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL,

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew the Linden
Tree against which his Son is said to have been placed,
when the Father's archery was put to proof under cir-
cumstances so famous in Swiss Story.

What though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the need 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, ape what ye behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

And when that calm Spectators 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 recals;
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
Of solely pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing 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 redly apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree:
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

Are moved, for me—
Of God himself from
Aspiring thoughts; b
Yield to the Muse’s
And joys of distant

FOR

The Ruins of Fort 
eminesce that rise from
of Como, commanding
the town of Chiavenna.
be characterised by me
at being favoured with
heights; not, as we had
the storm, steeped in
with clouds floating on
The Ruin is interesting
Inscription, upon elabo
the ground, records the
Count Puentes in the ye
the Third; and the O
one of his Descendants
yet standing, and a com
a smooth green turf has
we could see no trace of
something to remind
Devastation and tumult
abundance of wild vine
the ruins were some
and rock, turf, and frag
or adorned with a va
rose-coloured pink wa
descending, we discover
path, and at a considera
a statue of a Child in
explosion that had drew
little” we exclaimed,
Could we but transpose
garden!” — Yet it seems
should remove it from
may be its own for a
Journal.

Dread hour! when,
blust,
This sweet-visages
So far from the holy
To couch in this

To rest where the
Of his half-open
And the green, glide
calm
Of the beautiful com

* 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.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

hapsly (kind service to Piety due!)
A winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,
ird (like our own honoured redbreast) may strew
leolate Samburerer with moss and with leaves.

s once harboured the good and the brave,
s her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown;
ners for festal enjoyment did wave
is the thrill of her fires thro' the mountains
was blown:

the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent—
ence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,
the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
tumults appeased, and our strife passed away!


XXIV.

MUSCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

hers was almost destroyed by lightning a few years
but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint
s unchangeable. The Mount, upon the summit of
the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies
Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points
in, the principal ornament, rising to the height of
and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The
is sublime; but the traveller who performs it
be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods
inhabiting waters, seclusion and confinement of view
tried with sea-like extent of plain fading into the
and this again. In an opposite quarter, with an
of the loftiest and boldest Alps—quite in combi
n a prospect more diversified by magnificence,
ay, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point
umps of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

The sacred Pile whose turrets rise
own steep mountain's loftiest stage,
held by lone San Salvador;
the thines must) as heretofore,
shimous bolts a sacrifice,
at war to human rage!

She's top, on Sinai, deigned
't the universal Lord:
the deep fountains from their cells
here everlasting Bounty dwells!—
while the Creature is sustained,
God may be adored.

left, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
all remind the soul of heaven;
that devotion needs them all;
that Faith——so oft of sense the thrill,

While she, by aid of Nature, climbs——
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Pomp of this fair 'spot
Which men call Earth,' have yearned to seek,
Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old——
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steepest rocks
And of the ancient hills!

Hs, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears *.


XXV.

THE ITALIAN ITINERARY, 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 seamy row;
The graceful form of milk-white Steed,
Or Bird that soared with Ganymode;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspere 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!

* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke
an Austrian platoon in this manner. The event is one of
the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and
pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the
country.
But thou, perhaps, (alert as free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vendor of the well-wrought Scale,
Whose sentinent 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 wilt the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recall a Sister’s last embrace,
His Mother’s neck entwine;
Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That would have loved the bright-haired Boy!

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 Cyno’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 pendent grapes.
—Oh might he tempt that Goutherd-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.

1.

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest
Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
The Helvetic Mountainers, on ground
For Tell’s dread archery renowned,
Before the target stood—to claim
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the rife-gun’s report—
A starting thunder quick and short!

But, flying through the heights around,
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
Of hearts and hands alike ‘tis prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard?*
And, if there be a favourd hour
When Heroes are allowed to quit
The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding grace—
This was the hour, and that the place.

II.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth,
And drove Astra 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 unprized;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appeared upon his tender cheek)
Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,
Apart, beside his silent goats,
Sate watching in a forest shed,
Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head;
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the saint he prays to, still.
Ah, what avail heroic deed?
What liberty! if no defence
Be won for feeble Innocence,
Father of all! though wilful Manhood read
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the morn of life its natural blessed

XXVI.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI,
REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA GRAZIA—MILAN.*

Two searching lamps and many an envious
Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal
The love deep-seated in the Saviour’s face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder—and cease
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The announcement of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead,

* See Note.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

xxvii.

CLIPER OF THE SUN, 1820.

Speculative tower
Waiting for the hour
Destined to endure
Till Nature wrought
Unlooked-for change,
The desultory range
Thought.

In Italian skies,
Fair as Paradise
And,—till Nature wrought
Unlooked-for change,
The desultory range
Digitally.

As the toiling ear,
A cloud
A murky shroud;
Sure field displayed;
Sheathed and gently charmed,
Raking rays disarmed,
Ember-laid,—

Night and day between,
But the hue was green;
Without shade, spread
Ck, and curved shore,
Thy ample bay;
Veil was drawn
Towers;
'S olive bower,
Rdiant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
Hast past 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.

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 driven 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 sight
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throng of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun;
The cypress waves her sombre plume
More cheerily; and town and tower,
The vineyard and the olive-bower,
Their lustre re-assume!

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
While in far-distant lands we roam,
What countenance hath this Day put on for you?
While we looked round with favoured eyes,
Did sullen mists hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view?

Or was it given you to behold
Like vision, pensive though not cold,
From the smooth breast of gay Winandermere*
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dales,
Helvellyn's brow severe!

* See Note.
† Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.
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.

XXVIII.
THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

I.
How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty—
Beats with a fancy running high,
Her simple cares to magnify;
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
Has cherished on a healthful soil;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not self;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Akanence upon her pretty Self
Reflected in some crystal brook;
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

II.
Such (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, yon Italian Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votaries,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A Sister serves with stalker hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

III.
How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The Helvetican 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 the modulated shout!
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throne?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bucephalus belong?
Jubilant outcry! rock and glade
Reounded—but the voice elysed
The breath of an Helvetican Maid.

IV.
Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her steps the elastic green-ward meets
Returning reluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Alone, 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 care!

V.
* 'Sweet Highland Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower;
When thou didst flit before mine eyes,
Guy Vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough falls of Invermeryd!
Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen
No breach of promise in the fruit?
Was joy, in following joy, as keen
As grief can be in grief's pursuit?
When youth had flown did hope still bloom
Thy goings—or the cheerfulness
Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?

VI.
But from our course why turn—to tread
A way with shadows overspread;
Where what we gladdest would believe
Is feared as what may most deceive!
Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned
But heath-bells from thy native ground.
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality;
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votaries by Lugano's side;
And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep, descri

XXIX.
THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BONAPARTE FOR A
EMPYREAN EDICIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY
WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION—following down this far-famed slopes
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won—
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;

* See address to a Highland Girl. p. 221.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

XXX.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPSON PARK.

Bella! I longed in thy shadiest wood
her, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
3 to Anto's precipitous flood,
se stillness of evening hath deepened its roar;
e through the Temples of P'lestum, to muse
preserved by her burial in earth;
se to gaze where they drank in their hives;
rae sweet songs on the ground of their

nty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
leave them unseen, and not yield to regret
hope (and no more) for a season to come,
we're may discharge the magnificent debt
runate Region! whose Greatness inured
to new life from its ashes and dust;
sted fields! if in sadness I turned
our infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

we are the light-footed Chamois retire
we-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with
now,
the mist that hang over the land of my Sires,
we climate of myrtles contented I go.
ought become bright like yon edging of Pinet's
steep's lofty verge: how it blacken'd the
ched from behind by the Sun, it now shines
reads that seem part of his own silver hair.

the toil of the way with dear Friends we
side,
by the same zephyr our temples he fanned
est in the cool orange-bower side by side,
ving survives which few hearts shall with-

Each step full of its value; while homeward we move;—
O joy when the girdle of England appears!
What moment in life is so conscious of love,
Of love in the heart made more happy by tears!

XXXI.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

What beast of chase hath broken from the cover!
Stern Gemmi listens to a fell a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony
Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,
Up-starting, Cynthia skinned the mountain-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 airy 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!

XXXII.

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 devote
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 we'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,
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trum-
peets blow!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
The priests and damascus of Ammonian Jove
Provoked responses with shrill canticles;
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his altar bore the horned God,
Old Chao, the solar Dalty, who dwells
Adept, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Pomp? the haughty claims
Of Chiefs and haunts of ruthless wars;
The Feast of Neptune—and the Cereal Games,
With images, and crowns, and empty ears;
The dancing Salii—on the shields of Mars
Smiling with fury; and a deeper dread
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
Of Cythian cymbals, while the head
Of Cymbell was seen, sublimely hurried!

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
Appeared—to govern Christian pageantry:
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
Even such, this day, came washed on the breeze
From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
Enwrept—and winding, between Alpine trees
Spiry and dark, around their House of prayer,
Below the icy bed of bright Andromeda.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
The pageant haunt 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 found;
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,
Pour'd from his vaults of everlasting snow;
Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
A liveller sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
Bore to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft descry'd.

Trembling, I look upon th\h
Of that licentious craving:
To act the God among us
To bind, on apt suggestion
And marvel not that satire
To crowd the world with:
Vouchsafed in ply or in
Such insincent temptations
Avert these sights; nor
abyx !

XXX

ELEGIA\C

The lamented Youth whose
tion to these elegiac verses, &
dard, from Boston in North
teenth year, and had re
erman in the neighbou
pletion of his education. A
native of Scotland, he had
when it was his misfortune to
who was hastening to join our
Leuraus, took leave of each
having intended to proceed &
the morning my friend &
who were informed of the &
friends he was in pursu\t
We met at Lucerne the s\nand his fellow-student becam
ning companions for a coup\tgether; and, after we
that noble mountain, we e\spotted well suited to the partin
Our party descended L\t
had hoped to meet in a few w
third succeeding day on th\parished, being overtaken 
Zurich. His companion &\nwas hospitably received in t
man (M. Keller) situated on t
The corpse of poor Goddard of the same gentleman, who g
rites of hospitality which coul\nd as to the living. He coum
ment to be erected in the &
records the premature fate of
the shores too of the lake the a
ition pointing out the spot wi" by the waves.

Lulled by the sound of
Rude Nature's Pilgrims
From the dread summit
Of mountains, through:
Where, in her holy chas
Our Lady of the Snow

* Mount Right—II

* See Note.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blisthe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised—or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
The words of truth’s memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers mid Goldiah’s ruins bred;
As evening’s fondly-lingering rays,
On Rothe’s silent brow.

Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
And piety shall guard the Stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their prey—
And that which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a causal Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to another.

XXXIV.

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lot in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
You 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 you 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!

* The persuasion here expressed was not groundless.

The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt
Was derived from this tribute to her son’s memory—a fact
Which the author learned, at his own residence, from her
Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards—
Goldiah is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part
of the Mountain Rosberg.
XXXV.
ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE.*
Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her cost had won,
His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er!
Well—let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;
That saw the Corses his cup and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror—
Enough: my Country's cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections never can ebb:
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

XXXVI.
AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER.
Nov. 1829.
Where be the noisy followers of the game [passed
Which faction breeds; the tumult where I that
Through Europe, echoing from the newman's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.
Peace greet us!—rambling on without an aim
We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea;
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim.
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
Stirs not; unapt I gaze with strange delight,
While conscious presence, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this rural stillness more profound.

XXXVII.
AT DOVER.
From the Pier's head, musing, and with increase
Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side Town,
Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,
Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath peace:
The streets and quays are throned, but why chown
Their natural utterance: whence this strange release
From social noise—silence elsewhere unknown!—
A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease;
Ocean's overpowering murmurs have set free
Thy sense from pressure of life's common din;
As the dread Voice that speaks from out the sea
Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of Time
Doth deaden, shocics of tumult, shrieks of crime,
The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin."

* See Note.

XXXVIII.
DESLUTORY STANZAS,
UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS.
Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read,
How can I give thee licence to depart?
One tribute more: unhidden feelings start
Forth from their covers; slighted objects rise;
My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonics.

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 unmanly fear
Recollected—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 streams
Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and mighty
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 and 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 plenteous sublime.
Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, curious Rhone!
Arch that here rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—there on trailer 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,
Blisthe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

Far as St. Maurice, from you eastern Forks,*
Down the main avenue my sight can range:
And all its branchy vales, and all that laps
Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;
Snows, torrents;—to the region's utmost bound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange;—

* At the head of the Vallais. See Note.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

List! the avalanche—the hush profound
as follows—yet more awful than that awful sound!

Not the chamois suited to his place!
Not eagle worthy of her ancestry!

Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall ye disgrace
your noble birthright, ye that occupy
four council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Samos's Mount *, there judge of fit and right,
In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breeze fanning your rough brows—the might
And purity of nature spread before your sight!

From this appropriate Court, renowned Lucerne
Calls to pace her honoured Bridge *—that cheers
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,
An mouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That web 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.

Volume of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,

* See Notes.

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, Onx was born mankind to free;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!

No more; Time halts not in his noiseless march—
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our 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.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

1837.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

Companion! by whose buoyant spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,

These records take, and in
Were but the gift a meet
For kindliness that never
And prompt self-sacrifice
Far more than any heart

RIVIERA DEI MONTI, Feb. 14th, 1837

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate reminiscences was begun, in the prevalence of cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was rel.

South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly be

them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the

Sunset upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

April, 1837.

Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embooned, and your winding shores
Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds
Inherited,—presumptuous thought!—it fled
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness;
—Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
Leaving the leisure of that high perched town,
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
Its neighbour and its namesake—town, and flood
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn
Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,
Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill
With fractured summit, no indifferent sight
To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—
These are before me; and the varied scene
May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat

Relax, to fix and satisfy the
Passive yet pleased. Whis
flower
Close at my side! She bid
Her sisters, soon like her;
With golden blossoms ope
Of my own Fairfield. Th
Given with a voice and by
Of old companionship, Tim
Ere, from accustomed path
The local Genius hurries x
Transported over that cloe
Seat Sandal, a fond suitor
With dream-like smoothness
There to slight upon crisp
Obtaining ample boon, at
Of visual sovereignty—hill
(Not Apennine can boast a
Pride of two nations, world
And prospect right below:
By skeleton arms, that, from
Extended, clasp the winds
Struggling for liberty, whi
The shepherd struggles with
And downward by the skil
And by Glenriding-screes
Places forsaken now, thoug
The muses, as they loved t
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

Of the old minstrels and the border bards,—
Let hers am I fast bound; and let it pass,
The simple rapture;—who that travels far
To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
Or wish to share it?—One there surely was,
"The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope
Brought to this genial climate, when disease
Fell upon body and mind,—yet not the less
HeCash eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit
Still burned with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To his bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
Happiness, he knew, he could not afford
From him to gain, and to him return.
Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
Survive for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
To themes not their own, when, with faint smile
Furled by intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow." Prophecy
More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
Be seen, and the city of seven hills,
Its sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs;
And more than all, that Eminence which showed
Her grandeur, seen, not felt, the while he stood
A few short steps (painful they were) apart
Twas Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.

Pace to their Spirits! why should Poesy
Tell is the lure of vain regret, and hater
In his own words he set forth, with confidence outspread
To move in sunshine!—Utter thanks, my Soul!—
With awe, and sweetnessed by compassion
For him who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
That—so near the path of human life
Appointed by man's common heritage,
Till the frailest, one withal (if that
Denote a thought) but little known to fame.—
A free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
Arts' noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
Relic of the world's DARLING—to free to rove as will
For high and low, and if requiring rest,
Best from enjoyment only.

Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
Where gladness seems a duty—let me guard
Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
Already gathered in this favoured Land
Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine,
That He who guides and governs all, approves
When gratitude, though disciplined to look
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand;
Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,
Reflected through the mists of age, from hours
Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
Shoot but a little way—tis all they can—
Into the doubtful future. Who would keep
Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,
Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown
If one—while comely, as was my lot to be,
In a frail bark urged by two slender oars
Over waves rough and deep, that, when they broke,
Dashed their white foam against the palace walls
Of Genoa the superb—should there he led
To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
However humble in themselves, with thoughts
Raised and sustained by memory of Him
Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength
And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
To lay a new world open.

Nor less prized
Be those impressions which incline the heart
To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm—
The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
On the small hyssop destined to become,
By Hebrew ordinances devoutly kept,
A purifying instrument—the storm
That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
Further to force their way, endowed its trunk
With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
The glorious temple—did alike proceed
From the same gracious will, were both an offspring
Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim
Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
In lowliness—a mid-way tract there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old,
From century on to century, must have known
The emotion—say, more fitly were it said—
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep

For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings,
thanks
Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Pisa’s Campo Santo, the smooth floor
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
And through each window’s open fret-work looked
O’er the blank Area of sacred earth
Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved
In precincts nearer to the Saviour’s tomb,
By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
For its deliverance—a capacious field
That to descendants of the dead it holds
And to all living mute momento breathes,
More touching far than aught which on the walls
Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak
Of the changed City’s long-departed power,
Glory, and wealth, which, perils of fate are,
Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
And, high above that length of cloister roof,
Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
To kindred contemplations ministers
The Baptistry’s dome, and that which Swells
From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain
Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
(As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.
Nor less remuneration waits on him
Who having left the Cemetery stands
In the Tower’s shadow, of decline and fall
Abandoned not without some sense of fear,
Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
Of splendid unextinguished, pomp unsnuffed,
And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
And for itself, the assembly, grand and fair
To view, and for the mind’s consenting eye
A type of age in man, upon its front
Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
Struggling against the stream of destiny,
But with its peaceful majesty content.
Oh what a spectacle at every turn
The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,
Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread;
Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short
Of Desolation, and to Ruin’s cry the
Decay submits not.

But where’er my steps
Shall wander, chiefly let me curl with care
Those images of genial beauty, oft
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
But by reflection made so, which do best
And fullest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths
Life’s cup when almost filled with years, like mine.
—How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,

---

Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
Savona, Queen of territory fair
As sight that marvellous coast thro’ all its length
Yields to the Stranger’s eye. Remembrance holds
As a selected treasure thy one cliff,
That, while it wore for melancholy crest
A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind

The breath of air can be where earth had else
Seemed curialish. And behold, both far and near
Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
And peach and citron, in Spring’s mildest breeze
Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved
Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
To that mild breeze with motion and with voice
Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
Smooth space of turf which from the guardians for
Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,
In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here
Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
Than his unmitigated beams allow,
Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
From mortal change, aught that is born on earth
Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink
Of that high Convent-erected cliff I stood,
Modest Savona! over all did brood
A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
Mild—as the venus-crested cliff of—sunshine, bright—
Thy gentle Chialora!—not a stone,
Mural or level with the trodden floor,
In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
Missed not the truth, retains a single name
Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,
To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse
Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed
From the clear spring of a plain English heart,
Say rather, one in native fellowship
With all who want not skill to couple grief
With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.

The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
Yet in his page the records of that worth
Survive, unjured—glory then to words,
Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hall
Ye kindred local influences that still,
If Hope’s familiar whispers merit faith,
I await my steps when they the bevy height shall range of philosophic Tusculum;
Or Silver vales explored inspire a wish
To meet the shade of Horace by the side
Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

A Saint, the Church’s Rock, the mystic Keys
Grasped in his hand; and lo! with upright sword
Prefiguring his own impenitent doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
Inflicted — blessed Men, for so to Heaven
They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows—nor winds,
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that catches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought and brings
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chilled age, most pitifully shut out
From that which is and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.
So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle’s controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
Else more and more the general mind will droop,
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past,
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
Which, in the godliness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
From Knowledge! — If the Muse, whom I have served
This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts.
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed
Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering bower’s dear neighbourhood, the
light
And murmur issuing from you pendent flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.*

II.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised high
'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
Striving in peace each other to outshine.
But when I learned the Tree was living there,
Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,
Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)
Crowned with St. Peter’s everlasting Dome †.

III.

AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolium Hill?
Yet petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
The Traveller’s expectation—Could our Will
Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,
Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.
Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,
From that depression raised, to mount on high
With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.

* See note. † See note.

IV.

AT ROME.—REMEMBER.—IN ALLUSION TO SIENNA
AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS.

Though old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, strip naked as a rock
'Mid a dry desert! What is it we fear!
The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,
Her morning splendors vanish, and their place
Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
With those bright beams yet hid it not, must starve
Henceforth a humble course perplexed and slow;
One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we know
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

V.

CONTINUED.

Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same
Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it came.
Ne'er could the boldest Eloquent have dared
Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style
Not in like sort the Rumie Scold was moved;
He, one of 'mid savage passions that defile
Humanity, sang feats that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's rivos Hall

VI.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

Forebear to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by seamy truth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's curious teeth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
To vindicate the majesty of truth.
Such was her office while she walked with men,
A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.*

* Quer virum—lyre—
—saevis celebrare Clio?
VII.

AT ROME.

who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
forth at thought of laying down his head,
the blank day is over, garreted
ancestral palace, where, from morn
ight, the desecrated floors are worn
of purse-proud strangers; they—who have
read
a neck smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
patiently the weight of grief is borne;
— who have heard some learned Patriot treat
vemons, with mind grasping the whole theme
a ancient Rome, downwards through that
bright dream
communities, each city a starlike seat
al glory; they—fallen Italy—
man, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

VIII.

NEAR ROME, IN SITE OF ST. PETER'S.

has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
man and beast a not unwelcome boon
de, the languor of approaching noon;
ly rest withdrawing or withdrawn
are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,
ject-swarms that hum in air afloat,
that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
and shrill as that which roused the dawn.
set in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve
is from the note as from a mis-timed thing,
he early warning may it serve,
ed with remembrance of his sudden sting,
s tears, whose name the Papal Chair
on resplendent Church are proud to bear.

IX.

AT ALBANO.

passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear
and from mist; and, as the wind sobbed
of dripping cypress avenue,
ill forebodings in a Peasant's ear
was cast. She said, "Be of good cheer;
eterday's procession did not use
is; O sky will change to sunny blue,
us to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,
set in scorn;—the Matron's Faith may lack
heavenly sanction needed to ensure
ment; but, we trust, her upward track
not at this low point, nor wants the lure
overs the Virgin without fear may own,
by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

X.

NEAR ANIO'S STREAM, I SAW A GENTLE DOVE
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
'Mid sweet blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
While all things present told of joy and love.
But restless Fancy left that olive grove
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,
On the great flood were spared to live and move.
O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough
This sea of life without a visible shore,
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown
With monuments decayed or overthrown,
For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
Ruin perceived for keenest sympathies;
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
Virtue laid low, and moldering energies.
Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen
Power,
Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke
Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THREMSENE.

When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
Save in this Rill that took from blood the name*
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
So may all trace and sign of deeds afloat
From the true guidance of humanity,
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

* Sanguinetto.
XIII.
NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

For action born, existing to be tried,
Powers manifold we have that intervene
To stir the heart that would too closely screen
Her peace from images to pain allied.
What wonder if at midnight, by the side
Of Sanguineto or broad Thuresymene,
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen;
And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! whose corpse,
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:
But who is He!—the Conqueror. Would he force
His way to Rome! Ah, no—round hill and plain
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.

XIV.
THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

May 19th, 1827.

Like—twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature,
For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
We have pursued, through various lands, a long
And pleasant course; flower after flower has blown,
Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
With aspects novel to my sight; but still
Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
For old remembrance sake. And oft—where Spring
Display'd her richest blossoms among files
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of lilies, or, if better suited to the hour,
The lighthornse Olive's twinkling canopy—
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
Blending as in a common English grove
Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,
What'er assemblages of new and old,
Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
Was wanting;—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
High on the brink of that precipitous rock,
Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
By a few Monks, a stern society,
Dead to the world and scornful earth-born joys.
Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,
St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased
To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules
Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;
His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
That made us) over those severe restraints
Of mind, that dread heart-frightening discipline,
Doth sometimes here predominate, and works
By unsought means for gracious purposes;
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changed
earth,
Illustrated, and mutually endured.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
Of that once sinful Being overflowed
On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections; and with beast and bird
(Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells)—
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or grove
Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He wont to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
As to be likened in his Followers' minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
From their high state darkened the Earth with fear
Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bower.

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,
Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod
Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts
Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
What'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
dispelled above the crucifix he wore
led to his bosom, and lips closed
joint pressure of his muting mood
bit of his vow. That ancient Man—
ply less the Brother whom I marked,
approached the Convent gate, aloft
far forth from his aerial cell,
Aeolian—Poet, Hero, Sage,
not have been, Lover belike he was—
received into a conscious ear
whose first faint greeting startled me,
solemn iteration thrilled with joy
—may have been moved like me to think,
like me who walk in the world's ways
great Prophet, styled the Voice of One
amid the wilderness, and given,
at their snows must melt, their herbs and
flowers
their obstinate winter pass away,
sweet Bird! let the sun arise
substantial title please thee more,
but go thy way, no need hast thou
wish sent after thee; from bower
or as green, from sky to sky as clear,
side breeze waste—or airs that meet
us and sport around thee softly fan
it, descending upon hill and vale,
thy mission a brief term of silence,
thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV.
AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.
for the Man who hither came bereft,
king consolation from above;
the less that skill to him was left
this picture of his lady-love:
's a blessed saint, the work approved
good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
to which with peril he must cling,
in pity, or with care remove.
—those eyes—can they assist to bind
that would stray from Heaven? The

To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find
How wide a space can part from inward peace.
The most profound repose his cell can give.

XVI.
CONTINUED.
The world forsaken, all its busy cares
And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,
All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action; all that cause dares,
Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive
How subtly works man's weakness, sights may hoave
For such a One beset with clausal snare.
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
If with his vows this object ill agree;
Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue
Imperious passion in a heart set free:
That earthly love may to herself be true,
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee*.

XVII.
AT THE KREMMITE OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.
What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sat,
By peering steers up to this convent gate!
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,
Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesus wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger depurate
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies!
Strange contrast!—verify the world of dreams,
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,
Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,
Meet on the solid ground of waking life†.

XVIII.
AT VALLOMBROSIA.
Thick as autumnal leaves that strewn the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shade
High over-arch'd embower†.

Paradise Lost.

"VALLOMBROSIA—The grove wherein rest
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!"
Fond wish that was granted, at last, and the Flood
That lulled me asleep bids me listen once more.

* See Note.  † See note.
† See for the two first lines, "Stanzas composed in the
Simpson Pass."
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell—you sequestered Retreat high in
air—
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
For converse with God, sought through study and
prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
And its truth who shall doubt! for his Spirit is
here;
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty
austere;
In the flower-bespreading meadows his genius we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might
confide,
That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that
Place
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
With a thought he would flee to those haunts of his
prize,
And here once again a kind shelter be found.
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
Did waft him to Sinai, the glorified hill,
Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at will

Valhloomsbra! of thee I first heard in the page
Of that holiest of Bardis, and the name for my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.
And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,
While your leaves I behold and the brooks they
will strew,
And the realises vision is clasped to my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
In forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day
When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.
For he and he only with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

XIX.

At Florence

Under the shadow of a stately
The dome of Florence, pensive
Nor giving heed to aught that
I stood, and gazed upon a marvellous
The laurelled Dante's favourite
In just esteem, it rivals; though
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought
As a true man, who long had
I gazed with earnestness, and
But in his breast the mighty Fire
A Patriot's heart, warm with
Bod with the thought, in reverie
And, for a moment, filled that

XX.

Before the Picture of the Virgin
In the Gallery at Florence

The Baptist might have been
Forth from the towers of that
His Father served Jehovah
Due audience, how for aught
The obstinate pride and want
Of the Jerusalem below, her
And folly, if they with united
Drown not at once the Lamb
Therefore the Veil which speaks fire
To Her, as to her opposite in
Silence, and holiness, and
To Her and to all Lands its
Crying with earnestness that
"Make straight a highway for

XXI.

At Florence.—From me
Rapt above earth by power
Hers in whose sway alone my
I mingle with the blest on the
Where Man, yet mortal, rare
With Him who made the World
So well, that by its help and
I raise my thoughts, inform
Chasing her beauty in my
Thus, if from two fair eyes
I feel how in their presence day
Light which to God is both the
And, kindling at their lustre,
My noble fire emits the joyful
That through the realms of g
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

XXII.
AT FLORENCE.—FROM M. ANGELO.

Exempt Lord! cease of a cumbersome load,
And lessen from the world, I turn to Thee;
Let, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
The mock, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
Thy fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;
Wash with thy blood my sins; therefor incline
Thine as the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedily and entire.

So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave.
Ere long their fate do each to each conform:
Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

XXV.
AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few,
Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,
Part from Thee without pity dyed in shame:
I could not—while from Venice we withdrew,
Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view
Within its depths, and to the shore we came
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw.
Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
(Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lake)
Shall a few partial breezes only creep?
Be its depths quickened; what thou dost inherit
Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil: awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

XXVI.
CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spake bitter words; words that did ill agree
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
And divine Art, that fast to memory clung—
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
That followed the first sound of German speech,
Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock
Parting; the casual word had power to reach
My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

XXVII.
COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838.

If with old love of you, dear Hilles! I share
New love of many a rival image brought
From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought;
Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare
Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,
So rich to me in favours. For my lot
Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air

...
Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,
Warblers I heard their joy unbooming
Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colysoun;
Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,
For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,
Chass in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

XXVIII.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
O'er distill ed arches shed their seeds;
And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
A new magnificence that vies with old;
Piers in its pristine majesty hath stood
A votive column, spared by fire and flood:
And, though the passions of man's free 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 sought in Syrian deserts left to save
From death the memory of the good and brave.
Historie figures round the shaft enshrin'd
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:
Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees
Group winding after group, with dream-like ease;
Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed,
Or softly stealing into modest shade.
—So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine
Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine;
The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes
Wide-spreading odours from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Musse from rills in shepherds' ears
Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,
I gladly commune with the mind and heart
Of him who thus survives by classic art,
His actions witness, venerate his mien,
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen;
Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering sword
Stretched far as earth might own a single lord;

In the delight of moral p
How feelingly at home th
Best of the good—in pag
To more than Man, by vi

Memorial Pillar! 'mid
Preserve thy charge with the
Exultations, pomps;
Whence half the breathin,
Things that recoil from it
By ater pencil, from the A Pontiff, Trajan here th
There grots an Embassy
Lo! he wages on his co
Of battle meets him in an
Unharnessed, naked, troc
Sweep to the charge; me
To hoof and finger mail;
None bleed, and none lie
In every Roman, through
Is Roman dignity inviolate
Spirit in him pre-eminent
Supports, adorns, and ow
Distinguished only by int
From honoured Insrums
Rise as he may, his gran
Of outward symbol, nor t
On aught by which ano
—Alas that One thus de
To enslave whole nations
So emulous of Macedonia
That, when his age was t
He drooped, 'mid else un
And turned his eagles be
O weakness of the Great

Where now the haught
With such fond hope t
Yet glorious Art the pow
And Trajan still, through
Mounts, in this fine illus
Still are we present with
Nor cease to gaze upon
Till Rome, to silent mar
Becomes with all her y
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 last of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of Cassiri, now included among the Towsley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

Wua Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Feth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air,
Yet was the work of mortal hands,
And took from men her name—The Water Lily.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,
Grew from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this Pimacora bright
Beame, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this winged Shape so fair
Sate Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her blemishes, thought he, surpasse
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,
Grove Merlin (and belike the more
For practising occult and peritious lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That mapp'd good thoughts, or scared them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
An altered look upon the advancing Stranger
No man he had hailed with joy, and cried,
"My Art shall help to tame her pride—"
Upon 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 scourgis.

But worthy of the name she bore
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley;
Supreme in loneliness 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 confounding;
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 rebounding!

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 pitted, fend 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 richer than herself she bore,
And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
A lovely One, who nothing hears
Of wind or wave—a meek and gulletless 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 Lily flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

Her course was for the British strand;
Her freight, it was a Damned Peerless;
God reigns above, and Spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong,
Done to the Princess, and her Land
Which she in duty left, sad but not cheerful.

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 un navigable.

Shame! should a Child of royal line
Die through the blindness of thy malice?"
Thus to the Neeromancer 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, era life be fled for ever.

My pearly Bani, 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 sweetest 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;
Landling, she found not what she sought,
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble gray.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!
For gently cast from each retracting
With backward curve, the leaves revealed
The bosom half, and half concealed,
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;
Following the margin of a bay,
She spied the lonely Cast-away,
Unmarried, unstripped of her attire,
But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom for

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
With tenderness and mild emotion,
The Damned, in that trance embound;
And, while she raised her from the ground
And in the pearly shallop placed,
Sleep fell upon the air, and stillled the ocean

The tumult hushed, celestial springs
Of music opened, and there came a blend
Of fragrance, undervived from earth,
With glens that owed not to the sun their
And that soft rustling of invisible wings
Which Angels make, on works of love descendent.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
Than if the Goddess of the flower had spake
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what
Less pure in spirit could have done;
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success be

And
THE EGYPTIAN MAID.

cheered, she left that Island bleak,
dare rock of the Selly cluster;
d, as they traversed the smooth brine,
e self-illumined Brigantine
\textit{et}, on the Slumberer’s cold wan cheek
\textit{et}, in a melancholy lustre.

set was their course, and when they came
the dim cavern, whence the river
used into the salt-sea flood,
\textit{et}, in fixed in thought he stood,
as thus accosted by the Dame;
sold to thee my Charge I now deliver!

\textit{et} where attends thy chariote—where!”—
\textit{et} Merlin, “Even as I was hidden,
have I done; as twenty as thy large
\textit{et} shall prove—O precious Charge!
this be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!
\textit{et} have my books disclosed, but the end is
hidden.”

\textit{et} spake; and gliding into view
\textit{et} from the grotto’s dimmest chamber
\textit{et} from mate Swans, whose plumes of dusky white
\textit{et} to the ethereal element
\textit{et} the Birds with progress smooth and swift
\textit{et} through bright regions memory
\textit{et} rays.

\textit{et} Merlin, at the Slumberer’s side,
\textit{et} the Swans their way to measure;
\textit{et} Caesar’s towers appeared,
\textit{et} notes of minstrelsy were heard
\textit{et} rich pavilions spreading wide,
\textit{et} high day of long-expected pleasure.

\textit{et} stricken stood both Knights and Dames
\textit{et} on firm ground the car alighted;
\textit{et} astonishment was past,
\textit{et} in that face they saw the last
\textit{et} lingering look of clay, that names
\textit{et} ride; by which all happiness is blighted.

\textit{et} Merlin, “Mighty King, fair Lords,
\textit{et} with feast and ilt and tourney!
\textit{et} throughout this royal House,
\textit{et} hear, a rocking marvellous
\textit{et} truncheons, and a clash of swords
\textit{et} 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 priest’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 repeat him of his truth;
His brain will burn, his stout heart’s split somber.

Alas! and I have caused this woe;
For, when my prowess from invading Neighbours
Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow
Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours.

Her birth was heathen; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered;
A Lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

Ask not for whom, O Champions true!
She was reserved by me her life’s betrayer;
She who was meant to be a bride
Is now a corse: then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her.”

“The tomb,” said Merlin, “may not close
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill
Wafted her hither, interpose
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keeping:
Here must a high attest be given,
What Bridegroom was for her ordained by
Heaven:
And in my glass signifants there are
Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

For late, as near a
He rested 'mid an
Nina, the good Ench
A light around his n
And, at her call, a v
Prefigured to his sense

Now, while his brigh
And stood, far-k
ernine,
As 'er the insens
The corrupt, the bea
Belief sank deep int
That he the solemn lis

Nor doth it strange
That very mantle o
The day when he se
The marvel of the F
Which whoso'er a
short,
Though King or Knight

He touched with her
And lo! those Bir
dominious,
The Swans, in trium
And their necks play
Like sinner snakes i

"Mine is she," cried
clapped his pi

"Mine was she—mine
And to her name my
Whereat, a tender t
Of colour dawned up
And her lips, quickly
Seemed from each oth

Deep was the awe, th
Of love emboldened,
When, to the mouth
Allowed a soft and fl
Precursor to a timid
To lifted eyelids, and a

In silence did King A
Upon the signs th
In silence watched th
Of Nature leading hu
Then eased his a-
Of God, and Hea
Mary.

Not so Sir Lancelot;—from Heaven's grace
A sign he err'd, tired slave of vain contrition;
The royal Guinever look'd 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 nocturnal vision.

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He rested 'mid an
Nina, the good Ench
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Whose features he had seen in nocturnal vision.
THE RIVER DUDDON.

n said he, "Take her to thy heart,
Galadriel! a treasure, that God giveth,
and by indissoluble ties to thee,
ough mortal change and immortality;
appy and unenvied, thon who art
By Knight that hath no peer that liveth!"

long the Nuptials were delayed;
image tradition still rehearsest
pomp, the glory of that hour
ward the altar from her bower
Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
ngels 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;
Also! the bright Ship floated,
An Idol at her prow.

By magic domination,
The Heaven-licensed 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 mischief be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more;
But gently, gently blame her—
She cast a Pearl afloat.

The Maid to Jean hearteneth,
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! what'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bower of endless love!
1820.

THE RIVER DUDDON.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

The River Duddon rises upon Wyre's Brow, Pell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millom.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

FAITHFUL MINISTRELS played their Christmas tune
-fight beneath my cottage-eaves;
Hill, smitten by a lofty moon,
-encrusted laurel, thick with leaves,
ve back a rich and dazzling sheen,
not overpowerd their natural green.

through hill and valley every breeze
as sunk to rest with folded wings;
so was the air, but could not freeze,
or chink, the music of the strings;
\bout and hardly were the band
bat scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every Innate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choise
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice;
Though public care full often fills
(Heaven only witness of the toll)
A barren and ungrateful soil.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Yest, would that Then, with me and mine,  
Hast 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  
Cull forth the unlaboured 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 mack,  
By blaring fire, the still suspense  
Of self-composed innocence;  
The unival nod,—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness burning 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 Cythera's zone  
Glittering before the Thrandean's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endured  
The ground where we were born and nursed!  
Hail, ancient Minner! sure defence!  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Romanns 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既ts this passion, or condemns;  
If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To humber streamrs, 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  
Breats frequent on thy native ear,  
A pleased attention I may win  
To sensations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

I.

Nor envying Latian shades—if yet they throw  
A grateful cooless round that crystal Spring,  
Bundusin, prattling as when long ago  
The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing;  
Careless of flowers that in perennial bow  
Round the moist margr.of Persian fountains sling;  
Heless of Alpin vertures thundering  
Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow;  
I seek the birth-place of a native Stream,—  
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light!  
Better to breathe at large on this clear height  
Than toil in needless sleep from dream to dream;  
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,  
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

II.

Child of the clouds! remote from every taint  
Of world's industry thy lot is cast;  
Thee are the honours of the lofty waste;  
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,  
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint  
Thy cradle decks;—to chant thy birth, thou hast  
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,  
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!

She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would no spare  
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,  
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair  
Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green  
Thousands of years before the silent air  
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

III.

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked scene  
My seat, while I give way to such intent;  
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,  
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.  
But as of all those tripping lambs not one  
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent  
To thy beginning sought that doth present  
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.  
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,  
No sign of near Antiquity's esteem  
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;  
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gloss  
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;  
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

* The deer alluded to is the Leaigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.
IV.

Nursling of the mountain, take
ance, no negligent adieu!
seems wrought while I pursue
ously-scattered chain doth make;
appear'st a glistening snake,
ne gazer's eye untrue,
insulae lapse the rushes, through
iding, and by ferny brake.
zy step the undaunted Rill
in garb of snow-white foam;
the Adventurer, who hath clomb
purpose to fulfill;
ward backward wend, and roam,
achievement, where he will!

V.

Duddon! to the breeze that played
voice, I caught the fitful sound
en moss and craggy mound—
ures, that seemed to upbraid
en!—but now, to form a shade
s have together bound
abes flung their arms around;
s risen in silver colonnade.
also tempted here to rise,
pines, this Cottage rude and grey;
ild, by the mother's eyes
ed, sport through the summer day,
ates:—light as endless May
lonely Nature lies.

VI.

FLOWERS.
urse was graced with social trees
f remains of Hawthorn bowers,
aled to their paramours;
was heard the hum of bees;
hairless robberies,
rance which the sun-dried flowers,
ms with soft perpetual showers,
de to the vagrant breeze.
berry of the wilderness;
blead her sapphire blue,
, like the blush of Even;
 of some to no caress
hey peeped so fair to view,
emed 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 exquisitie 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 unculled floweret of the glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

VIII.

What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him! what designs were
spread
Along his path! His unprotected bed [nursed
What dreams encompassed! Was the intruder
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?
No voice replies;—both air and earth are mute;
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no
more
Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

IX.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

The struggling Rill insensibly is grown
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and
wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sky
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!
X.
THE SAME SUBJECT.
Nor so that Fair whose youthful spirits dance
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-liss;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood ascent;
To stop amazed—to too timid to advance;
She ventures once again—another pause!
His outstretched hand He tamningly withdraws—
She sweats for help with piteous utterance!
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
Both feel, when he renew the wished-for aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
The frolic Lovers, who, from yon high rock, see
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI.
THE FAIRY CHARM.
No fiction was it of the antique age:
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very foot-marks umbereft
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 assay
Her grief with, as she might!—But, where, oh!
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 PANT.
O, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immune [on!]
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;
A glance suffices;—should we wish for more,
Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pellard ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that blast
The masted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten—then would I
Turn into port; and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling aisle,
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 seems to like a spot
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this content thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voices, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue!

XV.
From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tectular 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 pass'd?
THE RIVER DUDDON.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

these questions may not long beguile
the fancy 'mid the sculptured shows
that the Indian answer with a smile
the White Man's ignorance the while,
that Waters telling how they rose,
the plains, and, wandering where they
through every intricate dell,
chose, at—Inundation wide and deep,
his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep
proachable their buoyant way;
s, and stars, and beast of chase or prey;
they sought, shunned, loved, or defied

RETURN.

sune fetch me from you blasted yew,
in whose top the Danish Raven croaks;
imperial Bird of Rome invokes
ages, shedding where he flew
ments of wild wailing, that bestrew
and thrill the chambers of the rocks;
silence and the twinkling stars
that lone Camp on Hardknott's height,
sardian bent the knee to Jove and Mars:
that mystic Round of Druid frame
ning by its proper weight
patient Earth, from whose smooth breast

SKEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

religion! 'mother of form and fear,'
sstress of mutable respect,
ordaining when the old are wrecked,
to please the fickle worshipper;
'Love!' (that name best suits thee here)
'Love!' for this deep vale, protect
ly lamp, pure source of bright effect,
 purge the vapoury atmosphere
sto stifle it;—as in those days
low Pile? a Gospel Teacher knew,
or works formed an endless rhythm:
such as Chaucer's verse pourtrays;
heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
or Goldsmith crowned with deathless
dia!

See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.
† See Note.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with delight
When hope presented some far-distant good,
That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood
Of you pure waters, from their airy height
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite;
Who, 'mid a world of images impress
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,
The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all!
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
Swola by that voice—whose murmur musical
Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

The old inventive Poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrance that retains
Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains;
The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beaufified Elysium! But these chains
Will soon be broken;—a rough course remains,
Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid mien,
Innocuous as a fretting of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy tempest; and, with many a shock
Given and received in mutual jeopard,
Drace, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

WHERE that low voice!—A whisper from the heart,
That told of days long past, when here I roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light;
And charmed joys into new being start.

From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recall
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXII.

TRADITION.

And, at some far-distant time,

In an ocean pool, whose depths surpass

Dian's looking-glass;

Saw that Rose, which from the prime

Of a rose, reflected as the chime

Of cheek reverberate some sweet sound;

Starry treasure from the blue profound

Brgung to ravish—shall she plunge, or climb

Mid precipice, and seize the guest

of till, smiling high in upper air?

what fiend could dare

Prompt the thought!—Upon the steep rock's

breast

A lonely Primrose yet renew its bloom,

O'ermo memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII.

SHEEP-WASHING.

thoughts, avont!—partake we their blithe cheer.

Waved in bestimes the vaporous flock

To the fleeces, where haply hands of rock,

An the stream, make a pool smooth and clear

As on. Distant Mountains hear

repeat, the turmoil that unites

song of boys with innocent despites

Of barking dogs, and blessings from strange fear.

And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive

Unwelcome mixtures as the smooth noise

Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive

Such wrong; nor need we blame the licensed joys.

Though false to Nature's quiet equipise:

Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

Mid-day is past;—upon the sultry mead

No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws:

If we advance unstrengthened by repose,

Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!'—

This Nook—with woodland hung and straggling

Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,

Half grove, half arbour—proffers to enclose

Body and mind, from molestation freed,

In narrow compass—narrow as itself;

Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,

Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt

From new incitements friendly to our task,

Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt

Loose Idles to forgo her wily mask.

XXV.

METHINKS 'were no unprecedent

Should some benignant Minstrel

Lift, and enlire with a cloudy

The One for whom my heart a

With tenderest love;—or, if a

Atween his downy wings be fur

Would lodge her, and the chere

O'er hill and valley to this dim

Rough ways my steps have trod

long

For her companionship; here

With sweets that she partakes

Mingles, and lurking conscious

Languish the flowers; the waste

Their vocal charm; their spark.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content! for family I

Even when a child, the Stream

Through tangled woods, impet

Or, free as air, with flying inq

The stilled reservoirs whence I

Pure as the morning, fresh, and

Green as the salt-sea billows, we

Poured down the hills, a chorus

Nor have I tracked their course.

They taught me random cares

That shield from mischief and

Vague minds, while men are g

Maturer Fancy owes to their

Impetuous thoughts that break

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a sh

Or quietly self-buried in earth.

Is that embattled House, whose

Flung from you clift a shadow

There dwelt the gay, the houn

Till nightly lamentations, like

Of winds—though winds were

And lasting terror through the

Is line of Warriors fled;—the

By ghostly power:—but Time

Hath plucked such foes, like

land;

And now, if men with men in

All other strength the weakes

All worse assaults may safely
THE RIVER DUDDON.

XXXVII.
JOURNEY RENEWED.
While yet the cattle, heat-oppress,
Cheed together under rustling trees
Tied by the current of the water-breeze;
For their sake, and love of all that rest,
Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest;
All the startled scaly tribes that slink
In his covert, and each fearless link
Dancing insects forged upon his breast;
Or those, and hopes and recollections worn
To the vital seat of human clay;
And meetings, tender partings, that upstay
His dropping mind of absence, by vows sworn
A his pure presence near the trysting thorn—
Thatched the Leader of my onward way.

XXXIX.
No word falls of lance opposed to lance,
Some charging horses, 'mid these retired domains;
Felt that their turf drank purple from the veins
Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins
Now to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
That lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Is to the loyal and the brave, who lie
On the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
In passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
In their chaste chant their praise, inspiring scorn
That power usurped; with proclamation high,
Of glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

XXX.
To swerve from innocence, who makes divorce
That serene companion—a good name,
Sure not his loss; but walks with shame,
In doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse:
I oft-times he—who, yielding to the force
That his journey end,
To chosen comrades, turn, or faithful friend—
Ran shall rue the broken intercourse.
Joins the chain, just binds them, pleasant River! to this side:
Tough the rough cope wheel thou with haste
So close to sampler o'er the grassy plain,
So, when the separation has been tried,
And we, who part in love, shall meet again.

XXXIII.
THE KIRK of ULPNE to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rest
Of a black cloud diffused over half the sky:
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more
Than 'mid that wave-washed Church-yard to recline,
From pastoral graces extracting thoughts divine;
Or there to pace, and mark the summit's hoar
Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXIII.
Nor hurled precipitous from steep to steep;
Lingered 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—swell expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gleaming in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath anampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him:—hamlets, towers, and towns,
And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar;
In stately men 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 amibitious functions fail.
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream, be free—
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seamy distance—to advance like Thoe;
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!
XXXIV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I saw you, O Tho! my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!

Per, backward, Didon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;

While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our forms of youth did dwell
The elements must vanish—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have you
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent power,
We feel that we are greater than we knew.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Draws the Summer of 1697, I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds BoltonPri; in Yorkshire; and the Poem of the Wearne Doe, founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION.

In trullised 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, set of soul—in and attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Beloved! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Mock'd as that emblem of her lovely heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a lcore she bid—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion alas in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a fairy shell
Attended to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free Fancy prized is, 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 gules dissolve the dusky snow,
And give the timid heritage to shoot,

Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow
A timely promise of unlook'd-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fanes innocent.

It soothe'd us—it beguil'd us—then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And griefs whose asy motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High o'er hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this Song of mine once more could please
Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Alto ascension, and descending deep.
Even to the inferior kind of forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom He
A calm and shadeless life, with love, hath given.

This true Story cheered us; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose;
And, of the recompense that conscience seeks.
A bright, encouraging, example shows:
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks.
Needful amid life's ordinary woes;
Hence, not for them unbridled who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

a the Mass erringly and ill,
im in pleasure light and fugitive:
my mind were equal to fulfil
prehensive mandate which they give—

Mount, Westmoreland,
April 20, 1818.

In resolvent—a step, a blow,
impulse of a muscle—this way or that—
done; and in the after-vacancy
wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
fering is permanent, obscure and dark,
d has the nature of infinity.
through that darkness (infinite though it seem

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.

And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascense
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.

They that dam a God, destroy Man's nobility: for
Man is of kinn to the Beast by his Body;
if he be not of kinn to God by his Spirit, he is a
fickle Creature. It destroys likewise Magna-
locity and the raising of humane Nature: for take an
ape of a Dog, and mark what a generosity and
love of God he will put on, when he finds himself main-
d by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or
Nature. Which courage is manifestly such, as
Creature without that confidence of a better
than his own could never attain. So Man, when
vindicated himself upon Divine protection
power, gathereth a force and faith which human
in itself could not obtain.

LOD RACOE.

CANTO FIRST.

Bolton's old monastic tower
bells ring loud with gladsome power;
shines bright; the fields are gay
people in their best array
and doublet, hood and scarf,
g the banks of crystal Wharf,
the Vale retired and lowly,
ring to that summons holy.
up among the moorlands, see
sprinklings of lilte company!
lines of shepherd grooms,
down the steep hills force their way,
castle through the buder brooms;
ly path, what care they
in joyous mood they his
Colne's mouldering Priory.

That would they there!—Full fifty years
nemtuous Fife, with all its poors,
basely hath been doomed to taste
bitterness of wrong and waste:
creta are ravaged; but the tower
bedded with a voice of power,

That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old 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 stole in the shade of the Prior's Oak!
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the preservative hymn is heard:—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel:
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal;
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through you gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serence 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 care;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for sabbath hours
If I with this bright Creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a Spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state
Overtowned and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?

Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence!
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;
For old insufficiency undone;
Or for the gentle work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing!
Mourns she for lordly chamber's heart?
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or alarum, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament!
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Clearing humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation press,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath di
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the crystal stream now flowing
With its softest summer sound:
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with downcast eyes.
—But now again the people raise
With awful cheer a voice of praise;
It is the last, the parting song;
And from the temple forth they throng,
And quickly spread themselves abroad,
While each pursues his several road,
But some—a variegated band
and old, and young,
by the hand
mother hung—
ince gladly paid
spot, where, full in view,
a her service true,
ch has made.

y mound;
clength of level ground
r graves divide:
pact of pride;
sickly mood,
n neighbourhood;
ably would express
liness.

he is, my Child! draw near;
erefore should we fear?
ment:"—but still the Boy,
ds were softly said,
miled, and blushed for joy,
ush of glowing red!
whispered low,
seen the famous Doe;
hath found her way
sabbath day;
en its be, is done,
r when we are gone;
, from year to year,
ging, foul or fair."

Creature, as in dreams
her, yes, more bright;
that she seems!
cure delight,
and doubts,—and still
against his will:
the standers-by,
history
wherein appear
c, reason clear,
white Doe is found
hat lonely mound;
oves to pace
hallowed place.
inquiring mind
confined;
Truth that sees
remembrances
story belong,
ill skill can trace
every face,

There lack not strange delusion here,
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
And superstitious fancies strong,
Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
Who in his boyhood often fed
Full cheerily on convent-bread
And heard old tales by the convent-fire,
And to his grave will go with scars,
Relics of long and distant wars—
That Old Man, studious to expound
The spectacle, is mounting high
To days of dim antiquity;
When Lady Ailizis mourned
Her Son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unavailing prayer;
Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
The noble Boy of Egremond.
From which affliction—when the grace
Of God had in her heart found place—
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up, this stately Priory!
The Lady's work;—but now laid low;
To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,
In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe:
Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to sustain
A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright;
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, you chantry door;
And, through the chink in the fractured floor
Look down, and see a grisly sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Manleversons stand;
And, in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A valiant man, and a name of dread
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!
Look down among them, if you dare;
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
Praying into the darksome rent;
Nor can it be with good intent:
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
Who hath a Page her book to hold,
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.
Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree—
Who counts among her ancestry
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!
That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
From Oxford come to his native vale,
He also hath his own conceit:
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary:
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of Nature's hidden powers;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that She all shapes could wear;
And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair;
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
In Craven's dews, on Cumbrian heights;
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A shepherd clad in homely grey;
Nor left him at his later day.
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow;
The fatal end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrew.
But not in wars did he delight,
Thosé Clifford wished for worthier might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
He made those thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barlow's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
in many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry
For other lore,—by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire;
In quest belike of transmutations
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
But they and their good works are fled,
And all is now disquieted—
And peace is none, for living or dead:

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant Doe!
What quiet watch she seems to keep,
Alone, beside that nester heap!
Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet!
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning;
Yes, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright;
Which yet do unto some impart
An undisturbed repose of heart.
And all the assembly own a law
Of orderly respect and awe;
But see—they vanish one by one,
And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild;
To which, with no reluctant strings,
Thou hast attuned thy murmuring:
And now before this File we stand
In solitude, and utter peace:
But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease—
A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
In soft and breeze-like visitings,
Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand:
A voice is with us—a command
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
A tale of tears, a mortal story!

CANTO SECOND.

The Harp in lowliness obeyed;
And first we sang of the green-wood shade
And a solitary Maid;
Beginning, where the song must end,
With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
The Friend who stood before her sight,
Her only unextinguished light;
Her last companion in a drearthy
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For She it was—this Maid, who wrought
Moosly, with foreboding thought,
In verdant colours and in gold
An unblest work; which, standing by,
Her Father did with joy behold,—
Exulting in its imagery;
A Banner, fashioned to fulfil
Too perfectly his headstrong will;
For on this Banner had her hand
Embroidered (such her Sire's command)
The sacred Cross; and figured there
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;
Full soon to be uplifting high,
And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's Queen
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dear
Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturbed upon her virgin head;
THE WHITE DOK OF RYLSTONE.

And din of arms and minstrelsy,
From all his warlike tenantry,
All horsed and harnessed with him to ride,—
A voice to which the hills replied!

But Francis, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under dreary weight,—
A phantasm, in which roof and wall
Shook, tottered, swam before his sight;
A phantasm like a dream of night!
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He found his way to a postern-gate;
And, when he waked, his languid eye
Was on the calm and silent sky;
With air about him breathing sweet,
And earth’s green grass beneath his feet;
Nor did he fail ere long to hear
A sound of military cheer,
Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance
Which he had grasped unknowingly,
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
That dimness of heart-agony;
There stood he, cleansed from the despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.
The past he calmly hath reviewed:
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily!

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling:
“Might ever son command a sire,
The act were justified to-day.”
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
“Gone are they,—they have their desire;
And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may.”

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence; then his thoughts turned round,
And fervent words a passage found.

“Gone are they, bravely, though misled;
With a dear Father at their head!
The Sons obey a natural lord;
The Father had given solemn word

---working North
1 its thousands forth,
ge, to fight
a Neville’s right,
aged in discontent,
wishes open vent;
1 a general plea,
ent piety
ly restored,
ice of the sword!
anner, on whose breast
ady had express
a to give life
a dangerous strife;
iting for the Call,
Rylstone-hall.

Francis Norton said,
not in this fray—
ite upon your head;
re me when I say
late a day!
our own good name:
us Queen have we,
and the claim
humanity—
sure your scorn;
seldest born;
hip or for land,
clasp your knees;
h not, stay your hand,
m en distant,
: in blameless case;
:hen’s sake, for me;
: for Emily!”

ess filled the hall;
ld the Father hear
ounced with a dying fall—
ly Daughter dear,
which stood near
k of holy pride,
e were glorified;
: the staff, and say:
: tear sth father’s name,
ign till the day
quire the same:
my better hand—
e as thou, I see,
: good cause and me.”
bright brave sons straightway
, a gallant band!
s, when forth he came
iled with loud acclaim
To noble Percy; and a force
Still stronger, bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons;
Untried our Brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved;
And now their faithfulness is proved;
For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.
—There were they all in circle—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
And those bright Twins were side by side;
And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!
I, by the right of eldest born,
And in a second father’s place,
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
And meet their pity face to face;
Yes, trusting in God’s holy aid,
I to my Father kneel and pray;
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!
Then, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their place,
Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
As that unhallowed Banner grew
Beneath a loving Old Man’s view.
Thy part is done—thy painful part;
Be thou then satisfied in heart!
A further, though far easier, task
Than thine hath been, my duties ask;
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
I cannot for such cause contend;
Their aims I utterly forewear;
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*.

* See the Old Ballad,—“The Rising of the North.”

Therewith he threw away the lance,
Which he had grasped in that strong trance;
Spurned it, like something that would stand
Between him and the pure intent
Of love on which his soul was bent.

“For thee, for thee, is left the sense
Of trial past without offence
To God or man; such innocence,
Such consolation, and the excess
Of an unmerited distress;
In that thy very strength must lie.
—O Sister, I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well:
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee, a woman, and thence weak:
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:
’Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss.
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon:
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours—
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall—
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young horse must forsake his manger,
And learn to glory in a Stranger;
The hawk forget his perch; the hound
Be parted from his ancient ground:
The blast will sweep us all away—
One desolation, one decay!
And even this Creature!” which words say:
He pointed to a lovely Doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying;
Fair creature, and more white than snow!
“Even she will to her peaceful woods
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came;
Ere she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Ryalstone-hall.
—But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
The last leaf on a blasted tree;
If not in vain we breathed the breath
Whom I have left. Love's mildest birth,
The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
I had—but these are by my side,
These Eight, and this is a day of pride!
The time is ripe. With festive din
Do I how the people are flocking in,—
Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth; for far and near
From every side came noisy swarms
Of Peasants in their homely gear;
And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came
Grave Gentry of estate and name,
And Captains known for worth in arms;
And prayed the Earls in self-defence
To rise, and prove their innocence.—
"Rise, noble Earls, putting forth your might
For holy Church, and the People's right!"
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 thousands, secretly
"Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
"Uplift it!" said Northumberland—
Whereat, from all the multitude
Who saw the Banner reared on high
In all its dread emblazonry,
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
The transport was rolled down th'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 fortked hills—
Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
Of Neville, at their Master's call
Had sated together in Raby Hall!
Such strength that Earlhood held of yore;
Nor wanted at this time rich store
Of well-appointed chivalry.
—Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
And greet the old paternal shield,
They heard the summons;—and, furthermore,
Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
Unbound by pledge of fealty,
Appeared, with free and open hate
Of nobility in Church and State;
Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;
And Romain 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
Song mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
And trod the bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free
'They mustered their host at Wetherby,
Full sixteen thousand fair to see!'

* From the old ballad.

The Chiocest Warriors of the North:
But none for beauty and for worth
Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring,
(Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
Each with a lance, erect and tall,
A fashin, and a buckler small,
Stood by their Sire, on Clifford Moor;
To guard the Standard which he bore.
On foot they girt their Father round
And so will keep the appointed ground
Where'er their march: no steed will he
Henceforth beside—triumphant, he
Stands upon the grassy soil,
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 over the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height;
Magnific limbs of withered state;
A face to fear and venerate;
Eyes dark and strong; and on his head
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
Which a brown morion half-concealed,
Light as a hunter's of the field;
And thus, with girdle round his waist,
Whereon the Banner-staff might rest
At need, he stood, advancing high
The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him!—thousands see,
With unanticipated gaze;
Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hat
And treads in solitary ways.
He, following wheresoe'er he might,
 Hath watched the Banner from afar,
As shepherds watch a lonely star,
Or mariners the distant light
That guides them through a stormy night.
And now, upon a chosen plot
Of rising ground, you healthy spot!
He takes alone his far-off stand,
With breast unsealed, unweaponed hand.
Bold is his aspect; but his eye
Is pregnant with anxiety,
While, like a tutelary Power,
He there stands fixed from hour to hour.
Yet sometimes in more humble guise,
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

...the turf-clad height he lies
bed, herdsman-like, as if to bask
shine were his only task,
his mantle’s help to find
shriek from the nipping wind
thus, with short oblivion blast,
very spirits gather rest.
in he lifts his eyes; and lo!
pages glancing to and fro;
I hope awakened by the sight,
these may learn, ere fall of night,
and the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;
what arias the bold intent?
loyal army is gone forth
quell the Rising of the North;
7 march with Dudley at their head,
7, is seven days’ space, will to York be led—
and a mighty Host be raised
sudden, and brought so near!
Bet on each other gazed;
Neville’s cheek grew pale with fear;
with small high and valiant name
bore a heart of timid frame;
would both had been, yet they
smite so many may not stay.
t herefore will they be to seize
true Hold on the banks of Tees;
re wait a favourable hour,
Lord Dacre with his power
a Norther come; and Howard’s aid
with them openly displayed.

...he through the Host, from man to man,
now of this purpose ran,
standard trusting to the care
in who heretofore did bear
charge, impatient Norton sought
keenest to unfold his thought,
has abruptly spake—'We yield
can it be? an unfought field!—
A has strength, the strength of heaven,
triumphantly been given!
our very children boast
and Thurston—what a Host
spared—Saw we not the Plain
flying shall behold again
faith was proved—while to battle moved
standard, on the Sacred Wain
now, it, compassed round by a bold
serty of Barons old;

And with those grey-haired champions stood,
Under the saintly ensign three,
The infant Heir of Mowbray’s blood—
All confident of victory—
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville’s Cross?
When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
Raised, as the Vision gave command,
Saint Cuthbert’s Relic—far and near
Kenneled on the point of a lofty spear;
While the Monks prayed in Maiden’s Bower
To God descending in his power.
Lest would not at our need be due
To us, who war against the Untrue—
The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Convoked the impious to chastise:
We, we, the sanctities of old
Would re-establish and uphold:
Be warned—'His zeal the Chiefs 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 with joyful pride,
This hope of all posterity,
By those dread symbols sanctified;
Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by,
A spot of shame to the sun’s bright eye,
To the light clouds a mockery!

—“Even these poor eight of mine would stem”—
Half to himself, and half to them
He spake—‘would stem, or 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 superstitions pain,
Fell on him, with the sudden thought
Of her by whom the work was wrought:—
Oh wherefore was her countenance bright
With love divine and gentle light?
She would not, could not, disobey,
But her Faith leaned another way.
Ill tears she wept; I saw them fall,
I overheard her as she spake
Sail words to that mute Animal,
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
She steered, but not for Jesus's sake,
This Cross in tears: by her, and One
Unworthy far we are undone—
Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
Over that tender Spirit—assailed
Too oft alas! by her whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid:
She first, in reason's dawn beguiled
Her docile, unsuspecting Child:
Far back—for back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe!

While thus he brooded, music sweet
Of border tunes was played to cheer
The footsteps of a quick retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear,
Stung with sharp thoughts; and ere the last
From his distracted brain was cast,
Before his Father, Francis stood,
And spake in firm and earnest mood.

"Though here I bend a suppliant knee
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
In your indignant thoughts my share;
Am grieved this backward march to see
So careless and disorderly.
I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
And yet want courage at their need:
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserve they further sacrifice?—
If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
In open field their gathering foes,
(And fast, from this decisive day,
Yon multitude must melt away.)
If now I ask a grace not claimed
While ground was left for hope; unblamed
Be an endeavour that can do
No injury to them or you.
My Father! I would help to find
A place of shelter, till the rage
Of cruel men do like the wind
Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
Be Brother now to Brother joined!
Admit me in the equipage
Of your misfortunes, that at least,
Whatever fate remain behind,
I may bear witness in my breast
To your nobility of mind!"

"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight

Against all good"—but why declare,
At length, the issue of a prayer
Which love had prompted, yielding see
Too free to one bright moment's hope!
Suffice it that the Son, who strove
With fruitless effort to allay
That passion, prudently gave way;
Nor did he turn aside to prove
His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
But calmly from the spot withdrew;
His best endeavours to renew,
Should ever a kindlier time ensue.

—

CANTO FOURTH.

'Tis night: in silence looking down,
The Moon, from cloudless ether, sees
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
And Castle like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Trees:—
And southward far, with moor between
Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
While from one pinnacled chimney brow
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreath
—The courts are hushed;—for timely
The grey-hounds to their kennel creep
The peacock in the broad ash tree
Aloft is rosted 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 peregrine; from yon lone Hill
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness
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, stirres
By the night insects in their play,
Breaks into dimples small and bright;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear
Almost as soon as seen—and lo!
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
The same who quietly was feeding
On the green herb, and nothing heedles
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

Francis, uttering to the Maid
a words in the yew-tree shade,
sc wounder by love was brought
his heart, or crossed his thought,
not presented to his eye,
and sweep of destiny—
me fair Creature, who hath found
y inlaid into forbidden ground ;
now—within this spacious plot
sure made, a goodly spot,
saw and beds of flowers, and shades
his work in long arcades,
que and crescent framed by wall
clit foliage green and tall,
ing walks, and fountains gay,
traces in trim array—
by cypress spiring high,
ime and cedar spreading wide
arksome bounds on either side,
moonlight doth she lie ;
as others of her kind,
rf from human neighbourhood,
unrestricted as the wind,
p park, or chase, or savage wood.

see the consecrated Maid
ing from a cedar shade
moonshine, where the Doe
he cypress-spike is laid ;
patch of April snow—
bed of herbage green,
ing in a woody glade
ind a rocky screen—
relie ! which, if seen
shepherd, is passed by
instinctive eye
re regard doth She bestow
the uncomplaining Doe
ached at ease, though oft this day
perplexed nor free from pain,
the she had tried, and tried in vain,
ing in her gentle way,
loose of love, or gain
ament to sport or play ;
t which still the heart-sick Maid
ed, or with slight repaid.

Emily is soothed ; the breeze
naught with kindly sympathies.
approached you rustic Shed
with late-flowering woodbine, spread
the walls and overhead,
rance of the breathing flowers
f a memory of those hours

When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendent woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious Mother strove
To teach her satirical fars
And mysteries above her years.
Yes, she is soothed : an Image faint,
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her—that blessed Saint
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence :
"But oh ! thou Angel from above,
Mute Spirit of maternal love,
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
Descend on Francis ; nor forbear
To greet him with a voice, and say j—
If hope be a rejected stay,
Do thou, my Christian Son, beware
Of that most lamentable snare,
The self-reliance of despair !"

Then from within the embowered retreat
Where she had found a grateful seat
Perturbed she issue. She will go !
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her Father's knees ;—ah, no !
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her Brother laid ;
His passing charge—but ill obeyed—
That interdicted all debate,
All prayer for this cause or for that ;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate :—
Her duty is to stand and wait ;
In resignation to abide
The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure.
—She feels it, and her pangs are checked.
But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was chased,
Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake ;
An old man's privilege I take :
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woe:
This would I beg; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid;
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine."

"Hope," said the old Man, "must abide
With all of us, whate'er betide.
In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men:
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave:
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed!"

"Ah tempt me not!" she faintly sighed;
"I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my condition satisfied;
But you, at least, may make report
Of what befals;—be this your task—
This may be done?—tis all I ask!"

She spake—and from the Lady's sight
The Sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a Page
Bound on some errand of delight.
—The noble Francis—wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to save.
With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field;
Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers,—
"Grant that the Moon which shines this night
May guide them in a prudent flight!"

But quick the turns of chance and change,
And knowledge has a narrow range;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—
The Moon may shine, but cannot be
Their guide in flight—already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made;
But dark and dismal is the vault

Where Norton and his
Disastrous issue!—he
"This night you faith—
Or we for ever quit th
—Neville is utterly di
For promise fails of H
And Daere to our call
That he is unprepared.
My heart is sick;—thi
Must needs be fatal to
The breach is open—
This night, the Bannen
—'Twas done: his Son
They bled him round's
And others follow;—S
Leap down into the co
They short aloud—but
That with their joyful
The triumph of a deep
Which struck with ter
The friend shrinks but
From Norton and his
But they, now caught
Against a thousand ca
The foe from numbers
And overpowered that
"A rescue for the Sta
The Father from with
But, see, the sacred S
Confusion through the
Some fled; and some
But ere the Moon had
In her pale chambers
Of that rash levy nou

CANTO

High on a point of rock
Among the wastes of
Above the loftiest ridge
Where foresters or she
An edifice of warlike
Stands single—Norton
It fronts all quarters,
O'er path and road, an
Dark moor, and gleam
Upon a prospect with

The summit of this
Though bleak and bare
As Pendle-hill or Pen
From wind, or frost, or
Had often heard the s
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

When there the youthful Nortons met,
To practice games and archery:
How proud and happy they! the crowd
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the Tower withdrew, and there
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall,
Was happiest, proudest, of them all!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
Upon the height walks to and fro;
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,
Received the bitterness of woe:
For she had hoped, had hoped and feared,
Such rights did foolest nature claim;
And oft her steps had hither steered,
Thoughts not unconscious of self-blame;
For on her brother's charge revered,
His tearful words; and by the same,
Ye loy her brother's very name,
Hid, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beneath the lonely watch-tower stood
That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
Who with her Father had grown old
In friendship; rival hunters they,
And fellow warriors in their day;
To Rylstone he the tidings brought;
There on this height the Maid had sought,
And gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned; "You said
That Francis lives, he is not dead!"

"Your noble brother hath been spared;
To take his life they have not dared;
On him and on his high endeavour
The Light of praise shall shine for ever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

I witnessed when to York they came—
That Lady, if their feet were tired;
They might deserve a good Man's blame;
In marks of infancy and shame—
Were their triumph, these their pride;
Nor wanted 'mid the !-seeing 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
Through force of natural piety;
He rose not in this quarrel, he,
For concord's sake and England's good,
Suit to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed—
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose—then did he divide,
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in manliness,
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!"

And so in Prison were they laid—
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your distress,
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service, making bold,
Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

Your Father gave me cordial greeting;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned:
He was commanding and entrusting,
And said—'We need not stop, my Son!
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on.'—
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

'Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renunciation 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:

x
I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory!

A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being— bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.

Hear then, said he, while I impart,
My Son, the last wish of my heart.
The Banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
Bear it—to whom if not to thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign?
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary’s shrine;
To wither in the sun and breeze
’Mid those decaying sanctuaries.
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ’s dear name,
I helmed a brow though white,
And took a place in all men’s sight;
Yes offered up this noble Brood,
This fair unsurpassed Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son!
And left—but be the rest unsaid,
The same untouched, the tear unshed;
My wish is known, and I have done:
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!—

Then Francis answered—’Trust thy Son,
For, with God’s will, it shall be done!’—

The pledge obtained, the solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And Officers appeared in state
To lead the prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and heaven
Are calm; they knew each other’s worth,
And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that useful Banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment:

So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier’s hand;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath;
Together died, a happy death—
But Francis, soon as he had bared
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Athwart the irresistible tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away."

These things, which thus had in the sight
And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
In Rylestone’s woeful neighbourhood,
He told; and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice;
For deepest sorrow that aspired,
Go high, no transport ever higher.
“Sure—God is rich in mercy,” said
The old Man to the silent Maid,
“Yet, Lady! shines, through this black ni
One star of aspect heavenly bright;
Your Brother lives—he lives—is come
Perhaps already to his home;
Then let us leave this dreary place.”
She yielded, and with gentle pace,
Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylestone-hall her way she took.

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CANTO SIXTH.

Why comes not Francis!—From the dole
He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell:
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
To Ambrose that! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower!
For all—all dying in one hour!
—Why comes not Francis! Thoughts of
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove;
Yes, like a heavenly messenger
Of speediest wing, should he appear.
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

not!—for westward fast

. of York he past;

it impels or leads,

survives on—nor heed's

vough the Village,

uplift cruelties

itary force,

't without remorse

. heard not, as he fled;

'ring heart was dead

used to blank aw's

I horror strong:

ject which he saw,

ight, as he swept along—

're his hand!

de a sudden stand.

out like one betrayed:

lone! what promise made!

moment! to what end

oblation tend,

Can be go

strument of woe,

y where, a right

in his Country's sight!

'seen the change

urse, perverse and strange!

how! when I must she,

Emily,

'as object see!

long did he maintain,

rest could gain

o danger brought

—e'en that thought,

spicion strong

've man to his wrong.

as it were the sense

.Providences,

ionaably shown—

inner chug so fast

of unconscious hand;

nd to which it passed

ment! And why

n's purpose might be known

'mance meet his eye,

, to withstand

Father's prayer

ion forgiven, and blest

ments were at rest,

laid the heart bare!—

stre sweeping by;

's his mind the prophecy

ion made

To Emily in the yew-tree shade:

He sighed, submitting will and power

To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.

"No choice is left, the deed is mine—

Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,

And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,

Will lay the Relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will

He went, and traversed plain and hill;

And up the vale of What'rf his way

Pursued;—and, at the dawn of day,

Attained a summit whence his eyes

Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.

There Francis for a moment's space

Made halt—but hark! a noise behind

Of horsemen at an eager pace!

He heard, and with misgiving mind.

—"Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band:

They come, by cruel Sussex sent;

Who, when the Nortoons from the hand

Of death had drunk their punishment,

Bethought him, angry and ashamed,

How Francis, with the Banner claimed

As his own charge, had disappeared,

By all the staiders-by revered.

His whole bold carriage (which had quelled

Thus far the Opposer, and repelled

All censure, enterprise so bright

That even had men had vainly strives

Against that overcoming light)

Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,

That to what place sooner fled

He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height

Where Francis stood in open sight.

They hem him round—"Behold the proof,"

They cried, "the Ensign in his hand!

He did not arm, he walked aloof!

For why!—to save his Father's land;—

Worst Traitor of them all is he,

A Traitor dark and cowardly!"

"I am no Traitor," Francis said,

"Though this unhappy freight I bear;"

And must not part with. But beware;—

Err not, by lusty seal misled,

Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong;

Whose self-reproaches are too strong!"

At this he from the beaten road

Retreated towards a brake of thorn,

That like a place of vantage showed;

And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
In self-defense with warlike brow
He stood,—nor weaponless was now;
He from a Soldier's hand had snatched
A spear,—and, so protected, watched.
The Assailants, turning round and round;
But from behind with treacherous wound
A Spearman brought him to the ground.
The guardian lances, as Francis fell,
Dropped from him; but his other hand
The Banner clenched; till, from out the Band,
One, the most eager for the prize,
Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclouded the noble Francis lay—
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;
But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the broaded Banner showed,
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as good!

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay
There was he left alone, unwept,
And for two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewitching fear
Possessed the country, far and near;
But, on the third day, passing by
One of the Norton Tenantry,
Respied the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrank as he recognised the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
This was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be; to her they cannot bear
This weight of anguish and despair.
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And no one hinder their intent,
Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,
In holy ground a grave would make;
And straightway buried he should be
In the 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 they are bound,
Bearing the body on a bier;
And psalms they sung—a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,
And is again disquieted;
She must behold!—so many gone,
Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
To seek her Brother forth she went,
And tremblingly her course she bent
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot—
And darting like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground received the rest,—
The consummation, the whole ruth
And sorrow of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH.

Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perc
No soul to dream of:

T sou 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 hast 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!—despair and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,
Or have given way to slow mutation,
While, in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly Mansion of its pride
And so—beneath a wonderrock
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 gladsmere worth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of deer came sweeping by;
And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
For One, among those rushing deer,
A single One, in mid career
Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye
Upon the Lady Emily;
A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
A little thoughtful pause it made;
And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
Drew softly near her, and more near—
Looked round—but saw no cause for fear;
So to her feet the Creature came,
And laid its head upon her knee,
And looked into the Lady's face,
A look of pure benignity,
And fond unclouded memory.
It is, thought Emily, the same,
The very Doe of other years!—
The pleasing look the Lady viewed,
And, by her gazing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears—
A flood of tears, that flowed apace,
Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest! O Fair
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
This was for you a precious greeting;
And may it prove a fruitful meeting!
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can she depart? can she forego
The Lady, once her playful peer,
And now her sainted Mistress dear?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely chronicle of things
Long past, delights and sorrowings?
Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face;
And welcome, as a gift of grace,
The saddest thought the Creature brings!

THE WHITE DOE OF RYSLONE.
That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.
And when, ere fall of evening dew,
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
The Lady to her dwelling-place;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habitation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord;
A hat, by tufted trees defended,
Where Rylistone brook with Wharf is blended.

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight.
She shrank— with one frail shock of pain
Received and followed by a prayer,
She saw the Creature once again;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;
But, wheresoe'er she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground;
And therefore now she dooms it good
Once more this restless neighbourhood
To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Anderdale;
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
—Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified!
For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed—
Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower's eyes;
Who with a power like human reason
Discerns the 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 passionatelyarethred
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindliest intercourse ensue.
—Oh! surely twas a gentle raising
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide!
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank!
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
They, like a nestled pair, repose!
Fair Vision! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by,
White as whitest cloud on high
Floating through the azure sky.
—What now is left for pain or fear!
That Presence, dearer and more dear,
While they, side by side, were straying,
And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,
And with a deeper peace endowed
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Rylistone back she came;
And, ranging through the wasted groves,
Received the memory of old loves,
Undisturbed and undistress'd,
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy,
Mild, and grateful, melancholy:
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylistone played
Their sabbath music—'God us aye!'
That was the sound they seemed to speak;
Inscriptive legend which I ween
May on those holy bells be seen,
That legend and her Grundsire'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 a change was wrought
And of that lonely name she thought,
The bells of Rylistone seemed to say,
While she sat listening in the shade,
With vocal music, 'God us aye!';
And all the hills were glad to hear
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power;
But with the White Doe at her side
Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence look round her far and wide;
Her fate there measuring;—all is stilled,—
The weak One hath subdued her heart;
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!
But hear her Brother's words have failed;
Here, rash a milder doom prevailed;
That she, of him and all bereft,
Hath yet this faithful Partner left;
This case, that disproves
His words, remains for her, and loves.
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For love 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
In which the Creature first was found.
So beautiful the timid Thrall
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)
Her youngest Brother brought it home;
The youngest, then a lusty boy,
Here it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
With heart brimful of pride and joy!

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
On favouring nights, she loved to go;
There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
Nor feared she in the still moonshine
To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
Nor on the lonely turf that showed
Where Francis slept in his last abode.
For that she came; there oft she sate
Perchance, but not disconsolate;
And, when she from the abyss returned
Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned;
Was happy that she lived to greet
Her mate Companion as it lay
In love and pity at her feet;
How happy in its turn to meet
The recognition! the mild glance
Basted from that gracious countenance;
Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we sing, by dower
Encouraged of celestial power;

Power which the viewless Spirit shed
By whom we were first visited;
Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings
Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
When, left in solitude, erewhile
We stood before this ruined Pile,
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
Distress and desolation spread
Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
Dead—but to live again on earth,
A second and yet nobler birth;
Dine overthrow, and yet how high
The re-ascend 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 bend
A dear look to her lowly Friend;
There stopped; her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied:
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood afloat from human cares:
But to the world returned no more,
Although with so unwilling mind
Help did she give as need, and joined
The Wharfdale peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.
Thy soul, exalted Emily,
Maid of the blasted family,
Rose to the God from whom it came!
—in Rylstone Church her mortal frame
Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset! and a ray
Survives—the twilight of this day—
In that fair Creature whom the fields
Support, and whom the forest shields;
Who, having filled a holy place,
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;
And bears a memory and a mind
Raised far above the law of kind;
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear Mistress once held dear;
Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this 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,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
Lies open on the sabbath-day;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And floors enumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low;
Faces softly, or makes hale,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault;
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave;
But chiefly by that single grave,
That one sequestered hillock green,
The pensive visitant is seen.
There doth the gentle Creature lie
With those adversities unmoved;
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
In their benignity approved!
And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile,
A gracious smile, that seems to say—
"Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

IN SERIES.

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE DAY.

*A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracks, and by a bliss surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice.*

INTRODUCTION.

I. who accompanied with faithful pace
Coruelan Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
Of mountain-quiet and been nature's grace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string
Till the heavens torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a Holy River, on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And, for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.
III.

DESTRUCTION OF THE DRUIDS.

the Arch-druid's brow the seamew\footnote{1} m; and toward the mystic ring
stand, the Future questioning, morant aims her heavy flight,
in to each haleful rite,
pee of ages, hath crept o'er
s, and patriarchal lore.
and; can these meek doctrines blight
I wither his heroic strains!
fulfilled— the Julian spear
smiled; and, with Roman chains,
ex of Jesus crucified;
they spread—the weak, the suffering,
and, in the hope abide. \[hear;\]

VI.

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 store-houses afford:
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
It rages—some are smitten in the field—{shield
Some pierced to the heart through the ineffectual
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 victims, for his friend he died,
And for the faith; nor shall his name forsake
That Hill, whose florid platform seems to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.\footnote{2}

VII.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retire
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
That persecution, blind with rage extreme, \[ance,\nMay not the less, through Heaven's mild counte-
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

Watch, and be firm! for, soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquetts 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 sat
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the
price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less drearing from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language, and letters;—these, though fondly viewed
As humanising graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a
bird of bad omen. \[See Note.\]
IX.

DISSIMENS.

That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned)
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.

Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand
Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptiz'd!

But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Fietish cloud darkens the encrustate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell;
For she returns not, -Awed by her own knell,
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to revolt.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

Rise! — they have risen: of brave Padernin ask
How they have wondrous old foes, perfidious friends:
The Spirit of Cambro-caraddus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task; —
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield: —
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
Over heaps of slain: —from Cambrian wood and
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross; —
moss Bards, nursed on blue Phinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

Nor wants the cause the panic-strick'ndaring
Of hallebjuhah * tost from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:
O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like
fountains;
Whose arts and 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,
Will build their savage fortunes only there;
Content, if foes, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

* See Note.

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR *.

The oppression of the tumult — wrath and scorn—
The tribulation — and the gleaming blades—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliest : — Ours shall mourn [burn
The unarmed! Host who by their prayers would
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swarm
From their known course, or vanish like a dream;
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pales
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immemorial City leaves:
Angli by name; and not an Angli wave
His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sirs
His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
Of chime sound, commending sympathies;
De-trials—he would save them from God's Ire
Subjects of Saxen Eella—they shall sing
Glad Hallic-lulahs to the eternal King!

XIV.

GOOD 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 timely prayer—
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would

free!

Rich conquest waits them: — the tempestuous sea
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.
XV.

PAULINUS *.

Northumbria's royal Hall,
North's Edwin, tutor'd in the school
i'll maintain a heathen rule,
with functions apostolical
shoulders curved, and stature tall,
without vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
like an eagle's beak;
aspect doth at once appall
with reverence. The Monarch leans
are truths this Delegate proclaims,
a quiet mind he sounds
elusive Sage doth utter, hear!

XVI.

PRESCRIPTION.

like a Sparrow, mighty King!
at banquet with your Chiefs you sit
's blazing fire—is seen to split
'neath wintry tempest. Fluttering
was there, on hasty wing,
'd pass on, from cold to cold;
it came we know not, nor behold
's body lodging, her warm abode;
at world! She came, what woeful woe,
'ti was not, as from cold;
y if the Stranger can reveal,
't come cordially bestowed!"}

XVII.

CONVERSION.

formation works the novel Love;
iced, the Priest in full career
armored man, and hurled a spear
the Fane which heretofore
Woden falls, and Thor
the mace, in battle heaved
'dream' till victory was achieved,
e God himself is seen no more.
star sinks, to hide their shame
as weeds. 'O come to me,
such the inviting voice
cash streams; and thousands, who
ite—the pledge of sanctity,
nerve life, the promise claim.

† See Note. ‡ See Note.

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul's eternal interests to promote;
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
And evil Spirits may our walk attend
For sought the wisest know or comprehend;
Then be good Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation; let their odours float
Around these Convertis; and their glories blend,
The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds; and seizes the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect faith to man affords!

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY *.

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! the thought will share
With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
Descended—happy are the eyes that meet
The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand;
Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung,
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope?—From this sad source have
Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
sprung
Which ill can break more rational relief:
Hence, prayers are shaped aneis, and dirges sung
For Souls whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth
For Power that travels with the human heart:
Confession ministers the pang to soothe
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware!

* See note.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXI.

EXCLUSION.

Lance, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,
Or staff more harmless than a shepherd’s crook,
The war-worn Chieflain quits the world—to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight’s silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling;
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;
Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,
For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

Mernels was that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
My night-watch: nor should I’er the crested fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

But what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous inculce, 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 heardst the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual Industry. Sublime Reclusie!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unremitting use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath*!

* He expired dictating the last words of a translation
of St. John’s Gospel.

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF
THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a general blessing; timely rains
Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace;—hold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Victorics seek, beyond the grave;
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Nor sedentary all; there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;
Or quits 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 sight
That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI.

ALFRED.

Behold a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious Alfred, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to his deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.*
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

* See Note.
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

XXXV.
HIS DESCENDANTS.
When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
Darling of England! many a bitter shower
Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through degenerate veins.
The Race of Alfred covert 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;
An all, amid some green plot of open ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

XXXVIII.
INFLUENCE ABUSED.
Usurp by Ambition, who with subtletest skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
Shall war, 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 purpose. Behold, pro-significd,
The Might of spiritual away! his thoughts, his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide:
So vast a throng of Followers, filled with pride
In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXXIX.
DENIS CONQUESTS.
Went to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey*!
Dissension, checking arms that would restrain
The insensate Rovers of the northern main,
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway:
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane
Recalls, through the influence of her gentle reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o’ershrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
How no one can resolve; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX.
CANUTE.
A PLEASANT MUSIC floats along the mere,
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
While—as Canute the King is rowing by: [hear,
“My Oarsmen,” quoth the mighty King, “draw
That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!"
He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant Kythere.
O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

XXXI.
THE NORMAN CONQUEST.
The woman-hearted Confessor prepares
The evanescence of the Saxo line.
Hark! ’tis the toiling Curfew!—the stars shine;
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnare!
Yet as the terrors of the Jordy bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,
Touch not the tapers of the sacred quire;
Even so a thraldom, studious to expel
Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

XXXII.
COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
By wrong triumphant through its own excess,
From fields laid waste, from house and home
devoured
By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress
From God’s eternal justice. Futilis
Though men be, there are angels that can feel
For wounds that death alone has power to heal,
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
And has a Champion risen in arms to try
His Country’s virtue, fought, and breathes no more;
Him in their hearts the people canonize;
And far above the mine’s most precious ore
The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

* See Note.

* Which is still extant.
XXXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
And glorified Ascension! Warriors, go,
With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;
Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
Have chased far off by righteous victory
Those sons of Amalek, or laid them low!"—
"God willeth it," the whole assembly cry:
Shout which the emacrated multitude astonish:
The Council's roof and Clermont's towers reply:
"God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
Through 'Nature's hollow arch' that voice resounds.*

XXXIV.

CRUSADES.

The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
Along the west; though driven from Aquitaine,
The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
All Christendom:—they sweep along (was never
So huge a host) — to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXV.

RICHARD I.

REDoubted King, of courage Leonine,
I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip;
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine;
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,
As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press
Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

* The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

XXXVI.

AN INTERDICTION.

Realms quake by turns: proud Aries
The Church, by mandate sends its power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal
Closes the gates of every sacred page
Straight from the sun and tainted heaven,
All sacred things are covered: cleft
Grows sail as night—no solemn grace
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting!
Ditches are graves—funeral rites
And in the church-yard he must
Who dares be wedded! Fancies
Into the pensive heart ill fortified
And comfortless despairs the soul

XXXVII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage of life
The gross materials of this world
A marvellous study of wild accidents
Uncouth proximities of old and new
And bold transfigurations, more than
(As might be deemed) to discipline
Than aught the sky's fantastic clouds
When most fantastic, offers to the eye
Saw we not Henry scourged at Blore
Lo! John self-striped of his infirmities
Sceptre and mantle, sword and staff
At a proud Legate's feet! The
Baronial halls, the opprobrious
And angry Ocean roars a vain

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his head
To Caesar's Successor the Pontiff
" Ere I absolve thee, stooop! that
"Levelled with earth this foot of thine.
Then he, who to the altar had brought
He, whose strong arm the Orient
Stood, who had held the Soldan at
Swooping, of all glory dishonoured;
And even the common dignity of
Amazement strikes the crowd;
Their eyes away in sorrow, other
With scorn, invoking a vindictive
From outraged Nature; but the
In abject sympathy with power

XXXIX.

PAPAL DOMINION.

Peter’s Chair the viewless wind
be and ask permission when to blow,
other empire would it have! for now
of dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
3 in sober truth—to raise the low,
the wise, the strong to overthrow;
4 earth and heaven to bind and to unbind—and
the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff
thy recompense! from land to land
4 thrones of Christendom are staff
5 patton of a magic wand,
the Pope that wields it:—whether rough
4 th his front, our world is in his hand!

PART II.

CLOSER OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF

Charles I.

I.

—alas! did Man, created pure—
is guarded, deviate from the line
of duty—woeful forfeiture
by wilful breach of law divine.
5 perseverance did the Church abjure
to her Lord, and haste to twine,
ven-born flowers that shall for age endure,
whose front the world had fixed her sign.
6—if with thy trials thus it fares,
as smooth the way to evil choice,
shame confine the mind kept free;
judges right who weighs, compares,
he sternest sentence which his voice
6 sees, ne’er abandons Charity.

II.

as assumption rose, and fondly hail’d
station, spread the Papal power;
3 deems the Autocracy prevail’d,
y, even in error’s darkest hour. [tower
5 stands, forth-thundering from her spiritual
3d Peace through Her uphold their claims;
5ty finds many a sheltering bower.
were is none that if cont’d or sw’d
omnoms partakes not, in degree,
o’er manners arts and arms, diffused:
by domination, Roman See,
5dly, oft monstrously, abused
ambition, be this tribute paid.

III.

CISTERNIAN MONASTERY.

Hear Man more purely lives, less of doth fall,
2 More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
3 More safely rests, dice happier, is freed
4 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter cross.

On you Cistercian wall
That confident assurance may be read;
And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
4 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart’s desires;
Yet, while the rugged Age on plant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A gentle life spreads round the holy spires;
Where’er they rise, the sylvan waste retire;
And airy harvests crown the fertile lea.

IV.

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil
Of villain-service, passing with the soil
To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;
But mark how gladly, through their own domains,
The Monks relax or break these iron chains;
While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, “Ye Chiefs, abate
5 Those legalized oppressions! Man—whose name
And nature God disowned not; Man—whose soul
5 Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!”

V.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

Record we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!
How subly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With many boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

* See Note.
VI.
OTHER BENEFITS.
And, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;
From the collegiate poms on Windsor's height
Down to the humbler altar, the Knight
And his Retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place—
Hourly exposed to death, with famins worn,
And suffering under many a perilous wound—
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

VII.
CONTINUED.
And what melodious sounds at times prevail!
And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
For where, but on this River's margin, blow
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fall!—
Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the world!
I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
And meekness tempering honourable pride;
The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VIII.
CRUSADERS.
Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
Through these bright regions, casting many a glance
Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devolutely stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? or is their requiem chanted
By voices sweet when Heaven unites
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice unsalted,
When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted!

IX.
As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feebler means had fail'd to give, one aim
Diffused thro' all the regions of the West;
So does her Unity its power attest
By works of Art, that shed, on the outward face
Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame
That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
Hail countless Temples! that so well besit
Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take
Form spirit and character from holy writ,
Give to devotion, whereas'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X.
Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root
In the best soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
(Blighted or sanctified tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
Witness the Church that oft times, with effect
Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
Her base, her vital energies recruit,
Lamenting, do not hopelessly depine
When such good work is doomed to be undone,
The conquests lost that were so hardly won—
All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine
In light confirmed while years their course shall
Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI.
TRANSUBSTANTIATION.
Enough! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;
The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhine
He taught, till persecution chased him thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence;
Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.
XII.

THE VAUDS.

hence came they who for the Saviour Lord
ong borne witness as the Scriptures teach!—
ve Valdo raised his voice to preach
lic ears the unadulterate Word,
itive Progenitors explored
ine values, in quest of safe retreats
that pure survivors, though summer
s passage to the Roman sword,
 it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
itage gathered from the chestnut wood,
 & the sufferers then; and mists, that brood
arms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown
 at them; and the eternal snow that damns
 is God's good winter for their haunts.

XIII.

on the Rivers, from their mountain springs
ng to Freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"
ried Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
 our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"
unthanked their final lingerings—
 but not to high-souled Passion's ear—
eyed jaws wide-spread and marshes drear,
own creation. Such glad welcomes
 was heard to give where Venice rose
from aloft those Heirs of truth divine
ear his fountains sought obscure repose,
 me prepared as glorious lights to shine,
 that he needed for their sacred Charge;
Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large!

XIV.

WALDEMAR.

had given earliest notice, as the lark
 s from the ground the morn to gratulate;
ser rose the day to antedate,
ing out a solitary spark,* [dark—
 all the world with midnight gloom was
owed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate
endeavours to exterminate.
Oblivion pursues with hideous bark*:
 ey desist not—and the sacred fire,
led thus, from dens and savage woods
 hanced on with never-ceasing care,
ch courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods;
ts this sea-girt Isle a timely share
ew Flame, not suffered to expire.
* See Note.
XVIII.
CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.
"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
And luxurious 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—" Also! of fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XIX.
ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.
And what is Penance with her knotted thong;
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees incrusted with prayer,
Vigils, and fasting 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 amnest share of heavenly favour gives;
That to a Monk allot, both in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own!

XX.
MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.
Yet more—round many a Convent's blazing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
While Baechus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher
Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
The domination of the sprightly juice
Spreads high conceits to mudding Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose volitive burthen is—"Our Kingdom's Here!"
XCV.

SAINTS.

must fly before a chasing hand,
and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
the old idolatry be spurned,
your radiant Shapes desert the Land:
ration was not your demand,
d heart proffered—it—the servile heart;
fore are ye summoned to depart,
and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
upon quelled; and valiant Margaret
rival sword a like Opponent slew:
Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
ony; and weeping Magdalene,
the penitential desert met
seems as those that over Eden blew!

XXV.

THE VIRGIN.

! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
least shade of thought to sin allied;
! above all women solitory boast;
no foam on central ocean test;
than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
ried roses, than the unblennished moon
ar wane begins on heaven’s blue coast;
falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
given the suppliant knee might bend,
visible Power, in which did blend
was mixed and reconciled in Thee
se’s love with maiden purity,
with low, celestial with serene!

XXVI.

APOLOGY.

ry unworthy to endure
supremacy of crafty Rome;
age to the arch of Christendom
tone haughtily secure;
from Heaven transmitted pure,
hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
through fire—and by the scaffold some-
tly Fisher, and unbending More.
for both the bosom’s lord did sit
thrones; unsullied, undisgraced
: that mingled with the tragic scene
fear; and More’s pay genius played
ioffensive sword of native wit,
are are more luminous and keen.

XXVII.

IMAGINATIVE REFLECTIONS.

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
Reneuas. Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where fangs were hatched of old, hath sorrow past—
Hang o’er the Arabian Prophet’s native Waste,
Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned
Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men,
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII.

REFLECTIONS.

GREAT, that by this unceasing hurricanes
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;
’Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to detain,
With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
The ‘trumpery’ that ascends in bare display—
Bulls, pardons, relics, cowis black, white, and grey—
Upwhirled, and flying o’er the ethereal plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bonds are hardest to disown;
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit may now look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
Transcendent boon! noblest that earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
With bigotry shall tread the Offering
Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.
XXX.
THE POINT AT ISSUE.
For what contend the wise?—for nothing less
Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,
And to her God restored by evidence
Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her holiness:—
For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense
Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was needful round men thirsting to transgress:—
For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, designed to fill
The temples of their hearts who, with his word
Informed, were resolute to do his will,
And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI.
EDWARD VI.
'Swearst the holiness of Youth'—so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that Lay
By which the Prince beguiled the way,
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXXII.
EDWARD SIGINING 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 cleats of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
And some, coeval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.

XXXIII.
REVIVAL OF
The saintly Youth has ce
By unrelenting Death. C
For change, to whom the
Rejoicing did they cast up
Their Gods of wood and a
Of counter-proclamation;
(Proud triumph is it for a
Lifting them up, the word
Of the Most High. Agah
The Creature, to the Cres
Again with frankincense t
Like those the Heathen w
And prayer, man's ration
Rams through blind charms

XXXI.
LATIMER AN
How fast the Marian may
See Latimer and Ridley &
Of Faith stand coupled &
One (like those propheta)
Transfigur &
A torch of inextinguishable
The Other gains a confide
And thus they foil their e
The penal instruments, th
Are glorified while this ca
Of saintly Friends the m
Corded, and burning as th
Earth never witnessed ob
In constancy, in fellow-ha

XXXIII.
CRANE
OUTSTRETCHING flame-was
(O God of mercy, may n
Of judgment such presen
Amid the shuddering thin
Firm as the stake to whi
His frame is tied; firm &
To the bare head. The t
The shrouded Body to th
Anawers with more than
Through all her nerves w
Till breath departs in his
Then, 'mid the ghastly y
Behold the unalterable h
Emblem of faith utoi

See Note
For the belief in this 0
注释。
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

XXXVI.

NEAR VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

Eccentric Martyrs, from your fields of light, spiritual ken! Inspire a perfect trust (we look round) that Heaven’s decrees are just: few can hold committed to a fight. Show, even on its better side, the might and Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust, clouds enveloped of polenic dust, showers of blood seem rather to incite to alloy. Anathemas are hurled both sides; veteran thunders (the brute test of) are met by fulminations new— men flags are caught at, and unfurled.— In strike at friends—the flying shall pursue— victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

XXXVII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

Fled, like birds escaped the fowler’s net, seek with timely flight a foreign strand; happy, re-assembled in a land unless Luther freed, could they forget Country’s woes. But scarcely have they met, as in faith, and brothers in distress, as poor forth their common thankfulness, as declines—their union is best speculative notions rashly sown, as thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds; forms are broken staves; their passions, master them. How enviously blast [seeds who can, by help of grace, enthrone case of God within his single breast!

XXXVIII.

ELIZABETH.

Virgin Queen! o’er many an envious bar plant, matched from many a treacherous il, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle [wile! blest, respiring from that dismal war by thy voice! But quickly from afar as breathes with more malignant aim; ten storms with home-bred ferment claimious fellowship. Her silver car, siles prudence ruled, glides slowly on; by violence, from menaced taint ing pure, and seemingly more bright: therefore yields it to a soul constraint as the clouds its beams dispersed, while alone, a and angels blest, the glorious light!

XXXIX.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

Mathinks that I could trip o’er heaviest soil, Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave, Were mine the trusty staff that J esus gave To youthful Hooker, in familiar style The gift exulting, and with playful smile *: For thus equipped, and bearing on his head The Donor’s farewell blessing, can be dread Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil— More sweet than odours caught by him who sails Near spicy shores of Araby the best, A thousand times more exquisitely sweet, The freight of holy feeling which we meet, In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.

XL.

THE SAME.

Holy and heavenly Spirit as they are, Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise, With what entire affection do they prize [care Their Church reformed! Labouring with earnest To baffle all that may her strength impair; That Church, the unperturbed Gospel’s seat; In their afflictions a divine retreat; [pray!— Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest The truth exploring with an equal mind, In doctrine and communion they have sought Firmly between the two extremes to steer; But theirs the wise man’s ordinary lot, To trace right courses for the stubborn blind, And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XLI.

DISTRACTIONS.

Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy Their forefathers; so l o sects are formed, and split With morbid restlessness—the ecstatic fit Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply, The Saints must govern, is their common cry; And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit Beneath the roof of settled Modesty. The Romanist exulce; 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.

* See Note.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XLI.
GUNPOWDER PLOT.
Fax hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her burning heart; and there is one
(Not idles that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were meant to be.
Agape within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which seems as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate redeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power:
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When gusting, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

XLIII.
ILLUSTRATION.
THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFHAUZEN.

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 sopef so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen;
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deepening the region in his ireful mood.

XLIV.
TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.
Even such the contrast that, where'er we move,
To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
Now with her own deep quietness content;
Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her
Recalls the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;
And scourges England struggling to be free:
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame!

XLV.
LAND *.
PREFUSING by foes determined we
An old weak Man for vengeance:
Land, 'tis the painful art of dying
(Like a poor bird entangled in a
Whose heart still flutters, though
To stir in useless struggle) bashful;
On hope that conscious innocens is
And in his prison breathes celest
Why tarries then thy chariot?
O Death! the unanguished yet to
Which thou prepar'st, full often,
(What time a State with maddens
The Saint or Patriot to the work
All wounds, all perturbations dot

XLVI.
AFFLICTIONS OF KING
HARP! could'st thou venture, on
The faintest note to echo which
Caught from the hand of Moses
O'er Sinai's top, or from the Sis
Early awak's, by Siloe's brook,
Of dread Jehovah; then, should
Hear also of that name, and me
Off to the mountains, like a saw
Of which the Lord was weary.
Wep with the good, beholding
Despis'd by that stern God to
Their supplicant hands; but hol
He keepeth; like the firmamen
His statutes like the chambers;

PART III.
FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE

1.
I saw the figure of a lovely Ma
Seated alone beneath a darkson
Whose fondly-overhanging can
Set off her brightness with a pl
No Spirit was she; that my he
For she was one I loved excess
But while I gazed in tender re
Or was it sleep that with my
The bright corporeal presence—
Remaining still distinct grew t
Like sunny mist;—at length t
Shape, limbs, and heavenly fea
Each with the other in a linge
Of dissolution, melted into air.

* The Jung-frau.

* See Note.
II.

Patriotics Sympathies.

Amidst the voices of the angels, that Vision spake
To my Soul, and sadness which might seem
dissolved from our present theme;
For beloved Country! I partake
ed agitation for thy sake;
now, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
I meet with thee the earliest beam
which tells that Morning is awake.

Impeir thy beauty or destroy,
sees and destroys destruction, I deplore
thee, love the sad viscerisdude;
not fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
strife, then my spring-time is renewed,
row barred for exceeding joy.

III.

Charles the Second.

men—would rapture greeted, and careless'd
unto love—his kingdom to regain! the Nurse, Adversity, in vain
fighting and fostered in her iron breast:
that taught of hardiest and best,
d have taught, by discipline of pain
ing privation, now dissolves man:
membered only to give rest
ness. Away, Cisssin reveals!
what gain if England soon must sink
all which all distinction levels—
very may swallow the good name,
th that draught, the life-blood: misery,
name, a loathed; from which Historians shrink!

IV.

Lattitudinarianism.

th is keenly sought for, and the wind
with rich words poured out in thought's
ience; the Church inspire that eloquence,
ctic Piety confused
the temple of the inward mind;
there is who builds immortal lays,
doomed to tread in solitary ways,
a before and danger's voice behind;
alone, nor helpless to repel
ights; for from above the starry sphere
were, whispered nightly to his ear;
're pure spirit of celestial light
through his soul—'that he may see and tell
an invisible to mortal sight.'

V.

Walton’s Book of Lives.

There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
O 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.

VI.

Clerical Integrity.

Non shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous day
Drives from their Cure, a voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked
On a wild coast; how destitute I did They
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VII.

Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.

When Alpine Vales threw forth a supplicant cry,
The majesty of England interposed closed;
And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little hosts that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw
From councils senseless as insolent
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
But who would force the Soul, tells with a straw
Against a Champion cas’d in adamant.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

VIII.
ACQUITAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent,
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire;
For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
The Fathers urge the People to be still, [vain!
With outstretched hands and earnest speech—m
Yes, many, haply went to entreat
Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
And to Religion's self no friendly will,
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

IX.
WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Calm as an undercurrent, strong to draw
Millions of waves into itself, and run,
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
And plunging storm, the spirit of Nassau
Sweeps not, (how blest if by religious awe
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world's commotions) from its end
Sweeps not—diverted by a casual law.
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with steadfast hope,
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of his steedfast eye.

X.
OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet;
But these had fallen for profilest 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,
Shall thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardy won or justly dear:
What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

XII.
SACHAVEREL.

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 Sentinels
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'harum bels,
Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
Mingling their glances with grave features
Lavished on His—that England may rebel
Against her ancient virtue. Hush and Low,
Watch-words of Party, on all tongues are rife;
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must
To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—[own
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XIII.
ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Well worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsak'd,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
Then to the new-found World explored their way,
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
Her Lord might worship and his word obey
In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascended
Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
But in His glory who for Sinners died.
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

XIV.

II. CONTINUED.

ordained abuse they fled
ere both were utterly unknown;
em had Providence forebode
s are missed, what evils bred;
either raised nor limited
will. Lo! from that distant shore,
Ordinance, Piety is led
and those Pilgrims left of yore,
for free choice. So Truth and Love
governed do their steps retrace.—
Verities, such the power of grace,
in your Children, thus approve.
over time, unbound by place,
Charity in circles move.

XV.

II. AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

formed with Apostolic light
ho, when their Country had been freed,
reverence to the ancient creed,
frame of England's Church their sight,
filial love to reunite
adversely. Thence they fetched the
unity, and won a meed
in Heaven. To Thee, O merciful White,
and unborn times shall turn,
would restore or build—to Thee,
ightly taught how zeal should burn,
rew from out Faith's holiest urn
ream of patient Energy.

XVI.

Priests, blessed are ye, if deep
love all offices is high;
hearts the sense of duty lie;
are by Christ to feed and keep
your portion of his chosen sheep:
ever in your Master's sight,
hardest task your best delight,
glory ye in Heaven shall reap!—
when Office which ye sought
premonished, if unaccount
prove, faithless though but in thought,
Priests, think what a gulf profound
en, if they were rightly taught
be Ordinance by your lives disowned!

XVII.

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
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
Of roving tired or desultory war—
Such to this British Isle her Christian Fames,
Each linked to each for kindred services;
her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
Far-remem'd, her Chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdain.

XVIII.

II. PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the next mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword;
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a
wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lift his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man!

XIX.

II. THE LITURGY.

Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise?
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs, through which in set career,
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England's Church; stupendous mysteries!
Which whose travels in her bosom eyes,
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
Upon that circle traced from sacred story
We only dare to cast a transient glance,
Trusting in hope that Others may advance
With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.
XX.
BAPTISM.
Dear be the Church, that, watching o’er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a christian flower
A Growth from sinful Nature’s bed of weeds!—
Filiest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth, (and fly
The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant’s notice of his second birth—
Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from
Earth.

XXI.
SPONSORS.
Father! to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious Industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Tow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXII.
CATHERSING.
From Little down to Least, in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in now-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 spoke, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;
And some a bold unerring answer made:
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
Beloved Mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie;
Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear:
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heart-felt sigh!
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

XXVI.
THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

I Priest before the Altar stands;
Some gladly, ye prepared, in sight
Of chosen friends, your truth to plight
With symbolic ring, and willing hands
Dined. Now sanctify the bands
—To the espoused thy blessing give,
By assisted they may live
Here taught, to thy commands.
e Church, to consecrate a Vow
Would endless matrimony make;
Shadows forth and doth partake
Potent human love to endow
Make; each more prized for the other's
Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

XXVII.
NEGLECTING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

e Power who left his throne on high,
To wear the robe of flesh we wear,
That thro' the strains of Infancy
Pendant on maternal care,
Manity with Thee will share,
The thanks that in his People's eye
At for safe Delivery
Birth's perilous thrones. And should
Heir
Hope hereafter walk inclined
Fit to make a mother rue
She was born, a glance of mind
His observance may renew
And, in the imagined view
Kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII.
VISITATION OF THE SICK.

bells renew the inviting peel;
Yet there be that, worn with pain
Listen, where they long have lain,
Istern. With maternal zeal
e Church sends ministers to kneel
Afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
The heart confession hath laid bare—
From God's throne, may set its seal
Eminent. When breath departs
Ibsurthened so, so comforted,
Gels greet; and ours be hope
Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
Il gain a firmer mind, to cope
World, and foil the Tempter's arts.
XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY.

Closing the sacred Book which long has fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array [gay,
Through the still church-yard, each with garland
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
For decoration in the Pulpit time,
The innocent Procession softly moves;—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves.

XXXIII.

REGRETS.

Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those grateful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A air of mind too natural to deceive;
Giving to Memory help when she would weave
A crown for Hope!—I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
The counter Spirit found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXXIV.

MUTABILITy.

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shot that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

* See Note.

XXXV.

OLD ABENTS.

Monastic Domes! following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live.

XXXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consistance
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;—distrust
They came—and, while the moral tempest roars
Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

Thus all things lead to Charity, secured
By them who blessed the soft and happy gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension *, with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
From month to month trembling and unassured,
How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen;
A State whose generous will through earth is dealt;
A State—which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

* See Note.
XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

and triumphs on the Main,
and armies, not to be withstood—
they if, on transitory good
sedulous of object gain,
sh, surely not preserved in vain!
shape due channels which the Flood
will may enter—till it brood
reign, as o'er the Egyptian plain
lining Nile. No more—the time
s of her want; through England's
d, ite, the wished-for Temples rise!
sabbath bells' harmonious chim
is a breeze—the heaviest of all sounds
hill prolongs or multiplies!

XXXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

chosen site; the virgin sod,
from age to age by dewy eve,
and grateful earth receive
stone from hands that build to God.
nd hawthorns, hardened to the rod
orma, yet budding cheerfully;
aks of Druid memory,
rive, to shelter the Abode
Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
sherd's mate of yore and wove
s, there let the holy altar stand
viration—while—above,
ly portrayed, the mystic Dove
protex from blasphemy the Land.

XL.

CONTINUED.

as sung, my spirit sunk subdued,
strong emotion of the crowd,
pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
ls of incense mounting veiled the rood,
red like a pine-tree dimly viewed
pine vapours. Such appalling rite
prepares not, trusting to the might
uth with grace divine imbued;
not conceal the precious Cross,
shamed: the Sun with his first smile
that symbol crowning the low Pile:
sh air of incense-breathing morn
gly embrace it; and green moss
t its arms through centuries unborn.

XL.

NEW CHURCH-YARD.

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven,
And where the rugged cols their gambols played,
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and eve;
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encirclement small,
But infinite its grasp of woe and woe!
Hopes, fears, in never-endingebb and flow—
The spasm trembling, and the 'dust to dust,'
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

XLI.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
Typest of the spiritual Church which God hath reared;
Not all we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel, or thrice your intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendid cheer
Isia and Cam, to patient Science dear!

XLII.

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
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
XLIV.

THE SAME.

What awful perspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraiture, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremit, Who e'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen, Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—But, from the arms of silence—list! 0 list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in many strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV.

CONTINUED.

What dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of tare
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops; or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVII.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
That made his human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues, far known at morn and eve
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether region's rugged frame!
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek light,
Studious of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their lustre won;
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

XLVIII.

CONCLUSION.

What sleeps the future, as a snake enrold,
Curl within coil, at noon-side! For the Wear
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggish shall unroll
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that Spirit behold,
That stream upon whose bosom we have pass'd
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Son
(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!
YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS,

TO

SAMPLER ROGERS, ESQ.,

A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INScribeD.

BY, Dec. 11, 1834.

1.

tanass are a memorial of a day passed
in Scot, and other Friends visiting the
arrow under his guidance, immediately
uture from Abbotsford, for Naples.
[Revised Revisited will stand in no need of
'Readers acquainted with the Author's
suggested by that celebrated Stream.]

nth, who may have gained,
winsome Marrow,

fant in the lap
looked on Yarrow;

Newark's Castle-gate
shout a warder,

listened, and with Thee,
rel of the Border!

rul'd wide on that sweet day,

installing
ns, while sure leaves
bough, or falling;

ved, and sunshine gleamed—

emblazon;

ery hue, and shot
e through the golden.

h the Stream flowed on

station;

y a crystal pool

emplacement:

rivate care

mind entralling,

y of happy hours,

y 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 waylays their steps—a Sprite

Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scorr! compelled to change

Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot

For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;

And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot

For mild Sorento's breezy waves;

May classic Fancy, linking

With native Fancy her fresh aid,

Preserve thy heart from sinking!
O! while they minister to thee,
Each yarning with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age
With Strength, her venturesome brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite Thee,
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 centred;
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
Fulfil thy pensive duty
Well pleased that future
For simple hearts thy
To dream-light dear where
Dear to the common
And dearer still, as now
To memory's shadowy

ON THE DEPARTURE OF

A TROUBLE, not of cloud
Nor of the setting sun's
Engendered, hangs o'er
Spirits of Power, assembly
For kindred Power depends
While Tweed, lost place strain,
Saddens his voice again,
Lift up your hearts, ye
Of the whole world's go
Blessings and prayers in
Than accepted king or
Follow this wondrous P
Ye winds of ocean, and
Waiting your Charge to

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN

Pain fenced by man, pain
That curbs a foaming
The here's best couching
Which moonlit elves, fae
Enter in dance. Of chi
No vestige now remains
Bereft Ones, and in lost
Their prayers out to the
Proud tomb is none; but
By humble choice of place
Level with earth, among
Union not sad, when sun
The spangled turf, and
With jubilate from the e
IV.

HT OF A MANNER IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

Travelling clouds, far-seeing hills—happiest-looking homes of men Britain over, through deep Glen, und, and, by forest rills, he plains cheered by the lark that trills its warblings—does such meet your ken animate the Poet's pen, more surely by its aspect fills with sinless envy, than the Abode Priest: who, faithful throughout all hours charge, and truly serving God, cart and hand for trees and flowers, walks his predecessors trod, lineal rights in lands and towers.

V.

IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A STORM.

Now thy organist—a clank not whence) ministers for a bell me change of service. As the swell ached its height, and even when sank a prelude, Roslin! to a blank now it thrilled thy sumptuous roof, arches—not in vain time-proof, istic rites be wanting! From what bank live herbs! by what hand were they! 

VII.

THE PIBROCH'S NOTE, DISCOURTESANCED 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 herdman's head— All speak of manners withering to the root, And of old honours, too, and passions high: Then may we ask, though pleased that thought Among the conquests of civility, [should range Survives imagination—to the change Superior! Help to virtue does she give! If not, O Mortsals, better cease to live!

VIII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH RTIVE.

"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 momently their crests— Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts are halls Where Fancy entertains becoming guests; While native song the heroic Past recalls." Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught, The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must hide Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of pride Has been diverted, other lessons taught, That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

IX.

EAGLES.

DISHONOURED Rock and Rain! that, by law Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embayed Like a lone criminal whose life is spared. Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort paired, From a bold headland, their loved sery's guard, Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw Light from the fountain of the setting sun. Such was this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on, Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free, His power, his beauty, and his majesty.
X.
IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

With, be thou mute! Oribil, throw all in mercy o'er the records, bung
and strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient
rock and rain darkening as we go—
[longue
where a word, ghost-like, survives to show
that crimes from hate, or desperate love, have
sprung;
from honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,
what fends, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.

I, though a wild vindictive race, untamed
by civil arts and labours of the pen,
said gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,
who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed
for patriarchal occupations, named
You towering Peaks; *Shepherds of Elive Glen* 1

XI.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!
Scurry couch on naked rocks,—will cross a brook
with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
his way or that, or give it even a thought
more than by smoothest pathway may be brought
to a vacant mind. Can written book
such what they learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer!
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
To what dread Powers He delegates his part
On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens,
alone.

XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION,
AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

Wild sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the 'narrow house.' No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains
The sleeping dust, stern Death.

How reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked remains
Of a once warm Abode, and that see Pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausoleum 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.

* In Gaelic, Dunachull Elite.

XIII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL
AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE.

Doubling and doubling with laborious
Who, that has gained at length
Height.
This brief this simple way-side Call
And rests not thankful! Whether
With some loved friend, or by the
Whistling to clouds and sky-born stars
At the sun's outbreak, as with light
Ere they descend to nourish root a
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the
Will we forget that, as the fowl can
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in a
And fishes front, unmoved, the tide
So may the Soul, through powers they
Win rest, and ease, and peace,
Angels share.

XIV.

HIGHLAND BUR.

Sun what gay wild flowers deck the
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence
Shines in the greeting of the sun.
Like wreaths of vapour without sense
The limpid mountain still avoids it.
And why should not?—If rightly
Humanity is humble, finds no space
Which her Heaven-guided feet yet
The walls are cracked, sunk is the
Undressed the pathway leading to
But love, as Nature loves, the long
Search, for their worth, some get
proof;
Meeck, patient, kind, and, were its
Belike less happy.—Stand no mo

XV.

THE HIGHLAND BUM.

The exact resemblance which the old
though rarely met with, among the
Roman Fibula must strike even
with the plaid and kilt, to recall its
relation which the ancient Romans 1
country.

If to Tradition faith be due,
And echoes from old verse sp

* See Note.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1831.

seek Saint, Columba, bore
as to Iona's shore,
light of nature blessed
min region of the west,
gentle manners ruled
a dauntless virtues schooled,
for centuries, a bar
at the side of war;
Ard Arta did entrance gain
right Force had striven in vain;
the works of skilful hands,
ne brought from foreign lands
in climes, was not unknown
that fixed the Roman Gown;
whose shape, I ween,
Highland Broach is seen,
Broach of many frame,
be breast of some grave Dame
path, or at the door
atched hut on heathy moor:
be of yore its mould,
erial finest gold;
wisen the fairest Fair,
he graced a royal chair,
thin a vaulted hall,
lustre on the wall
sides of mighty heroes hung,
pal heard what Ossian sung.

Age expired—it slept
tomb—the bramble crept
l's hearth; the grassy sod
ce floors his sons had trod:
here art thou! Their state
born must abdicate;
while with fire and sword
era—horde impelling horde,
the sorrowing mountains, drest
ands in homelier vest.
female bosom lent,
to borrow, ornament;
inner world a place
the dews of heavenly grace;
this last retreat
y; to his favourite seat
his way by soft approach,
maister Highland Broach.

nations came of rage
in a darker age;
where, clan encountering clan,
perished to a man;
nd mother, when despair
have triumphed, baffling prayer,

One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as might befall—
Roof, rainment, bread, or burial:
For woman, even of tears bereft.
The hidden silver Broach was lost.

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 hearth-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,
Liko vapours, years have rolled and spread;
And this poor verse, and wortlier 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.*

* 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
but, 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 kirtle, and which, she
imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.
XVI.

THE BROWNIE.

Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of 'The Brownie.' See "The Brownie's Cell," p. 231, to which the following is a sequel.

'How disappeared he!' Ask the newt and toad;
Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell
How he was found, cold as an icicle,
Under an arch of that forsaken abode;
Where he, unprop'd, and by the gathering flood
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared 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.

XVII.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

By LOCH LOMOND.

Thou art joy attend Thee, orient at the birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,
In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
Relinquished half his empire to the host.
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is bright,
Celestial Power, as much with love as light!

XVIII.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(FADED UNSEEK, ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY WEATHER.)

Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeples I roamed at large, and have

In mind the landscape, the
The river glides, the wood
Then why repine that need
Needless renewal of an
Better to thank a dear
For joy its sunny hours
Than blame the present,
Memory, like sleep, has
Dreams, vivid dreams, the
How little that she cher

PICTURE OF DANIEL HAMILTON

Amid a fertile region gr -
And fresh with rivers, we
The dear Owner, in his
To naturalise this tawny
Children of Art, that child
(Couched in their den) we
Over the burning wilder
The wind with terror we
Satiate are these; and still
Hence, while we gaze, a
Yet is the Prophet calm
Daunt him—if his Compan
Outstretched and listless
Man placed him here, and

THE

(A PENTER OF

AVON—a precious, an
Yet is it one that other
Like this unheard-of, and
Like this contented, thou
For great and sacred in the
Of Streams to Nature's
And never did Genius all
Tree, flower, and green he
But Praise can waste her
Anguish, and death: full
Has mixed its current wit
Her heaven-offending tear
Never for like distinction
Shrink from thy name, the

ears.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1831.

XXI.

TED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

At huge of ancient Caledon name, no more is Inglewood, 
spt from hill to hill, from flood to flood; 
as thorn the nightly moon has shone; 
though unappropriate Wild be none, 
spread wide where Adam Bell might deign 
nae the Clough, were they alive again, 
or merry feast their venison.

As the holy Aboit’s gliding Shade 
with monumental wreck bestrown; 
lar Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlayd, 
ill his castle, though a skeleton, 
may watch by night, and lessons con 
r that perishes, and rights that fade.

XXII.

HART’S-HORN TREES, NEAR PENSIRTH.

ood an Oak, that long had borne affixed 
age trunk, or, with more subtle art, 
its withering topmost branches mixed, 
my ancestors of a hunted Hart, 
the Dog Hercules pursued—his part 
speredly sustaining, till at last 
ath and died, the life-reins of the chased 
user bursting here with one dire smart. 
for the victory, mutual the defeat!

as the trophy hung with piteous pride; 
beer, with that generous sympathy 
un not, even in rudest breasts, a seat; 
this feeling’s sake, let no one chide 
hat would guard thy memory, Hart’s-Horn 
Trees!*

XXIII.

FAVOUR AND TRADITION.

were look within this ancient grove 
set embrace; beside those crystal springs 
mit the Angel spread his wings 
ast flight; the Sage in you above 
ning; on that hill the Bard would rove, 
where now the linnet only sings: 
ery where to truth Tradition clings, 
y localise Powers we love.

ily History licensed to take note 
gone by, her meagre monuments 
il suffice for persons and events: 
is an ample page for man to quote, 
book of manifold contents, 
alike in palace and in cot.

* See Note.

XXIV.

COUNTES’ PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

‘This pillar was erected, in the year 1838, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, 400 for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 24 of April, 1818; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 24 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 Doro.’ Many a Stranger passing by 
Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial’s fond endeavour;

And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,

Has ended, though no Clerk, with ‘God be praised!’

XXV.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENSIRTH.)

How profuse the relics that we see, 
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,

Unless they chasten fancies that presume

Too high, or idle agitations fall!

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 tensacious in their grasp!
The Sage’s theory! the Poet’s lay! —

Mere Fables without a robe to clasp;

Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls; 

Urn without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

XXVI.

APOLOGY.

FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt, 
Abrupt—as without preconceived design

Was the beginning; yet the several Lays 
Have moved in order, to each other bound
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent—like those Shapes distinct
That yet survive unsculptured on the walls
Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,
As might be seen a stately embassy,
In set array; these bearing in their hands
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gift to be presented at the throne
Of the Great King; and others, as they go
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
Or leading victims dress for sacrifice.
Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,
The Spirit of humanity, disdain
A manifestation 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
(Like's three first seasons having passed away)
Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprinklings fell
(Foro tASTE of winter) on the moorland heights;
And every day brought with it tidings new
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.
Hence, if refection has too oft emerced upon that sweet and tender melancholy
Which may itself be cherished and feared
More than enough; a fault so natural
(Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay)
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

I.
CALM is the fragrant air, and loft to lose
Day's grateful warmth, thou moist with falling dews.
Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;
Look up a second time, and, one by one,
You mark them twinkling out with silvery light.
And wonder how they could elude the sight!
The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,
But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
Nor does the village Church-clock's iron tone
The time's and season's influence disown;
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear!
The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
Had closed his door before the day was done,
And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,
And joins his little children in their sleep.
The bat, hured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,
Plits and refits along the close arcade;
The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
With baring note, which Industry and Sloth
Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.
A stream is heard—I see it not, but know
By its soft music whence the waters flow:

Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more
One boat there was, but it will touch the shore
With the next dipping of its slackened oar;
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
Might give to serious thought a moment's stay,
As a last token of man's toilsome day!

II.
ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.
Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Fung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender glows,
Prelude of night's approach with soothing sounds.
Look round;—of all the clouds not one is moving;
'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving,
Silent, and stilled 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!
EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

On British waters with that look benign!
Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
May silent thanks at least to God be given
With a full heart; 'our thoughts are heard in
heaven!'

IV.

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 plies up wealth in Mammon's cave—
Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion crazed 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 thing, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo—
Care may be respite, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To the destempered Intellect refuse
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

V.

(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 coope
Be left as silent as the mountain-topes,
Ere some commanding star dismisses to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of many 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 pardonomly cheated
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
This hour of deepening darkness here would be
As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night:
A dawn she has both beautiful and bright,
When the East kindles with the full moon's light;
Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
Dazzling the mountain, but an overflow
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
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 unreining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

And has restored to view its tender
That, while the sun rode high, was
Their dazzling abeam.

—An emblem this of what the soul
Can do for minds disposed to feel it
Thus oft, when we in vain have wist
The petty pleasures of the garish d
Mock eve shuts up the whole usury
(Unashamed dwarfs each glittering d
And leaves the dismembered spirit
To resume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of
When wisdom stands in need of m
Why do good thoughts, invoked or
Like Angels from their bowers, or a
friend;
If yet To-morrow, unblessed, may s
"I come to open out, for fresh dis
The elastic vanities of yesterday!"

VII.

The leaves that rustled on this our
And sky that danced among those
Rest smooths the way for sleep; it
Soft shades and dews have shone
power
On drooping eyelid and the closing
Sound is there none at which the
 Might leap, the weakest nerve of t
Save when the Owl's uneextensive
Fierces the ethereal vault; and (c
Of unsubstantial imagery, the d
From the hushed vale's realities,
To the still lake) the imaginative
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains,

Grave Creature!—whether, whether,
shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for an
Thou art discovered in a roofless
Rising from what may ones ha
bower;
Or spied where thou sitt'st moping
At the dim centre of a churchyard
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy toad
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by
A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts;
May the night never come, nor d
When I shall scorn thy voice or
EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

II.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beauty radiant, that imbues,
Whate'er it strikes, with gum-like hue!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III.

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

IX.

RED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY
SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY.

It's effulgence disappeared
Lying hasty, I might have sent;
Yet speechless clouds, a look
Of astonishment;
And ended with power to stay,
Vacify one closing day,
Till Mortality may see—
It—ah no, but what can be!
Was when field and watery cove
Modulated echoes rang,
Choirs of fervent Angels sang
Vesperas in the grove;

III.

And if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
You hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scene,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirit blend!
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And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed!
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.

Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If sought unworthy be my choice,
From Thee if I would erewhile.

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 stanzas of the foregoing Poem.

XIX.

TO THE
(COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE)

Wanderer! that stoop'st to seek
To human life's unsettled sea,
Who lovest with Night and Day
So might it seem, the cares
And, through the cottage-door
Dost shield from harm the babe
What pleasure once encompassed
Which yet in thy behalf the child
An idolizing dreamer as of old,
I slight them all; and, on the shore
Sole-sitting, only can to the sea
That bid me hail thee as the day
So call thee for heaven's grace

By confidence supplied and trust
When not a twinking star
Abates the perils of a storm
And for less obvious benefit
Their way, with thy pure heart
Both for the adventurer staid
And veteran ranging round.
EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

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!

XIII.

TO THE MOON.

(Styal.)

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 empori 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 unbrange, 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 below'd (for thine, meek Power, are charms  
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,  
Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)  
O still below'd, once worshipped! Time, that crowns  
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,  
Spares thy mild splendour! still those far-shot beams  
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams  
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise  
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;  
And through dark trials still dost thou explore  
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,  
When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith  
In mysteries of birth and life and death  
And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed  
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.

What though the rites be swept away, the fames  
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;  
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease  
Love to promote and purity and peace;  
And Fancy, unreproved, even yet may trace  
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Montreux! let us—not blind  
To worlds unmought of till the searching mind  
Of Science laid them open to mankind—
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION,

Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us—without offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,

Learn from thy course, wherein
'To look on tempests, and be still
To keep with faithful step the path
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night
And from example of thy might,
Gently to brook decline and fall
Meek, patient, steadfast, and
Than thy revival yields, for

POEMS,

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1813.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1821, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1813, of which the following series of poems were composed, I set out, pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence by the Isle of Man to the Rhine, and then up the River Don, and homewards by Ulswater.]

I.

Amidst, 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 Minstrel now with harp new-strung
For summer wandering quit their household bowers;
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II.

Wit should the Enthusiast, journeying through
this Isle
Refrain 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 pastoral toil,
And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate

Of Truth and Beauty, strives
Far as she may, primeval Nature
Fair Land! by Time's parent
By Social Order's watchful eye
With unexampled union meets
For eye and mind, the present
With golden prospect waiteth for want
If that be reverence which

III.

They called Thee Meeting Edens
A happy people won for these
With envy heard in many a
And, spite of change, for more
Endearing title, a responsive
To the heart's fond belief; that
Whose sterner judgments do
For inattentive Fancy, like the
Which foolish birds are caught
This face of rural beauty be a
For discontent, and poverty,
These spreading towns a chief
Forbid it, Heaven!—and Me
Shall be thy rightful name, in
IV.
TO THE RIVER Derwent, near Keswick.

The Derwent, 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 morns Heard on his restful margin) thence were named The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed, And the habitual murmurs that stones For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as Spring Decks, on thy simonous throne, thousand thrones, Seats of glad instinct and love's cardrolling, The concert, for the happy, then may vie With liveliest peaks 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 wings floating on the gale, Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the Of human life when first allowed to gleam On mortal notice.—Glory, then, may vie Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail, Kept in perpetual verdure by the stream Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath entwined Neemans victor's brow; less bright was worn, Meed of some Roman chief—her 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 hid.)
A view of life between my Parents' dust, And yeer, my buried Little-ones! am I; And to those graves looking habitually Is kindly quiet I repose my trust. Dost to the innocent is more than jest, And, to the sinner, mercifully bent; So may I hope, if truly I repent And meekly bear the ills which bear I must: And Yes, my Offspring! that do still remain, Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race, H'yer, 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, Preparèd, when each has stood his time, to sink Into the dust. Erewhile a stern arm 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 wing'd butterfly Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold son; Up to the flowers whose golden progeny Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave."

VIII.
NUN'S WELL, Brigham.
The castle crowding round this beverage clear To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod The encircling turf into a barren clod; Through which the waters creep, then disappear, Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near; Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-stone cell Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's Well," Name that first struck by chance my startled ear) A tender Spirit broods—the pensive Shade Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid By hooded 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.)
Passion and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise These modest walls, amid a flock that need, For one who comes to watch them and to feed, A fixed Abode—keep down presageful sighs. Threats, which the unthinking only can despise, Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,—be true To thy first hope, and this good work pursue. Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall its wreaths, Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes, From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke, And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

X.
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ECHO OF THE DEWENT, WORKINGTON.

Yet, while each useful Art as
What boots the gain if Nature
And Wisdom, as she holds a
In man's intelligence sublimes
When Bega sought of yore the
Tempestuous winds her holy
She knelt in prayer—the waves
And, from her vow well weighed
Rose, where she touched the
of St. Bees.

'Crud of heart were they, bide
Who in these Wilds then stru
The strong were merciless, wih
Till this bright Stranger came
And as a cresset true that da
Of beany lustre from a tower
Guiding the mariner through
And cheering oft his peaceful
Like the fixed Light that crow
St. Bees.

To aid the Votaries, miracles
Wrought in men's minds, like
So piety took root; and Song
What humanizing virtues nea
Sprang up, and spread their fros
How savage bosoms melted at
Of gospel-truth enchanted in
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping
From her religious Mansion o

When her sweet Voice, that in
Was glorified, and took its pla
The silent stars, among the an
Her chantry blazed with sacrifi
And perished utterly; but her
Had sown the spot, that witnes
Which lay in earth expectant,
With quickening impulseaw
And lo! a sancti
The al

There are the naked clothed, t
And Charity extendeth to the
Her intercessions made for the
Of tardy penitents; or for the
Among the good (when love m
Sickened, or died) in pious me
Thanks to the austere and simp
Who, to that service bound by
Keep watch before the altars a

Are not, in sooth, their Re
Woven out of passion's sh
SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833.

yet, composed, and formalized by art,

a winer sorrow in the heart!

rayer for them whose hour is past away

the Living, profit while ye may!

a part, and that the worst, he sees

thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys

et unlock the secrets of St. Beees.

since, the timid being's inmost light,

of the dawn and solace of the night;

those Beeches with a steady ray

an hour when judgment goes astray.

born not hastily their rule who try

to despise, and flesh to mortify;

me with zeal, in winged ecstasies

yer and praise forget their rosemary,

car the loudest surges of St. Beees.

now so prompt to succour and protect

thee. Pool traveller, or sailor wrecked

thick coast; nor do they grudge the boon

staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon

for the pilgrim; and, though chiding sharp

sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,

at then when, swept with sportive ease,

as a feast-day throng of all degrees,

cing the archway of revered St. Beees.

id the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice

time the Benedictine Brethren's voice, 

lind, or commanding with meet pride,

and the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,

the one blast ensign serve the Lord

Advance, indignant Sword! 

g till thou from Panym bands release

omb, dread centre of all sanctities

in the quiet Abbey of St. Beees.

ok we now to them whose minds from far

the fortunes which they may not share.

in Judes Fancy loves to roam,

ips to make a Holy-land at home:

ar of Bethlehem from its sphere invites

nd the crystal depth of maiden rights;

ed Life, through scriptural mysteries,

ward ascends with all her charities,

by the hooded Celibates of St. Beees.

it e'er forgotten how by skill

stared Architects, free their souls to fill

ove of God, throughout the Land were raised

es, on whose symbolic beauty gazed

and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;

his day men seeing what they saw,

Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,

Aspire to more than earthly destinies;

Witness yon Pile that greets us from St. Beees.

Yet more; around those Churches, gathered Towns

Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns;

Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold

Her scales with even hand, and culture mould

The heart to pity, train the mind in care

For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear.

Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease,

Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,

To bear thy part in this good work, St. Beees.

Who with the ploughshare close the barren moors,

And to green meadows changed the swampy shored;

Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful

grange

Made room where wolf and boar were used to range;

Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler

chains

Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains!

The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,

For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies

Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St. Beees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given

Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven

Forth from their cells; their ancient House laid low

In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.

But now once more the local Heart revives,

The inextinguishable Spirit strives.

Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,

And cleared a way for the first Votaries,

Prosper the new-born College of St. Beees!

Alas! the Genius of our age, from Schools

Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules.

To Prowess guided by her insight keen

Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;

Boastful Idolatress of formal skill

She in her own would merge the eternal will:

Better, if Reason's triumphs match these,

Her flight before the bold credulities

That furthered the first teaching of St. Beees.*

1833.

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* See Excursion, seventh part; and Ecclesiastical Sketches, second part, near the beginning.
XII.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBRIELAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,
He will take with him to the silent tomb.

Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong
And doubts and scruples seldom tossed the brain,
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong;
For, suddenly up-sprung from the Main,
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.

O Fancy, what an age was that for song!
That age, when not by laws annimated,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses held;
But element and orb on acts did wait
Of Powers endued with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

XIV.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall!
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside!
No,—let this Age, high as she may, instil
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 overlap,
In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne
Of Power whose ministers the records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

XV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

*Pugens hostis dum Missa vesta nus,*

The feudal Keep, the bastions of Coborn,
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 shed
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they not
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to go?
No; their dread service nerves the heart of men,
And they are led by noble Hilary.*

XVI.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Bight,
With wonder smitten by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity!—
Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,
Have ever in them something of benign;
Whither in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.

Scurriedly the hand forborne to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well,
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
Our daily rainment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
And reveling in long embrace with thee.†

XVII.

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 but for timely aid
He, by the alluring element betrayed,
Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with
Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies [sic]
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank
Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,
Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless
The Power that saved him in his strange distr

* See Note.
† The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is generally pure and beautiful.
SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833.

XVIII.

ISLE OF MAN.

If grief for lenient time too keen,
Eavouring waves had caused—or guilt
Had witnessed, away the man who built
Head, placed where nothing could be seen
End, of ocean troubled or serene!
A soldier on paternal land,
A channel holds august command,
A raised—a veteran Marine.

At, turned from the neighbouring sea
Memory of a listless life
Between two callings. May no strife
Here beset him, doomed though free,
To worse inaction, till his eye
The daily sight of earth and sky!

XIX.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

Youth I ploughed the restless Main,
Restless and sad to change;
Sly clime and ocean did I range,
Enthralled to a strange gain.
See I went, and poor I still remain.
Near I strove, but strove in vain,
Hopes manifold did I endure,
On me never deign'd to smile;

A resting-place have found,
Nought life's comforts to procure,
On this our favoured Isle,
Spot where Nature's gifts abound;

Have no reason to complain,
R to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

XX.

AT BALL-SALLA, ISLE OF MAN.

SUGGESTED BY A FRIEND.

Fortune, but in mind entire
In principle, I seek reposa
Sent trees this convent-pile enclose;
Riful.

When vain desire
Peace, I pray the eternal Sire
Al-encompassing shade on me,
Ed, pensive, thankful Refugee;

R with some sparks of heavenly fires
Se cells vouchsafed. And when I note
Ver's brow yellowed as with beams
There, albeit streams

Water-stains that semblance wrought,
Silent Monitor, and say
My aged brow, at all hours of the day!

* Rushen Abbey.

XXI.

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, embossed 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 your cloud, old Snaefell! 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.

XXII.

DESPOIN who will—I heard a voice exclaim,
"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 conqueror's aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
The cloud is; but brings that a day of doom
To Liberty! Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
Toss in the fuming wind a humbler plume.

XXIII.

IN THE Firth of Clyde, Ailsa Craig.

DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 17.

Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high;
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
Still he is seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the seas 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 sought that watchful Love to Nature owes
For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or transient shows.
XXIV.

ON THE RIFT OF CLYDE.
(In a Steam-Song.)

Arran! a single-crested Tenerife,
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 sotty crew;
And, as a God, light on thy tempest cliff.
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest schemes
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

XXV.

ON VISITING DUNLOLLY CASTLE.
[See former scene, p. 327.]

The captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm;
Him found we not: but, climbing a tall tower,
There saw, impaled with rude fidelity
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
An Eagle that could neither wall nor soar.
Effigy of the Vanished.—(shall I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
And of the towering courage which past times
Rejoiced in—take, whate’er thou be, a share,
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where’er it leads!

XXVI.

THE DUNLOLLY 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 maw.

Now, near his master’s house in open view
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoos,
Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,
Fleest as the west wind, is for him no quarry;
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eyeing the sea’s blue depths. Poor Bird! even so
Doth man of brother man a creature make
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVII.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON’S OSWAL.

Orr have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not covering 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
Phantasmal 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 Osial! if inbound
In language thou may’st yet be found,
If aught (instructed to the pen
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Albeit shattered and impaired)
Subsist thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim.
Of old grey stone, and high-born name
That doth carve to rock or pillared cave
Where means the blast, or beats the wave,
Lot Truth, stern arbiter of all,
Interpret that Original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone—
Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars,
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poet’s ecstasy
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;
Muses, stationed with his lyre
Supreme among the Elysian quire.
Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
Mute as a lark ere morning’s birth.
Why grieve for these, though past away
The music, and extinct the lay?
When thousands, by severer doom,
Fall early to the silent tomb
Have sunk, at Nature’s call; or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833.

and withering on their brows;
\textit{ith remorse for broken vows; -else how might they rejoice!}
\textit{ndless, by their own sad choice!}

\textit{ords of mightier grasp \& on you call, the chosen Few;}
\textit{ot not off the acknowledged guide, ered not, nor turned aside;}
\textit{ily genius could survive, under sorrow thrive;}
\textit{he fiery Muse revered bol of a snow-white beard,}
\textit{ith meditative tears from the lenient cloud of years.}

\textit{ns in soul \& though distant times}
\textit{our nursed in various climes, e of love retained:}
\textit{ile in you each sad regret}
\textit{pending hope was met, red among human kind, ices for the passing wind;}
\textit{unbeams, loth to stop, smiling on the last hill top!}
\textit{ender-hearted maid her joys begin to fade;}
\textit{ly, to the rugged chief re crushed, or tamed by grief;}
\textit{n Morven’s lonely shore, ming through imperfect lore,}
\textit{of Fingal; such was blind s ofampler mind;}
\textit{on, to the fountain held by Urania led!}

1804.

XXXI.
CAVE OF STAFFA.

it surely, in the motley crowd, us has felt the far-famed sight; we feel it each the other’s blight, d hurrying, volatile and loud. motions only that invite of Fingal to his tuneful Cave he entered, and wave after wave coming the timid light!

\textit{otary who at will might stand take into his mind and heart, tracted reverence, the effect portions where the almighty hand the worlds, the sovereign Architect, I to work as if with human Art!}

XXX.
CAVE OF STAFFA.

\textit{Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign Mechanic laws to agency divine; And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule, Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed, Might seem designed to humble man, when proud Of his best workmanship by plan and tool. Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight Of tide and tempest on the Structure’s base, And flashing to that Structure’s topmost height, Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace In calms is conscious, finding for his freight Of softest music some responsive place.}

XXXI.
FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

\textit{ope smiled when your nativity was cast, Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave, And whole artillery of the western blast, Battering the Temple’s front, its long-drawn nave Smiting, as if each moment were their last. But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast: Calm as the Universe, from specular towers Of heaven contemplated by Spiritus pure With mute astonishment, it stands sustained Through every part in symmetry, to endure, Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours, As the supreme Artificer ordained.
XXXII.
IONA.
On to Iona!—What can she afford
To us save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
Heaved over ruin with stability
In urgent contrast! To diffuse the Word
(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's Lord)
Her Temples rose, mid pagan gloom; but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny!
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed Isles
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.

XXXIII.
IONA.
(Upon Landing.)
How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some rugged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is your nest trim church not past a speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strown far and wide. Think, proud Philosopher!
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,
Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine;
And 'hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than
A grace by thee unsought and unpossess'd, [shines,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.'

XXXIV.
THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.
[See Martin's Voyage among the Western Isles.]
Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black,
Black in the people's minds and words, yet they
Were at that time, as now, in colour grey.
But what is colour, if upon the rack
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
Concord with oaths! What differ right and day
Then, when before the Perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom
He had insulted—Pessant, 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.
SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833.

XXXVIII.
THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.
Till now thy beauty had I viewed
Upon, and confess with shame
The stream of mine, whatever its varying mood,
But once the sound of thy sweet name:
She from Paradise that honour came,
Ye bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
Thy course, fair stream, at length I pay
Life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood;
Traced thee on thy winding way
Lest sometimes by this thought restrained
Near far off we toil, while many a good
Right, because too near, is never gained.

XXXIX.
MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,
(BY KOLLEKSENES.)
KIRK CHURCH, NEAR COAST, ON THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.
In the dying Mother's lap, lies dead
E'en from the birth of bright hope
A mother's, and the divinest scope
In heavenward, hath raised that head
Six years; and through one hand has spread
So tender for her innocent Child—
Her loving heart, as parting reconciled—
To the skies, as to all but she,
He who contemplates the turns of life
Thickly, her hand, and her consoled and cheered;
Ith the Mother, think the severed Wife
To be lamented as revered;
'Ye that Art, triumphant over strife
Ave, hath powers to Eternity endowed.

XL.
SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.
GULLIVY! the sovereign aim was thou
Then schools of philosophic lore;
Stricken by stern destiny of yore
Tyrannic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow;
What of hope Elysium could allow
Fedly seized by Sculpture, to restore
To the Mourner. But when he who were
Crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
And our sad being with celestial light,
A paradise, and still had drawn a softening grace
A shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Pleased with that Idea face to face;
Now a planet runs,
Its orbit round the central Sun.

XLI.
NUNNERY.
The floods are round, and will not soon be weary;
Down from the Pennine Alps* how fiercely sweeps
Crookit, 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 kneel in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased; then, cleaving easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious Taste; and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell!
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!

XLII.
STREAMBOATS, 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, howsoever it may
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

XLIII.
THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.
A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose mazy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispel the ominous shades of Night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite
The invincible God, that beseem the proud†.

* The chain of Croondall. † See Note.
XLV.
LOWTHER.
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 godly state
Of pieties which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
For airy promises and hopes suborned [scorned].
The strength of backward-looking thoughts is
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolis'd; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory!

XLV.
TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.
'Magnusius indicus 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 impress,
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 Magistrate 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*.

XLVII.
The SOMNAMBULIST.
List, ye who pass by Lulph's Tower†
At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira-fore, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon
The Pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days
A stern-brow'd house appeared;
Fall to a Jewel rich in light
There set, and guarded well;
Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cage,
To make this Gem their own,
Came Barons bold, with store of gold,
And Knights of high renown;
But one she prized, and only one;
Sir Eglamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—

Known chiefly, Airis! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature ta'n
That all but love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play
Doubt came not, nor regret—
To trouble hours that winged their way,
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long
Sequester'd with repose;
Best through 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.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread regions errant;
A knight of proof in love's behalf,
The thirst of fame his warrant;
And she, her happiness can build
On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
Her Champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes gleam;
And high her blushes mounted;
SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
To violate the Trees,
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.

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-leafed tree,
Some muttered to the torrent-fall—
"Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
"I heard, and so may He!"

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
If Emma's Ghost it were,
Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
Her very self stood there.
He touched; what followed who shall tell!
The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
And the Stream whirled her down the dell
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight!—when on firm ground
The rescued Maid lay,
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
Confusion passed away;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
Her faithful Spirit flow,
His voice—behold his speaking face;
And, dying, from his own embrace,
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
Brief words may speak the rest;
Within the dell he built a cell,
And there was Sorrow's guest;
In hermit's weeds repose he found,
From vain temptations free;
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
By one deep heart-controlling sound,
And averted to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
Are edged with golden rays!
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
    Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

1833.

XLVII.

TO CORDELIA M———.
HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

Nor in the mines beyond the western main,
You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought
Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was brought,
Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being:
Yes, Lady while about your neck is wound

(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright e!
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,
For precious tremblings in your bosom found

XLVIII.

Most sweet it is with uplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone,

If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our w
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dew
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.
EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"Wert, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away!

Where are your books—thatalight becasthead
To Beings else form'd 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 Eathwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply.

"The eye—it cannotchoose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, what'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 sun
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking!

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away." 1790.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble!

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the thrush sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives. 1790.
III.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I late reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man!

IV.

A CHARACTER.

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

There's weakness, and strength both redundant
and vain;
Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain
Could pierce through a temper that's soft to disease,
Would be rational peace—a philosopher's case.

There's indifference, alike when he fails or succeeds,
And attention full ten times as much as there needs;
Pride where there's meekness, there's so much of joy;
And mildness, and spirit both forward and coy.

There's freedom, and some
Of shame scarcely seeming!
There's virtue, the title it
Yet wants heaven knows what

This picture from nature ran,
Yet the Man would at one heart;
And I for five centuries rig
Such an odd such a kind

TO MY SISTER.

It is the first mild day,
Each minute sweeter
The redbreast sings from
That stands beside our

There is a blessing in
Which seems a sense
To the bare trees, and
And grass in the green

My sister! 'tis a wish
Now that our morning
Make haste, your more
Come forth and feel the

Edward will come with
Put on with speed you
And bring no book: for
We'll give to idleness

No joyless forms shall
Our living calendar:
Wo from to-day, my E.
The opening of the year

Love, now a universal
From heart to heart is
From earth to man, from
—It is the hour of feel

One moment now may
Than years of toiling
Our minds shall drink
The spirit of the season

Some silent laws our b
Which they shall long
We for the year to our
Our temper from to-da
And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come; I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

VI.

SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN;

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Iver-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with gleam
When Echo banded, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To battle trusts did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled, and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change!—bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see!
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.
His Master's dead,—and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Iver;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swollen and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little—all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it;
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.
"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor old Man so long
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.

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VII.

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 song and the poker, instead of that horse
That gallops away with such fury and force
On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature! perhaps
A child of the field or the grove;
And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous heat
Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumiles about the domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!
He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,
Now back to the tiles, then in search of the wall,
And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed:
The best of his skill he has tried;
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth
To the east and the west, to the south and the north;
But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh;
His eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death his blood freezes and taints,
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky glory
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him—while
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Lord,
As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,
As if green summer grass were the floor of my room,
And woodshines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless one,
Thy life I would gladly sustain
Till summer come up from the south, and
Crowds
Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst make
Through the clouds.
And back to the forests again!

---

VIII.

A POET'S EPIPHAL.

Art thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou!—draw not nigh!
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see!
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride.
A Soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? one, all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave!

Wreath closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!
A Moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

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

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose too 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 implessed of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitudes.

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 idle 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.

IX.

TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature’s care,
And all the long year through the heer
Of joy or sorrow.

Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,
And Thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season!

Thou wander’st the wide world about,
Uncheck’d by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion’s call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical,
In peace fulfilling.

Matthew.

In the School of—— is a tablet, on which are inscribed,
in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have
been School-masters there since the foundation of the
School, with the time at which they entered upon and
quitted their office. Opposite to one of those Names
the Author wrote the following lines.

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?

XI.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
"The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering grey;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun,
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought!"

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

"You 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 you slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard came, 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.

XII.

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.
beneath a spreading oak,  
a mossy seat;                      •
on the turf a fountain broke,  
rgled at our feet.

Matthew!" said I, "let us match  
ster’s pleasant tune  
one old border-song, or catch  
its a summer’s noon;

be church-clock and the chimes  
ve beneath the shade,  
lf-mad thing of witty rhymes  
you last April made!"

ve Matthew lay, and eyed  
ing beneath the tree;  
the dear old Man replied,  
y-haried man of glee:

ck, no stay, this Streamlet fears;  
trily it goes!  
surnur on a thousand years,  
as now it flows.

e, on this delightful day,  
e choose but think  
e vigorous man, I lay  
e fountain’s brim.

are dim with childish tears,  
i is idly stirred,  
same sound is in my ears  
n those days I heard.

es it still in our decay:  
e wiser mind  
less for what age takes away  
est it leaves behind.

bird amid leafy trees,  
above the hill,  
e their carols when they please,  
et when they will.

ure never do they wage  
strife; they see  
youth, and their old age  
ful and free:

are pressed by heavy laws;  
, glad no more,  
a face of joy, because  
b been glad of yore.

If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own;  
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my Friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me; but by none  
Am I enough beloved."

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

And, Matthew, for thy children dear  
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.

XIII.

PERSONAL TALK.

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-acquaintances, ladies bright,  
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,  
These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk  
Painted on rich men’s floors, for one feast-night.  
Better than such discourse doth silence long,  
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;  
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
In the loved presence of my cottage-dre,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

II.
"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and seen,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but brieve
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 Worlplings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them:—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

III.
Wings have we—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right valuable I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

IV.
Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking: rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.
A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Where the Moon along the sky
With her happy destiny;
She hid from mortal eye
Our dimly seen,
When the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien!

Different we—a froward race,
Exceeds though rich in Fortune’s grace
The cherished fullness of peace
Their way pursue,
Graces who wear a smileless face
The whole year through.

A hundred humours e’er would make
By spirit droop for drooping’s sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven.

BETTER FATE HAVE PRINCE AND SWALLOW—
See them cleaving to the sport!
Music has no heart to follow,
Little Music, she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part:
A loving creature she, and brave!
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts with complaints; nor gives o’er
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.

INCIDENT.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

By his morning round the Master
To learn how all things fare;
Until past, pasture after pasture,
Ep and cattle eyes with care;
Nor, for silence or for talk,
Dogs, each pair of different breed,
Identified two for scent, and two for speed.

A hare before him started!
If they fly in earnest chase;
No dog is eager-hearted.
The four are in the race:
The hare whom they pursue,
Was from instinct what to do;
Hope is near; no turn she makes;
Like an arrow, to the river takes.

The river was, and trusted
By one night’s frost;
The nimble hare hath trusted
The ice, and safely crossed;
The current, and without heed
Are following at full speed,
And, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,
And the greyhound, DART, is over-head!

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

Tie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;
More thou deserve’st; but this man gives to man,
Brother to brother, this is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year;
This oak points out thy grave; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past;
And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hast lived till every thing 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 feelers were thy knees,—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share;
But for some precious booms vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely any where in like degree!
For love, that comes wherever life and sense
Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
Yes, for thy fellow-humans in thee we saw
A soul of love, love's intellectual law:
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!

---

XVIII.

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 distances 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;
Theither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mista that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a veil
The Shepherd stood; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the path,
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear;
At length upon the Shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the Traveller passed this vale.

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;
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog, had been through three years
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the fall
When this ill-fated Traveller died,
The Dog had watched about the spot;
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such years
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, so
Above all human estimate!

---

XIX.

ODE TO DUTY.

*Jam non constito bonus, sed more constantium recte facere possint, sed not possint.*

Sterne. 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 fri
are who ask not if thine eye
them; who, in love and truth,
no misgiving is, rely
the genial sense of youth:
hearts! without reproach or blot;
to thy work, and know it not:
through confidence misplaced
all, thy saving arms, dreadful Power! around
them cast.

will be our days and bright,
appy will our nature be,
love is an unerring light,
its own security.
ney a blissful course may hold
now, who, not unwisely bold,
the spirit of this creed;
ck thy firm support, according to their need.

ng freedom, and untried;
art of every random gust,
ing to myself a guide,
indly have reposed my trust:
, when in my heart was heard
rily mandate, I deferred
sk, in smoother walks to stray;
se I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

th no disturbance of my soul,
ng compunction in me wrought,
icate for thy control;
the quietness of thought:
chartered freedom tires;
be weight of chance-desires:
des no more must change their name,
or a reposes that ever is the same.

awgiver! yet thou dost wear
shad’s most benignant grace;
on we any thing so fair
be smile upon thy face:
laugh before thee on their beds
rance in thy footing treads;
ast preserve the stars from wrong;
most ancient heavens, through These, are
fresh and strong.

abler functions, awful Power!
hee: I myself commend
my guidance from this hour;
my weakness have an end!
nto me, made lowly wise,
rit of self-sacrifice;
ndence of reason give;
the light of truth thy Bondman let me live! 1805.

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 boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature’s highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—“Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who, though thus ended 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 daring passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love—
Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Complaisant 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-surpast:
Who, whether praise or unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven’s applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

XXI.
THE FORCE OF PRAYER *;

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.
A TRADITION.

“**What is good for a boozless bane?**”
With these dark words begins my Tale;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When Prayer is of no avail?

“**What is good for a boozless bane?**”
The Falconer to the Lady said;
And she made answer “endless sorrow!”
For she knew that her Son was dead.

* See the White Doe of Rylstone.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

"In darkness did she sit, first words were, "Let there be on, on the field of Wharf, Priory!"

My Priory was reared; as he moved along, joined a mournful voices, at even-song.

Lady prayed in heaviness not for relief! by did her succour come, to her grief.

re is never sorrow of heart lack a timely end, God we turn, and ask to be our friend!

1806.

XXII.

FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION;

E AND ALFRED, ON THE SEA-SHORE.

nish Conqueror, on his royal chair, of a face of haughty sovereignty, covert purpose, cried—"O ye Waters of the deep, that share is green isle my fortunes, come not where "Deaf was the Sea; res rolled on, respecting his decree they heed a breath of wanton air. Canute, rising from the invaded throne, his servile Couriers.---"Poor the reach, disquieted extent, of mortal sway! is a King, and he alone the name (this truth the billows preach) everlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven, they.

just reproof the prosperous Dane from the influx of the main, whose rugged northern mouths would strain

tal flattery; satie (fact more worthy to be known) hat time forth did for his brows disown eminent symbol of a crown; ing earthly royalty public as vain.

hear what one of elder days, sense of England’s fondest praise,

Her darling Alfred, might have spoken; To cheer the remnant of his host When he was driven from coast to coast, Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken:

"My faithful followers, lo! the tide is spent That rose, and steadily advanced to fill The shores and channels, working Nature’s will Among the many streams that backward went, And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent: And now, his task performed, the flood stands still, At the green base of many an inland hill, In placid beauty and sublime content! Such the repose that sage and hero find; Such measured rest the sedulous and good Of bumberl name: whose souls do, like the flood Of Ocean, press right on; or gently wind, Neither to be diverted nor withstood, Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned.”

1816.

XXIII.

A LITTLE toward lend thy guiding hand To those 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, hast enrolled me yet, Though not unmemed, among those who lean Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight. —O my own Dora, my beloved child! Should that day come—but hark! the birds salute The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east; For me, thy natural leader, once again Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst A tottering infant, with compliant stoop From flower to flower supported; but to curb Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o’er the lawn, Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons Come forth; and, while the morning air is yet Transparent as the soul of innocent youth, Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way, And now precede thee, winding to and fro, Till we by perseverance gain the top Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous Kindles intense desire for powers withheld From this corporeal frame; wherein who stands, Is seized with strong incitement to push forth His arms, as swimmers use, and plunges—dread thought,
For pastime plunge—into the 'abrupt abyss,'
Where ravens spread their pluming vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct
Through woods and spacious forests,—to behold
There, how the Original of human art,
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-arched roof,
And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools
Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer noon, while beams of light,
Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
To mind the living presence 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.

XXIV.

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.
Whose 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 fieldel clime,
May haunt this horned bay;
Whose amorous water multiplies
The slitting 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 owllet'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.
Lycoirs (if such name befit
Thee, thou 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.

But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoirs! Life requires an art
To which our souls must bend;
A skill—to balance and supply;
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
As soon it must, a sense to sip,
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
Then welcome, above all, the Guest
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
Seem to recall the Deity
Of youth into the breast:
May pensive Autumn never present
A claim to her dispensation!
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 Sot

XXV.

TO THE SAME.

Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition trends
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 fieldel clouds
Each weary step, dwarving the world below,
Induces, for its old familiar sights,
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
With wonder mixed—that Man could o'er be
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

And, sooth to say, ye 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.

xxvii.

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumined,
The genial look of spring;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays!
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is near,
And yellow on the bough:—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow!
Yet will I temperately rejoice;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion’s feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is apallest framed
To enrapture and delire.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain’s earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live eords Alcesus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong;
Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By wingéd Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Aolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust:
What Horace gloriéd to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we unfold?
Can haughty Time be just?

XXVIII.
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 line
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That, startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil’s touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

XXIX.

XXIX.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves—to st
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 bree:
Encounter, and to narrow seas
Forbid a moment’s rest;
The medley less when boreal Lights
Glance to and fro, like airy Sprites
To feasts 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.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

XXX.

HUMANITY.

Oves, alluded to in the beginning of the
was, are supposed to have been used, by our
care, both for judicial and religious pur-
p poles are not uncommonly found, at this
treat Britain and in Ireland.)

the Accused, upon his own appeal
built, when man has ceased to feel,
king Judge’s stern command,
no longer stand—
tance from the balanced Block,
h, it rocks, or seems to rock;
depths of sunless groves, no more
est the hallowed Oak adore;
initiate, rocks and whispering trees
to mysterious offices!
dwell in beast and bird that sway
mind, or with the fancy play,
seasons, ears and eyes
undulative arabesques—
appear their simplest ways;
summits symbolic of praise—
yms that Spiritus make and bear;
man their innocence is dear.

draws from those sacred springs
effect the poetry of things!

in Martyrs’ stand in hues portrayed,
wish avail, would never fade,
hands the lily and the palm
altar a celestial calm;

the lamb and guiltless dove
ness of virgin love
oms!—Glorious is the blending
ons climbing or descending
of light and life, with cares
trying holy thoughts and prayers
reign seat of the Most High;
the worm in charity;

Angels whom a dream of night
of Luz, to Jacob’s sight
opt, treading the pendent stairs
heavenward, radiant messengers,
fect will in one accord
ence, serve the Almighty Lord;
red humility forever
errand by the wings they wore.

world were ours for verse to paint,
I live at ease with self-restraint
before the naked sense
ession,—faith in Providence;

Merciful over all his creatures, just
To the least particle of sentient dust;
But, fixing by immutable decrees,
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!

Then would be closed the restless oblique eye
That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;

Dispute 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, aoming fellowship with Pride,
Would brand his golden locks at Wisdom’s side;

Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice;

And not alone harsh tyranny would cease,
But unoffending creatures find release
From qualified oppression, whose defence

Rests on a hollow plea of recompense;

Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.

Witness those glances of indignant scorn
From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn

The kindness that would make him less forlorn;
Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles—

To greet the flowers and fruitsage of a land,
As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned;

A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats
For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats

Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there
To breathe the Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.

Shall man assume a property in man!
Lay on the moral will a withering ban!

Shame that our laws at distance still protect
Enormities, which they at home reject!

‘Slaves cannot breathe in England’—yet that

boast

Is but a mockery! when from coast to coast,

Though fettered slave be none, her floors and soil

Green underneath a weight of slavish toil,

For the poor Many, measured out by rules

Fetched with cripidity from heartless schools,

That to an Idol, falsely called ‘the Wealth

Of Nations,’ sacrifice a People’s health,

Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen

Is ever urging on the vast machine

Of sleepless Labour, ’mid whose dizzy wheels

The Power least prized is that which thinks and

feels.
Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
And all the heavy or light vassalage
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,
'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.
Not from his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern!
All creatures and all objects, in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.
There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
Who would not lightly violate the grace
The lowliest flower possesses in its place;
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

XXXI.

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 sojourn's 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 hony Winter, and Life touch,
Through heaven-born hope, her end!

XXXII.

TO ___________.

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, MARY,

'Tum porro paer, ut servis puerum deo
Navitas, minas humi jact, &c.'—Lucusens.

Like a shipwreck'd Sailor lost
By rough waves on a perilous coast,
Lies the Babe, in helplessness
And in tenderest nakedness,
Fling'd by labouring nature forth
Upon the mercies of the earth.
Can its eyes behold—no more
Than the hands are free to implore:
Voices but serve for one brief cry;
Plaint was it! or prophecy
Of sorrow that will surely come!
Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close
Duly granted to thy throes;
By the silent thanks, now tending
Incense-like to Heaven, descending
Now to mingle and to move
With the gush of earthly love,
As a debt to that frail Creature,
Instrument of struggling Nature
For the blissful calm, the peace
Known but to this one release—
Can the pitying spirit doubt
That for human-kind springs out
From the penalty a sense
Of more than mortal recompence!

As a floating summer cloud,
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
To the sun-burnt traveller,
Or the stooping labourer,
Oft-times 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.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Mother! under warrant
coral Parent,
as in season due
have, like thee, been true
1 chain let down
verlasting throne,
ering round thou couch,
softest whispers vouch,
tever griefs may fret,
ogle, sins beset,
irst-born, and with tears
beck in future years—
occour, not denied
3, whate'er beside,
woman be supplied!
bless th' calm ease;
arry promises,—
ment bless
h, where they shine!
 whose souls have scope
winged hope,
ward bend an ear
listening, pledge is here,
new-born Charge shall tread
steps, and be led
er Guide, whose light
rtues, mildly bright,st the wished-for part
virgin heart;
the storms of life
by that dread strife
have escaped together,
ok for serene weather;
sure to find
s faithful mind;
aver, holier rest,
now await her rest,
turning, to thy breast!

XXXIII.

THE WARNING.

EXQuL TO THE FOREGOING.

Is of March are blowing;
owers shrink, afraid of showing
eds to the nipping air,
not, happy pair!
ndly sleep,
, our hope will keep;
caged with adverse Change
(Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
Whatever check they bring,
Anxious duty hindering,
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
Affections pure and holy in their source
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;
Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,
Are in the experienced Grandeur'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 grots them with a fond embrace;
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;
Their gifts she bails (deemed preciss, as they prove
For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!)—
But from this peaceful centre of delight
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight:
Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee;
Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
She soars—and here and there her pinions rest
On proud towers, like this humble cottage, bliss
With a new visitant, an infant guest—
Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky
In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells
Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells
Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,
And harboured ships, whose pride is on the seas,
Shall hoist their topmast flags in sign of glee,
Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ill assigned
By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
The track that was, and is, and must be, worn
With weary feet by all of woman born)—
Shall now by such a gift with joy be moved,
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved!
Not He, whose last faint memory will command
The truth that Britain was his native land;
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;
Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

there thrilled; whose Youth revered the
heaven
liberty that Alfred wore,
ou, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!
not He, who from her mellowed practice drew
social sense of just, and fair, and true;
aaw, thereafter, on the soil of France
Poltty begin her manic dance;
ations broken up, the deeps run wild,
thee griefed to see (himself not unbeguiled)—
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 gead,
Proofs thickening round her that on public ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends,
That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth
Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.

Can such a One, dear Babe! though glad and
proud
Welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
To his English breast, and spare to quake
Sins for his own than for thy innocent sake!
Inte—or, should the providence of God
Id, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,
Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou com'ist 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 profess)
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
For compassing the end, else never gained;
Yet govern'rs and govern'd both are blind
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;
If to expediency principle must bow;
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent
Now;
If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede;
Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
For domination at some riper day;
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,
Or with braved 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
to be blown off at will, but
In cunning patience, from

Lost people, trained to
Lost above all, ye labour
Bewildered whether ye,
Deceived, mistake calam
And over fancied usurps
Oft snappikg at revenge
Or, from long stress of rum
To desperation for a rem
In bursts of outrage spre
And to your wrath cry o
Or, bound by oaths, con
floor
In marshalled thousands,
With the worst shape me
Or, to the giddy top of a
By Flatterers carried, me
Of boundless suffrage, at
Justice shall rule, discord
And every man sit down
—O for a bridle bitted w
To stop your Leaders in
Oh may the Almighty se
These mists, and lead ye
By paths no human wis
May He pour round you
Man's feverish passions,
That quietly restores the
To hope, and makes true
Else shall your blood-stain
Fields gaily sown when
Why is the Past belied w
The Future made to play
Among a people famed for
Foremost in freedom, no
We act as if we joyed in
Storms make in rising, w
Nought but her changes.
If thou persist, and, score
Spread for thyself the sal
Whom, then, shall meekly
skill
Lie in forbearance, stren
—Soon shall the widow (N
Nought equals when the cr
Widow, or wife, implore
From him who judged in
The skies will weep c
Ye little-ones! Earth
Outcasts and homele
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

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 us as we rest,
When we shall sink to final rest.

XXXIV.

his great world of joy and pain
revolve in one sure track;
veil, set, will rise again,
and virtue, flown, come back;
c to the purblind crew who fill
he heart with each day's care;
'tain, from past or future, skill
'o bear, and to forbear!

XXXV.

ABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

the throne of God is borne
rice of praise at early morn,
ne accepts the punctual hymn
as the light of day grows dim.

'il he turn his ear aside
holy offerings at noonide.
here repose let us raise
'g of gratitude and praise.

though our burthen be not light
ed not toil from morn to night;
spite of the mid-day hour
the thankful Creature's power.

are the moments, doubly blest,
drawn from this one hour of rest,
ith a ready heart bestowed
the service of our God!

field is a halloed spot,
ar in each man's cot,
arch in every grove that spread
ring roof above our heads.

up to Heaven! the industrious Sun
dy half his race hath run;
not halt nor go astray,
or immortal Spirits may.

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 Ledges hill 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 rove;
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-nursing dares
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natual morn,
The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
Of song and dance and game;
Still from the village-green a vow
Aspires to thee addrest,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach
The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons teach
That never loved before.

Stript is the haughty one of pride,
The basliul 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 you exulting thrush the Muse
Entreats 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.

XXXVII
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—not less
If yoethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express:
The heavens have felt it too.
The innest 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 week
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 bane
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 trum 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 ex
"The happiest for your home;
"Heaven's bounteous love through me!
"From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves
"Drops on the moldering turret's base
"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.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION. 383

I what if thou, sweet May, hast known
trash by worm and blight;
expectations newly blown
have perish’d in thy sight;
ves and joys, while up they sprung,
were caught as in a snare;
h is the lot of all the young,
however bright and fair.

Streams that April could not check
re patient of thy rule;
gl  ing in foamy water-break,
corting in glassy pool:
thee, thee only, could be sent
uch gentle mists as glide,
ing with unconfirmed intent,
that green mountain’s side.

v del icate the leafy veil
through which you house of God
uns the peace of this deep dale
y few but shepherds trod!
lowly bums, near beaten ways,
o sooner stand attained
by fresh wreaths, than they for praise
ceep fields, and are admired.

son of fancy and of hope,
ermit not for one hour,
lossom from thy crown to drop,
or add to it a flower!
p, lovely May, as if by touch
self-restraining art,
s modest charm of not too much,
art seen, imagined part!

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’s 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 part the braid ed hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil
The golden harvest grows in; and those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
Prayer’s voiceless service; but now, seeking nought
And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
Of motion they renounce, and with the head
Partake its inclination towards earth
In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
Thy confidant! say, whence derived that air
Of calm abstraction! Can the ruling thought
Be with some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
Not entered them; her heart is yet unpeiered
By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:
The fruits 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 pose, with a few pale ears
Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
And in their common birthplace sheltered it
’Till they were plucked together; a blue flower
Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;

XXXVIII.

LINES

Suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of
P. STONE.

LED into forgetfulness of care
the day’s unfinished task; of pen
sk regardless, and of that fair scene
tare’s prodigality displayed
my window, oftentimes and long
upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
ny never ceases to enrich
summon light; whose stillness charms the air,
mas to charm it, into like repose;
silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
ex sweetest music. There she sits

1835—1834
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,
(Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn
Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,
Loves it, while there in solitary peace
She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
—Not from a source less sacred is derived
(Surely I do not err) that pensive air
Of calm abstraction through the face diffused
And the whole person.

Words have something told
More than the pencil can, and verily
More than is needed, but the precious Art
Forgives their interference—Art divine,
That both creates and fixes, in despite
Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!
That posture, and the look of filial love
Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
Dearly united, might be swept away
From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
To their lost place, or meet in harmony
So exquisite; but here do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
In visible quest of immortality,
Stretch'd forth with trembling hope?—In every
realm,
From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
Thousands, in each variety of tongue
That Europe knows, would echo this appeal;
One above all, a Monk who waits on God
In the magnific 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)—
Came, in that service, to a glorious work,
Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first
The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
Graced the Refectory: and there, while both
Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
The hoary Father in the Stranger's car
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, dispersed,
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 Shadow.

So spake the mild Jeronimite, his guide;
Melting away within him like a dream
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to sleep.
And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
Domestic Portrait! have to verse consign
In thy calm presence those heart-moving Words
that can soothe, more than they agitate.
Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
Informs the fountain in the human breast
Which by the visitation was disturbed.
—but why this stealing tear?—Compare
On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee well.
My Song's Insprier, once again farewell!"

XXXIX.

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
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 grace
With no mean earnest of a heritage
Assigned to it in future worlds. Then, too
With thy memorial flower, meek Portrait
From whose serene companionship I pass
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still
also—

Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that end
The private heart; though keeping thy
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.

* The pile of buildings, composing the palace
vest of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost
name in that of the Escorial, a village at the
hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by
Second, stands. It need scarcely be added, that
the painter alluded to.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

XL.

Upon seeing a coloured drawing of the bird of paradise in an album.

Who rashly strove thy image to portray?
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature—gay
With a divinity of colours, greed
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces—and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on those pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
'Mid casual tokens and promising shows,
To circumscribe this shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-wearied search of Paradise—
Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for we—for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that bear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enlaced by gross realities!

385.

XLII.

upon seeing A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Who rashly strove thy image to portray!
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature—gay
With a divinity of colours, greed
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces—and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on those pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
'Mid casual tokens and promising shows,
To circumscribe this shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
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A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
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Over the earth and through the skies
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She bears for we—for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that bear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enlaced by gross realities!

385.
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

I.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.

"People! your chains are severing link by link;
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor
Meet them half way." Vain boast! for These, the more
They thus would rise, must low and lower sink
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry,
"Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe."
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
The will provoke a heavier penalty.

II.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

March, 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;
And in the Senate some there were who doubted
The last of their humanity, and scoffed
At providential judgments, undismayed
By their own daring. But the People prayed
As with one voice; their fiery heart grew soft
With penitential sorrow, and aloft
Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!"
Oh that with aspirations more intense,
Chastised by self-abasement more profound,
This People, once so happy, so renowned
For liberty, would seek from God defence
Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
Of revolution, impossibly unbound!

III.

Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Pilferhood and Treachery, in close council met,
Deep under ground, in Pluto’s cabinet,
"The frost of England’s pride will soon be thawed;
"Hooded the open brow that overawed
"Our schemes; the faith and honour, never yet

IV.

Blest Statesman He, whose Head
Leaves him at ease among great men.
Sees that, apart from magnanimous
Wisdom exists not; nor the
Of Prudence, disentangling great
With patient care. What this
They daunt not him who holds
Resolution, at all hazards, to firm
Its duties;—prompt to move
Knowing, things rashly song;
That, for the functions of an
Strong by her charters, from the
Servant of Providence, not a
Perilous is sweeping change,

V.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT
NOTICES OF THE FRENCH
PORTENTOUS change when High
As the cool Advocate of self
Reckless audacity exults, and
At consciences perplexed with
They who bewail not, must a
Born of Conceit, Power’s kind
Or haply sprung from vaunting
Betrayed by mockery of holy
Hath it not long been said that
Works not the righteousness.
Bend, ye Perverse! to judge
Laws that lay under Heaven’s
All principles of action that
The sacred limits of humanity.
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

VI.
CONTINUED.

ational events shall find
ning of loss and gain,
now, good with ill combined,
crance leeking out of pain
eas; as if the All-ruling Mind
iction it consists to ordain
earthquake, and hurricane,
t with feeble human kind
ble. But woe for him
red shall lend an eager hand
Is not Conscience ours,
s eye guilt only can make dim;
o office, by divine command,
ch disordered Powers!

VII.
CONCLUDED.

England! be not thou misled
ories of Alien growth,
seize thee, waxing wroth,
ye garments seek dyed red
ood, which tears in torrents shed
ears flowing ere thy truth
t to ease but sullen sloth,
the ghost of false hope fled
grave. Among thy youth,
uch warning be held dear,
ran's heart be thrilled with joy,
ther from eternal truth,
wn, rules that work to cheer—
ave the People—not destroy.

VIII.

tern World! in Fate's dark book
prohibious leaves of dire portent!
british Ancestors forsook
id, for outrage provident;
ive necks the bridle shook
Descendants, freer went;
to passions turbulent,
ay a deadlier look!
,
soft as the south wind's breath,
stormy surface of the flood
vent flowing underneath;
less springs of silent good;
h be better understood,
pirit brighten strong in faith.

IX.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

Days undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,
Words that require no sanction from an oath,
And simple honesty a common growth—
This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power the measure of your truth i—
All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name
Was fondly graven with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Man
For state-dishonour black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.

X.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

As why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more unknit.
Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain
May rise to break it: effort worse than vain
For thee, 0 great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

XI.

CONTINUED.

II.

Hard task! I exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour,
That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wear
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—
What, is there then no space forgolden mean
And gradual progress!—Twilight leads to day,
And, even within the burning zones of earth,
The lastest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth:
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.
XII.

CONCLUDED.

As leaves are to the tree wherein they grow
And wither, every human generation
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world’s embrace through weal and woe;
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
The unblemished good they only can bestow.
Alas! with most, who weigh futurity
Against time present, passion holds the scales:
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

In the true filial bosom’s inmost fold
For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred, at the brow
Of all who for her rights watch’d, told
That prophecy is not too bold.
What—how! shall she submit in will and way?
To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
The serve, pecus of a Gallic breed!
Dear Mother! if thou must thy steps retire
Go wheresoever at least mock Innocency dwells;
Let Babes and Stocklings be thy oracles.

XIII.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of Old
Of dear Old England! Think they she is dead,
Dead to the very name! Presumption fed
On empty air! That name will keep its hold

Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes.
In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men!
Rest not, as in hope want’s key chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities;
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Fare as ye may, erect and equalise;
And, with ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!
SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

IN SERIES.

I.

Suspended by the view of Lancaster Castle
(On the road from the south).

There spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of man and land, with you grey towers that still
Rise up as if to lord it over air—
Mighty shields in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory; yes, might fill
These heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed;
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill"?
Thousands, as toward you old Lancastrian Towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they past.
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
Sheed in their chains; and hence that doleful name.

II.

Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after thought, for Him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw
Lest wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
Ascend with bended heart its ascent.
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died
Blindfold—with them that starved o'er his grave,
And all who from the law firm estate crave.

III.

He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
Was Duty—Duty calmed his agony.
And some, we know, when they by wilful act
A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
And, to stone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV.

Is Death, when evil against good has fought
With such fell mastery that a man may dare
To do deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare?
Is Death, for one to that condition brought,
For him, or any one, the thing that ought
To be most dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,
Lest, capital pains remiting till ye spare
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
Seemingly given, delase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
In the weak love of life his least command.

V.

Nor to the object specially designed,
Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind;
As all Authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,
Copying with awed the one paternal mind.
Uncaught by processes show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the State;
If she, self-borne of Majesty, ordain
That never more shall hang upon her breath
The last alternative of Life or Death.
VI.

Ye brood of conscience—Spectres! that frequent
The bad Man’s restless walk, and haunt his bed—
Fie! in your aspect, yet beneficent
In act, as hovering Angels when they spread
Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent—
Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
A laxity that could not but impair
Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.
And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpentine about
The adage on all tongues, “Murder will out,”
How shall your ancient warnings work for good
In the full night they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate shedding of man’s blood
 Survive not Judgment that requires his own!

VII.

Before the world had past her time of youth
While polity and discipline were weak,
The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
Came forth—a light, though but as of day-break;
Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
Patience his law, long-suffering his school,
And love the end, which all through peace must seek.

But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to control
And keep vindictive thristings from the soul,
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to infer a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream.

VIII.

For retribution, by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State’s embrace,
Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
She plants well-measured tears in the womb Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far often then, bad ushering worse event,
Blood would be split that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change
Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead
In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the “wild justice of revenge” prevail.

IX.

To secure to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shall thou err.
What is a State? The wise beheld in her
A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer.
Speaking through Law’s dispassionate voice the State
Endures her conscience with external life
And being, to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to real,
And fortify the moral sense of all.

X.

Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light divine,
That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God’s ear
A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
For earthly sight. “Eternity and Time”
They urge, “have interwoven claims and rights
Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy’s heaven-born lights.
Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI.

Are, think how one compelled for life to abide
Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart
Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares provide;
And, should a less unnatural doom confide
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
Leaving the final issue in His hands
Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss,
And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.
I.

EPISTLE
TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.
FROM THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF CUMBERLAND.—1811.

Far from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake,
From the Vale's peace which all her fields partake,
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore
We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar;
While, day by day, grim neighbour! huge Black Comb
Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom,
Unto, perchance rejecting in despite
What on the Plain do have of warmth and light,
In his own storms he hides himself from sight.
Rough is the time; and thoughts, that would be free
From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to thee;
Turn from a spot where neither sheltered road
Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps abroad;
Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it might
Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,
Hopeless of further growth, and brown and sore
Through half the summer, stands with top cut sheer,
Like an unshifting weathercock which proves
How cold the quarter that the wind best loves,
Or like a Centinel that, evermore
Darkening the window, ill defends the door
Of this unfinished house—a Fortress bare,
Where strength has been the Builder's only care;
Whose rugged walls may still for years demand
The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.
—This Dwelling's inmate more than three weeks' space
And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,
I—of whose touch the Sickle would complain,
Whose levant would labour at the flote in vain,
In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill
A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,
Tired of my books, a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous sea—
Pace between door and window musing rhyme,
An old resource to cheat a froward time!
Though these dull hours (mine it is, or their shame?)
Would tempt me to renounce that humble aim.
—But if there be a Muse who, free to take
Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsaKe
Those heights (like Phoebus when his golden lo
He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocc)
And, in disguises, a Milkmaid with her pail
Trips down the pathways of some wining dale
Or, like a Mermaid, wareshes on the shores
To fishers mending nets beside their doors;
Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,
Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless wind,
Or listens to its play among the boughs
Above her head and so forgets her vows—
If such a Visitor of Earth there be
And she would deign this day to smile on me
And aid my verse, content with local bounds
Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,
Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which we
Without reserve to those whom we love well—
Then haply, Beaumont! words in current clear
Will flow, and on a welcome page appear
Duly before thy sight, unless they perish here.

What shall I treat of? News from Mona's bize
Such have we, but unvaried in its style;
No tales of Rumagate's fresh landed, whence
And wherefore fugitive or on what pretense;
Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the wind
Most restlessly alive when most confused.
Ask not of me, whose tongue can best appose
The mighty tumults of the House or Ken;
The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer gained,
What slopes are planted; or, what mosses kissed.
An eye of fancy only can I cast
On that proud pageant now at hand or past,
When full five hundred boats in trim array
With nets and sails outspread and streamers fly
And chanted hymns and stilller voice of prayer;
For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep repay
Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brees.

Mona from our Abode is daily seen,
But with a wilderness of waves between;
And by conjecture only can we speak
Of aught transacted there in bay or creek;
No tidings reach us thence from town or field,
Only faint news her mountain sunbeams yield.
And some we gather from the misty air,
the hovering clouds, our telegraph, 
the poetical mysteries I withhold; 
hath her fits both hot and cold, 
the colder fit with You be on 

Substantial themes the pen engages, 
interests culled from the opening stage 
action.—Ere the welcome dawn 
neast her silver star withdrawn, 
stood ready, at our Cottage-door, 

A tree of soul's the proem of our journey, under favouring skies, 
emplaced Vales; yet something in the guise 
Patriarchs when from well to well 
through Wastes where now the tented 
dwell, 

to whom did we the charge confide, 

tly undertook the Weis to guide 
sharply-turning road and down, 
say a wide hill's craggy crown, 
quick turns of many a hollow nook, 
gh bed of many an unbridged brook! 

Lass—who in her better hand 
switch, her sceptre of command 
slender Girl, she often led, 
vold, the horse and burlathed ed 

at-yielding Moss on Gowdar's head. 
go wrong with such a Charlatan 
nd chasie, or those Infants dear, 
smilingly mate side by side, 

Nurming that the salt-sea tide, 
embraces we were bound to seek, 
lost strength restore and freshen the 

cheek! 

Ad and happy musings soon took flight, 
smooth melancholy sight— 
bank a creature stood forlorn 
extruded to the light of morn, 
art concealed by hedge-row thorn. 
called to mind a beast of prey 
frightful powers by slow decay, 
no longer upon rapine bent, 
y keeping of its old intent. 
looked again with anxious eyes, 

And in that grisly object recognise 
The Curate's Dog—his long-tryed friend, for they, 
As well we knew, together had grown grey. 
The Master died, his drooping servant's grief 
Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief; 
Yet still he lived in pining discontent, 
Sadness which no indulgence could prevent; 
Hence whole day wanderings, broken nightly sleeps 
And lonesome watch that out of doors he keeps; 
Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute! 
Espied him on his legs sustained, blank, mute, 
And of all visible motion destitute, 
So that the very heaving of his breath 
Seemed stopt, though by some other power than 

devotion. 

Long as we gazed upon the form and face, 
A mild domestic pity kept its place, 
Unscared by thronging fancies of strange hue 
That haunted us in spite of what we knew. 
Even now I sometimes think of him as lost 
In second-sight appearances, or crest 
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground, 
On which he stood, by spells unnatural bound, 
Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to wait 
In days of old romance at Archimago's gate. 

Advancing Summer, Nature's law fulfilled, 
The choristers in every grove had stilled; 
But we, we lacked not music of our own, 
For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown, 
Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues, 
Some notes prelusive, from the round of songs 
With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird 
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard, 
Her work and her work's partners she can cheer, 
The whole day long, and all days of the year. 

Thus gladdened from our own dear Vale we pass 
And soon approach Diana's Looking-glass! 
To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and bright as 
heaven, 
Such name Italian fancy would have given, 
Ere on its banks the few grey cabins rose 
That yet disturb not its concealed repose 
More than the feeblest wind that idly blows. 

Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in the road 
Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed, 
The encircling region vividly express 
Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest— 
Skyl streaked with purple, grove and craggy beeld *, 
And the smooth green of many a pendent field, 

* A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,
A little daring would be waterfall,
One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,
Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,
With here and there a faint imperfect gleam
Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—
What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,
A shadowy link 'twixt wakefulness and sleep,
When Nature's self, amid such blending, seems
To render visible her own soft dreams,
If, mixed with what appeared of rock, lawn, wood,
Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,
A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by Thee
Designed to rise in humble privacy,
A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread,
Like a small Hamlet, with its hashful head
Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,
Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the spot
Unconscious of its own untoward lot,
And thought in silence, with regret too keen,
Of unexperienced joys that might have been;
Of neighbourhood and intermingling arts,
And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.
But time, irrevocable time, is flown,
And let us utter thanks for blessings sown
And reap—what hath been, and what is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,
Stirring us all, dispersed my reverie;
Such shout as many a sportive echo meeting
Oft-times from Alpine dales sends a greeting.
Whence the blithe hail! behold a Poasant stand
On high, a kerchief waving in her hand!
Not unexpectant that by early day
Our little Band would thrill this mountain way,
Before her cottage on the bright hill side
She hath advanced with hope to be descried.
Right gladly answering signals we displayed,
Moving along a tract of morning shade,
And vocal wishes sent of like good will
To our kind Friend high on the sunny hill—
Luminous region, fair as if the prime
Were tempting all astray to look aloft or climb;
Only the centre of the shining cot
With door left open makes a gloomy spot,
Emblem of those dark corners sometimes found
Within the happiest breast on earthy ground.

Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale,
And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale;
Descend and reach, in Yewdale's depths, a plain
With bayeocks studded, striped with yellowing grain—
An area level as a Lake and spread

Under a rock too steep for man to touch
Where sheltered from the north and west
Altoft the Raven hangs a visible nest.
Fearless of all assaults that would howl:
Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale—
At our approach, a jealous watch—
Noise that brings forth no livelier sound:
But the whole household, that our eyes,
With Young and Old warm greeting meet.

And jocund smiles, and toward the door
Press forward by the teasing dogs;
Entering, we find the morning meal.

So down we sit, though not till each
Pleased looks around the delicate table;
Rich cream, and snow-white eggs in nest,
With amber honey from the mountain
Strawberries from lane or woodland
Of children's industry, in hillocks
Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit
Upon a lady's dish; frank hospitality
Where simple art with bounteous
And cottage comfort shunned not.

Kind Hostess! Handmaid also
If thou be lovelier than the kindling
Words by thy presence unrestrained
Of a perpetual dawn from brow and breast.
Instinct with light whose sweetest
Never retiring, in thy large dark
Dark but to every gentle feeling true:
As if their lustre flowed from ether.

Let me not ask what tears may
By those bright eyes, what weary
Beside that hearth what sighs
Heaved
For wounds inflicted, nor what to
By fortitude and patience, and the
Of heaven in pity visiting the plain.
Not unadvisedly those secret springs
I leave unsearched: enough that
Here as elsewhere, to notice that
Their own significance for hearts
To rural incidents, whose genial
Filled with delight three summer

More could my pen report of good
That through our gipsy travel chanced;
But, bursting forth above the wave
Laughter at my pains, and seems to
Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I fain
This humble offering made by Tr
ode to the Muse that stooped to break a spell
might have else been on me yet:—

Farewell.

THANKING THE FOGGOING EPISTLE THIRTY
YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION.

d the Almighty Giver of all rest
see dear young Ones to a fearless nest;
Death's arms has long repos'd the Friend
on this simple Register was peened.

to the moth that spared it for our eyes;
rangers even the slighted Scroll may prize,
by the touch of kindred sympathies.

I've the calm, repentance abides o'er strife
by reminiscences of misused life,
from past endeavours purely willed
Heaven's favour happily fulfilled;
so that we, yet bound to Earth, may share
of the Departed—what so fair
sense pleasure, not without some tears,
of through Love's transparent veil of years!

LOOMEREO TARN, alluded to in the foregoing
resembles, though much smaller in compass, the
il, or Speculum Diaena as it is often called, not
a clear waters and circular form, and the beauty
tety surrounding it, but also as being overlooked
isomce of Langtale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by
Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written
Tarn has lost most of its beauty by the falling
natural dumps of wood, relics of the old forest, all
upon the farm called "The Oaks," from the
of that tree which grew there.

be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George
it did not carry into effect his intention of com-
bors a Summer Retreat in the style I have
; as his taste would have set an example how,
with all the accommodations modern society
might be introduced even into the most secluded
this country without injuring their native cha-
The design was not abandoned from failure of
on his part, but in consequence of local unto-
sose need not be particularised.

II.

AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE.

soaring lack is blest as proud
see at heaven's gate she sings;
son bee proclaims aloud
r flight by vocal wings;
> Ye, in lasting durance pent,
ur silent lives employ
something more than dull content,
ough 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 Cherubic,
When the fierce orbs abate their glare;—
Whate'er your forms express,
Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are—
All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;
Your birthright is a fence
From all that 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 o'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.
III.

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 discern.'—Cowper.

These 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;
These silent Inmates now no longer share,
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell
To the fresh waters of a living Well—
An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
No winds disturb; the mirror of whose breast
Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples small
A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.
—There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower
Fearless (but how obscured?) the golden Power,
That from his baulk prison used to cast
Glaea by the richest jewel unsurpass'd;
And near him, dar'ling like a sullen Gnome,
The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;
Discovered both from all the mysteries
Of line and altering shape that charmed all eyes.
Alas! they pined, they languished while they shone;
And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no disgrace!
But if the change restores 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-shade,
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 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 unapproved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
Bays, guls, 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 glimpse caught—disporting at their ease,
Enlivened, braised, by hardy luxuries,
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell;
To wheel with languid motion round and round,
Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred
On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred;
And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?
No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.
When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,
They were away the night in starless gloom;
And, when the sun first dawned upon the stems,
How faint their portion of his vital beams!
Thus, and unable to complain, they fled,
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 revered law)—
Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though sure of plaudits on his costly breast,
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 best
The emancipated captive through the air
Into strange woods, where he at large may lie
On best or worst which they and Nature give;
The beetle loves his unperturbing track,
The snail the house he carries on his back;
The far-fetch'd worm with pleasure would descent
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 Nature's ban
Time, place, and business, all at his command—
Who bends to happier duties, who more wise
Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,
Above all grandeur, a pure life unscorched
By cares in which simplicity is lost!
That life—the flowery path that winds by stealth
Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;
IV.

POOR ROBIN.*

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content
With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power
To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower;
And flowers they well might seem to passers-by
If looked at only with a careless eye;
Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,
Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him play
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?
Or does it suit our humour to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show
Bright colours whether they deceive or no—
Nay, we would simply praise the free good-will
With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:
Yet more, we wish that men by men deepsied,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
This child of Nature's own humility,

nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapora to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her patience steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.

* The small wild Geranium known by that name.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

What recompense is kept in store or left
For all that seem neglected or bereft;
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

MARCH, 1840

V.
THE GLEANER.
(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

That happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from summer's golden skies,
That o'er thy brow are shed;
That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rose-bed from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,
Of bliss that grows without a care,
And happiness that never flies—
(How can it where love never dies?)
The whispering of promise, where no blight
Can reach the innocent delight;
Where pity, to the mind conveyed
In pleasure, is the darkest shade
That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
And mingle colours, that should breed
Such rapture, nor want power to feed;
For had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born
Life's daily tasks with them to share
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Heaven, and feel what they repeat,
While they give utterance to the prayer
That asks for daily bread.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS)

Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, that thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.

VI.
FLOATING ISLAND.

These lines are by the Author of the Address to Wind, &c. published heretofore along with my Poesies. The above to a Redbreast are by a deceased female relative.

Harmonious Powers with Nature work
On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
All in one delight, or on one scene agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
(By throbbing waves long undermined)
Loosed from its hold, how, no one knew;
But all might see it float, obedient to the wind

Might see it, from the mossy shore
Discovered, float upon the Lake,
Float with its crest of trees adorned
On which the warbling birds their pastime pass.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
There berries ripe, flowers bloom;
There insects live their lives, and die;
A peopled world it is; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space
This little Island may survive;
But Nature, though we mark her not,
Will take away, may cease to give.
when you are wandering forth
vacant sunny day,
object, hope, or fear,
un eye may turn—the isle is passed y;

viii.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VIII.

I late yestreen saw the new moon
The said moon to his arm's

III.

Bekan's Glyfi—Or the Dell of Nightshade—In which
stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IV.
May the villagers rejoice!
Ernest, nor cold, nor weary ways,
All be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall the wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

V.
Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of time's pathetic sanctity;
Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
At evening, when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;
Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity.

VI.
Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Larding a heart that loathes or slight's
That every natural heart enjoys!
Who never caught a noon-tide dream
From murmurs 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 shrinks.

VII.
A soul so pitifully forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride;
And still be not unblest—compared
With him who grovels, self-debarred
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and christian hope;
Or, shipwreck'd, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.

VIII.
Alas! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground!
That public order, private weal,
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
From champions of the desperate law
Which from their own blind hearts they draw;
Who tempt their reason
God, whom their passion
And boast that they alone
Who reach this dire extremity
IX.
But turn we from these
The way, mild Lady! the
Down to their dark app
Is all too rough for Thee
Softly as morning vapour
Down Rydal-cove from E
Should move the tenor of
Who means to charity
Whose offering gladly we
With this day's work, in
X.
Heaven prosper it! may
And hope, and consolation
Through its meek influence
And penetrate the hearts
All who, around the halls
Shall sojourn in this fair
Grateful to Thee, while so
And ancient ordinances, &
For opportunity bestowest
To kneel together, and as

ON THE SAME

Oh! gather whosoever
The help which stalks
Nor deem that he perform
Who treads upon the foe

Our churches, invariably popular, but why is it by few persons of the degree of devotion from the ancient ones was deter case, by the point in the heart upon the day of the saint is dedicated. These observers the causes of them, are the stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of
And feudal rapine clothed with
Came ministers of peace, into
The Mother Church in you
Then, to her Patron Saint a
Resounded with deep sw
Through unremitting vi
Till from his couch the
and straight—as by divine command,
had waited for that sign to trace
its foundation, gave with careful hand
its altar its determined place;

Him who in the Orient born
lived, and on the cross his life resigned,
from out the regions of the morn,
pomp, shall come to judge mankind.

Air creed—nor failed the eastern sky,
more awful feelings, to infuse
and natural hopes that shall not die,
our sun his gladsome course renewa.

such prelusive vigil ceased;
plant, like men of elder days
altar faithful to the east,
full window drinks the morning rays;

as emblem giving to the eye
motion, which erewhile it gave,
s of the day-spring from on high,
other the darkness of the grave.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

XII

ORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

others through the gateway
with old and young,
sir Eustace pointed
ues there had hung.
which none could sound,
a living ground,
came as rightful Heir
at's Domains and Castle fair.

times of earliest record
use of Lucie born,
at had held the Lordship
ected hour
orn,—it owned his power;
nowledged: and the blast,
Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

see Sir Eustace pointed,
ter thus said he,
ask this Horn shall witness
or memory,
and neglect me not!
, and on this spot,
are uttered from my heart,
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:
Forth they from the Castle went,
And at the head of their Army
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.
Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
By what evil spirit brought!

Oh! can a brave Man wish to take
His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's sake!

"Sir!" the Hunsians said to Hubert,
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood."
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
"Take your earnings."—Oh! that I
Could have seen my Brother die!
It was a pang that vexed him then;
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard.
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steered.
To his Castle Hubert sped;

Nothing has he now to dread;
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the Horn.
But loud Hubert lives in gloom:
Motive and years went invariably;
With plenty was his table spread;
And bright the Lady in whose arms his head.
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:  
Then hast a dungeon, speak the word!  
And there he may be lodged, and then be Lord.  

Speak!—astounded Hubert cannot;  
And, if to speak he had,  
All are daunted, all the household  
Smitten to the heart, and sad.  
'Tis Sir Eustace; if it be  
Living man, it must be he!  
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,  
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of;  
To his Brother then he came,  
Made confession, asked forgiveness,  
Asked it by a brother's name,  
And by all the saints in heaven;  
And of Eustace was forgiven:  
Then in a convent went to hide  
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels  
Had preserved from murderers' hands,  
And from Pagan chains had rescued,  
Lived with honour on his lands.  
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs:  
And through ages, heirs of heirs,  
A long posterity renowned,  
Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.

1095.

XII.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

O 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.
she, well or sick,
who knew her say's
and, turf or stick,
for her three days.

The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said:
And icy cold be 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!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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XIII.

PRELUDE,
PREPARED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "POEMS CHIEFLY
OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS."

In desultory walk through orchard grounds,
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
To his own genial instincts; and was heard
(Though not without some plaintive tones between)
To utter, above showers of blossom swept
From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,
Which the unsheltered wanderer might receive
With thankful spirit. The descent, and the wind
That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
Encouraged and endorsed the strain of words
That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book!
Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
Go, sing—yet aspiring to be joined
With thy Forerunners that through many a year
Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
When and wherever, in this changeful world,
Power had been given to please for higher ends
Than pleasure only; gladness to prepare
For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
Calming to raise; and, by a sapient Art
Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased
To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
Since the primordial doom. Such is the grace
Which, though unused for, fails not to descend
With heavenly inspiration; such the aim
That Reason dictates; and, as even the wish
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills
Harness the mind and strip from off the bowers
Of private life their natural pleasantness,
A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs—
Will not be heard in vain! And in those days
When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide
Among a People mournfully cast down,
Or into anger raised by venom words
In recklessness flung out to overturn
The judgment, and divert the general heart
From mutual good—some strain of thine, my Book!
Caught at propitious intervals, may win
Listeners who not unwillingly admit
Kindly emotion tending to console
And reconcile; and both with young and old
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
For benefits that still survive, by faith
In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

RYDAL MOUNT,
March 26, 1842.

XIV.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

1834.

XV.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.
NOV. 8, 1836.

LADY! A Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)
Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,
Deliberate traces, registers of thought
And feeling, suited to the place and time
That gave them birth:—months passed, and still
this hand,
That had not been too timid to imprint
Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,
Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.
And why that scrupulous reserve! In sooth
The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.
Flowers are there many that delight to shine
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 sons,
Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:
Others do rather from their notice shun,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!

Witness Towers, and Groves
And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the home
name
Of Loveliter to this ancient Line, bear witness
From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parters
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 leaf
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 reproved, by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's me
Thus, Lady, is retir'dness 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 gaz
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 408

Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few but prized as far as known,
A single Act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares—to generous Youth—
To Infancy, that lifts her praise—to Age
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her now; but, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgeful earth
Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power called forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unfinching, as the Lighthouse reared
On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a Vessel, half—no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance
Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's sight!
For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
"But courage, Father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved." The Daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispels the Father's doubts: nor do they lack
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, Father and Child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed

XVI.

GRACE DARLING.

Hers in the silent fields
Art is touched, and public way
Street resound with ballad strains,
: whose very name bespeaks
Exalting human love;
And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
They steed the current of that perilous gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,
Though danger, as the Wreck is near'd, becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrill the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the last perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Aimed to repel them! Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfillment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—Shout, ye
Waves!
Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!
And would that some immortal Voice—a Voice
Fidly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid
Lips
Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—
Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yes, to celestial Choirs, Grace Darling's name!

PART L

The Russian Fugitive

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;
Yes, to the stars, if they were born
For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred
Stopped One at dead of night,
Whom such high beauty could not guard
From meditated blight;
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
As doth the hunted fawn,
Nor stopped, till in the dappled east
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
Seven nights her course renewed,
Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
Or berries of the wood;
At length, in darkness travelling on,
When lowly doors were shut,
The haven of her hope she won,
Her Foster-mother's hut.

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

She led the Lady to a seat
Beside the glistening fire,
Bathed duteously her way-worn feet,
Prevented each desire—
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
And on that simple bed,
Where she in childhood had reposèd,
Now rests her weary head.
PART II.

The dwelling of this faithful pair
In a straggling village stood,
For One who breathed unquiet air
A dangerous neighbourhood;
But wide around lay forest ground
With thickets rough and blind;
And pine-trees made a heavy shade
Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
Was spread a treacherous swamp,
On which the noonday sun shed light
As from a lonely lamp;
And midway in the unsafe morass,
A single Island rose
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
This Russian vessel plied,
That never fowler’s gun, nor shaft
Of archer, there was tried;
A sanctuary seemed the spot
From all intrusion free;
And there he planned an artful Cot
For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
Of Power’s far-stretching hand,
The bold good Man his labour spent
At nature’s pure command;
Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
While, in a hollow nook,
She moulds her sight-clothing den
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
The twain are break of day
Creep forth, and through the forest wind
Their solitary way;
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
Their pace from mile to mile,
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
And reached the lonely isle.

The sun above the pine-trees abounds
A bright and cheerful face;
And his beam’s to her Shah,
The sun’s warm blessing given;
She beareth in mind the Woodman smiled
No threshold need he more,
Now red, now wintry; as custom wild
As it had ever been.
Advancing, you might guess an hour,
The front with such nice care
Is masked, 'if house it be or bower,"
But in they entered are;
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof,
And delicately lined;

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
And cups in somely rows,
And couch—all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose;
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
That here she may abide
In solitude, with every want
By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,
Led on in bridal state,
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
Entering her palace gate;
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
No sailily anchors
E'er took possession of her cell
With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care
And mercy am I thrown;
Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer
When she was left alone,
Kneeling amid the wilderness
When joy had passed away,
And smiles, fond efforts of distress
To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
Diffused through form and face,
Resolves devotedly sincere;
That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
That Reason should control;
And shows in the untroubled frame
A status of the soul.

PART III.
'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phoebus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair;

Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and conquerors thanked the gods
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabled Time
So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdain to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation; power defies
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

To this fair Vestaress, 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 endure;
What birds she tamed, what flowers the gro
Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,
Her soothed affections clung,
A picture on the cabin wall
By Russian usage hung—
The Mother-maid, whose countenance Brig
With love abridged the day;
And, communed with by taper light,
Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,
The joy in that retreat
Might any common friendship shame,
So high their hearts would beat;
And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
They brought, each visiting
Was like the crowding of the year
With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her Parents thought,
The pang was hard to bear;
And, if with all things not unwrought,
That trouble still is near.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Flight she had not dared
anxiety to prove,
the heroic Daughter feared
knees of their love.

past to them, and dark
re still must be,
Saints conduct her bark
for sea—
Nature close her eyes,
her Spirit free
Stare of this sacrifice,
purity.

above the forest-glooms
as swans southward passed,
a pitch of their swift plumes
ry rode the blast;
her toward the field of France
her native land,
in the rustic dance,
prest of the band!

loved fields she oft
rd her Father tell
hat now with echoes soft
her lonely cell;
hereditary bowers,
the ancestral stream;
in and its haughty towers
like a dream!

PART IV.
changing Moon had traced
times her monthly round,
such the unfrequented Waste
ard a startling sound;
rice sent from one who chased
a wounded deer,
through branches interlaced,
ed wood was clear.

Across the marsh, the game in view,
The Hunter followed fast,
Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew
A death-proclaiming blast;
Then, resting on her upright mind,
Came forth the Maid—"In me
Behold," she said, "a stricken Hind
Pursued by destiny!

"From your deportment, Sir! I deem
That you have worn a sword,
And will not hold in light esteem
A suffering woman's word;
There is my covert, there perchance
I might have lain concealed,
My fortunes hid, my countenance
Not even to you revealed.

"Tears might be shed, and I might pray,
Crouching and terrified,
That what has been unveiled to day,
You would in mystery hide;
But I will not defile with dust
The knee that bends to adore
The God in heaven;—attend, be just;
This ask I, and no more!

"I speak not of the winter's cold,
For summer's heat exchanged,
While I have lodged in this rough hold,
From social life estranged;
Nor yet of trouble and alarms:
High Heaven is my defence;
And every season has soft arms
For injured Innocence.

"From Moscow to the Wilderness
It was my choice to come,
Least virtue should be harbourless,
And honour want a home;
And happy were I, if the Czar
Retain his lawless will,
To end life here like this poor deer,
Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,
"From Gallic parents sprung,
Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,
Sad theme for every tongue;
Who foil'd an Emperor's eager quest!
You, Lady, forced to wear
These rude habiliments, and rest
Your head in this dark lair!"
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;
And in her face and mien
The soul's pure brightness he beheld
Without a veil between:
He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;
The passion of a moment came
As on the wings of years.

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

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

Light was his step,—his hopes, more light,
Kept pace with his desires;
And the fifth morning gave him sight
Of Moscow's glittering spires.

He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,
To the lorn Fugitive
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give.

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

Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast:
Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridal garments drest;
Mekk Catherine had her own reward:
The Czar bestowed a dower;
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial bough
Was held with costly state;
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
The Foster-parents state;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,
They shrank not into shade;
Great was their bliss, the honour high
To them and nature paid!
INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEBOTTEN, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

1806.

I saw 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 Wordsworth's hands. One woed the silent Art with studious pains:

These groves have heard the other's pensive strains;

Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
By interchange of knowledge and delight.

Fierce Nature's kindlest powers sustain the Tree, And love protect it from all injury! And when its potent branches, wide out-thrown,

Darken the brow of this memorial Stone, Here may some Painter sit in future days,

Some future Poet meditate his lays;

Not mindless of that distant age renowned

When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground, The haunt of him who sang how spear and shield In civil conflict met on Bosworth-field;

And that famous Youth, full soon removed From earth, perhaps by Shakespeare's self approved, Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

But by an industry that wrought in love;

With help from female hands, that proudly strove

To aid the work, what time those walks and bowers Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely hours.

III.

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, Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return; And be not slow a stately growth torear 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 sanctuary of fame is laid. —There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep, Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private sigh: 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.

II.

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

Dry is the medal faithful to its trust When temples, columns, towers, are laid in dust; And 'tis a common ordinance of fate That things obscure and small outlive the great: Hence, when you漫步 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 sanguine and ungrateful pains Of labourers plodding for his daily gains,

IV.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEBOTTEN.

Beneath your eastern ridge, the craggy bound, Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground Stand ye yet, but, Stranger! hidden from the view, The ivied Ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu; First a religious House, which day and night With hymns resounded, and the chanted rise: And when those rites had ceased, the spot gave birth To honourable Men of various worth.
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child;
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of sighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskin's 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 never decays.

V.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT GRASMEER.

Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
Proportions more harmonious, and approached
To closer fellowship with ideal grace.
But take it in good part:—alas! the poor
Vitruvius of our village had no help
From the great City; never, upon leaves
Of red Morocco folio saw displayed,
In long succession, pre-existing ghosts
Of Beauties yet unborn—the rustic Lodge
Antique, and Cottage with verandah graced,
Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,
Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined hermitage.
Thou seest a homely Pile, yet to these walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.
And hither does one Poet sometimes row
His pinnae, a small vagrant barge, up-plied
With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,
(A ladling which he with his sickle cuts,
Among the mountains) and beneath this roof
He makes his summer couch, and here at noon
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep
Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,
Lie round him, even as if they were a part
Of his own Household: nor, while from his bed
He looks, through the open door-place, toward the lake
And to the stirring breezes, doth he want
Creations lovely as the work of sleep—
Fair sights, and visions of romantic joy!

VI.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COBB.

Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs
On this commodious Seat! for much remains
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness named,
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
A favourite spot of tournament and war!
But thee may no such boisterous visitors 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 isle,
Week after week pursued!—To him was given
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed
On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made report
That once, while there he plied his studious work
Within that canvas Dwelling, colours, lines,
And the whole surface of the cut-spread map,
Became invisible; for all around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,
In which he sat alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

VII.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A STONE, THIS LARGEST OF A HEAP LIVING NEAR A DISCOVERED QUARRY, UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYPE.

Stranger! this hillock of mis-shapen stones
Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn
Of some old British Chief; 'tis nothing more
Than the rude embryo of a little Dome
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight
and the quarry and the mound
aments of his unfinished task.

on which these lines are traced, perhaps,
selected as the corner-stone
mented Pile, which would have been
unt odd plaything of elaborate skill,
i guess, the linnet and the thrush,
r little builders who dwell here,
dered at the work. But blame him not,
sir William was a gentle Knight,
his vale, to which he appertained
his ancestry. Then peace to him,
the outrage which he had devised
return.—But if thou art one
with thy impatience to become
of these mountains, if, disturbed
ful conceptions, thou hast bow
quiet rock the elements
Mansion destined soon to blaze
right splendour,—think again; and, taught
William and his quarry, leave
ments to the bramble and the rose;
vernal slow-worm sun himself,
redbreast hop from stone to stone.

X.

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR
A HERMIT'S CELL.

1818.

1.

Horns 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 pale-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 either steaming,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is Joy—as quickly hidden,
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen woods forbidden
To resume its native light.
What is youth!—a dancing hillow,
(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!

XL.
INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

PAGE, Traveller! whoso’er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleetsy straggler’s heat;

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 over the russet heath,
Upheld 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 Fabrice to the ground;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around!

XII.

THOU.
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!

XIII.
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 toils and suffereth
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well;
Rains, that make each rill a torrent,
Neither quench it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine tranquillity!

XIV.

V.
Nor seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forewarned.

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 ecstacy!

XV.

INSCRIPTIONS.

The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude.—But he had left
A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the 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.

XVI.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

Behold an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.
SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER

MODERNISED.

I.

THE PRIOR'S TALE.
"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambousian bold."

In the following Poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author: so much, however, in the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and his 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 Prior's forms a fine back-ground for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

"O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously," (quot 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.

"Therefore in praise, the worthiest that I may,
Jesus of thine, and the white Lily-flower
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,
To tell a story 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's sight!
That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the spirit that didst alight
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,
Conceived was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

IV.

"Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, lady! ere men pray to thee
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

V.

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen!
To tell abroad thy mighty worthlessness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,
That laboureth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall say.

VI.

There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews might
Assigned to them and given them for their own
By a great Lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to his company;
And through this street who list might ride:
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

VII.

A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there were
A nest of children come of Christian blood,
That learned in that school from year to year
Such sort of doctrine as men used there,
That is to say, to sing and read also,
As little children in their childhood do.

VIII.

Among these children was a Widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesus's Mother, as he had been told,
This Child was wont to kneel adown and say
Ave Maria, as he goeth by the way.
THE PRIORESS' TALE.

XII.

As her little Son hath taught her, wise, to read the Miserere, and to sing the Te Deum; so hath a ready ear, in the presence of youth, and hence, this matter when I may, in my presence standeth aye, to Christ did reverence.

XIII.

I, while in the school he sat, mingling with an earnest cheer, rest their anthem-book repeat

neptoris did he hear;
t the drew him near and near, to the words and to the note, rse he learned it all by rote.

XIV.

w he nothing what it said, ler was of age to know; made he repaired, and prayed caining of this song would show, declare why men sing so;
that he might he at ease, aim beseech on his bare knees.

XV.

w, who elder was than he, thus:—This song, I hav heard say, for our blissful Lady free; and also how to pray upon our dying day:
this In, I know it not;
small grammar I have got.'

XVI.

ing fashioned in reverence ser? said this Innocent; I will use my diligence re Christmas-tide be spent;
my Primer shall be shent, eaten three times in an hour, ill praise with all my power.'

XVII.

wing, whom he had so besought, homeward taught him privily ang it well and fearlessly, word according to the note:
't it passed through his throat;
d schoolward whensoever he went, ther fixed was his intent.

XVIII.

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.

XIX.

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 saw,
Which is against the reverence of our laws!'

XX.

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.

XXI.

I say that him into a pit they threw, A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents exhale; O cursed folk! away, ye Herods new! What may your ill intentions you avail! Murder will out; certes it will not fail; Know, that the honour of high God may spread, The blood cries out on your accursed deed.

XXII.

O Martyr 'established in virginity!
Now may'st thou sing for aye before the throne;
Following the Lamb celestial,' quoth she, 'Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,
In Patmos wrote, who said of them that go Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.

XXIII.

Now this poor widow waiteth all that night After her little Child, and he came not; For which, by earliest glimpse of morning light, With face all pale with dread and busy thought, She at the School and elsewhere him hath sought, Until thus far she learned, that he had been In the Jew's street, and there he last was seen.
SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

XXII.
With Mother’s pity in her breast enclosed
She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,
To every place wherein she hath supposed
By likelihood her little Son to find;
And ever on Christ’s Mother meek and kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
And him among the accursed Jews she sought.

XXIII.
She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
To tell her if her child had passed that way;
They all said—Nay; but Joan 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.

XXIV.
O thou great God that dost perform thy land
By mouths of Innocents, lo! I 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.

XXV.
The Christian folk that through the Jewry went
Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;
And hastily they for the Provost went;
Immediately he came, not tarrying,
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly King,
And eke his Mother, honour of Mankind:
Which done, he hede that they the Jews should bind.

XXVI.
This Child with piteous lamentation then
Was taken up, singing his song alway;
And with procession great and pomp of men
To the next Abbey him they bare away;
His Mother swooning by the body lay:
And scarcely could the people that were near
Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

XXVII.
Torment and shameful death to every one
This Provost doth for those bad Jews prepare
That of this murder wist, and that anon:
Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare;
Who will do evil, evil shall he bear;
Then therefore with wild horses did he draw,
And after that he hung them by the law.

XXVIII.
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 space this Child when sprinkled was threw
And sang, O Alma Redemptoris Mater!

XXIX.
This Abbot, far 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.

XXX.
‘My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,’
Said this young Child, ‘and by the law of kin
I should have died, yea many hours ago;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye read,
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.

XXXI.
‘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.

XXXII.
‘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 see
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!”

XXXIII.
This holy Monk, this Abbot—him mean
Touched then his tongue, and took away
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.
### THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE

**XXXIII.**

whole Convent on the pavement lay,
and praising Jesus his Mother dear;
that they rose, and took their way,
d up this Martyr from the bier,
tomb of precious marble clear
his uncorrupted body sweet.—
that be, God grant us him to meet!

**XXXIV.**

gew of Lincoln! in like sort laid low
d Jews—thing well and widely known,
as done a little while ago—
thou for us, while here we tarry
ful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
would his mercy multiply
reverence of his Mother Mary!"

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**II.**

**UCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.**

**I.**

of Love—ah, benedictis!
thy and how great a Lord is he!
low hearts can make high, of high
make low, and unto death bring nigh;
hearts he can make them kind and free.

**II.**

little time, as hath been found,
make sick folk whole and fresh and sound:
are whole in body and in mind,
sick—kind can be and unbind
we will have bound, or have unbound.

**III.**

is might my wit may not suffice;
men can he make them out of wise;
ay do all that he will devise;
they can make abate their vice,
and hearts can make tremble in a trice.

**IV.**

the whole of what he will, be may;
him dare not any wight say nay;
be or afflic whome'er he will,
en or to grieve, he hath like skill;
this might he sheds on the eve of May.

**V.**

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

**VI.**

For now when they may hear the small birds' song,
And see the budding leaves the branches throng,
This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure mix'd with sorrowing;
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

**VII.**

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home;
Sick are they all for lack of their desire;
And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,
So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

**VIII.**

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what though now
Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;
Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,
Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every day,—
How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

**IX.**

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
Through all this May that I have little sleep;
And also 'tis not likely unto me,
That any living heart should sleeply be
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth steep.

**X.**

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which Love's heed;
How among them it was a common tale,
That it was good to hear the Nightingale,
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be uttered.

**XI.**

And then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essays
If perchance a Nightingale might hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,
And it was then the third night of the May.

**XII.**

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straightway to a wood that was hard by,
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a brook-side.
SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

XIII.
I came all white and green,
One had never been.
I was green, with daisy powdered over;
The flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
D white; and nothing else was seen.

XIV.
I saw I down among the fair fresh flowers,
Saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,
And they had rested them all night; and they
Were so joyful at the light of day,
As to honour May with all their powers.

XV.
I did they know that service all by rote,
There was many and many a lovely note,
Some, singing loud, as if they had complained;
Some with their notes another manner feigned;
Some did sing all out with the full throat.

XVI.
With every note they pruned themselves,
And made those notes right bright
And leaping light upon the spray; gay
Two and two together were,
As they had chosen for the year,
In Saint Valentine's returning day.

XVII.
Awhile the stream, whose bank I sate upon,
Was making such a noise as it ran on
According to the sweet Birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage waw.

XVIII.
And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
Yet not asleep and yet not waking wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

XIX.
And that was right upon a tree fast by,
And who was then ill satisfied but I?
Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,
From thee and thy base throat, keep all that's good,
Full little joy I have now of thy cry.

XX.
And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
In the next bush that was me fast beside,
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
Echoing thorough all the green wood wide.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for me
Hence hast thou stay'd a little while
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo
And she hath been before thee with
Evil light on her! she hath done me

But hear you now a wondrous thing
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay
Methought I wist right well what the
And had good knowing both of the
And of their speech, and all that the

The Nightingale thus in my hearing
Good Cuckoo, seek some other base
And, pribhees, let us that can sing do
For every night each输eth thy song
Such uncouth singing verily dost the

What! quoth she then, what is 't that
It seems to me I sing as well as the
For mine is a song that is both true
Although I cannot quaver so in voice
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot of

All men may understand have or
But, Nightingale, so may they not
For thou hast many a foolish and
Thou say'st Oake, Oake, then how
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not
Oft as I say Oake, Oake, I wist,
Then mean I, that I should be worn
That shamefully they one and all do,
Whoever against Love mean angh

And also would I that they all were
Who do not think in love their life
For who isloth the God of Love to
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,
And for that cause Oake I cry; to

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quirk
That all must love or die; but I wot
And take my leave of all such
For mine intent it neither is to
Nor ever while I live Love's
XXII.

vers of all folk that be alive,
set disquiet have and least do thrive;
seeing have of sorrow woe and care,
s least welfare cometh to their share;
need is there against the truth to strive!

XXXII.

I quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind,
a thy churlishness a cause canst find
ask of Love's true Servants in this mood;
this world no service is so good
thy wight that gentle is of kind.

XXXIII.

proof comes all goodness and all worth;
util and honour thence come forth;
worship comes, content and true heart's pleasure,
all-assured trust, joy without measure,
silly, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXIV.

$county, lowliness, and courtesy,
semblance, and faithful company,
load of shame that will not do amiss;
that faithfully Love's servant is,
'than be disgraced, would chase to dis.

XXXV.

but the very truth it is which I
say—in such belief I'll live and die;
Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,
that counsel I do ever comply.

XXXVI.

Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous fair,
all that, the truth is found elsewhere;
we in young folk is but rage, I wis;
we in old folk a great dotage is;
lost it meth, him 'twill most impair.

XXXVII.

Proof come all contraries to gladness;
sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness,
at and jealousy, despite, debate,
our, shame, envy importunate,
anger, mischief, poverty, and madness.

XXXVIII.

is sry an office of despair,
be thing is therein which is not fair;
how gets of love a little bliss,
it alway stay with him, I wis
ty full soon go with an old man's hair.

XXXIX.

And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep nigh,
For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
Thou 'lt be as others that forswore are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

XL.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill beense!
The God of Love affick thee with all thee,
For thou art worse than mad a thousand fold;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been nought, if Love had never been.

XLI.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,
And he from every blemish them defendeth;
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth.

XLII.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,
For Love no reason hath but his own will;—
For to th'untrue he oft gives ease and joy;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

XLIII.

With such a master would I never be *;
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
And knows not when he hurts and when he heals;
Within this court full seldom Truth availeth,
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

XLIV.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
How from her kindest heart a sigh she brought,
And said, Alas! that ever I was born,
Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn,—
And with that word, she into tears burst out.

XLV.

Alas, alas! my very heart will break,
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak
Of Love, and of his holy services,
Now, God of Love! thou help me in some wise,
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

XLVI.

And so methought I started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
Which at the Cuckoo hardly I cast,
And he for dread did fly away full fast;
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

* From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.
And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,  
Kept crying, "Farewell!—farewell, Popinjay!"  
As if in scornful mockery of me;  
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,  
Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,  
And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,  
That thou wert near to rescue me; and now,  
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,  
That all this May I will thy songstress be.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,  
By this mishap no longer be dismayed,  
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st me;  
Yet if I live it shall amends be,  
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

And one thing will I counsel thee also,  
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw;  
All that she said is an outrageous lie.  
Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,  
For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

Yes, hath it? use, quoth she, this medicine;  
This May-tide, every day before thou dine,  
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,  
Although for pain thou may'st be like to die,  
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and pine.

And mind always that thou be good and true,  
And I will sing one song, of many new,  
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry;  
And then did she begin this song full high,  
'Beakrew all them that are in love untrue.'

And soon as she had sung it to the end,  
Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend;  
And, God of Love, that can right well and may,  
Send unto thee as nicker joy this day,  
As ever he to Lover yet did send.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me;  
I pray to God with her always to be,  
And joy of love to send her evermore;  
And shield us from the Cuckoo and her love,  
For there is not so false a bird as she.
meekly with all lowliness, 
far from her I reverence, 
on my truth and steadfastness, 
ge my sorrow’s violence, 
so wish, as knows your sapience, 
king proof to me would give; 
and she is the best alive.

\[ L’ENVOY. \]

aurora, Day of gladsomeness! 
it, with heavenly influence 
out of beauty and goodness, 
lay, by your beneficence, 
shed forth in silence,—comfort give! 
and you are the best alive.

\[ EXPLICIT. \]

III.

TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

g TROILUS began to clear 
a sleep, at the first break of day, 
and PANDARUS, his own brother dear, 
said, full piteously did say, 
Oh, of all houses once the crowndest boast! 
Palace illumined with the sun of bliss; 
O ring of which the ruby now is lost, 
O cause of woe, that cause has been of bliss:
Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss 
Thy cold doors; but I dare not for this rout; 
Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint is out!

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye, 
With changed face, and piteous to behold; 
And when he might his time aright epy, 
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told 
Both his new sorrow and his joys of old, 
So piteously, and with so dead a hue, 
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Furth from the spot he rideth up and down, 
And everything to his remembrance 
Came as he rode by places of the town 
Where he had felt such perfect pleasure once 
Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady dance, 
And in that Temple she with her bright eyes, 
My Lady dear, first bound me captive-wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart have I 
Heard my own Cressida’s laugh; and once at play 
I yonder saw her eke full blissfully; 
And yonder once she unto me gan say— 
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I pray! 
And there so graciously did me behold, 
That hers unto the death my heart I hold.

And at the corner of that self-same house 
Heard I my most beloved Lady dear, 
So womanly, with voice melodious, 
Singing so well, souddy, and so clear, 
That in my soul methinks I yet do hear 
The blissful sound; and in that very place 
My Lady first me took unto her grace.

O blissful God of Love! then thus he cried, 
When I the process have in memory, 
How thou hast wearied me on every side, 
Men thence a book might make, a history; 
What need to seek a conquest over me, 
Since I am wholly at thy will! what joy 
Hast thou thy own liege subjects to destroy!

\[ Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked, thine tre \]
\[ Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and grief; \]
\[ Now mercy, Lord! thou know’st well I desire \]
\[ Thy grace above all pleasures first and chief; \]
\[ And live and die I will in thy belief; \]
\[ For which I ask for pardon but one boon, \]
\[ That Cressida again thou send me soon. \]
Constrain her heart as quickly to return,  
As thou dost mine with longing her to see,  
Then know I well that she would not sojourn.  
Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be  
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee,  
As Juno was unto the Thesan blood,  
From whence to Thebes came griefs in multitude.

And after this he to the gate did go  
Whence Creid rode, as if in haste she was;  
And up and down there went, and to and fro,  
And to himself full oft he said, alas!  
From hence my hope, and solace forth did pass.  
O would the blissful God now for his joy,  
I might her see again coming to Troy!

And up to yonder hill was I her guide;  
Alas, and there I took of her my leave;  
Yonder I saw her to her father ride,  
For very grief of which my heart shall cleave;—  
And hither home I came when it was eve;  
And here I dwell an outcast from all joy,  
And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,  
That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less  
Than he was wont; and that in whispers soft  
Men said, what may it be, can no one guess  
Why Troilus hath all this heaviness?  
All which he of himself conceived wholly  
Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head,  
That every wight, who in the way passed by,  
Had of him ruth, and fancied that they said,  
I am right sorry Troilus will die:  
And thus a day or two drove wearily;  
As ye have heard, such life 'gan he to lead  
As one that standeth betwixt hope and dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs to show  
The occasion of his woe, as best he might;  
And made a fitting song, of words but few,  
Somewhat his woeful heart to make more light;  
And when he was removed from all men's sight,  
With a soft night voice, he of his Lady dear,  
That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the light,  
With a sore heart well I ought to bewail,  
That ever dark in torment, night by night,  
Toward my death with wind I steer and sail;

For which upon the tenth night if thou saw,  
With thy bright beams to guide me but as  
My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung thr  
He fell again into his sorrows old;  
And every night, as was his wont to do,  
Troilus stood the bright moon to behold;  
And all his trouble to the moon he told,  
And said; I wis, when thou art horn'd  
I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that morrow,  
When hence did journey my bright Lady fair;  
That cause is of my torment and my sorrow;  
For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and clear.  
For love of God, run fast above thy sphere;  
For when thy horns begin once more to spring.  
Then shall she come, that with her bliss my being.

The day is more, and longer every night  
Than they were wont to be—for he thought so;  
And that the sun did take his course not right,  
By longer way than he was wont to go;  
And said, I am in constant dread I live,  
That Philetus his son is yet alive,  
His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,  
To the end that he the Grecian host might see;  
And ever thus he to himself would talk:—  
Lo! yonder is my own bright Lady fair;  
Or yonder is it that the tents must be;  
And thence does come this air which is so sweet,  
That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind, that more and more  
By moments thus increaseth in my face,  
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore;  
I prove it thus; for in no other space  
Of all this town, save only in this place,  
Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like pain;  
It said, Alas, why severed are we twain?

A weary while in pain he toseth thus,  
Till fully past and gone was the ninth night;  
And ever at his side stood Pandarus,  
Who busily made use of all his might  
To comfort him, and make his heart more light;  
Giving him always hope, that she the morrow  
Of the tenth day will come, and end his sorrow.
POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

1.
OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

Beggar, to which the Old Man here described is probably soon to be extinct. It consisted of poor, silly, old and infirm persons, who confined them- selves round in their neighbourhood, and on fixed days, on which, at different houses, tallow candles were sometimes in money, but provisions.

aged Beggar in my walk;
as seated, by the highway side,structure of rude masonryis foot of a huge hill, that theytheir horses down the steep rough roadre mount at ease. The aged Manand his staff across the broad smooth stone lays the pile; and, from a bag with flour, the dole of village dames,isis scraps and fragments, one by one;ced them with a fixed and serious lookappetition. In the sun,second step of that small pile,ed by those wild unpeopled hills,ed ate his food in solitude:scattered from his palsied hand,attempting to prevent the waste,ed still, the crumbs in little showers_pile; and the small mountain birds,jet yet to peck their destined meal,ed within the length of half his staff.on my childhood have I known; and thenold, he seems not older now;on, a solitary Man,as in appearance, that for himbeing Horseman throws not with a slackness hand his alms upon the ground,—that he may safely lodge the coin in old Man's hat; nor quite him so,when he has given his horse the rein,aged Beggar with a look and half-reverted. She who tends,ate, when in summer at her doorher wheel, if on the road she seesbeggar coming, quits her work,thetics for him that he may pass.

The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertakeThe aged Beggar in the woody lane,Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warnedThe old man does not change his course, the boyTurns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,And passes gently by, without a curseUpon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man;His age has no companion. On the groundHis eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,They move along the ground; and, evermore, Instead of common and habitual sightOf fields with rural works, of hill and dale,And the blue sky, one little span of earthIs 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 leftImpressed on the white road,—in the same line,At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feetDisturb the summer dust; he is so stillIn look and motion, that the cottage curs,Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by;Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—Statesmen! yeWho are so restless in your wisdom, yeWho have a broom still ready in your handsTo rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplateYour talents, power, or wisdom, deem him notA burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's lawThat none, the meanest of created things,Of forms created the most vile and brute,The dullest or most noxious, should existDivorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,A life and soul, to every mode of beingInseparably linked. Then be assured
POEMS REFERRING TO

That least of all can ought—that ever owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to—sink, how'er depressed,
So low as to be scorned without a sin;
Without offence to God cast out of view;
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless. While from door to door,
This old Man creeps, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find 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 solicitude 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 fortune
And circumpeption needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least,
And 'tsa no vulgar service, makes them feel.

Yet further. — Many, I believe, there are
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
Praise be to such, and to their slumberers peace!
— But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
Go, and demand of him, if there be here
In this cold abandonment from evil deeds,
And these ineradicable 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 exhilarant 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, unjured, 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 grey locks against his withered face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never Hesper, misnamed of Indusary,
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 solitude;
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

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

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

To the neighbours he went,—all were free with
their money;
For his hive had so long been replenished with
honey,
That they dreamt not of dearth;—He continued
his rounds,
Knocked here,—and knocked there, pounds still
adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten pelf,
And something, it might be, reserved for himself:
Then (what is too true) without hinting a word,
Turned his back on the country—and off like a bird.

You lift up your eyes!—but I guess that you frame
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame;
In him it was scarcely a business of art,
For this he did all in the case of his heart.

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

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

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is
stout;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run about;
You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes
About work that he knows, in a track that he knows;
But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his body must stir.
POEMS REFERRING TO

At the town like a stranger is he,
Whose own country's far over the sea;
Sure, while through the great city he hies,
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 she trembles and sighs,
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heat?
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,
You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits and her flowers,
Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made
Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a wagon of straw
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrusts his hand in a waggon, and smells at the hay;
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.
The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tithbury 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 himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been fallen in swarms,
Or blasts the green field and the truths:
Oft have I seen it muffled up from the storm,
In close self-shelter, like a Thing a

But lately, one rough day, this Flower
And recognised it, though an alter;
Now standing forth an offering to the sky
And buffeted at will by rain and st

I stopped, and said with inly-mutter
"It doth not love the shower, nor s
This neither is its courage nor its
But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not cheer it, nor i
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changin
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it

To be a Prodigia's Favourite—the
the A miser's Pensioner—bear our
O Man, that from thy fair and shin
Age might but take the things Yor

IV.

THE TWO THIEVES.

THE LAST STAGE OF A

O saw that the genius of Bewick
And the skill which he learned on
Tynes,
Then the Muse might deal with th
For I'd take my last leave but proce.

What feats would I work with it?
Book-learning and books should
And, for hunger and thirst and c
Every ale-house should then be

The traveller would hang his wet
Let them smoke, let them burn, he care!
For the Prodigious Son, Joseph's sheaves,
Oh, what would they be to my ta
ne, yet unbreathed, is not three birthdays old,  
and in the age more than thirty times told;  
are ninety good seasons of fair and foul  
weather  
that are no sifting together.

chips is the carpenter crowing his floor  
set by the town at an old woman's door  
s to his hand to the treasure will slide!  
a Grandma's so busy at work by his side.

Daniel begins; he stops short—and his eye,  
the lost look of dotage, is cunning and sly;  
look which at this time is hardly his own,  
the plain tale of the days that are flown.

ce had a heart which was moved by the wives  
infold pleasures and many desires:  
that if he cherished his purses  
Twas no more  
trading a path trod by thousands before.

a path trod by thousands; but Daniel is one  
went something farther than others have gone,  
w with old Daniel you see how it fares;  
what to end he has brought his grey hairs.

Sir Sally forth hand in hand; ere the sun  
sered o'er the beeches, their work is begun;  
et into whatever sin they may fall,  
old but half knows it, and that not at all.

s through the streets with deliberate tread,  
sch, in his turn, becomes leader or led;  
wherever they carry their plots and their  
wives,  
face in the village is dimpled with smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they  
roam;  
For the grey-headed Sir has a daughter at home,  
Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done;  
And none, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,  
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side:  
Long yet may'st thou live! for a teacher we see  
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

1806.

v.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

The little hedgegrow 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 he hold  
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

1798.
EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAIC PIECES.

EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIARRERA.

I.

Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life
And this alone—the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.—
Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,
His tombstone thus should speak for him. And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
Long to continue in this world; a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

II.

Perhaps some needful service of the State
Drew Titius 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 hath brought him, and he charmed
A Tuscan audience; but full soon was called
To the perpetual silence of the grave.
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
A Champion stedfast and invincible,
To quell the rage of literary War!

* Ivi vivi gissecndo o i read penseri!
Erease in the cow.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to his original.

What noble pomp and frequent have not I

III.

O Thou who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!
'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was born
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.
On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicated
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shepherd
Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous flock.
Well did I watch, much laboured, nor had power
To escape from many and strange indignities;
Was smitten by the great ones of the world.
But did not fall; for Virtue braves all shocks.
Upon herself resting immovably.
Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,
And in his hands I saw a high reward
Stretched out for my acceptance,—but Death came.
Now, Reader, learn from this my fate, her fate,
How treacherous to her promise, is the world;
And trust in God—to whose eternal doom
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of earth.

IV.

There never breathed a man who, when his life
Was closing, might not of that life relate
Tolls 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 Bocico. Fifty years
Over the well-steeled galleys did I rule:—
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
And the broad guls I traversed oft and oft
Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's
Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.
gal decks beheld; yet in the end
sed that one poor moment can suffice
naise the lofty and the low.
ill the sea of life—a Calm One finds,
me a Tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
is the quiet haven of us all.
ere of my condition ye would know,
was my birth-place, and I sprang
be parents: seventy years and three
—then yielded to a slow disease.

v.
is it that Ambrosio Salinero
on untoward fate was long involved
was litigation; and full long,
ader still I had be to endure assaults
king malady. And true it is
ot the less a frank courageous heart
oyant spirit triumphed over pain;
was strong to follow in the steps
fair Muse. Not a covert path
to the dear Parmesan forest's shade,
right from him be hidden; not a track
s to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
aced its windings.—This Savona knows,
sephoral honors to her Son
id, for in our age the heart is ruled
y gold. And now a simple stone
ed with this memorial hero is raised
befe, his lonely, Chiabrera.
not, O Passenger! who read'st the lines
ceeding love hath dazzled me;
was One whose memory ought to spread
'or Permessus bears an honoured name,
ve as long as its pure stream shall flow.

vi.
xed to war from very infancy
, Roberto Dati, and I took
its the white symbol of the Cross:
se of this vigorous season did I shun
or toil; among the sands was seen
; and not seldom, on the banks
an Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot
the sanguinary trumpet sounded.
I, and repined not at such fate:
grieves me, for it seems a wrong,
tipped of arms I to my end am brought
soft down of my paternal home.
ply Arno shall be spared all cause
h for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt
appointed way, and bear in mind
enting and how frail is human life!

vii.
O flower of all that springs from gentle blood,
And all that generous nurture breeds to make
Youth amiable; O friend so true of soul
To fair Aglaia; by what envoy 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 ever will cease to mourn;
And, should the out-pourings of her eyes suffice not
For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto
Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto
Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to death,
In the chaste arms of thy beloved 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.

viii.
Nor without heavy grief of heart did He
On whom the duty fell (for at that time
The father sojourned in a distant land)
Deposit in the hollow of this tomb
A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved!
FRANCISCO was the name the Youth had borne,
POZZONELLI his illustrious house;
And, when beneath this stone the Corpse was laid,
The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.
Alas! the twentieth April of his life
Had scarcely flowered: and at this early time,
By genuine virtue he inspired a hope
That greatly cheered his country: to his kin
He promised comfort; and the flattering thoughts
His friends had in their fondness entertained,*
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.

* In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original:—

... a deft amici
Non lasciavano languire il bel pensiero.
IX.

Plead, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer
A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.
This to the dead by sacred right belongs;
All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit
To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb
Would ill suffice: for Plato’s lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind:
With Archimedes also he conversed
As with a chosen friend; nor did he leave
Those laurest wreaths ungathered which the
Nymphs
Twine near their loved Pernussus.—Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,
His ears he closed to listen to the songs
Which Sion’s Kings did consecrate of old;
And his Pernussus found on Lebanon,
A blessed Man! who of protracted days
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep;
But truly did He live his life. Urbino,
Take pride in him!—O Passenger, farewell!

II.

Six months to six years added he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unainted;
O blessed Lord! whose mercy thou removed
A Child whom every eye that looked on loved;
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly thine!

III.

CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Forman,
remains are deposited in the church of Claires, near
center; this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Mary
wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not
than the love of a brother for this deceased, commits
this memorial to the care of his heirs and released
possession of this place.

By vain affections unthrall’d,
Though resolute when duty called
To meet the world’s broad eye,
Pure as the holiest cloistered nun
That ever feared the tempting sun,
Did Pernor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,
One heart-relieving tear may claim;
But if the pensive gloom
Of fond regret be still thy choice,
Exult thy spirit, hear the voice
Of Jesus from her tomb!

‘I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.’

IV.

EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL TARD OF LANGDALE, WESTMORE

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft
A sad heart’s sunshine) by a soft
And gentle nature, and a free
Yet modest hand of charity,
Through life was Owen Lloyd endeared
To young and old; and how revered
Had been that pious spirit, a title
Of humble mourners testified,
When, after pains dispensed to prove
The measure of God’s chastening love,
EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAE PIECES.

... brought from far, his corpse found rest, 
... of his own request;— 
... this Yeow's shade, though he 
... with such fond hope the tree; 
... of stream and rock, 
... than that his Flock, 
... no more their Pastor's voice 
... to guide them in their choice 
... good and evil, help might have, 
... shed, from his silent grave, 
...eousness, of sins forgiven, 
... on earth and bliss in heaven.

V.

XX TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF——. 1796.

... ye little noisy Crew, 
... ng your pastime to prevent; 
... the blessing which to you 
... common Friend and Father sent. 
... ed his cheek before he died; 
... when his breath was fled, 
... ed, while kneeling by his side, 
... and:—it dropped like lead. 
... hands, dear Little-ones, do all 
... can be done, will never fall 
... till they are dead. 
... ght or day blow foul or fair, 
... will the best of all your train 
... with the locks of his white hair, 
... nd between his knees again.

... re did he sit confined for hours; 
... o could see the woods and plains, 
... hear the wind and mark the showers 
... streaming down the streaming panes. 
... stretched beneath his grass-green mound 
... s a prisoner of the ground. 
... ed the breathing air, 
... ved the sun, but if it rise 
... t, to him where now he lies, 
... is not a moment's care. 
... what idle words; but take 
... Dirge which for our Master's sake 
... hours, love prompted me to make, 
... hymns so homely in attire 
... learned ears may ill agree, 
... hanted by your Orphan Quire 
... make a touching melody.

... mourne. 
... Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone; 
... Thou Angler, by the silent flood; 
... And mourn when thou art all alone, 
... Thou Woodman, in the distant wood! 
... Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy 
... Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum; 
... And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy! 
... Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb. 
... Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide 
... Who checked or turned thy headstrong youth, 
... As he before had sanctified 
... Thy infancy with heavenly truth.

... Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay, 
... Bold settlers on some foreign shore, 
... Give, when your thoughts are turned this way, 
... A sigh to him whom we deplore.

... For us who here in funeral strain 
... With one accord our voices raise, 
... Let sorrow overcharged with pain 
... Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

... And when our hearts shall feel a sting 
... From ill we meet or good we miss, 
... May touches of his memory bring 
... Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

... BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME YEARS AFTER.

... Long time his pulse hath ceased to beat; 
... But benefits, his gift, we trace— 
... Expressed in every eye we meet 
... Round this dear Vale, his native place.

... To stately Hall and Cottage rude 
... Flowed from his life what still they hold, 
... Light pleasures, every day, renewed; 
... And blessings half a century old.

... Oh true of heart, of spirit gay, 
... Thy faults, where not already gone 
... From memory, prolong their stay 
... For charity's sweet sake alone.

... Such solace find we for our loss; 
... And what beyond this thought we crave 
... Comes in the promise from the Cross, 
... Shining upon thy happy grave.*

* See upon the subject of the three foregoing pieces the 
  Fountain, &c. &c., pages 365, 366.
VI.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,
SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEEL 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.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;— Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease, Elysian quiet, without toil or strife; No motion but the moving tide, a breeze, Or merely silent Nature’s breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart, Such Picture would I at that time have made: And seen the soul of truth in every part, A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—tis so no more; I have submitted to a new control: A power is gone, which nothing can restore; A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold A smiling sea, and be what I have been: The feeling of my loss will ne’er be old; This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Thou, Beaumont, Friend! who would have Friend, If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore, This work of thine I blame not, but comm This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O ‘tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and Well chosen is the spirit that is here; That Hulk which labours in the deadly sw This ruseful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime I love to see the look with which it brave Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling Farewell, farewell the heart that lives a lone Housed in a dream, at distance from the 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 seen Such sights, or worse, as are before me he Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

VII.

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 p And free for life, these hils 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 glozly to be seen, His pride and his delight!
a, when called ashore, he sought
his peace of rural thought:
than happy mood
abodes, bright daisy Flowers!
would steal at leisure hours,
ed you glittering in your bower,
 multitude.

the word!—the ship is gone;—
from her long course;—anon
in season due,
are on English earth they stand :
in a third time from the land
cried, sorrow was at hand
and for his crew.

Vessel!—ghastly shock!
gst delivered from the rock,
she hath repaid;
ough the stormy night they steer;
g for life, in hope and fear,
 a safer shore—how near,
to be attained!

" the brave Commander cried;
alm word a shriek replied,
 last death-shriek.
(my soul oft sees that sight)
pon the tall mast's height;
dear remnant of the night—
vain I seek.

beneath the moving sea
slumber quietly;
by wind or wave
be Ship for which he died,
s of duty satisfied)
they found him at her side;
him to the grave.

die! yet not vainly done
if other end were none,
who had been cast
ay of life unmeet
gentle Soul and sweet,
ad an undisturbed retreat
it he loved, at last—

bourhood of grove and field
resting-place should yield,
n and a brave!
 shall sing and ocean make
ful murmur for his sake;
, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and wake
senseless grave.

VIII.

ELEGIAIC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH,
COMMANDER OF THE N. I. COMPANY'S SHIP THE HALI OF
ASSOCIATION, IN WHICH HE PERISHED BY CALAMITOUS
SHIPSWRECK, Feb. 6th, 1805.

Composed near the Mountain track, that leads from Grasmere through Gristdale Haven, where it descends towards Patterdale.

1805.

I.

The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!
That instant, startled by the shock,
The Buzzard mounted from the rock
Deliberate and slow;
Lord of the air, he took his flight;
Oh! could he on that woeful night
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,
For one poor moment's space to Thee,
And all who struggled with the Sea,
When safety was so near.

II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart
I spoke (but let that pang be still)
When rising from the rock at will,
I saw the Bird depart.
And let me calmly bless the Power
That meets me in this unknown Flower,
Affecting type of him I mourn!
With calmness suffer and believe,
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

III.

Here did we stop; and here looked round
While each into himself descends,
For that last thought of parting Friends
That is not to be found.
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart's delight,
His quiet heart's selected home.
But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come.

IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,
In sorrow, but for higher trust,
How miserably deep!
All vanished in a single word,
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard.
EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAIC PIECES.

VI.
That was indeed a parting! oh,
Glad am I, glad that it is past;
For there were some on whom it cast
Unutterable woe.
But they as well as I have pains;—
From many a humble source, to pains
Like these, there comes a mild release;
Even here I feel it, even this Plant
Is in its beauty ministrant
To comfort and to peace.

VII.
He would have loved thy modest grace,
Meek Flower! To Him I would have said,
"It grows upon its native bed
Beside our Parting-place;
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies
With multitude of purple eyes,
Spangling a cushion green like moss;
But we will see it, joyful tide!
Some day, to see it in its pride,
The mountain will we cross."*

—Brother and friend, if verse of mine
Have power to make thy virtues known,
Here let a monumental Stone
Stand—sacred as a Shrine;
And to the few who pass this way,
Traveler or Shepherd, let it say,
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,
Although deserving of all good,
On any earthly hope, however pure*!

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

February, 1816.

"Rise, rise, perturbed Earth!
O rest, thou doeful Mother of Mankind!
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the
* From regions where no evil thing has birth
I come—thy streams to wash away,
Thy cherished letters to unbind,
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs the risen
From out thy noisome prison;
The penal caverns groan
With tens of thousands rest from off the tr
Of hopeful life,—by battle’s whirlwind blow
Into the deserts of Eternity. (March 1816)
Unpitied havoc! Victims unalmended!
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, triumph augmented.

* Importuna e grave salme.

MICHAEL ANGELI.
EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

II.
"False Parent of Mankind!
Obdurate, proud, and blind,
like thee with soft celestial dews,
et, maternal heart to re-infuse!
ring this far-fetched moisture from my wings,
the act a blessing I implore,
ich the rivers in their secret springs,
verse stained so oft with human gore,
meious;—may the like return no more!
[discord—for a Seraph’s care
re attended with a bolder prayer—
he, who once disturbed the seats of bliss
These mortal spheres above,
sined for ever to the black abyss!
now, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,
serful desires, thy sanctity approve!"

he Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
re pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

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XI.
LINES
ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S
"THE EXCURSION," UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH
THE LATE VICAR OF KENDAL.

pilice notice, with reluctance strong,
 deliver this unfinished Song;
r one happy issue;—and I look
self-congratulation on the Book
pions, learned, MURFITT saw and read;—
my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
ued the new-born Lay with grateful heart—
xing not how soon he must depart;
sting that to him the joy was given
 good men take with them from earth to heaven.

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XII.
ELEGIAE STANZAS.
SED TO SIR G. H. R. UPON THE DEATH OF HIS
SISTER-IN-LAW.)

1834.

is a dirge! But why complain!
rather a triumphal strain
such as FERSON’s race is run;
urland of immortal boughs
wine around the Christian’s brows,
me 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 slings itself on wild relief
When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow’s shrine to kneel,
For ever covetous to feel,
And impotent to bear!
Such once was hers—to think and think
On severed love, and only sink
From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part
Faith had refined; and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given;
Calm as the dew-drop’s, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose’s breast
Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend
So graciously!—that could descend,
Another’s need to suit,
So promptly from her lofty throne!—
In works of love, in these alone,
How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue; yet mortal cheek
Ne’er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong;—
When aught that 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 striketh—absence perilsheth,
Indifference is no more;
The future brightens on our sight;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore.
ELEGIAC MUSINGS
IN THE GROUNDS OF BEAUMONT HALL, THE SEAT OF THE
LATE SCR. G. H. BEAUMONT, BARON.
In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a
mural monument bearing an Inscription which, in deter-
mination to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined
to name, dates, and these words:—Renter not into judg-
ment with thy servant, O Lord!
Writ copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
Graven on the tomb we struggle against Time,
Also, how feebly! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man dies:
Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,
A spirit mock in self-abasement clad.
Yet here at least, though few have numbered days
That shunned so modestly the light of praise,
His graceful manners, and the temperate ray
Of that arch fancy which would round him play,
Brightening a converse never known to swerve
From courtesy and delicate reserve;
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife;
Those rare accomplishments, and varied powers,
Might have their record among alyssam bowers.
Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast
That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed:
Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,
From all its spirit-moving imagery,
Intensely studied with a painter's eye,
A poet's heart; and, for congenial view,
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
To common reflections 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 unimpassioned age,
From soul-felt muse, 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 theatrical force to Shakespeare’s scene—
If thou hast heard me—if thy Spirit know
Aught of those bower and whence their pleasures flow;
If things in our remembrance held so dear,
And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,
To thy exalted nature only seem
Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream—
Rebuke us not!—The mandate is obeyed
That said, “ Let praise be mute where I am laid:”
The hollower depreciation, 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 sitting 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,
Will fringe the lettered stone; and herbs spry forth,
Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unshod,
Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes hold,
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
That could not be concealed where Thou wert known;
Thy virtues He must judge, and He alone,
The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.
Nov. 28th.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF
CHARLES LAMB.
To a good Man of most dear memory
This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart
From the great city where he first drew breath,
Was reared and taught; and humbly earned his bread,
To the strict labours of the merchant's desk
By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks
Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,
His spirit, but the recollection was high;
Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire;
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;
And when the precious hours of leisure came
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse new
With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart.
So genius triumphed over seeming woe,
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love,
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning flies
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
and let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That, round his trunk and branches, might have hung
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given (say rather than of later birth
Wert given to her) a Sister—"tis a word
Timidly uttered, for she lives, the meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind;
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,
Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—
More than sufficient recompense!

Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)
Was as the love of mothers; and when years,
Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
Did they together testify of time
And season's difference—a double tree
With two collateral stems sprung from one root;
Such were they—such thro' life they might have been
In union, in partition only such;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High;
Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,
Still they were faithful; like two vessels launched
From the same beach one ocean to explore
With mutual help, and sailing—to their league
True, as inexorable winds, or bars
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invariable 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 hold
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 seclusion!
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 dead loneliness. The sacred tie  
Is broken; yet why grieve! for Time but holds.  
His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead  
To the blest world where parting is unknown.  

—  

XV.  

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH  
OF JAMIES HOGG.  

When first, descending from the moorlands,  
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Etrick Shepherd was my guide.  

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.  

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet’s eyes:  

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source;  

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.  

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land!  

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
“Who next will drop and disappear!”  

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-lookin  
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 failed,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.  

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered Youth or love-born Maid  
With sharper grief in Yarrow smitten,  
And Etrick mourns with her their Poet dead.  

Nov. 332  

——  

XVI.  

INSCRIPTION  
FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSSWATER CHURCH, IN THE  
VALE OF KERNOCK.  

Yn vales and hills whose beauty hither drew  
The poet’s steps, and fixed him here, on you,  
His eyes have closed! And ye, lov’d books,  
Shall Soutley feed upon your precious lore,  
To works that ne’er shall forfeit their renown,  
Adding immortal labours of his own—  
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal  
For the State’s guidance, or the Church’s well,  
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
Inform’d his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot’s mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.  
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast  
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud  
From Skiddaw’s top; but he to heaven was vev  
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith  
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.  

* See Note.
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 plesy.
See page 94.

1. was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
   rh, and every common sight,
   To me did seem
   Apparelled in celestial light,
   ov and the freshness of a dream.
   t now as it hath been of yore ;—
   Turn wheresoe'er I may,
   By night or day,
   on which I have seen I now can see no more.

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

3. While the birds thus sing a joyous song,
   ad while the young lambs bound
   As to the labor's sound,
   alone there came a thought of grief:
   ty utterance gave that thought relief,
   And I again am strong:
   acts blow their trumpets from the steep;
   w shall grief of mine the season wrong;
   the Echoes through the mountains throng,
   inds come to me from the fields of sleep,
   And all the earth is gay ;
   Land and sea
   ve themselves up to jollity,
   And with the heart of May
   th every Beast keep holiday ;—
   Thou Child of Joy,
   ound me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
   Shepherd-boy !

4. 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 Earth herself is adorning,
   Thi sweet May-morning,
   And the Children are calling
   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 Paney at my feet
   Doth the same tale repeat :—
   Whither is fled the visionary dawn ?
   Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

5. 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 beholdeth the light, and whence it flows,
   He sees it in his joy ;
   The Youth, who daily farther from the east
   Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with some of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Infant Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.
Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cometh another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to pale-died Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.
Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Sear bluest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, ever whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the night
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's head,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife!
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.
O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in the 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 trouble 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 us
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither lindensness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at eunymy 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 hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
ODE.

II.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

1805–6.
THE PRELUDE,

OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805.

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the Excursion, first published in 1814, where he thus speaks:—

"Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origina and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

"That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the 'Recluse';' as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

"The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little sepulchral recesses, ordinarily inclosed.

"Such was the Author's plan in 1814.

"It will chance to be seen, that it was intended to be introductory, and that the Recluse, if completed, consisted of Three Parts. Of Part alone, viz., the Excursion, given to the world by the Author.

"The First Book of the Recluse still remains in manuscript. The Third Part was only planned, and which it would have been for the Author's other Publications, was never committed to the Excursion.

"The Friend, to whom the poem was addressed, was the late Samuel Taylor, who was resident in Malta, for his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

"Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad, on hearing it recited by the Author, on his return to his own country.

"Verses, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, may be found in the "Sibylline Leaves" 1817, or "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 205.—Ed.

BYRDAL MOUNT,
July 12th, 1850.
INTRODUCTION.

BOOK FIRST.

ION.—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

ng in this gentle breeze, bide it fans my cheek conscious of the joy it brings fields, and from yon azure sky. ion, the soft breeze can come stueful than to me; escaped y, where I long had pined journer; now free, foil-shape settle where I will. will receive me! in what vale our! underneath what grove my home! and what clear stream armour lull me into rest? before me. With a heart ed at its own liberty, d should the chosen guide r than a wandering cloud, way. I breathe again! hot and mountings of the mind no: it is shaken off, my own unnatural self, of many a weary day such as were not made for me. peace (if such bold word accord es of human life, ease and undisturbed delight spect; whither shall I turn, way, or through trackless field, or shall some floating thing point me out my course?

Yet what would it avail A consecrates the joy! bit, while the sweet breath of my body, felt within breeze, that gently moved virtue, but is now become amundant energy, reation. Thanks to both, dial powers, that, while they join long-continued frost, vernal promises, the hope ged on by flying hours,—

Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high, Matins and vespers of harmonious verse!

Thus far, O Friend! did I, not used to make A present joy the matter of a song, Four forth that day my soul in measured strains That would not be forgotten, and are here Recorded: to the open fields I told A prophecy: poetical numbers came Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe A renovated spirit singed out, Such hope was mine, for holy services. My own voice cheered me, and, far more, the mind's Internal echo of the imperfect sound; To both I listened, drawing from them both A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give A respite to this passion, I paced on With brisk and eager steps; and came, at length, To a green shady place, where down I sat Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by choice, And settling into gentler happiness. 'Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day, With warmth, as much as needed, from a sun Two hours declined towards the west; a day With silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass, And in the sheltered and the sheltering grove A perfect stillness. Many were the thoughts Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was made Of a known Vale, whither my feet should turn, Nor rest till they had reached the very door Of the one cottage which methought I saw. No picture of mere memory ever looked So fair; and while upon the fancied scene I gazed with growing love, a higher power Than Fancy gave assurance of some work Of glory there forthwith to be begun, Perhaps too there performed. Thus long I mused, Nor o'er lost sight of what I mused upon, Save when, amid the stately grove of oaks, Now here, now there, an acorn, from its cup Dislodged, through rare leaves rustled, or at once To the bare earth dropped with a startling sound. From that soft couch I rose not, till the sun Had almost touched the horizon; casting then
A backward glance upon the curving cloud
Of city smoke, by distance ruralised;
Keen as a Triumphant or a Fugitive,
But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,
Even with the chance equipment of that hour,
The road that pointed toward the chosen Vale.
It was a splendid evening, and my soul
Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked
Adolatrous visitations; but the harp
Was soon defrauded, and the banded host
Of harmony dispersed in straggling sounds,
And lastly utter silence: "Do it so;
Why think of anything but present good?"
So, like a home-bound labourer I pursued
My way beneath the mellowing sun, that shed
Mild influence; nor left me one wish
Again to bend the Sabbath of that time
To a servile yoke. What need of many words!
A pleasant loitering journey, through three days
Continued, brought me to my hermitage.
I spare to tell of what ensued, the mind
In common things—the endless store of things,
Rare, or at least so seeming, every day
Found all about me in one neighbourhood—
The self-congratulation, and, from morn
To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.
But speedily an earnest longing rose
To brace myself to some determined aim,
Reading or thinking; either to lay up
New stores, or rescue from decay the old
By timely interference: and therewith
Came hopes still higher, that with outward life
I might endue some airy phantasties
That had been floating loose about for years,
And to such beings temperately dealt forth
The many feelings that oppressed my heart.
That hope had been discouraged; welcome light
Dawns from the east, but dawns to disappear
And mock me with a sky that ripens not
Into a steady morning; if my mind,
Remembering the bold promise of the past,
Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,
Vain is her wish: whenever she turns she finds
Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield up
Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts
Of humble industry. But, oh, dear Friend!
The Poet, gentle creature as he is,
Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times;
His fits when he is neither sick nor well,
Though no distress be near him but his own
Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best pleased
While she as dutious as the mother dove
Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,
But like the innocent bird, hath gazplings on
That drive her as in trouble through the grove
With me is now such passion, to be blamed
No otherwise than as it lasts too long.

When, as becomes a man who would prepare
For such an arduous work, I through myself
Make rigorous inquisition, the report
Is often cheering; for I neither see
To lack that first great gift, the vital soul
Nor General Truths, which are themselves a set
Of Elements and Agents, Undernavars,
Subordinate helpers of the living mind;
Nor am I naked of external things,
Forms, images, nor numerous other aids
Of less regard, though won perhaps with toil
And needful to build up a Poet's praise.
Time, place, and manners do I seek, and those
Are found in plentiful store, but nowhere not
As may be singled out with steady choice;
No little band of yet remembered names
Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope
To summon back from lonesome banishment.
And make them dwellers in the hearts of men
Now living, or to live in future years.
Sometimes the ambitious Power of choice, mis-taking
Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea,
Will settle on some British theme, some old
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung;
More often turning to some gentle place
Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe
To shepherd swains, or seated harp in hand,
Amid repose knights by a river side
Or fountain, listen to the grave reports
Of dire enchantments faced and overcome
By the strong mind, and tales of warlike feats
Where spear encountered spear, and sword with sword
Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry
That the shield bore, so glorious was the strife;
Whence inspiration for a song that wins,
Through ever changing scenes of votive quest
Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid
To patient courage and unblemished truth,
To firm devotion, zeal unquestionable,
And Christian meekness hallowing faith in love
Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would relate
How vanquished Mithridates northward passed
And, hidden in the cloud of years, became
Odin, the Father of a race by whom
Perished the Roman Empire: how the friends
And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain
CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

447

d shelter in the Fortunate Isles,

A timorous capacity from prudence,

or usages, their arts and laws,

From circumspection, infinite delay.

by a slow gradual death,

Humility and modesty save themselves

and to perish one by one,

Betray me, serving often for a cloak

one narrow bounds: but not the soul

To a more subtle selfishness; that now

which fifteen hundred years

Locks every function up in blank reserve,

doing, when the European came

Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye

with power that might not be withstood,

That with intrusive restlessness beats off

down by glorious death that race

Simplicity and self-presented truth.

were or; or I would record

Ah! better far than this, to stay about

mnemonic times, some high-souled man,

Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,

among the chronicles of kings,

And ask no record of the hours, resigned

silence for Truth's sake: or tell,

To vacant musing, unreproved neglect

Frenchman; through continued

Of all things, and deliberate holiday.

a on the inhuman deeds . . .

Far better never to have heard the name

conquered first the Indian Isles,

Of zeal and just ambition, than to live

in his ministry across

Raffled and plagued by a mind that every hour

not to comfort the oppressed,

Turns recreant to her task; takes heart again.

airy wind, to roam about

Then feels immediately some hollow thought

e Oppressor: how Gustavius sought

Hanged like an interdict upon her hopes.

seed in Dalecarlia's mines:

This is my lot; for either still I find

I sought for Scotland; left the name

Some imperfection in the chosen themes,

be found, like a wild flower,

Or see of absolute accomplishment

hear Country; left the deeds

Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,

like a family of Ghosts,

That I recall and droop, and seek repose

a steep rocks and river banks,

In listlessness from vain perplexity,

sanctuaries, with a local soul

Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,

nace and stern liberty.

Like a false steward who hath much received

suited me better to invent

And renders nothing back.

my own heart, more near skin

Was it for this

passions and habitual thoughts;

That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved

told story, in the main

To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song.

e unsubstantial structure melts

That moved along my dreams? For this, didst thou,

airy sun that brightens it.

That flowed along my dreams! For this, didst thou,

dissolving! Then a wish, [178]

O Derwent! windings among grassy holms

favourite aspiration, mounts [179]

Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,

g toward some philosophic song

Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts

cherishes our daily life;

To more than infant softness, giving me

ions passionate from deep

Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind.

men's heart, immortal verse

A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm.

fitted to the Orphean lyre;

That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.

awful burthen I ful soon

When he had left the mountains and received

und beguile myself with trust

On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers

or years will bring a riper mind

That yet survive, a shattered monument

and this my days are past

That of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed

ign, with no skill to part

Of the margin of our terrace walk;

g, haply bred by want of power,

A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.

unt impulse not to be withstood,

Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child.

In a small mill-race severed from his stream,

Made one long bathing of a summer's day;

Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again.

Alternate, all a summer's day, or secured

de Gourges, a French gentleman who

Florida to avenge the massacre of the

Spaniards there.—Sed.
The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves
Of yellow ragwort; or when rock and hill,
The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,
Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone
Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport
A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less
In that beloved Vale to which ere long
We were transplanted—there we were let loose
For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumn crocus, 'twas my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befell
In these night wanderings, that a strong desire
Overpowered my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey; and when the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathing coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less when spring had warmed the cultured Vale,
Moved we as plunderers where the mother-bird
Had in high places built her lodge; though mean
Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
 Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling to
In one society. How strange that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne
And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself! Praise to the sun
Thanks to the means which Nature deigns to employ;
Whether her fearless visitings, or those
That came with soft alarm, like harmless
Opening the peaceful clouds; or she may
Severer interventions, ministry
More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosened her chain, and stepping
Pushed from the shore. It was an art of art
And troubled pleasure, nor without the vein
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering playfully in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unwavering line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far below
Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
She was an elfin pinnacle; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan.
When, from behind that craggy steep still
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and tall
As if with voluntary power instinct
Uproared its head. I struck and struck
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towed up between me and the stars, and
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing.
Strode after me. With trembling oars I bent
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,
And through the meadows homeward we grazed
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sea
CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound,
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uprear I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the refex of a star.
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feethler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hills!
And Souls of lonely places! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye through many a year
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed upon all forms the characters
Of danger or desire; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea!

Not uselessly employed,
Might I pursue this theme through every change
Of exercise and play, to which the year
Did summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew; the sun in heaven
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours;
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.
I could record with no reluctant voice
The woods of autumn, and their hazel bowers
With milk-white clusters hung; the rod and line,
True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose strong
And unreproved enchantment led us on
By rocks and pools shut out from every star,
All the green summer, to forlorn cascades
Among the windings hid of mountain brooks.

—Unfading recollections! at this hour
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an inpatient courser;
Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,
Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,
A ministration of your own was yours;
Can I forget you, being as you were
So beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood? or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with which
Ye dealt out your plain comforts? Yet had ye
Delights and excitements of your own.
Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire
At evening, when with pencil, and smooth slate
In square divisions parcelling out and all
With crosses and with cyphers scribbled o'er,
We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to head
In strife too humble to be named in verse:
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,
Cherry or maple, sate in close array,
And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on
A thick-ribbed array; not, as in the world,
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by
Even for the very service they had wrought,
But husbanded through many a long campaign.
Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few
Had changed their functions; some, plebeian cards
Which Fate, beyond the promise of their birth,
Had dignified, and called to represent
The persons of departed potentates.
Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell!
Ironic diamond,—chubs, hearts, diamonds, spades,
A congregation pleasiously skin!
Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,
Those scabby knaves, precipitated down
With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of heaven:
The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse,
Queens gleaming through their splendour's last
decay,
And monarchs surly at the wrongs sustained
By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad
Incessant rain was falling, or the frost
Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth;
And, interrupting oft that eager game,
From under Enitharmon's splitting fields of ice
The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,
Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud
Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves
Howling in troops along the Botanic Main.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace
How Nature by extrinsic passionfast
Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair,
And made me love them, may I here omit
How other pleasures have been mine, and joys
Of subtler origin; how I have felt,
Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,
Those hallowed and pure motions of the naze
Which seem, in their simplicity, to own
An intellectual charm; that calm delight
Which, if I err not, surely must belong
To those first-born affinities that fit
Our new existence to existing things,
And, in our dawn of being, constitute
The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeless earth
And twice five summers on my mind had stumped
The faces of the moving year, even then
I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
Old as creation, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays
Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell
How, when the Sea threw off his evening shade,
And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills
Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,
How I have stood, to fancies such as these
A stranger, linking with the spectacle
No conscious memory of a kindred sight,
And bringing with me no peculiar sense
Of quietness or peace; yet have I stood,
Even while mine eye hath moved o'er many a
league
Of shining water, gathering as it seemed
Through every hair-breadth in that field of light
New pleasure like a bee among the flowers.

Thus oft amid those fics of vulgar joy
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss
Which, like a tempest, works along the blood
And is forgotten; even then I felt
Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the earth
And common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things; sometimes, 'tis true,
By chance collisions and quaint accidents
(Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed
Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain
Nor profitless, if haply they impressed
Collateral objects and appearances,
SCHOOL-TIME.

feles then, and doomed to sleep in
murderer seasons called them forth
vain and to elevate the mind.
the vulgar joy by its own weight
itself out of the memory,
which were a witness of that joy
d in their substantial lineaments
on the brain, and to the eye
ible, a daily sight; and thus
pressive discipline of fear,
cure and repeated happiness,
ently repeated, and by force
re feelings representative
is forgotten, these same scenes so bright,
iful, so majestic in themselves,
yet the day was distant, did become
y clear, and all their forms
eful colours by invisible links
ed to the affections.
I began
early—not misled, I trust,
impery of love for days
I by memory—are the breath of spring
my snowdrops among winter snows:
it seem to thee, O Friend! so prompt
thy, that I have lengthened out
and feel the tongue a tedious tale.
le, my hope has been, that I might fetch

Invigorating thoughts from former years;
Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,
And haply meet reproaches too, whose power
May spur me on, in manhood now mature
To honourable toil. Yet should these hopes
Prove vain, and thus should neither I be taught
To understand myself, nor thou to know
With better knowledge how the heart was
framed
Of him thou lovest; need I dread from thee
Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to quit
Those recollected hours that have the charm
Of visionary things, those lovely forms
And sweet sensations that throw back our life,
And almost make remotest infancy
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining!

One end at least hath been attained; my mind
Hath been revived, and if this genial mood
Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought down
Through later years the story of my life.
The road lies plain before me;—tis a theme
Single and of determined bounds; and hence
I choose it rather at this time, than work
Of amplier or more varied argument,
Where I might be discomfited and lost;
And certain hopes are with me, that to thee
This labour will be welcome, honoured Friend!

BOOK SECOND.

SCHOOL-TIME.

O Friend! have we, though leaving much
endevoured to retrace
le ways in which my childhood walked;
fy that first led me to the love
, woods, and fields. The passion yet
birth, sustained as might befal
ment that came unsought; for still
ck to week, from month to month, we
ed

d of tumult. Duly were our games
summer till the day-light failed:
ained before the doors; the bench
ld steps were empty; fast asleep
er, and the old man who had sat

A later lingerer; yet the revelry
Continued and the loud uproar: at last,
When all the ground was dark, and twinkling stars
Edged the black clouds, homes and to bed we went,
Feverish with weary joints and beating minds.
Ah I is there one who ever has been young,
Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride
Of intellect and virtue’s self-esteem!
One is there, though the wisest and the best
Of all mankind, who covets not at times
Union that cannot be;—who would not give
If so he might, to duty and to truth
The eagerness of infantine desire!
A tranquillisng spirit presses now
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears
The vacancy between me and those days
Which yet have such self-presence in my mind,
That, musing on them, often do I seem
Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself
And of some other Being. A rude mass
Of native rock, left midway in the square
Of our small market village, was the goal
Or centre of these sports; and when, returned
After long absence, thither I repaired,
Gone was the old grey stone, and in its place
A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground
That had been ours. There let the fiddle scream,
And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I know
That more than one of you will think with me
Of those soft starry nights, and that old Dame
From whom the stone was named, who there had
sate,
And watched her table with its buckster's wares
Assiduous, through the length of sixty years.

We ran a boisterous course; the year span round
With giddy motion. But the time approached
That brought with it a regular desire
For calmer pleasures, when the winning forms
Of Nature were collateraly attached
To every scheme of holiday delight
And every boyish sport, less grateful else
And languidly pursued.

When summer came,
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars; and the selected bourn
Was now an Island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister Isle
Beneath the oak's unbraggious covert, sown
With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small Island, where survived
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Unaeasiness, or pain, or jealousy;
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride of
strength,
And the vain-glory of superior skill,
Were tempered; thus was gradually produced
A quiet independence of the heart;
And to my Friend who knows me I may add,
Fearless of blame, that hence for future days
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,
And I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare!
More than we wished we knew the blessing then
Of vigorous hunger—hence
Unsapped by delicate viands,
A little weekly stipend, and
Through three divisions of
In penniless poverty. But
From the half-yearly holiday
We came with weightier purses
To furnish treasurers more costly
Of the old grey stone, first
supplied.

Hence rustic dinners on the
Or in the woods, or by a rivulet,
Or shady fountains, while the
Soft airs were stirring, and
Unfelt shone brightly round
Nor is my aim neglected if
How sometimes, in the length
We from our funds drew is
And eager to spur on, the
And with the courteous in
Supplied our want, we hap
Sly substirrige, if the adverse
Were distant; some famed
The Druids worshipped, or
Of that large abbey, where
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary
Stands yet a mouldering p
Belfry, and images, and liv
A holy scene!—Along the
Our horses grazed. To me
Left by the west wind swept
From a tumultuous ocean,
In that sequestered valley
Both silent and both moist
Such the deep shelter that
The safeguard for repose a

Our steeds remounted in
With whip and spur we the
In uncouth race, and left
And the stone-abbot, and
Which one day sang so sweet
Of the old church, that
showerer
The earth was comfortless
Internal breezes, sobbings,
And respirations, from the
The shuddering ivy dripped
So sweetly 'mid the gloom
Sang to herself, that there
My dwelling-place, and live
To hear such music. The
And down the valley, and
In wantonness of heart, the
opered homewards. Oh, ye rocks and
rems,
: still spirit shed from evening air!
this joyous time I sometimes felt
essece, when with slackened step we
wathed
a sides of the steep hills, or when
by gleams of moonlight from the sea
with thundering hoofs the level sand.

y on long Winander's eastern shore,
he crescent of a pleasant bay
; stood; no homely-featured house,
like its neighbouring cottages,
; a splendid place, the door beset
uses, grooms, and liversies, and within
a, glasses, and the blood-red wine.

it times, and ere the Hall was built
uage island, had this dwelling been
rthy of a poet's love, a hut,
its own bright fire and sycamore shade.
ough the rhymes were gone that once
scribed
shold, and large golden characters,
or the spangled sign-board, had dis lodged
Lion and usurped his place, in slight
kery of the rustic painter's hand—
his hour, the spot to me is dear
its foolish pomp. The garden lay
lope surmounted by a plain
il bowling-green; beneath us stood
with gleams of water through the trees
: the tree-tops; nor did we want
ent, strawberries and mellow cream.
side through half an afternoon we played
mooth platform, whether skill prevailed
; blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
the mountains ring. But, ere night-fall,
our pinnace we returned at leisure
awdry lake, and to the beach
small island steered our course with one,
 stre of the Troop, and left him there,
do off gently, while he blew his flute
on the rock—oh, then, the calm
l still water lay upon my mind
h a weight of pleasure, and the sky
ore so beautiful, sunk down
heart, and held me like a dream
cre my sympathies enlarged, and thus
common range of visible things
x to me; already I began
he sun; a boy I loved the sun,
since have loved him, as a pledge
ty of our earthly life, a light

Which we behold and feel we are alive;
Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—
But for this cause, that I had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
The western mountain touch his setting orb,
In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess
Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.
And, from like feelings, humble though intense,
To patriotic and domestic love
Analogous, the moon to me was dear;
For I could dream away my purposes,
Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
Midway between the hills, as if she knew
No other region, but belonged to thee,
Yes, appertained by a peculiar right.
To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear Vale!

Those incidental charms which first attached
My heart to rural objects, day by day
To rural charm
Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell
How Nature, interventen till this time
And secondary, now at length was sought
For her own sake. But who shall parcel out
His intellect by geometric rules,

Split like a province into round and square
Who knows the individual hour in which

His habits were first sown, even as a seed
Who that shall point as with a wand and say

"This portion of the river of my mind
Came from yon fountain?" Thou, my Friend!
art one

More deeply read in thy own thoughts; to thee
Science appears but what in truth she is,
Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
But as a succedaneum, and a prop
To our infirmity. No officious slave
Art thou of that false secondary power
By which we multiply distinctions, then
Deem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have made.

To thee, unblinded by those formal arts,

The unity of all hath been revealed,
And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly skilled
Than many are to range the facul
tion

In scale and order, class the cabinet
Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase
Run through the history and birth of each
As of a single independent thing.
Hard task, vain hope, to analyse the mind,
If each most obvious and particular thought,
Not in a mystical and idle sense,
But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,
Hath no beginning.
Blest the infant Babe,
(For with my best conjecture I would trace
Our being's earthly progress,) blest the Babe,
Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to sleep,
Rocked on his Mother's breast; who with his soul
Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye:
For him, in one dear Presence, there exists
A virtue which irritates and excites
Objects through widest intercourse of sense.
No unrest he, bewildered and depressed:
Along his infant veins are interfused
The gravitation and the filial bond.
Of nature that connect him with the world.
Is there a flower, to which he points with hand
Too weak to gather it, already love
Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for him
Hath beautified that flower; already shades
Of pity cast from inward tenderness
Do fall around him upon aught that bears
Unsightly marks of violence or harm.
Emphatically such a Being lives,
Fain creature as he is, helpless as frail,
An inmate of this active universe:
For feeling has to him imparted power
That through the growing faculties of sense
Doth like an agent of the one great Mind
Create, creator and receiver both,
Working but in similitude of the works
Which it beholds.—Such, verily, is the first
Poetic spirit of our human life,
By uniform control of after years,
In most, abated or suppressed; in some,
Through every change of growth and of decay,
Pre-eminent till death.

From early days,
Beginning not long after that first time
In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch
I held mutu dialogue with my Mother's heart,
I have endeavoured to display the means
Whereby this infant sensibility,
Great birthright of our being, was in me
Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path
More difficult before me; and I fear
That in its broken windings we shall need
The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing:
For now a trouble came into my mind
From unknown causes. I was left alone
Seeking the visible world, not knowing why.
The prop of my affections were removed,
And yet the building stood, as if sustained
By its own spirit! All that I beheld
Was dear, and hence to finer infuses
The mind lay open to a more exact
And close communion. Many are our joys
In youth, but oh! what happiness to be
When every hour brings palpitable access
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is d
And sorrow is not there! The season
And every season wheresoe'er I moved
Unfolded transitory qualities,
Which, but for this most watchful power
Had been neglected; left a register
Of permanent relations, else unknown.
Hence life, and change, and beauty, are
More active even than "best society"
Society made sweet as solitude
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,
And gentle agitations of the mind
From manifold distinctions, difference
Perceived in things, where, to the unwise
No difference is, and hence, from that
Sublimner joy; for I would walk alone
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whate'er there is of power
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned; and I would
If the night blackened with a coming
Beneath some rock, listening to note
The ghostly language of the ancient
Or make their dim abode in distant
Thus did I drink the visionary pot
And deem not profane those fables
Of shadowy exalation; not for this
That they are kindred to our purest
And intellectual life; but that the air
Remembering how she felt, but what
Remembering not, retains an obscurity
Of possible sublimity, whereeto
With growing faculties she doth aspire
With faculties still growing, feeling:
That whatsoever point they gain, the
Have something to pursue.

And as
Mid gloom and tumults, but no less
And tranquil scenes, that universal
And fitness in the latent qualities
And essences of things, by which the
Is moved with feelings of delight, to
Came strengthened with a superadd
A virtue not its own. My morning
Were early;—oft before the hours
I travelled round our little lake, for
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time
For this, that one was by my side, and
Then passionately loved; with hear

* The late Rev. John Fleming, of Bermon. —Ed.
rued these lines! For many years I dwelt in between us, and, our minds each other, at this time those hours had never been. Did I lift our cottage latch where one smoke-wreath had risen dwelling, or the vernal thrush; and sate among the woods one jutting eminence, learn of dawn-light, when the Vale, ng, lay in utter solitude. Seek the origin? where find marvellous things which then I felt moments such a holy calm spread my soul, that bodily eyes forgotten, and what I saw as something in myself, a dream, is the mind.

'Twere long to tell and autumn, what the winter snows, the summer shade, what day and night, morning, sleep and waking, thought inexhaustible, poured forth spirit of religious love walked with Nature. But let this ten, that I still retained five sensibility; tho... regular action of the world unsubdued. A plastic power ge; a forming hand, at times singing in a devious mood; of his own, at war tendency, but, for the most, strictly to external things: t communed. An auxiliary light my mind, which on the setting sun splendour; the melodic birds, a breezes, fountains that run on so sweetly in themselves, obeyed ion, and the midnight storm in the presence of my eye: essence, my devotion hence, y transport.

Nor should this, perchance, led, that I still had loved and produce of a toil, industry to me, and whose character I deem as resembling more cy. The song would speak nimble building reared in of affinities ere no brotherhood exists ude. My seventeenth year was come;

And, whether from this habit rooted now So deeply in my mind, or from excess In the great social principle of life Coercing all things into sympathy, To unorganic natures were transferred My own enjoyments; or the power of truth Coming in revelation, did converse With things that really are; I, at this time, Saw blessings spread around me like a sea. Thus while the days flew by, and years passed on, From Nature and her overflowing soul, I had received so much, that all my thoughts Were steeped in feeling; I was only then Contented, when with bliss ineffable I felt the sentiment of Being spread O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still; O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought And human knowledge, to the human eye Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;

O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings, Or bents the gladsome air; o'er all that glides Beneath the wave, yes, in the wave itself, And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not If high the transport, great the joy I felt, Communing in this sort through earth and heaven With every form of creature, as it looked Towards the Uncreated with a countenance Of adoration, with an eye of love. One song they sang, and it was audible, Most audible, then, when the flabby ear, O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain, Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

If this be error, and another faith Find easier access to the pious mind, Yet were I grossly destitute of all Those human sentiments that make this earth So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes And sounding cataclys, ye mists and winds That dwell among the hills where I was born. If in my youth I have been pure in heart, If, mingling with the world, I am content With my own modest pleasures, and have lived With God and Nature communing, removed From little enmities and low desires, The gift is yours; if in these times of fear, This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown, If, mid indifference and apathy, And wicked exultation when good men On every side fall off, we know not how, To selfishness, disguised in gentle names Of peace and quiet and domestic love, Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
On visionary minds; if, in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
Despair not of our nature, but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life; the gift is yours,
Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,
Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou hast fed
My lofty speculations; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend! went reared
In the great city, 'mid far other scenes;
But we, by different roads, at length have gained
The self same bourn. And for this cause to thee
I speak, unappreciative of contempt,
The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
And all that silent language which so oft
In conversation between man and man
Blots from the human countenance all trace
Of beauty and of love. For thou hast sought
The truth in solitude, and, since the days
That gave thee liberty, full long desired,
To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been
The most assiduous of her ministers;
In many things my brother, chiefly here
In our deep devotion.

Fare thee well!

Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
Attend thee! seeking off the haunts of men,
And yet more often living with thyself,
And for thyself; so haply shall thy days
Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

BOOK THIRD

RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,
And nothing cheered our way till first we saw
The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,
Striding along as if overtaken by Time,
Or covetous of exercise and air;
He passed—nor was I master of my eyes
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.
Onward we drove beneath the Castle; caught,
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of
Cam;
And at the Hoop alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of
hope;
Some friends I had, acquaintances who there
Seemed friends, poor simple school-boys, now
hung round

With honour and importance; in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
Flowed in upon me, from all sides; fresh day
Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seemed
A man of business and expense, and went
From shop to shop about my own affairs,
To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,
From street to street with loose and careless mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream; I reposed
Delighted through the motley spectacle;
Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, shod
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateway
towers:
Migration strange for a stripling of the hills.
A northern villager.

As if the change
Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once
Behold me rich in monies, and attired
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
Powdered like riny trees, when frost is keen.
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,
With other signs of manhood that supplied
The lack of beard.—The weeks went roundly
With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
Smooth housekeeping within, and all without
Liberal, and suitting gentleman's array.
lingelst St. John my patron was: 

die courts are his, and in the first 

ing-place, a nook obscure; 

rueath, the College kitchens made 
g sound, less tunable than bees, 
less industrious: with shrill notes 
command and scolding intermixed. 

ing Trinity's loquacious clock, 
let the quarters, night or day, 
unproclaimed, and told the hours 
with a male and female voice. 

organ was my soul's too; 
my pillow, looking forth by light 

r favouring stars, I could behold 
apel where the statues stood. 

with his prism and silent face, 

exhibit of a mind for ever 
through strange seas of Thought, alone. 

ge labours, of the Lecturer's room 
round, as thick as chairs could stand, 

students, faithful to their books, 

illers, hardy recuscants, 

inces of important days, 

en, when the man was weighed 
ance! of excessive hopes, 

atrophic and commendable fears, 

onies, and triumphs good or bad— 

that know more speak as they know. 

was but little sought by me, 

won. Yet from the first crude days 

time in this untried abode, 

red at times by prudent thoughts, 

ope without a hope, some fears 
future worldly maintenance, 

than all, a strangeness in the mind, 

at I was not for that hour, 

place. But wherefore be cast down! 

peak of Reason and her pure 
acts to fix the moral law 

conscience, nor of Christian Hope, 

head before her sister Faith 

mightier), hither I had come, 

me Truth, endowed with holy powers 

tics, whether to work or feel. 

the dazzling show no longer new 

to dazzle, oftentimes did I quit 

es, leave the crowd, buildings and 

ed alone the level fields 

ose lovely sights and sounds sublime 

had been conversant, the mind 

ot; but there into herself returning, 

pt rebound seemed fresh as heretofore. 

At least I more distinctly recognised 

r native instincts: let me dare to speak 

higher language, say that now I felt 

hat independent solaces were mine, 

To mitigate the injurious sway of place 

r circumstance, how far soever changed 

outh, or to be changed in after years. 

As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained, 

locked for universal things; pursued 

he common countenance of earth and sky: 

Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace 

of that first Paradise whence man was driven; 

And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed 

By the proud name she bears—the name of 

Heaven. 

I called on both to teach me what they might; 

Or turning the mind in upon herself 

Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my 

thoughts 

and spread them with a wider creeping; felt 

Incumbencies more averse, visitings 

Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul, 

That tolerates the indignities of Time, 

And, from the centre of Eternity 

All finite motions overruling, lives 

In glory immutable. But peace! enough 

Here to record that I was mounting now 

To such community with highest truth— 

A track pursuing, not untrod before, 

From strict analogies by thought supplied 

Or consciousnesses not to be subdued. 

To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower, 

Even the loose stones that cover the high-way, 

I gave a moral life: I saw them feel, 

Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass 

Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all 

That I beheld resired with inward meaning. 

Add that what'ser of Terror or of Love 

Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on 

From transitory passion, unto this 

I was as sensitive as waters are 

To the sky's influence in a kindred mood 

Of passion; was obedient as a lute 

That waits upon the touches of the wind. 

Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich— 

I had a world about me—I was my own; 

I made it, for it only lived to me, 

And to the God who sees into the heart. 

Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed 

By outward gestures and by visible looks: 

Some called it madness—so indeed it was, 

If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy, 

If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured 

To inspiration, sort with such a name;
If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
By poets in old time, and higher up
By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
May in these tutored days no more be seen
With unordered sight. But leaving this,
It was no madness, for the bodily eye
Aimed my strongest workings evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference
As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast; an eye
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power might sleep;
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend! have I retraced my life
Up to an eminence, and told a tale
Of matters which not falsely may be called
The glory of my youth. Of genius, power,
Creation and divinity itself
I have been speaking, for my theme has been
What passed within me. Not of outward things
Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,
Symbols or actions, but of my own heart
Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind.
O Heavens! how awful is the might of souls,
And what they do within themselves while yet
The yoke of earth is new to them, the world
Nothing but a wild field where they were sown.
This is, in truth, heroic argument,
This genuine prowess, which I wished to touch
With hand however weak, but in the main
It lies far hidden from the reach of words.
Points have we all of us within our souls
Where all stand single; this I feel, and make
Breathings for incommunicable powers;
But is not each a memory to himself?
And, therefore, now that we must quit this theme,
I am not heartless, for there's not a man
That lives who hath not known his god-like hours,
And feels not what an empire we inherit
As natural beings in the strength of Nature.

No more: for now into a populous plain
We must descend. A Traveller I am,
Whose tale is only of himself; even so,
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt
To follow, and if thou, my honoured Friend!
Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the sun
That flashed upon me from this novel
Had sailed, the mind returned into life.
Yet true it is, that I had made a change
In climate, and my nature's outward
Changed also slowly and insensibly.
Full oft the quiet and exalted thought
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise
And superficial pastimes; now and then
Forced labour, and more frequently in
And, worst of all, a treasurable growth
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired
And shook the mind's simplicity.—A
This was a glad some time. Could I
Who, less insensible than sodden clay
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
Could have beheld,—with undelights
So many happy youths, so wide and free,
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all a
So many divers samples from the grove
Of life's sweet season—could have seen
That miscellaneous garland of wild flow,
Decking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world! To it
It was a goodly prospect: for, in sort
Though I had learnt betimes to stand
And independent musings pleased me,
Yet could I only cleave to solitude
In lonely places; if a throng was new
That way I leaned by nature; for my
Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might partake
My deeper pleasures (may, I had not:
Though not unused to matter less
Even with myself divided such delight
Or looked that way for ought that might
In human language), easily I passed
From the remembrances of better things
And slipped into the ordinary works
Of careless youth, unburnished, unabashed.
Caverns there were within my mind
Could never penetrate, yet did there
Want store of leafy arbours where the
Might enter in at will. Companion
Friendships, acquaintances, were well
We sauntered, played, or rioted; we
Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
Drifted about along the streets and
Read lastly in trivial books, went forth
To gally through the country in bliss
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the
RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

Ailed boisterously, and let the stars
th, perhaps without one quiet thought.

Was the tenor of the second act
ow life. Imagination slept,
not utterly. I could not print
where the grass had yielded to the steps
ations of illustrious men.

I could not always lightly pass
the same gateways, sleep where they had

Here they waked, range that inclosure old,
den of great intellects, undisturbed.

By the side of this dark sense
feeling, that those spiritual men,

Great Newton's own eternal self,
humbled in these precincts hence to be
exulted. Their several memorials here
in their persons in their portraits clothed
acquainted garb of daily life)

Lowly and a touching grace
distinct humanity, that left

In this mixed sort

The months passed on, remissly, not given up
To wilful alienation from the right,
Or walks of open scandal, but in vague
And loose indifference, easy likenings, aims
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,
Yet Nature, or a happy course of things

Not doing in their stead the needful work.
The memory languidly revolved, the heart

Reposed in noisible rest, the inner pulse
Of contemplation almost failed to beat.

Such life might not inaply be compared

To a floating island, an amphibious spot.
Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal
Not wanting a fair face of water weeds

And pleasant flowers. The thirst of living praise,

Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight

Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,
Where mighty minds lie visibly entombed,

Have often stirred the heart of youth, and bred
A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—

Alas! such high emotion touched not me.

Look was there none within these walls to shame
My easy spirits, and discountenance
Their light composure, far less to instil

A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed

To puissant efforts. Nor was this the blame
Of others but my own; I should, in truth,

As far as doth concern my single self,

Misdoom most widely, lodging it elsewhere:
For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,

Was a spoiled child, and, rambling like the wind,

As I had done in daily intercourse

With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,

And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the air,

I was ill-tutored for captivity;
To quit my pleasure, and, from month to month,
Take up a station calmly on the perch.
Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms
Had also lost less space within my mind,
Which, wrought upon instinctively, had found
A freshness in those objects of her love,
A winning power, beyond all other power.
Not that I slighted books— that were to lack
All sense,— but other passions in me ruled,
Passions more fervent, making me less prompt
To in-door study than was wise or well,
Or suited to those years. Yet I, though used
In magisterial liberty to rove,
Calling such flowers of learning as might tempt
A random choice, could shadow forth a place
(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)
Whose studious aspect should have bent me down.
To instantaneous service; should at once
Have made me pay to science and to arts
And written love, acknowledged my liege lord,
A homage frankly offered up, like that
Which I had paid to Nature. Toll and pains
In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
Should spread from heart to heart; and sately groves,
Majestic edifices, should not want
A corresponding dignity within.
The congregating temper that pervades
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught
To minister to works of high attempt—
Works which the enthusiast would perform with love.
Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized
For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labour won, and fit to endure
The passing day; should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off abashed
Before antiquity and steadfast truth
And strong book-mindedness; and over all
A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemingly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.

If these thoughts
Are a gratuitous ebulliozy
That mocks the recant age we live in, then
Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
Whatever formal guilt of discipline
Shall raise them highest in their own esteem—
Let them parade among the Schools at will,
But spare the House of God. Was ever known
The wildest shepherd who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English Church.
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village town
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at hand,
In daily sight of this irreverence,
In solemn thence with an unnatural taint.
Loose her just authority, falls beneath
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.
This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
That having 'mid my native hills given lose
To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pep
Upon the basis of the coming time,
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection; a primaveral grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,
Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe;
A habitation sober and demure
For rumination creatures; a domain
For quiet things to wander in; a haunt
In which the heron should delight to feed
By the shy rivers, and the pelican
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
Might sit and sun himself—Alas! Alas!
In vain for such solemnity I looked;
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, our winged
By cluttering poppy-jays; the inner heart
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight
Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
When all who dwelt within these famous walls
Led in abstemiousness a studious life;
When, in forlorn and naked chambers coped
And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they lay
Like caterpillars eating out their way
In silence, or with keen devouring noise
Not to be tricked or fathered. Princes then
At matins froze, and coughed at curfew-time,
Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
Spare diet, patient labour, and plain words.
O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the world.
RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up
To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood
In my own mind remote from social life,
(At least from what we commonly so name,)
Like a lone shepherd on a promontory
Who lacking occupation looks far forth
Into the boundless sea, and rather makes
Than finds what he beholds. And sure it is,
That this first transit from the smooth delights
And wild outlandish walks of simple youth
To something that resembles an approach
Towards human business, to a privileged world
Within a world, a midway residence
With all its interventious imagery,
Did better suit my visionary mind,
Far better, than to have been bolted forth,
Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
Among the conflicts of substantial life;
By a more just gradation did lead on
To higher things; more naturally matured,
For permanent possession, better fruits,
Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.
In serious mood, but often, I confess,
With playful zest of fancy, did we note
(How could we less?) the manners and the ways
Of those who lived distinguished by the badge
Of good or ill report; or those with whom
By frame of Academic discipline
We were perforce connected, men whose way
And known authority of office served
To set our minds on edge, and did no more.
Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring
Of the grave Elders, men unacquainted, grotesque
In character, tricked out like aged trees
Which through the lapes of their infirmity
Give ready place to any random seed
That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly
Those shepherd swains whom I had lately left,
Appeared a different aspect of old age;
How different! yet both distinctly marked,
Objects embossed to catch the general eye,
Or portraiture for special use designed,
As some might seem, so aptly do they serve
To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—
That book upheld as with maternal care
When she would enter on her tender scheme
Of teaching comprehension with delight,
And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts.

And wisdom and the pledges interchanged
With our own inner being are forgot.

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And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts.
The surfaces of artificial life
And manners finely wrought, the delicate race
Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down
Through that state are woven with silk and gold;
This wily interchange of snaky hues,
Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
I neither knew nor cared for; and as much
Were wanting here, I took what might be found
Of less elaborate fabric. At this day
I smile, in many a mountain solitude
Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks
Of character, in points of wit as broad,
As aught by wooden images performed
For entertainment of the gaping crowd
At wake or fair. And oftentimes do sit
Remembrances before me of old men—
Old humourists, who have been long in their
graves,
And having almost in my mind put off
Their human names, have into phantoms passed
Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer: 'tis enough to note
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed
The limbs of the great world; its eager strifes
Collaterally portrayed, as in mock fight,
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
Though short of mortal combat; and whate'er
Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
More that way, was not wasted upon me—
And yet the spectacle may well demand
A more substantial name, no mimic show,
Itself a living part of a live whole,
A creek in the vast sea; for, all degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise
Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good;
And here was Labour, his own bond-slave; Hope,
That never set the pains against the prize;
Idleness halting with his weary dog.
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,
And simple Pleasure forsaking for Death;
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;
Feuds, factions, flattaries, enmity, and guile
Murmuring submission, and bald government,
(The idol weak as the idolator).
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him: Emptiness
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices
I cannot say what portion is in truth
The naked recollection of that time,
And what may rather have been called to life
By after-meditation. But delight
That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,
Is still with Innocence its own reward,
This was not wanting. Carelessly I roamed
As through a wide museum from whose stores
A casual rarity is singled out
And has its brief perusal, then gives way
To others, all supplant it in their turn;
Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of things
That are by nature most unneighbourly,
The head turns round and cannot right itself;
And though an aching and a barren sense
Of gay confusion still be uppermost,
With few wise longings and but little love,
Yet to the memory something cleaves at last,
Whence profit may be drawn in times to come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend!
The labouring time of autumn, winter, spring,
Eight months! I rolled pleasingly away; the ninth
Came and returned me to my native hills.
SUMMER VACATION.

BOOK FOURTH.

SUMMER VACATION.

the summer'snoon when quickening
the other till a dreamy moor
a bare ridge clomb, upon whose top
as from a rampart's edge,
the bed of Windermere,  
river, stretching in the sun.

at my feet I saw
promontories, gleaming bays,
Nature's fairest forms
sailed with instantaneous bust, and beautiful, and gay.

own the hill shouting amain
Ferryman; to the shout the rocks
when the Charon of the flood
scares, and touched the jutting pier,

into the well-known boat
ardial greeting. Then cos with speed
ier hill I took my way
a sweet "Valley" where I had been

short hour's walk, ere veering round
white church upon her hill
Lord Lady, sending out
ok all her domain.

coke betrays the lurking town;
ses tepa I advance and reach
threshold where my journey closed.

had I, with some tears, perhaps,
Dame, so kind and motherly,
cruised me with a parent's pride.

of gratitude shall fall like dew
we, good creatures! While my heart
er will I forget thy name.

sage be upon thee where thou liest
 société and busy stir
res, thy little daily growth
ments, after eighty years,
an eighty, of untroubled life,
by the strangers to thy blood
th little less than filial love.
mine to see thee once again,

in dwelling, and a crowd of things
tow precincts all beloved,

And many of them seeming yet my own!

Why should I speak of what a thousand hearts
Have felt, and every man alive can guess?
The rooms, the court, the garden were not left
Long unaltered, nor the sunny seat
Round the stone table under the dark pine,
Friendly to studious or to festive hours;
Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,
The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed
Within our garden, found himself at once,
As if by trick insidious and unkind,
Stripped of his voice and left to dimple down
(Without an effort and without a will)
A channel paved by man's officious care.

I looked at him and smiled, and smiled again,
And in the press of twenty thousand thoughts,
"He," quoth I, "pretty prisoner, are you there!"
Well might sarcastic Fancy then have whispered,
"An emblem here beheld of thy own life;
In its late course of seven days with all
Their smooth enthrallment;" but the heart was full,
Too full for that reproach. My aged Dame
Walked proudly at my side; she guided me;
I willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led.

—The face of every neighbour whom I met
Was like a volume to me; some were hailed
Upon the road, some busy at their work,
Unceremonious greetings interchanged
With half the length of a long field between.
Among my schoolfellows I scattered round
Like recognitions, but with some constraint
Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,
But with more shame, for my habiliments,
The transformation wrought by gay attire.
Not less delighted did I take my place
At our domestic table: and, dear Friend!
In this endeavour simply to relate
A Poet's history, may I leave untold
The thankfulness with which I laid me down
In my accustomed bed, more welcome now
Perhaps than if it had been more desired
Or been more often thought of with regret;
That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind
Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so oft
Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
The moon in splendour couched among the leaves
Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood;
Had watched her with fixed eyes while to and fro
In the dark summit of the waving tree
She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.

Among the favourites whom it pleased me well
To see again, was one by ancient right
Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills;
By birth and call of nature pre-ordained
To hunt the badger and unearth the fox
Among the impervious clags, but having been
From youth our own adopted, he had passed
Into a gentler service. And when first
The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day
Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
The fermentation, and the vernal heat
Of poetry, affecting private shades
Like a sick Lover, than this dog was used
To watch me, an attendant and a friend,
Obsequious to my steps early and late,
Though often of such dilatory walk.
Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.
A hundred times when, roving high and low,
I have been harassed with the toil of verse,
Much pains and little progress, and at once
Some lovely Image in the song rose up
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea;
Then have I darted forwards to
my hand upon his back with stormy joy,
Cáressing him again and yet again.

And when at evening on the public way
I sauntered, like a river murmuring
And talking to itself when all things else
Are still, the creature trotted on before;
Such was his custom; but whenever he met
A passenger approaching, he would turn
to give me timely notice, and straightway,
Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed
My voice, composed my gait, and, with the air
And mien of one whose thoughts are free, advanced
To give and take a greeting that might save
My name from pitious rumours, such as wait
On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized and loved—
Regretted!—that word, too, was on my tongue,
But they were richly laden with all good,
And cannot be remembered but with thanks
And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—
Those walks in all their freshness now came back
Like a returning Spring. When first I made
Once more the circuit of our little lake,
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
That day consummate happiness was mine,
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.

The sun was set, or setting, when I left
Our cottage door, and evening soon brought in
A sober hour, not winning or serene.
For cold and raw the air was, and untuned
But as a face we love is sweetest then
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
Have fullness in herself; even so with us.
It faded that evening. Gently did my soul
Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood
Naked, as in the presence of her God.
While on I walked, a comfort seemed to teach
A heart that had not been disconsolate:
Strength came where weakness was not long to be,
At least not felt; and restoration came
Like an intruder knocking at the door
Of unacknowledged weariness. I took
The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself:
Of that external scene which round me lies,
Little, in this abstraction, did I see;
Remembered less; but I had inward hopes
And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and ecstasied
Conversed with promises, had glimmering view
How life pervades the undecaying mind;
How the immortal soul with God-like power
Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep
That time can lay upon her; how on earth,
Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.
Nor was there want of mildler thoughts of love
Of innocence, and holiday repose;
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir
Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end.
At last, or glorious, by endurance won
Thus musings, in a wood I sate me down
Along, continuing there to muse; the slopes
And heights meanwhile were slowly overworn
With darkness, and before a rippling breeze
The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,
And in the sheltered coppices where I sate
Around me from among the hazel leaves
Now here, now there, moved by the stirring
wind,
Came ever and anon a breath-like sound
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog.
The off and on companion of my walk;
And such, at times, believing them to be,
I turned my head to look if he were there;
Then into solemn thought I passed once more.

A freshness also found I at this time
In human Life, the daily life of those
SUMMER VACATION.

occupations really I loved;eful scene oft filled me with surprise like a garden in the heat of spring sight-days' absence. For (to omit which were the same and yet appeared wise) amid this rural solitude,

Yale where each was known to all, indifferent to a youthful mind some sheltering bower or sunny nook, an old man had used to sit alone, pant; pale-faced babes whom I had left now rosy prattlers at the feet

and grandame tottering up and down; ding girls whose beauty, flushed away its pleasant promises, was gone some slighted playmate's homely cheek.

had something of a subtler sense, a looking round was moved to smiles delicate work of humour breeds; about design, the opinions, thoughts, plain-living people now observed ner knowledge; with another eye quit woodman in the woods, herd roam the hills. With new delight, fly, did I note my grey-haired Dame;

forth to church or other work equipped in monumental trim; yet clack, (her bonnet of the like), such as Spanish Cavalier old time. Her smooth domestic life, ste without disquietude, her business, pleased me; and no less though shallow stream of piety on Sabbath days a fresher course; sights unfelt till now I saw her read on hot Sunday afternoons, I the book, when she had dropped asleep of it a pillow for her head.

as do I remember to have felt, heartedness about my love to hitherto the absolute wealth in private being and no more; had loved, even as a blessed spirit if he were to dwell on earth, in individual happiness. there opened on me other thoughts, congratulation or regret, feeling! It spread far and wide; the mountains shared it, and the brooks, of Heaven, now seen in their old

White Sirius glittering o'er the southern crags, Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven, Acquaintances of every little child, And Jupiter, my own beloved star!

Whatever shadings of mortality, Whatever imports from the world of death Had come among these objects heretofore, Were, in the main, of mood less tender: strong, Deep, gloomy were they, and severe; the scatterings

Of awe or tremulous dread, that had given way In later youth to yearnings of a love Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down-bending from the side Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast Of a still water, solacing himself With such discoveries as his eye can make Beneath him in the bottom of the deep, See some beautiful sights—woods, fishes, flowers, Grotto, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more, Yet often is perplexed, and cannot part The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky.

Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth Of the clear flood, from things which there abide In their true dwelling; now is crossed by gleam Of his own image, by a sun-beam now, And wavering motions sent he knows not whence, Impediments that make his task more sweet; Such pleasant office have we long pursued Incumbent o'er the surface of past time With like success, nor often have appeared Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned Than these to which the Tale, indulgent Friend! Would now direct thy notice. Yet in spite Of pleasure won, and knowledge not withheld, There was an inner falling off— I loved, Loved deeply all that had been loved before, More deeply even than ever: but a swarm Of heady schemes jostling each other, gawds, And feast and dance, and public revelry, And sports and games (too grateful in themselves, Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe, Than as they were a badge glossy and fresh Of manliness and freedom) all conspired To lure my mind from firm habitual quest Of feeding pleasures, to depress the soul And damp those yearnings which had once been mine—

A wild, unworldly-minded youth, given up To his own eager thoughts. It would demand Some skill, and longer time than may be spared To paint these vanities, and how they wrought In haunts where they, till now, had been unknown.
It seemed the very garments that I wore
Preyed on my strength, and stopped the quiet stream
Of self-forgetfulness.
Yes, that heartless chase
Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange
For books and nature at that early age.
'Tis true, some casual knowledge might be gained
Of character or life; but at that time,
Of manners put to school. I took small note,
And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere.
Far better had it been to exalt the mind
By solitary study, to uphold
Intense desire through meditative peace;
And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,
The memory of one particular hour
Doth here rise up against me. 'Mid a throng
Of maidens and youths, old men, and matrons staid,
A medley of all tempers, I had passed
The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
And glistening forms, and tapers glittering;
And unalmend prattle flying up and down;
Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there
Slight shocks of young love-like interpersed,
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,
And tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,
The clock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tintured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common daw—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! I need I say, dear Friend! that to the brink
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Strange rendezvous! My mind was at that time
A part-coloured show of grave and gay,
Solid and light, short-sighted and profound;
Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,
Consorting in one mansion unreproved.
The worth I knew of powers that I possessed,
Though slighted and too oft misused. Besides,
That summer,-swarming as it did with thought
Transient and idle, lacked not intervals
When Folly from the frowns of fleeting Time
Shrank, and the mind experienced in herself
Conformity as just as that of old
To the end and written spirit of God's will.
Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,
Through pregnant vision, separate or conjoint.

When from our better selves we have too long
Been parted by the hurrying world, and drop
Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;
How potent a mere image of her sway?
Most potent when impressed upon the mind
With an appropriate human centre—hence
Deep in the bosom of the wilderness,
Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot
Is treading, where no other face is seen)
Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the top
Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves;
Or as the soul of that great Power is met
Sometimes embodied on a public road,
When, for the night deserted, it assumes
A character of shades more profound
Than passionless wastes.

Once, when those summer mists
Were flown, and autumn brought its annual show
Of ours with ours contending, sails with sails
Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced
That—after I had left a flower-decked room
(Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived
To a late hour), and spirits overwrought
Were making night do penance for a day
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—
My homeward course led up a long ascent,
Where the road's watery surface, to the top
Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon
And bore the semblance of another stream
Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook
That murmured in the vale. All else was still;
No living thing appeared in earth or air,
And, save the flowing water's peaceful wave,
Sound there was none—but, lo! an ancient shade
Shown by a sudden turning of the road,
So near that, slipping back into the shade
Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well,
Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,
A span above man's common measure, tall,
Stiff, lank, and upright; a more meagre man
Was never seen before by night or day.
Long were his arms, pallid his hands; his more
Looked ghastly in the moonlight; from behind
A mile-stone propped him; I could also ken
as clothed in military garb, 
led, yet entire. Companionless, 
ending, by no staff sustained, 
and in his very dress appeared 
with simplicity, 
the trappings of a gaudy world 
ange background. From his lips, cre 
uttered sounds, as if of pain 
grew thought; yet still his form 
and awful steadiness—at his feet 
day, and moved not. From self-blame 
free, I watched him thus; at length 
my heart’s specious cowardice, 
chuck nook where I had stood 
him. Slowly from his resting-place 
and with a lean and wasted arm 
look lifted to his head 
my salutation; then resumed 
us before; and when I asked 
the veteran, in reply, 
less nor eager; but, unmoved, 
quaint uncomplaining voice, 
ir of mild indifference, 
few plain words a soldier’s tale— 
e Tropic Islands he had served, 
he had landed scarcely three weeks past; 
landing he had been dismissed, 
was travelling towards his native home. 
, I said, in pity, “Come with me.” 
d, and straightway from the ground 
up staff by me yet unobserved— 
ich must have dropped from his slack 
d It now neglected in the grass, 
sak his step and cautious, he appeared 
without pain, and I beheld, 
With an astonishment but ill suppressed, 
His ghastly figure moving at my side; 
Nor could I, while I sorrowed thus, forbear 
To turn from present hardships to the past, 
And speak of war, battle, and pestilence, 
Sprinkling this talk with questions, better spared, 
On what he might himself have seen or felt. 
He all the while was in demeanour calm, 
Conceis in answer; solemn and sublime 
He might have seemed, but that in all he said 
There was a strange half-absence, as of one 
Knowing too well the importance of his theme, 
But feeling it no longer. Our discourse 
Soon ended, and together on we passed 
In silence through a wood gloomy and still. 
Up-turning, then, along an open field, 
We reached a cottage. At the door I knocked, 
And earnestly to charitable care 
Commended him as a poor friendless man, 
Belated and by sickness overcome. 
Assured that now the traveller would repose 
In comfort, I entreated that henceforth 
He would not linger in the public ways, 
But ask for timely refreshment and help 
Such as his state required. At this reproof, 
With the same ghastly mildness in his look, 
He said, “My trust is in the God of Heaven, 
And in the eye of him who passes me!”

The cottage door was speedily unbarred, 
And now the soldier touched his hat once more 
With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice, 
Whose tone bespeake reviving interests 
Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned 
The farewell blessing of the patient man, 
And so we parted. Back I cast a look, 
And lingered near the door a little space, 
Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

BOOK FIFTH.

That thou endurest; heavy though that weight be, 
Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light divine 
Doth melt away; but for those palms achieved, 
Through length of time, by patient exercise 
Of study and hard thought; there, there, it is 
That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto, 
In progress through this Verse, my mind hath 
looked
Up on the speaking face of earth and heaven
As her prime teacher; intercourse with man
Established by the sovereign Intellect
Who through that bodily image hath diffused,
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast wrought,
For commerce of thy nature with herself,
Things that aspire to unconquerable life;
And yet we feel—we cannot choose but feel—
That they must perish. Tremblings of the heart
It gives, to think that our immortal being
No more shall need such garments; and yet man,
As long as he shall be the child of earth,
Might almost "weep to have" what he may lose,
Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,
Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.
A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,—
Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes
Be wounded, or fire come down from far to sear
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
Old Ocean, in his bed loft ained and bare,
Yet would the living Presence still subsist
Victorious, and composure would ensue;
And kindlings like the morning—presage sure
Of day returning and of life revived.
But all the meditations of mankind,
Yes, all the adamantine holds of truth
By reason built, or passion, which itself
Is highest reason in a soul sublime;
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,
Sensual or intellectual, wrought by men,
Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes;
Where would they be? Oh! why hath not the
Mind
Some element to stamp her image on
In nature somewhat nearer to her own?
Why, gifted with such powers to send abroad
Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail?

One day, when from my lips a like complaint
Had fallen in presence of a studious friend,
He with a smile made answer, that in truth
"Twas going far to seek disquietude:
But on the front of his reproach confessed
That he himself had oftentimes given way
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I told,
That once in the stillness of a summer's noon,
While I was seated in a rocky cave
By the sea-side, persuing, so it chanced,
The famous history of the errant knight
Recorded by Cervantes, those same thoughts
Beset me, and to height unusual rose,
While listlessly I sate, and, having closed
The book, had turned my eyes toward the wide sea.

On poetry and geometric truth,
And their high privileges of lasting life;
From all internal injury exempt,
I mused; upon these chiefly: and at length,
My sense yielding to the sultry air.
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream.
I saw before me stretched a boundless plain
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,
And as I looked around, distress and fear
Came creeping over me, when at my side,
Close at my side, an uncouth shape appeared
Upon a dromedary, mounted high.
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin tribes:
A lance he bore, and underneath one arm
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell
Of surpassing brightness. At the sight
Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide
Was present, one who with uncuring skill
Would through the desert lead me; and while yet
I looked and looked, self-questions what this
 freight
Which the new comer carried through the waste
Could mean, the Arab told me that the stone
(To give it in the language of the dream)
Was "Euclid's Elements;" and "This," said he,
"Is something of more worth;" and at the word
Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in shape,
In colour so resplendent, with command
That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,
And heard that instant in an unknown tongue,
Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,
A loud prophetic blast of harmony;
An Ode, in passion uttered, which foretold
Destruction to the children of the earth
By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased
The song, than the Arab with calm look declared
That all would come to pass of which the wise
Had given forewarning, and that he himself
Was going then to bury those two books:
The one that held acquaintance with the sea,
And wedded soul to soul in purest bond
Of reason, undisturbed by space or time;
The other that was a god, yea many gods,
Had voices more than all the winds, with power
To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe.
Through every clime, the heart of human kind.
While this was uttering, strange as it may seem,
I wondered not, although I plainly saw
The one to be a stone, the other a shell;
Nor doubted once but that they both were books,
Having a perfect faith in all that passed.
Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt
To cleave unto this man; but when I probed
To share his enterprise, he hurried on
BOOKS.

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allowed, not unseen,
set a backward look,
I treasure.—Lance in rest,
pace with him; and now
d become the knight
tells; yet not the knight,
the desert too;
and was both at once.

while, grew more disturbed;
some when he looked, mine eyes
wilderness diffused,
light: I asked the cause:
the waters of the deep
"quickening then the pace
ature he bestrode,
I after him aloud;
with his twofold charge
fore me, full in view,
the insubstantial waste,
of a drowning world
where I waked in terror,
to me, and the book,
reading, at my side.

from the world of sleep
which I thus beheld,
to him have given
him a living man,
the desert, crazed
and internal thought
solitude,
dering upon this quest!
m; but rather felt
a being thus employed;
the blind and awful hair
reason did lie couched.
earth to take in charge
children, and their virgin loves,
he heart holds dear;
ay; yes, will I say; It
bernese the approach
signs in earth
last, that I could share
anxiety, and go
sometimes at least;
entrainment overcome,
volume in my hand,
of immortal verse,
on, labourers divine!

indeed, must be the power
which could thus so long
best of other guides
left unthanked, unpraised,

Even in the time of lisping infancy;
And later down, in prattling childhood even,
While I was travelling back among those days,
How could I ever play an ingrate's part!
Once more should I have made those bowers
resound,
By intermingling strains of thankfulness
With their own thoughtless melodies; at least
It might have well beseeched me to repeat
Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,
In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale
That did bewitch me then, and soothes me now.
O Friend! O Poet! brother of my soul,
Think not that I could pass along untouched
By these remembrances. Yet wherefore speak!
Why call upon a few weak words to say
What is already written in the hearts
Of all that breathe!—what in the path of all
Drops daily from the tongue of every child,
Wherever man is found! The trickling tear
Upon the cheek of Listening Infancy
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave
There registered: whatever else of power
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be
Familiar to myself, let that remain
Where still it works, though hidden from all
search
Among the depths of time. Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which lay
Their sure foundations in the heart of man,
Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,
That in the name of all inspired souls—
From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice
That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
Our shores in England,—from those loftiest notes
Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made
For cottagers and spinners at the wheel.
And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired limbs,
Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad tunes,
Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
And of old men who have survived their joys—
"Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,
And of the men that framed them, whether known
Or sleeping nameless in their scattered graves,
That I should here assert their rights, attest
Their honours, and should, once for all, pronounce
Their benediction; speak of them as Powers
For ever to be hallowed; only less,
For what we are and what we may become,
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop
To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,
And, by these thoughts admonished, will pour out
Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was reared
Safe from an evil which these days have laid
Upon the children of the land, a pest
That might have dried me up, body and soul.
This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,
And things that teach as Nature teaches: then,
Oh I where had been the Man, the Poet where,
Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend!
If in the season of unpericious choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales
Rich with indigenous produce, open ground
Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched, and noosed,
Each in his several melancholy walk
Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed,
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;
Or rather like a stalled or debarrowd
From touch of growing grass, that may not taste
A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A prelude to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,
Though fledged and feathered, and well pleased to part
And struggle from her presence, still a brood,
And she herself from the maternal bond
Still undischarged; yet doth she little more
Than move with them in tenderness and love,
A centre to the circle which they make;
And now and then, alike from need of theirs
And call of her own natural appetites,
She scratches, ransacks up the earth for food,
Which they partake at pleasure. Early died
My honoured Mother, she who was the heart
And hinge of all our learnings and our loves:
She left us destitute, and, as we might,
Trooping together. Little suits it me
To break upon the sabbath of her rest
With any thought that looks at others' blame;
Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.
Hence am I checked: but let me boldly say,
In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,
Unheard by her, that she, not falsely taught,
Fetching her goodness rather from times past,
Than shaping novelties for times to come,
Had no presumption, no such jealousy,
Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust
Our nature, but had virtual faith that He

Who fills the mother's breast with innocence,
Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control,
As innocent instinto, and as innocent food;
Or draws for minds that are left free to trust
In the simplicities of opening life
Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded weeds.
This was her creed, and therefore she was pur
From anxious fear of error or mischief,
And evil, overweeningly so called;
Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,
Nor selfish with unnecessary care;
Nor with impatience from the season asked
More than its timely produce; rather loved
The hours for what they are, than from repul
Glanced on their promises in restless pride.
Such was she—not from faculties mere strong
Than others have, but from the times, perhaps,
And spot in which she lived, and through a gap
Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign.

My drift I fear
Is scarcely obvious; but, that common sense
May try this modern system by its fruits,
Leave let me take to place before her sight
A specimen pourtrayed with faithful hand.
Full early trained to worship seculines,
This model of a child is never known
To mix in quarrels; that were far beneath
Its dignity; with gifts he bubbles over
As generous as a fountain; selfishness
May not come near him, nor the little thrill
Of flitting pleasures tempt him from his path;
The wandering beggars propagate his name,
Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,
And natural or supernatural fear,
Unless it leap upon him in a dream,
Touches him not. To enhance the wonder, see
How arch his notices, how nice his sense
Of the ridiculous; not blind is he
To the broad follies of the licensed world.
Yet innocent himself withal, though shrewd.
And can read lectures upon innocence;
A miracle of scientific lore,
Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
And tell you all their cunning; he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
He knows the policies of foreign lands;
Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of dew.
Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he weighs;
All things are put to question; he must live
Knowing that he grows wiser every day.
Across the watery vale, and about again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peas,
And long halloes and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
Where he was born; that grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school,
And through that churchyard when my way has led
On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half hour together I have stood
Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies!
Even now appears before the mind’s clear eye
That self-same village church; I see her sit
(The throned Lady whom ere while we hailed)
On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy
Who slumbers at her feet,—forgetful, too
Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,
And listening only to the gladsome sounds
That, from the rural school ascending, play
Beneath her and about her.
May she long
Behold a race of young ones like to those
With whom I herded!—(easily, indeed,
We might have fed upon a fatter soil
Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)—
A race of real children; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good; but wanton, fresh,
And banded up and down by love and hate;
Not unresentful where self-justified;
Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy;
Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds;
Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft
Bending beneath our life’s mysterious weight
Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding not
In happiness to the happiest upon earth.
Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,
Be these the daily strengtheners of their minds;
May books and Nature be their early joy!
And knowledge, rightly honoured with that
Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power!
Well do I call to mind the very week
When I was first intrusted to the care
Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its shores,
And brooks were like a dream of novelty
To my half-infant thoughts; that very week,
While I was roving up and down alone,
Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross
One of those open fields, which, shaped like cars,
Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite’s Lake:
Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom
Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
A heap of garments, as if left by one
Who might have there been bathing. Long I watched,
But no one owned them; meanwhile the calm lake
Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,
And, now and then, a fish up-leaping snapped
The breathless stillness. The succeeding day,
Those unclaimed garments telling a plain tale
Drew to the spot an anxious crowd; some looked
In passive expectation from the shore,
While from a boat others hung o’er the deep,
Sounding with grappling irons and long poles.
At last, the dead man, ’mid that beauteous scene
Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape
Of terror; yet no soul-debasing fear.
Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
Such sights before, among the shining streams
Of fairy land, the forest of romance.
Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle
With decoration of all grace;
A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

And when thereafter to my father’s home
The holidays returned me, there to find
That golden store of books which I had left,
What joy was mine! How often, in the course
Of those glad respite, though a soft west wind
Ruffled the waters to the angler’s wish,
For a whole day together, have I lain
Down by this side, O Derwent! murmuring stream,
On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,
And there have read, devouring as I read,
Defrauding the day’s glory, desperate!
Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o’er this earth presides,
And o’er the heart of man; invisiably
It comes, to works of unproved delight,
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not what they do
The tales that charm away the watchful night
In Araby, romances; legends penned
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps;
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires; adventures endless, spun
By the dismantled warrior in old age,
Out of the bower of those very schemes
In which his youth did first extricate;
These spread like day, and something in the days
Of these will live till man shall be no more
Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are own,
And they must have their food. Our childhood
sites,
Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.
I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come;
But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,
And, in the long probation that ensues,
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconcilement with our stinted powers;
To endure this state of mesvag vagasalge,
Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows
To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed
And humbled down; oh! then we feel, we feel,
We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers,
then,
Forgers of daring tales! we bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotardas, as the ape
Philosophy will call you: then we feel
With what, and how great might ye are in league,
ke our wish, our power, our thought a
seed,
re, a possession,—ye whom time
ions serve; all Faculties to whom
ouches, the elements are potter's clay,
heaven filled up with northern lights,
here, there, and everywhere at once.

Dismissing this lofty eminence
and, though humbler, not the less a tract
ume, which our spirits cross
es from their native continent
and human life, the Song might dwell
delightful time of growing youth,
ning for the marvellous gives way
ting love for things that we have seen;
bster truth and steady sympathies,
otice by less daring pens,
ner hold of us, and words themselves
with conscious pleasure.

I am sad
ight of rapture now for ever flown;
ears I sometimes could be sad
of, to read over, many a page,
ithal of name, which at that time
ot fail to entrance me, and are now
my eyes, dead as a theatre
ptied of spectators. Twice five years
might have seen, when first my mind
scious pleasure opened to the charm
s in tuneful order, found them sweet
own sake, a passion, and a power;
ases pleased me chosen for delight,
, or love. Oft, in the public roads
ounced, while the morning light
owing the hill tops, I went abroad
end friend, and for the better part
elightful hours we strolled along
t borders of the misty lake,
g favourite verses with one voice,
ing more, as happy as the birds

That round us haunted. Well might we be glad,
Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,
More bright than madness or the dreams of wine;
And, though full oft the objects of our love
Were false, and in their splendour overwrought,
Yet was there surely then no vulgar power
Working within us,—nothing less, in truth,
Than that most noble attribute of man,
Though yet untutored and inordinate,
That wish for something loftier, more adorned,
Than is the common aspect, daily garb,
Of human life. What wonder, then, if sounds
Of exultation echoed through the groves!
For, images, and sentiments, and words,
And everything encountered or pursued
In that delicious world of poetry,
Kpt holiday, a never-ending show,
With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause: this only let me add,
From heart-experience, and in humblest sense
Of modesty, that he, who in his youth
A daily wanderer among woods and fields
With living Nature hath been intimate,
Not only in that raw unpractised time
Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,
By glittering verse; but further, doth receive,
In measure only dealt out to himself,
Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words:
There, darkness makes abode, and all the host
Of shadowy things work endless changes,—there,
As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circumference
By that transparent veil with light divine,
And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
Present themselves as objects recognised,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.
BOOK SIXTH.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALFS.

The leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks
And the simplicities of cottage life
I bade farewell; and, one among the youth
Who, summoned by that season, reunite
As scattered birds troop to the fowler's lure,
Went back to Grantz's cloisters, not so prompt
Or eager, though as gay and undepressed
In mind, as when I thence had taken flight
A few short months before. I turned my face
Without repining from the coves and heights
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern;
Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
Of calmer lakes and loander streams; and you, Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumberland,
You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,
Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,
And in my own unlovely cell sat down
In lightsome mood—such privilege has youth
That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived
More to myself. Two winters may be passed
Without a separate notice: many books
Were skimmed, devour'd, or studiously perused,
But with no settled plan. I was detached
Internally from academic cares;
Yet independent study seemed a course
Of hardly disobedience toward friends
And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.
This spurious virtue, rather let it bear
A name it now deserves, this cowardice,
Gave treacherous sanction to that over-love
Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
From regulations even of my own
As from restraints and bonds. Yet who can tell—
Who knows what thus may have been gained,
both then
And at a later season, or preserved;
What love of nature, what original strength
Of contemplation, what intuitive truths
The deepest and the best, what keen research,
Unbiassed, unbewildered, and unawed?

The Poet's soul was with me at that time;
Sweet meditations, the still overflow
Of present happiness, while future years
Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,
No few of which have since been realised;
And some remain, hopes for my future life.
Four years and thirty, told this very week,
Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
By sorrow not unmoved; yet for me
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills
Her dew is on the flowers. Those were the days
Which also first emboldened me to trust
With firmness, hitherto but slightly touched
By such a daring thought, that I might leave
Some monument behind me which pure hearts
Should reverence. The instinctive humblest,
Maintained even by the very name and thought
Of printed books and kinship, begun
To melt away; and further, the dread sea
Of mighty names was softened down and sens'd
Approachable, admitting fellowship
Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,
Though not familiarly, my mind put on,
Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
Did I by night frequent the College grove
And tributary walks; the last, and oft
The only one, who had been lingering there
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,
Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,
Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,
Grew there; an ash which Winter for himself
Decked out with pride, and with outlandish grace:
Up from the ground, and almost to the top,
The trunk and every master branch were green
With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped with sails
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
Foot-bound uplopping at this lovely tree
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

Tis told by one whom stormy waters threw,
With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck spared,
Upon a desert coast, that having brought
To land a single volume, saved by chance,
A treatise of Geometry, he wrought,
Although of food and clothing destitute,
And beyond common wretchedness depressed,
To part from company and take this book
(Then first a self-taught pupil in its truths)
To spots remote, and draw his diagrams
With a long staff upon the sand, and thus
Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost
Forget his feeling: so (if like effect
From the same cause produced, 'mid outward things
So different, may rightly be compared),
So was it them with me, and so will be
With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm
Of those abstractions to a mind reposed
With images and haunted by herself,
And specially delightful unto me
Was that clear synthesis built up aloft
So gracefully; even then when it appeared
Not more than a mere playing, or a toy
To sense embodied: not the thing it is
In verity, an independent world,
Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine unearned
By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—
Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn aptitudes.
And not to leave the story of that time
Imperfect, with these habits must be joined,
Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved
A pensive sky, sad days, and piping wind,
The twilight more than dawn, autumn than spring;
A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice
And inclination mainly, and the mere
Redundancy of youth's contentedness.
—To time thus spent, add multitudes of hours
Filtered away, by what the Bard who sang
Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called
"Good-natured lounging," and behold a map
Of my collegiate life—far less intense
Than duty called for, or, without regard
To duty, might have sprung up of itself
By change of accidents, or even, to speak
Without unkindness, in another place.
Yet why take refuge in that plea?—the fault,
This I repeat, was mine; mine be the blame.

In summer, making quest for works of art,
Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored
That streamlet whose blue current works its way
Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks;
Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts
Of my own native region, and was blest
Between these sundry wanderings with a joy
Above all joys, that seemed another morn
Risen on mid noon; blest with the presence,
Friend!

Of that sole Sister, her who hath been long
Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine,
Now, after separation desolate,
Restored to me—such absence that she seemed
A gift thou first bestowed. The varied banks
Of Emont, hitherto unknown in song,
And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees,
Low standing by the margin of the stream,
A mansion visited (as fame reports)
By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,
Or stormy Cross-fell, matches he might pen
Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love
Inspired;—that river and those mouldering towers
Have seen us side by side, when, having clomb
The darksome windings of a broken stair,
And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
Not without trembling, we in safety looked
Forth, through some Gothic window's open space,
And gathered with one mind a rich reward
From the far-stretching landscape, by the light
Of morning beautified, or purple eve;
Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's head,
Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell flowers
Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,
Given out while mid-day heat oppressed the plains.

Another maid there was, who also shed
A gladness o'er that season, then to me,
By her exulting outside look of youth
And placid under-countenance, first endeared;
That other spirit, Coleridge! who is now
So near to us, that meek confiding heart,
So reverenced by us both. O'er paths and fields
In all that neighbourhood, through narrow lanes
Of ogilantine, and through the shady woods,
And o'er the Border Beacon, and the waste
Of naked pools, and common crags that lay
Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered love,
The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.
O Friend! we had not seen thee at that time,
And yet a power is on me, and a strong
Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.
Far art thou wandered now in search of health
And milder breezes,—melancholy lot!
But thou art with us, with us in the past,
The present, with us in the times to come.
There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
No languor, no dejection, no dismay,
No absence scarcely can there be, for those
Who love as we do. Speed thee well! divide
With us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,
Receive it daily as a joy of ours;
Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift
Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!
How different the fate of different men.
Though mutually unknown, ye nursed each other
As if in several elements, we were framed
To bend at last to the same discipline,
Predestined, if two beings ever were,
To seek the same delights, and have one balm,
One happiness. Throughout this narrative,
Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind
For whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth,
Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,
And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days
Of peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,
And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to thee,
Who, yet a liberated schoolboy, in the depth
Of the huge city, on the loaded roof
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream.
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,
And didst sit down in temperance and peace,
A rigorous student. What a stormy course
Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls
For utterance, to think what easy change
Of circumstances might to thee have spared
A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,
For ever withered. Through this retrospect
Of my collegiate life I still have had
Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place
Present before my eyes, have played with time
And accidents as children do with cards,
Or as a man, who, when his house is built,
A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth still
As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,
Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,
And all the strength and plumage of thy youth.
In a mean city, and among a few,
How bright a face is worn when joy of one
Is joy for tens of millions. Southward thence
We hold our way, direct through hamlets, towns,
Gaudy with reliques of that festival,
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,
And window-garlands. On the public roads,
And, once, three days successively, through paths
By which our toilsome journey was abridged,
Among sequestered villages we walked
And found benevolence and bosom kindness
Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when spring
Hath left no corner of the land untouched;
Where elms for many and many a league in files
With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads
Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,
For ever near us as we paced along:
How sweet at such a time, with such delight
On every side, in prime of youthful strength,
To feed a Poet's tender melancholy
And fond consult of man and mother earth,
The wind that swayed them; once, and more
Than once,
Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw
Dances of liberty, and in late hours
Of darkness, dances in the open air
Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired lookers on
Might waste their breath in chiding.

Under hills—
The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,
Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone
We glided forward with the flowing stream.
Swift Rhone! thou wert the wings on which we cut
A winding passage with majestic ease
Between thy lofty rocks. Enchanting show
Those woods and farms and orchards did present,
And single cottages and lurking towns,
Reach after reach, succession without end
Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair
Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along
Clustered together with a merry crowd
Of those emancipated, a blithe host
Of travellers, chiefly delegates, returning
From the great spousals newly solemnised
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.
Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees;
Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,
And with their swords flourished as if to fight
The saucy air. In this proud company
We landed—took with them our evening meal,
Guests welcome almost as the angels were
To Abraham of old. The supper done,
With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts
We rose at signal given, and formed a ring
And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board.
All hearts were open, every tongue was loud
With amity and glee; we bore a name
Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,
And hospitably did they give us hail,
As their forerunners in a glorious course;
And round and round the board we danced again.
With these blissful friends our voyage we renewed
At early dawn. The monastery bells
Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears;
The rapid river flowing without noise,
And each uprising or receding spire
Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals
Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew
By whom we were encompassed. Taking leave
Of this glad through, foot-travellers side by side,
Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued
Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set
Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and there
Rested within an awful solitude:
Yes; for even then no other than a place
Of soul-affecting solitude appeared
That far-famed region, though our eyes had seen,
As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,
Arms flashing, and a military gait
Of riotous men commissioned to expel
The blameless inmates, and belike subvert
That frame of social being, which so long
Had bodied forth the ghastliness of things
In silence visible and perpetual calm.
—"Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!"—The voice
Was Nature's, uttered from her Alpine throne;
I heard it then and seem to hear it now—
"Your impious work forbear, perish what may,
Let this one temple last, be this one spot
Of earth devoted to eternity!"
She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno's pines
Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,
And while below, along their several beds,
Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death,
Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart
Responded; "Honour to the patriot's zeal!
Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!
Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou
Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging fires,
Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
Banned by the breath of angry Providence.
But oh! if Past and Future be the wings
On whose support harmoniously conjoined
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge, spare
These courts of mystery, where a step advance
Between the portals of the shadowy rocks
Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,
For penitential tears and trembling hopes
Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure sight
Monarch and peasant: be the house redeemed
With its unworthy votaries, for the sake
Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved
Through faith and meditative reason, rati
Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,
Calmly triumphant; and for humbler claim
Of that imaginative impulse sent
From these majestic floods, you shining cleft,
The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,
Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants,
These forests unapproachable by death,
That shall endure as long as man endures,
To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,
To struggle, to be lost within himself
In trepidation, from the blank abyss
To look with bodily eyes, and be consol'd.
Not seldom since that moment have I wished
That thou, O Friend! the trouble or the calm
Hadst shared, when, from profane regards torn,
In sympathetic reverence we trod
The floors of those dim cloisters, till that hour,
From their foundation, strangers to the presence
Of unrestricted and unthinking man.
Abrook, how cheerily the sunshine lay
Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's grove
Entering, we fed the soul with darkness; these
Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,
In different quarters of the bending sky,
The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if
Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there,
Memorial reverenced by a thousand storms;
Yet then, from the indiscriminately swept
And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.
Tis not my present purpose to retrace
That variegated journey step by step.
A march it was of military speed,
And Earth did change her images and form.
Before us, fast as clouds are changed in heaven.
Day after day, up early and down late,
From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to hill,
Mounted—from province on to province swept,
Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks.
Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship
Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing fair.
Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,
Enticing valleys, greeted them and left
Too soon, while yet the very flash and gleam
Of salvation were not passed away.
w for the youth who could have seen
ed, unsubdued, unwed, unraised
shal dignity of mind,
simplicity of wish and will,
titled abodes of peaceful man,
tough to hardship born, and compassed
and
er, varying as the seasons change),
th his daily task, or, if not pleased,
from the moment that the dawn
y not without attendant gleams
ination) calls him forth
y, by glistennings flung on rocks,
ting shadows lead him to repose.

A stranger look with bounding heart
green recess, the first I saw
ep haunts, an aboriginal vale,
orded over and possessed
uts, wood-built, and sown like tents
ub over the fresh lawns
river side.

That very day,
ridge we also first beheld
be summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved
souless image on the eye
surped upon a living thought
more could be. The wondrous Vale
my stretched far below, and soon
umb cataracts and streams of ice,
an array of mighty waves,
broad and vast, made rich amends,
ted us to realities;
1 birds warble from the leafy trees,
are high in the element,
the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,
as spread the haycock in the sun,
ter like a well-tamed lion walks,
from the mountain to make sport
cottages by beds of flowers.

in this wide circuit we beheld,
was fitted to our unripe state
and heart. With such a book
eyes, we could not choose but read
genuine brotherhood, the plain
reason of mankind.

of young and old. Nor, side by side
social pilgrims, or alone
his humour, could we fail to abound
and fictions, pensively composed:
aken up for pleasure’s sake,
sympathies, the willow wreath,
posies of funeral flowers.

Gathered among those solitudes sublime
From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,
Did sweeten many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with (those soft luxuries)
Mixed something of stern mood; an under-thirst
Of vigour seldom utterly allayed:
And from that source how different a sadness
Would issue, let one incident make known.
When from the Vallais we had turned, and climb
Along the Simplon’s steep and rugged road,
Following a band of muleteers, we reached
A halting-place, where all together took
Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our guide,
Leaving us at the board; awhile we lingered,
Then paced the beaten downward way that led
Right to a rough stream’s edge, and there broke
off;
The only track now visible was one
That from the torrent’s further brink held forth
Conspicuous invitation to ascend
A lofty mountain. After brief delay
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road we took,
And climb with eagerness, till anxious fears
Intruded, for we failed to overtake
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate chance,
While every moment added doubt to doubt,
A peasant met us, from whose mouth we learned
That to the spot which had perplexed us first
We must descend, and there should find the road,
Which in the stony channel of the stream
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks;
And, that our future course, all plain to sight.
Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,
For still we had hopes that pointed to the clouds,
We questioned him again, and yet again;
But every word that from the peasant’s lips
Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
Ended in this,—that we had crossed the Alps.

Imagination—here the Power so-called
Through sad incompleteness of human speech,
That awful Power rose from the mind’s abyss
Like an unfathered vapour that swamps,
At once, some lonely traveller. I was lost;
Halted without an effort to break through;
But to my conscious soul I now can say—
“I recognise thy glory;” in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,
There harbours; whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being’s heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;  
With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
And something evermore about to be.  
Under such banners militant, the soul  
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils  
That may attest her prowess, blied in thought  
That are their own perfection and reward;  
Strong in herself and in beatitude  
That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile  
Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds  
To fertilize the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued  
Upon those tidings by the peasant given  
Was soon dilated. Downwards we hurried fast,  
And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,  
Entered a narrow chasm. * The brook and road  
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,  
And with them did we journey several hours  
At a slow pace. The immensurable height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent at every turn  
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
Black drilling cags that spoke by the way-side  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—  
Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity,  
of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

That night our lodging was a house that stood  
Alone within the valley, at a point  
Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent swelled  
The rapid stream whose margin we had trod;  
A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,  
With high and spacious rooms, deadened and stunned  
By noise of waters, making innocent sleep  
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprose the tempests, our journey we renewed,  
Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified  
Into a lordly river, broad and deep;  
Dimpling along in silent majesty,  
With mountains for its neighbours, and in view  
Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,  
And thus proceeding to Locarno’s Lake,  
Fit resting-place for such a visitant.  
Locarno! spreading out in width like Heaven  
How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,  
Beak in the sunshine of the memory;  
And Como! thou, a treasure whom the earth  
Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth  
Of Abyssinian privacy. I speak  
Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden plots;  
Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maid;  
Thy lofty steep, and pathways roofed with tiles  
Winding from house to house, from town to town  
Solo link that binds them to each other;  
Washing League after League, and sidetread avenues,  
Where silence dwells if music be not there;  
While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,  
Through fond ambition of that hour I swore  
To chant your praise; nor can approach you now  
Ungreeted by a more melodious Song.  
Where tones of Nature smoothed by learned Art  
May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze  
Or sunbeam over your domain I passed  
In motion without pause; but ye have left  
Your beauty with me, a serene accord  
Of forms and colours, passive, yet endued  
In their submissiveness with power as sweet  
And gracious, almost might I dare to say,  
As virtue is, or goodness, sweet as love.  
Or the remembrance of a generous deed.  
Or mildest visitations of pure thought,  
When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked  
Religiously, in silent blessedness;  
Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we advanced  
For two days’ space, in presence of the Lake.  
That, stretching far among the Alps, assumed  
A character more stern. The second night,  
From sleep awakened, and misled by sound  
Of the church clock telling the hours with notes  
Whose import then we had not learned, we rose  
By moonlight, doubting not that day was nigh,  
And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path,  
Along the winding margin of the lake,  
Led, as before, we should behold the scene  
Hushed in profound repose. We left the town  
Of Gravedona with this hope; but soon  
Were lost, bewildered among woods immense,  
And on a rock sat down, to wait for day.  
An open place it was, and overlooked,  
From high, the sullen water far beneath.

---
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale.
Confederate with the current of the soul,
To speed my voyage; every sound or sight,
In its degree of power, administered
To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one
Directly, but to tender thoughts by means
Less often instantaneous in effect;
Led me to these by paths that, in the main,
Were more circuitous, but not less sure
Duly to reach the point marked out by Heaven.

Oh, most beloved Friend! a glorious time,
A happy time that was; triumphant looks
Were then the common language of all eyes;
As if awaked from sleep, the Nations hailed
Their great expectancy: the sile of war
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
We left the Swiss exulting in the fate
Of their near neighbours; and, when shortening
fast
Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,
We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret
For battle in the cause of Liberty.
A stripling, scarcely of the household then
Of social life, I looked upon these things
As from a distance; heard, and saw, and felt,
Was touched, but with no intimate concern;
I seemed to move among them, as a bird
Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues
Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;
I wanted not that joy, I did not need
Such help; the ever-living universe,
Turn where I might, was opening out its glories,
And the independent spirit of pure youth
Called forth, at every season, new delights
Spread round my steps like sunshine 'o'er green
fields.
BOOK SEVENTH.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

Six changeful years have vanished since I first
Poured out (saluted by that quickening breeze
Which met me issuing from the City's walls)
A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang
Aloud, with fervour irresistible
Of short-lived transport, like a torrent bursting,
From a black thunder-cloud, down Scafell's side
To rush and disappear. But soon broke forth
(So willed the Muse) a less impetuous stream,
That flowed awhile with unabating strength,
Then stopped for years; not audible again
Before last primrose-time. Beloved Friend!
The assurance which then cheered some heavy thoughts
On thy departure to a foreign land
Has failed; too slowly moves the promised work.
Through the whole summer have I been at rest,
Partly from voluntary holiday,
And part through outward hindrance. But I heard,
After the hour of sunset yester-even,
Sitting within doors between light and dark,
A choir of red-breasts gathered somewhere near
My threshold,—minstrels from the distant woods
Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,
With preparation artful and benign,
That the rough lord had left the early North
On his accustomed journey. The delight,
Due to this timely notice, unawares
Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers said,
"Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be
Associates, and, unscared by blustering winds,
Will chant together." Thereafter, as the shades
Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied
A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume
Of canopy of yet unwithered fern,
Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen
Through a thick forest. Silence touched me here
No less than sound had done before; the child
Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,
The voiceless worm on the unfrequented hills,
Seemed sent on the same errand with the choir
Of Winter that had warbled at my door,
And the whole year breathed tenderness and love.

The last night's genial feeling overflowed
Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,
Toosing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,
As if to make the strong wind visible,
Wakes in me agitations like its own,
A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,
Which we will now resume with lively hope,
Nor checked by aught of tamper argument
That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion, soon I bade
Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats
Of governed students, quitted hall and bower,
And every comfort of that privileged ground,
Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among
The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of life
I should adhere, and seeming to possess
A little space of intermediate time
At full command, to London first I turned,
In no disturbance of excessive hope,
By personal ambition unalloyed,
'Strug'gling as there was need, and, though self-willed,
From dangerous passions free. Three years I had
Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
Of the huge town's first presence, and had passed
Her endless streets, a transient visitant:
Now, fixed amid that concourse of mankind
Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,
And life and labour seem but one, I filled
An idler's place; an idler well content
To have a house (what matter for a home?)
That owned him; living cheerfully abroad
With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,
And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoever is hoised
Of airy palaces, and gardens built
By Genii of romance; or hath in grave
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
Alcibiades, Babylon, or Persepolis;
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far short,

* The City of Goslar, in Lower Saxony.—Ed.
* See p. 477.—Ed.
RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

 fond simplicity believed of London—held me by a chain of wonder and obscure delight. bolt of childhood’s Fancy shot its ordinary mark to ask; but in our flock of boys ripple from his birth, whom chance from school to London; fortunate traveller! When the Boy returned, hence, curiously I scanned a person, nor was free, in sooth, sentiment, not to find some change in, from that new region brought, dry-land. Much I questioned him; and he uttered, on my ears, as a caged parrot’s note, unexpectedly avry, to prompter’s listening. Marvelous quick Spirit that appears ely seated and as strong heart as fear itself) conceived comment. Would that I could now when I pictured to myself, sole, Lords in ermine clad, the King’s Palace, and, not last, heaven bless him! the renowned Lord:
unlike to those which once begat purpose in young Whittington, friendless and a drooping boy, me, and heard the bells speak out music. Above all, one thought abdorstand: how men lived or neighbours, as we say, yet still not knowing each the other’s name.

The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower Where England’s sovereigns sit in long array, Their steeds bestriding—every limous shape! Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch wore, Whether for gorgeous tournament addressed, Or life or death upon the battle-field. Those bold imaginations in due time Had vanished, leaving others in their stead: And now I looked upon the living scene; Familiarly perused it; oftentimes, In spite of strongest disappointment, pleased Through courteous self-submission, as a tax Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain Of a too busy world! Before me flow, Thou endless stream of men and moving things! Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes— With wonder heightened, or subdued by awe— On strangers, of all ages; the quick dance Of colours, lights, and forms; the deafening din: The comers and the goers face to face, Face after face; the string of dazzling wares, Shop after shop, with symbols, blazing names, And all the tradesman’s honours overhead: Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page, With letters huge inscribed from top to toe, Stationed above the door, like guardian masts; There, allegoric shapes, female or male, Or physiognomies of real men, Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,—Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length, Escaped as from an enemy, we turn Abruptly into some sequestered nook, Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud! At leisure, thence, through tracts of this resort, And sights and sounds that come at intervals, We take our way. A rare-show is here, With children gathered round; another street Presents a company of dancing dogs, Or dromedary, with an antic pair Of monkeys on his back; a minstrel band Of Savoyards; or, single and alone, An English ballad-singer. Private courts, Gloomy as coffins, and unlighted lanes Thrilled by some female vendor’s scream, bore The very shrillest of all London cries, May then entangle our impatient steps; Conducted through these labyrinthia, unaware, To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

These, back into the throng, until we reach,
Following the tide that slacksen by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets
Being struggling brooks of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls;
Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
Press onward, in all colours, on the sight;
These, bold in conscious merit, lower down;
That, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.

As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toll.
The one encountered here and everywhere;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
Another lies at length, beside a range
Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed
Upon the smooth flat stones: the Nurse is here,
The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
The military Idler, and the Dame,
That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub,
\[ ... \]

Add to those exhibitions, mute and still,
Others of wider scope, where living men,
Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes.
Diversified the allurement. Need I say
To mention by its name, as in degree
Lowest of these and humbdest in attempt
Yet richly graced with honours of her own.
Half rural Sallo's Wells? Though stilled
Intolerant, as is the way of youth
Unless itself is pleased, here more than ever
Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,
With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,
Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, harlequins.
Amid the uproar of the rambler's shout,
Perform their feats. Nor was it mean indeed
To watch crude Nature work in untangled art,
To note the laws and progress of belief,
Though oblique on this way; yet even that
How willingly we travel, and how far!
To have, for instance, brought upon the scene
The champion, Jack the Giant-killer: Lo!
He dons his coat of darkness; on the stage
Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the view
Of living Mortal covert, "as the moon
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Delusion bold! and how can it be wrought?
The garb he wears is black as death, the w
"Invisible" flames forth upon his chest.
too, were “forms and pressures of the
me”,
sold, as Grecian comedy displayed
rt was young; dramas of living men,
nt things yet warm with life; a sea-fight,
ck, or some domestic incident
l by Truth and magnified by Fame;
the daring brotherhood of late
, too serious theme for that light place—
O distant Friend! a story drawnownground,—the Maid of Buttermere,—
, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
I and deceived, the Spoiler came
ed the artless daughter of the hills,
ed her, in cruel mockery
and marriage bonds. These words to the
cela bring back the moment when we first,
broad world rung with the maiden’s name,
er serving at the cottage inn ;
tken, as she entered or withdrew,
iration of her modest mien
riage, marked by unexampled grace.
 at that time unfamiliarly
m her,—her discretion have observed,
oinions, delicate reserve,
ience, and humbleness of mind
ed by commendation and the excess
ce notice—an offensive light
ck spirit suffering inwardly.

this memorial tribute to my theme
, turning, when, with sundry forms
ggled—shapes which met me in the way
must tread—thy image rose again,
of Buttermere! She lives in peace
spot where she was born and reared;
: contamination doth she live
:ness, without anxiety:
: mountain chapel, sleeps in earth
:born infant, fearless as a lamb
ither driven from some unsheiled place,
nderneath the little rock-like pile
orms are raging. Happy are they both—
child!—These feelings, in themselves
yet scarcely seem so when I think
ingenious moments of our youth
 have learnt by use to slight the crines
rows of the world. Those simple days
my theme; and, foremost of the scenes,
ette survive in memory, appears
whose centre stote a lovely Boy,
ve infant, who, for six months’ space,
c had been of age to deal about
prattle—Child as beautiful

As ever clung around a mother’s neck,
Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.
There, too, conspicuous for stature tall
And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood
The mother; but, upon her cheeks diffused,
False tints too well accorded with the glare
From play-house lustres thrown without reserve
On every object near. The Boy had been
The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on
In whatsoever place, but seemed in this
A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.
Of lusty vigour, more than infantine
He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose
Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—if o’er,
By cottage-door on breezy mountain side,
Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe
By Nature’s gifts so favoured. Upon a board
Decked with refreshments had this child been
placed,
His little stage in the vast theatre,
And there he sits surrounded with a throng
Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men
And shameless women, treated and caressed;
Ate, drunk, and with the fruit and glasses played,
While oats and laughter and indecent speech
Were rife about him as the songs of birds
Contending after showers. The mother now
Is fading out of memory, but I see
The lovely Boy as I beheld him then
Among the wretched and the falsely gay,
Like one of those who walked with hair unsinged
Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and spells
Muttered on black and spiteful instigation
Have stopped, as some believe, the kindliest
growth.
Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer
Have been preferred, that this fair creature,
checked
By special privilege of Nature’s love,
Should in his childhood be detained for ever!
But with its universal freight the tide
Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,
Mary! may now have lived till he could look
With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps,
Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told
Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills,
I heard, and for the first time in my life,
The voice of woman utter blasphemy—
Saw woman as she is, to open shame
Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;
I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once
Thrown in that from humanity divorced
The Prelude

Humanity, splitting the race of man
In twain, yet leaving the same outward form.
Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,
And ardent meditation. Later years
Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,
Feelings of pure commiseration, grief
For the individual and the overthrow
Of her soul’s beauty; farther I was then
But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth
The sorrow of the passion stopped me there.

But let me now, less moved, in order take
Our argument. Enough is said to show
How casual incidents of real life,
Observed where pastime only had been sought,
Outweighed, or put to flight, the act events
And measured passions of the stage, albeit
By Siddons trod in the fulness of her power.
Yet was the theatre my dear delight;
The very gilding, lamps and painted scrolls,
And all the mean upholsterly of the place,
Wanted not animation, when the tide
Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast
With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,
Sollem or gay: whether some beauteous dame
Advanced in radiance through a deep recess
Of thick entangled forest, like the moon
Opening the clouds: or sovereign king, announced
With flourishing trumpet, came in full-blown state
Of the world’s greatness, winding round with train
Of courtiers, banners, and a length of guards;
Or captive led in abject weeds, and jingling
His slender manacles; or romping girl
Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air; or mumbling
sire,
A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up
In all the tatters of infancy
All loosely put together, hobbled in,
Stumping upon a cane with which he smites,
From time to time, the solid boards, and makes
them
Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts
Of one so overloaded with his years.
But what of this! the laugh, the grin, grimace,
The antics striving to outstrip each other,
Were all received, the least of them not lost,
With an unmeasured welcome. Through the night,
Between the show, and many-headed mass
Of the spectators, and each several nook
Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly
And with what flashes, as it were, the mind
Turned this way—that way! sportive and alert
And watchful, as a kitten when at play,
While winds are eddying round her, among straws

And rustling leaves. Enchanting age:
Romantic almost, looked at through a glass.
How small, of intervening years! For
Though surely no mean progress had been
In meditations holy and sublime,
Yet something of a girlish child-like grace,
Of novelty survived for scenes like these. Enjoyment haply handed down from the
When at a country-playhouse, some rare
Trickled out for that proud use, if I perch
Caught, on a summer evening through the
In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse
Of daylight, the bare thought of where
Gladdened me more than if I had been
Into a dazzling cavern of romance,
Crowded with Genii busy among works
Not to be looked at by the common

The matter that detains us now may
To many, neither dignified enough
Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by
Who, looking inward, have observed that
That bind the permissible hours of life
Each to the other, and the curious process
By which the world of memory and that
Exists and is sustained. More lofty then
Such as at least do wear a prouder face
Solicit our regard; but when I think
Of these, I feel the imaginative power
Languish within me; even then it slept.
When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the
Was more than full; amid my sobs and
It slept, even in the pregnant season of
For though I was most passionately
And yielded to all changes of the soul
With an obsequious promptness, yet it
Passed not beyond the suburbs of the
Save when realities of act and mien.
The incarnation of the spirits that make
In harmony amid the Poet’s world,
Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth
By power of contrast, made me recognize
As at a glance, the things which I had
And yet not shaped, had seen and sav’d
When, having closed the mighty Shakespeare
I mused, and thought, and felt, in sob

Pass we from entertainments, that
Professedly, to others titled higher,
Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,
More near akin to those than names
I mean the brawls of lawyers in their
Before the ermine judge, or that grand
Where senators, tongue-favoured men


ad envied. Oh! the beating heart,
among the prime of these rose up,—
one name from childhood we had heard
a household term, like those,
the Glos ters, Salburys, of old
of fifth Harry talks of. Silence! hush!
strifer, no short-sighted wit,
iner of a minute, painfully.
No! the Orator hath yoked
like young Aurora, to his car:
some Presence! how can patience o'er
y of attending on a track
as with such glory! All are charmed,
; like a hero in romance,
way his never-ending horn;
low words, sense seems to follow sense:
ory and what logic! till the strain
ant, superhuman as it seemed,
ous even in a young man's ear.

f Burke! forgive the pen seduced
wonders, and too slow to tell
 ingenious, what bewildered men,
to mistrust their bountiful guides,
en, willing to grow wiser, caught,
ists! from thy most eloquent tongue—
for ever mute in the cold grave.
—old, but vigorous in age,—
an oak whose stag-born branches start
ealy brow, the more to awe
brethren of the grove. But some—
tarens, denounces, launches forth,
systems built on abstract rights,
le; the majesty proclaims
sa and Laws, hallowed by time;
so vital power of social ties
by Custom; and with high disdain,
epart Theory, insists
ligiance to which men are born—
at once a froward multitude—
truth is hated, where not loved)
da fret within the Eolian cave,
hier monarch's claim. The times were
uous change, which, night by night, pro-
gles, and black clouds of passion raised;
table moments intervened,
lon, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,
in armour of resplendent words,
e Synod. Could a youth, and one
story versed, whose breast had heaved
weight of classic eloquence,
I hear, unthankful, uninspired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail
To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfelt
Wero its admonishments, nor lightly heard
The awful truths delivered thence by tongues
Endowed with various power to search the soul;
Yet ostentation, domineering, oft
Poured forth harangues, how sullenly out of place!—
There have I seen a comedy bachelor,
Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,
And, in a tone elaborately low
Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze
A minuet course; and, winding up his mouth,
From time to time, into an orifice
Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,
And only not invisible, again
Open it out, diffusing thence a smile
Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.
Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,
Moses, and he who penned, the other day,
The Death of Abel, Shakespeare, and the Bard
Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme
With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,
And Ossian (doubt not)—tis the naked truth
Summoned from streamy Morn—each and all
Would, in their turns, liven ornaments and flowers
To entwine the crotch of eloquence that helped
This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the plains,
To rule and guide his captivated flock.

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,
Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,
Court, theatre, convivialce, or shop,
In public room or private, park or street,
Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,
Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,
Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,
And all the strife of singularity,
Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—
Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,
There is no end. Such candidates for regard,
Although well pleased to be where they were found,
I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,
Nor made unto myself a secret boast
Of reading them with quick and curious eye;
But, as a common produce, things that are
To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them
Such willing note, as, on some errand bound
That asks not speed, a traveller might bestow
On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach,
Or daisies swarming through the fields of June.

But foolishness and madness in parade,
Though most at home in this their dear domain,
Are scattered everywhere, no rarities,
Even to the remotest nooks of the Schools.
Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep
In memory, those individual sights
Of courage, or integrity, or truth,
Or tenderness, which there, set off by full,
Appeared more touching. One will I select;
A Father—for he bore that sacred name—
Him saw I, sitting in an open square,
Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,
Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced
A spacious grass-plot; there, in silence, sat
This One Man, with a slightly bale outstretched
Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought
For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air.
Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,
He took no heed; but in his brawny arms
(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,
And from his work this moment had been stolen)
He held the child, and, bending over it,
As if he were afraid both of the sun
And of the air, which he had come to seek,
Cursed the poor babe with love unutterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain top
Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so
That huge fermenting mass of human-kind
Serves as a solemn back-ground, or relief,
To single forms and objects, whence they draw,
For feeling and contemplative regard,
More than inherent liveliness and power.
How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and said
Unto myself, "The face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery!"
Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look, oppressed
By thoughts of what and whither, when and how,
Until the shapes before my eyes became
A second-sight procession, such as glides
Over still mountains, or appears in dreams;
And once, far-travelled in such mood, beyond
The reach of common indication, lost
Amid the moving current, I was smitten
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
Stood, propped against a wall, upon his chest
Wearing a written paper, to explain
His story, whence he came, and who he was.
Caught by the spectacle my mind turned round
As with the might of waters; and apt type
This label seemed of the utmost we can know,
Both of ourselves and of the universe;
And, on the shape of that unmoving man,
RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

In steadiness, who hath among least things
An under-sense of greatest; sees the parts
As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.
This, of all acquisitions, first awaits
On sunry and most widely different modes
Of education, nor with least delight
On that through which I passed. Attention springs,
And comprehensiveness and memory flow,
From early converse with the works of God
Among all regions; chiefly where appear
Most obviously simplicity and power.
Think, how the everlasting streams and woods,
Stretched and still stretching far and wide, exalt
The roving Indian, on his desert sands:
What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant show
Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's eye:
And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone,
Its currents; magnifies its shafts of life
Beyond all compass; spreads, and sends aloft
Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers and aspects
Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
The views and aspirations of the soul
To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
Perennial of the ancient hills; nor less
The changeful language of their countenances
Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids the
thoughts,
However multitudinous, to move
With order and relation. This, if still,
As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,
Not violating any just restraint,
As may be hoped, of real modesty,—
This did I feel, in London's vast domain.
The Spirit of Nature was upon me there;
The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
Through meagre lines and colours, and the press
Of self-destroying, transitory things,
Composure, and ennobling Harmony.
BOOK EIGHTH.

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

What sounds are these, Helvellyn, that are heard
Up to thy summit, through the depth of air
Ascending, as if distance had the power
To make the sounds more audible? What crowd
Covers, or sprinkles o’er, your village green?
Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,
Though but a little family of men,
Shepherds and tillers of the ground—betimes
Assembled with their children and their wives,
And here and there a stranger interspersed.
They hold a rustic fair—a festival,
Such as, on this side now, and now on that,
Repeated through his tributary vale,
Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest;
Sees annually, if clouds towards either ocean
Blown from their favourite resting-place, or mists
Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded head.
Delightful day it is for all who dwell
In this secluded glen, and eagerly
They give it welcome. Long ere heat of noon,
From byre or field the kine were brought; the sheep
Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is begun.
The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.
Booths are there none; a stall or two is here;
A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,
The other to make music; hither, too,
From far, with basket, slung upon her arm.
Of hawkers’ wares—books, pictures, combs, and pins—
Some aged woman finds her way again,
Year after year, a punctual visitant!
There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
Pulling the strings of his boxed race-show;
And in the lapses of many years may come
Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he
Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.
But one there is, the loveliest of them all,
Some sweet lays of the valley, looking out
For gains, and who that sees her would not buy?
Fruits of her father’s orchard, are her wares,
And with the ruddy produce, she walks round
Among the crowd, half pleased with, half ashamed
Of her new office, blushing restlessly.
The children now are rich, for the old to-day
Are generous as the young; and, if content
With looking on, some ancient wedded pair
Sit in the shade together, while they gaze
“A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled brow;
The days departed start again to life,
And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
Paint, but more tranquil, like the chang’d
To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve.”
Thus gaily and cheerfulness prevail,
Spreading from young to old, from old to young;
And no one seems to want his share.—immer
Is the recess, the circumambient world
Magnificent, by which they are embraced;
They move about upon the soft green turf:
How little they, they and their doings, seem;
And all that they can further or obstruct!
Through utter weakness pitiable dear,
As tender infants are; and yet how great!
For all things serve them; them the morning
Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks;
And then the silent rocks, which now from hi
Look down upon them; the reposing clouds;
The wild brooks prattling from invisible want
And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
Which animates this day their calm abode.

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,
In that enormous City’s turbulent world
Of men and things, what benefit I owed
To thee, and those domains of rural peace,
Where to the sense of beauty first my heart
Was opened; tract more exquisitely fair
Than that famed paradise of ten thousand trees
Or Geho’s matchless gardens, for delight
Of the Tartarian dynasty composed
(Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous
China’s stupendous mound) by patient toil
Of myriads and boon nature’s lavish help.
There, in a clime from widest empire chosen,
Fulfilling could enchantment have done more
A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with dawn
Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells!

* These lines are from a descriptive Poem—“Moly
Hills”—by one of Mr. Wordsworth’s oldest friends,
Joseph Cottle.—Ed.
From house and home, the courtly hand whose fortunes
Entered, with Shakespeare's genius, the wild woods
Of Arden—amid sunshine or in shade
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted hours,
Ere Phoebus sighed for the false Ganymede;
Or there where Perdita and Florizel
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and King;
Nor such as Spenser failed. True it is,
That I had heard (what he perhaps had seen)
Of maidens at sunrise bringing in from far
Their May-bush, and along the streets in flocks
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within doors;
Had also heard, from those who yet remembered,
Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths that docked
Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar; and of youths,
Each with his maid, before the sun was up,
By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,
To drink the waters of some sainted well,
And hang it round with garlands. Love survives;
But, for such purpose, flowers no longer grow:
The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped
These lighter graces; and the rural ways
And manners which my childhood looked upon
Were not the unimurious produce of a life
Intent on little but substantial needs.
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.
But images of danger and distress,
Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms;
Of this I heard, and saw enough to make
Imagination restless; nor was free
Myself from frequent perils; nor were tales
Wanting,—the tragedies of former times,
Hazards and strange escapeS, of which the rocks
Immutable, and overflowing streams,
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monuments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,
Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks
Of delicate Galaeus; and no less
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores:
Smooth life had herdsmen, and his snow-white herd
To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
Devoted, on the inviolable stream
Of rich Clitumnus; and the goat-herd lived
As calmly, underneath the pleasant boughs
Of cool Lucretilla, where the pipe was heard
Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks
With tutelary music, from all harm
The fold protecting. I myself, mature
In manhood then, have seen a pastoral tract
Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,
Though under skies less generous, less serene:
There, for her own delight had Nature framed
A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse
Of level pasture, islanded with groves
And barked with woody risings; but the Plain
Endless, here opening widely out, and there
Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Sheltered within a shelter, where at large
The shepherd strays, a rolling but his home.
Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides
All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear
His flagellant to liquid notes of love
Attuned, or sprightly life resonating far.
Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast space
Where passage opens, but the same shall have
In turn its visitant, telling there his hours
In unlabourious pleasure, with no task
More tedious than to carve a beechen bowl
For spring or fountains, which the traveller finds,
When through the region he pursues at will
His devours course, a glimpse of such sweet life
I saw when, from the melancholy wall
Of Golzar, once imperial, I renewed
My daily walk along that wide champain,
That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and west,
And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge
Of the Hecatemonian forest. Yet, hail to you
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye fellow vales,
Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice,
Powers of my native region! Ye that seize
The heart with firmer grasp! Your snows and streams
Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,
That bow so dismally for him who treads
Companionless your awful solitudes!
There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long
To wait upon the storms: of their approach
Sagacious, into sheltering caves he drives
His flock, and thither from the homestead bears
A tedious burden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out, their regular nourishment
Strewed on the frozen snow. And when the spring
Looks out, and all the pastures dance with limbs,
And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs
Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their going, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose. For this he quits his home
At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun
Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,
Than he lies down upon some shining rock,
And breakfasts with his dog. When they
stolen,
As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,
For rest not needed or exchange of love,
Then from his couch he starts; and now his
Crush out a livelier fragrance from the floor
Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought
In the wild turf: the lingering dews of morn
Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he lies
His staff pretending like a hunter's spear,
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag.
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged streams
Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
Might deign to follow him through what he
Or sees in his day's march; himself he feels
In those vast regions where his service lies,
A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
And hatred, and hard labour interchange.
With that majestic indifference so dear
To native man. A rumbling school-boy, that
I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he was
When up the lonely brooks on rainy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,
In size a giant, stalking through thick fog.
His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he says
Beyond the boundary line of some hillside,
His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun:
Or him have I descried in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,
Above all height! like an aerial cross
Stationed alone upon a spiky rock
Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus was
Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced
To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature; hence the human form
To me became an index of delight,
Of grace and honour, power and worthiness.
Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost
As those of books, but more excited far;
Far more of an imaginative form
Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives
For his own fancies, or to dance by the hearth
In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
Was, for the purposes of kind, a man
With the most common; husband, father; last
Could teach, admonish; suffered with the
and folly, wretchedness and fear; little saw, cared less for it, nothing must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—behold of shepherds in my youth, object of Nature given to man—shame, v, a delusion, ye who pore and read, end letter, miss the spirit of things; truth is not a motion or a shape with vital functions, but a block image which yourselves have made, adore! But blessed be the God of Man and Man that this was so;

And the my inexperienced eyes present themselves thus purified, and to a distance that was fit:

all of us in some degree knowledge, wherever led, everywhere, were it otherwise, found evil fast as we find good not years, or think that it is found, led the innocent heart bear up and live!

My fortune my lot; not here at something of a better life was round me than it is the privilege to move in, but that first I looked through objects that were great or fair; amused by him by their help. And thus added a sure safeguard and defence the weight of meanness, selfish cares, manners, vulgar passions, that beat in des from the ordinary world we traffic. Starting from this point; face turned toward the truth, begun advantage furnished by that kind session, without which the soul no knowledge that can bring forth good, may insight ever come to her.

A restraint of over-watchful eyes, I moved about, year after year, and now most thankful that my walk raised from too early intercourse deformities of crowded life, of obscure, of common, of ensuing laughter and contempt, which, if we would wish to think due reverence on earth's rightful lord, oed to be the inheritor of heaven, permit us; but pursue the mind, devotion willingly would rise, temple and the temple's heart.

en not, Friend! that human kind with me by took a place pre-eminent; herself was, at this unripe time,

But secondary to my own pursuits
And animal activities, and all
Their trivial pleasures; and when these had drooped
And gradually expired, and Nature prized
For her own sake, became my joy, even then—
And upwards through late youth, until not less
Than two-and-twenty summers had been told—

Was Man in my affections and regards
Subordinate to her, her visible forms
And viewless agencies: a passion, also,
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand; oh, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace,
His hour being not yet come. Far less had then
The inferior creatures, beast or bird, attained
My spirit to that gentilities of love
(Though they had long been carefully observed),
Worn from me those minute obsequies
Of tenderness, which I may number now
With my first blessings. Nevertheless, on these
The light of beauty did not fall in vain,
Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end.

But when that first poetic faculty
Of plain Imagination and severe
No longer a mute influence of the soul,
Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest call.
To try her strength among harmonious words
And tocock notions and the rules of art
Did knowingly conform itself; there came
Among the simple shapes of human life
A willfulness of fancy and conceit;
And Nature and her objects beautified
These fictions, as in some sort, in their turn,
They burnished her. From touch of this new power
Nothing was safe: the elder-tree that grew
Beside the well-known channel-house had then
A dismal look: the yew-tree had its ghost
That took his station there for ornament: the
The dignities of plain occurrence then
Were tasteless, and truth's golden noon, a point
Where no sufficient pleasure could be found.
Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow
Of her distress, was known to have turned her steps
To the cold grave in which her husband slept,
One night, or haply more than one, through pain
Or half-insensible impotence of mind.
The fact was caught at greedily, and there
She must be visitant the whole year through,
Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might pursue
These engravings; when the foxglove, one by one, 
Upwards through every stage of the tall stem, 
Had shed beside the public way its bells, 
And stood of all dismantled, save the last 
Left at the tapering ladder's top, that seemed 
To bend as doth a slender blade of grass 
Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to seat, 
Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested still 
With this last relic, soon itself to fall, 
Some vagrant mother, whose arch little ones, 
All unconcerned by her deserted plight, 
Laughed as with rival eagerness their hands 
Gathered the purple cups that round them lay, 
Strewing the turf's green slope.

A diamond light 
(Where'er the summer sun, declining, smote 
A smooth rock wet with constant springs) was seen 
Sparkling from out a coper-clad bank that rose 
Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the hearth 
Seated, with open door, often and long 
Upon this restless lustre have I gazed, 
That made my fancy restless as itself. 
'Twas now for me a burnished silver shield 
Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay 
Inferior, buried in the dusky wood: 
An entrance now into some magic cave 
Or palace built by fairies of the dead 
By pure Imagination: busy Power 
She was, and with her ready pupil turned 
Instinctively to human passions, then 
Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent swarm 
Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich 
As mine was through the bounty of a grand 
And lovely region, I had forms distinct 
To steady me: each airy thought revolved 
Round a substantial centre, which at once 
Incited it to motion, and controlled, 
I did not pine like one in cities bred, 
As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend! 
Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams 
Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things 
Without the light of knowledge. Where the harm, 
If, when the woodman languished with disease 
Induced by sleeping nightly on the ground 
Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise, 
I called the pangs of disappointed love, 
And all the sad ecstasies of the wrong, 
To help him to his grave. Meanwhile the man, 
If not already from the woods retired

To die at home, was happy as I knew, 
Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle airs. 
Birds, running streams, and hills so beautiful 
On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile 
Breathed up its smoke, an image of his soul 
Or spirit that full soon must take her flight 
Nor shall we not be tending towards that 
Of sound humanity to which our Tale 
Leads, though by siniuous ways, if here I ask 
How Fancy, in a season when she wore 
Those slender cords, to guide the unconscious 
For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's 
Some pensive musings which might well be 
Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs 
Stretch from the western marge of Thurstons 
With length of shade so thick, that whose 
Along the line of low-roofed water, moves 
As in a cloister. Once—while, in that shade 
Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light 
Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed 
In silent beauty on the naked ridge 
Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my thought: 
In a pure stream of words fresh from the breast 
Dear native Regions, whereas'er shall close 
My mortal course, there will I think on you; 
Dying, will cast on you a backward look; 
Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale 
Is no where touched by one memorial glass) 
Doth with the fond remains of his last power 
Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds 
On the dear mountain tops where first he saw

Enough of humble arguments; recall, 
My Song! those high emotions which thy 
Has heretofore made known; that bursting 
Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired, 
When everywhere a vital pulse was felt, 
And all the several frames of things, like 
Through every magnitude distinguishable, 
Shone mutually indebted, or half lost 
Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy 
Of life and glory. In the midst stood Man, 
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated, 
As, of all visible natures, crown, though bar 
Of dust, and kindred to the worm; a Being, 
Both in perception and discernment, first 
In every capability of rapture, 
Through the divine effect of power and love 
As, more than anything we know, instinct 
With godhead, and, by reason and by will, 
Acknowledging dependency subsides.

* See p. 1.—54.
RETROSPECT.

Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and things,—
Mean shapes on every side: but, at the instant,
When to myself it fairly might be said,
The threshold now is overpast, (how strange
That taught external to the living mind
Should have such mighty sway! yet so it was),
A weight of ages did at once descend
Upon my heart; no thought embodied, no
Distinct remembrances, but weight and power,—
Power growing under weight: alas! I feel
That I am trifling: ’twas a moment’s pause,—
All that took place within me came and went
As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,
And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open day,
Hath passed with torches into some huge cave,
The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den
In old time haunted by that Danish Witch
Yordas; he looks around and sees the vault
Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he sees,
Erelong, the massy roof above his head,
That instantly unseals and recedes,—
Substance and shadow, light and darkness, all
Commingled, making up a canopy
Of shapes and forms and tendencies to shape
That shift and vanish, change and interchange
Like spectres,—ferment silent and sublime!
That after a short space works less and less,
Till, every effort, every motion gone,
The scene before him stands in perfect view
Exposed, and lifeless as a written book!—
But let him pause awhile, and look again,
And a new quickening shall succeed, at first
Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
Till the whole cave, so late a nameless mass,
Buries the eye with images and forms
Boldly assembled,—here is shadowed forth
From the projections, wrinkled, cavities,
A variegated landscape,—there the shape
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,
The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,
Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff:
Strange congregation! yet not slow to meet
Eyes that perceive through minds that can in-
spire.

Even in such sort had I at first been moved,
Nor otherwise continued to be moved,
As I explored the vast metropolis,
Fount of my country’s destiny and the world’s;
That great emporium, chronicle at once
And burial-place of passions, and their home
Imperial, their chief living residence.
With strong sensations seeming as it did
Of past and present, such a place must needs
Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that time
Far less than craving power; yet knowledge came,
Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
Came, of themselves, or at her call derived
In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,
From all sides, when whatever was in itself
Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me
A correspondent amplitude of mind;
Such is the strength and glory of our youth!
The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and reverence with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn
From books and what they picture and record.

'Tis true, the history of our native land,
With those of Greece compared and popular Rome,
And in our high-brought modern narratives
Script of their harmonising soul, the life
Of manners and familiar incidents,
Had never much delighted me. And less
Than other intellects had mine been used
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance
Of record or tradition; but a sense
Of what in the Great City had been done
And suffered, and was doing, suffering, still,
Weighed with me, could support the test of thought;
And, in despite of all that had gone by,
Or was departing never to return,
There I conversed with majesty and power
Like independent natures. Hence the place
Was thronged with imprestations like the Wilds
In which my early feelings had been nursed—
Rare hills and valleys, full of caverns, rocks, and
And audible seclusion, dashing lakes,
Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed crags
That into music touch the passing wind.
Here then my young imagination found
No uncongenial element; could here
Among new objects serve or give command,
Even as the heart's occasions might require,
To forward reason's else too scrupulous
The effect was, still more elevated view
Of human nature. Neither vice nor
Debasement undergone by body or mind.
Nor all the misery forced upon my sight;
Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes
Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust;
In what we may become; induce belief
That I was ignorant, had been falsely
A solitary, who with vain conceits
Had been inspired, and walked about
From those sad scenes when meditate
Lo! every thing that was indeed divinest,
Retained its purity inviolate,
Nay brighter alone, by this portentous
Set off; such opposition as aroused
The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise
Though fallen from bliss, when in the
*Darkness ere day's mid course, and morning
More orient in the western cloud, that
O'er the blue firmament a radiant wheel
Descending slow with something heaven

Add also, that among the multitude
Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
Affectingly set forth, more than cheerful
Is possible, the unity of man,
One spirit over ignorance and vice
Predominant, in good and evil hearts;
One sense for moral judgments, as one
For the sun's light. The soul when
By a sublime idea, whencesoe'er
Vouchsafed for union or communion,
On the pure Being, and takes her rest

Thus from a very early age, O Fair
My thoughts by slow gradations had
To human-kind, and to the good and
Of human life: Nature had led me on
And oft amid the "busy hum" I see
To travel independent of her help,
As if I had forgotten her; but no,
The world of human-kind outweighs
In my habitual thoughts; the scale's
Though filling daily, still was light,
With that in which her mighty object

* From Milton, Par. Lost, xi. 265.
Through Paris lay my readiest course, and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martre southward to the Dôme
Of Genevièvre. In both her clomorous Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms;
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace huge
Of Orleans; coasted round and round the line
Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and Shop,
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not;
I stared and listened, with a stranger’s ears,
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild!
And hissing Factionists with aurient eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,
But seemed there present; and I scanned them all,
Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face,
With gaitly and absolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sat in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt;
For ’tis most certain, that these various sights,
However potent their first shock, with me
Appeared to recompense the traveller’s pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le Brun,
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek
Pale and bedropped with overflowing tears.

But hence to my more permanent abode
I hasten; there, by novels in speech,
Domestic manners, customs, gestures, looks,
And all the attire of ordinary life,
Attention was engrossed; and, thus amused,
I stood ’mid those concussions, unconcerned,
Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower
Classed in a green-house, or a parlour shrub
That spreds its leaves in unmolested peace,
While every bush and tree, the country through,
Is shaking to the roots: indifference this
Which may seem strange: but I was unprepared
With needful knowledge, had abruptly passed
Into a theatre, whose stage was filled
And busy with an action far advanced.
Like others, I had skimmed, and sometimes read
With care, the master pamphlets of the day;
Nor wanted such half-sight as grew wild
Upon that meagre soil, helped out by talk
And public news; but having never seen
A chronicle that might suffice to show
Whence the main organs of the public power
Had sprung, their transmissions, when and how
Accomplished, giving thus unto events
A form and body; all things were to me
Loose and disjointed, and the affections left
Without a vital interest. At that time,
Moreover, the first storm was overblown,
And the strong hand of outward violence
Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear
Now in connection with so great a theme
To speak (as I must be compelled to do)
Of one so unimportant; night by night
Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,
Whom, in the city, privilege of birth
Sequestered from the rest, societies
Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed;
Whence, and from deeper causes, all discourse
Of good and evil of the time was shunned
With scrupulous care; but these restrictions soon
Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew
Into a noisier world, and thus ere long
Became a patriot; and my heart was all
Given to the people, and my love was theirs.

A band of military Officers,
Then stationed in the city, were the chief
Of my associates: some of these wore swords
That had been seasoned in the wars, and all
Were men well-born; the chivalry of France.
In age and temper differing, they had yet
One spirit ruling in each heart; alike
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)
Were bent upon undoing what was done:
This was their rest and only hope; therewith
No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
For worst to them was come; nor would have
stirred,
Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir,
In any thing, save only as the act
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by years,
Was in the prime of manhood, and swelled
He had safe lord in many tender hearts;
Though heedless of such honors now changed:
His temper was quite mastered by the time
And they had blighted him, had eaten away
The beauty of his person, doing wrong
Alike to body and to mind: his port,
Which once had been erect and open, now
Was stooping and contracted, and a face
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
Of symmetry and light and bloom, expressed
As much as any that was ever seen,
A raving out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow
Into a thousand colours; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his tale
Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment; mildest men
Were agitated: and communities, strife;
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
The soil of common life, was, at that time,
Too hot to tread upon. 'Oft said I then,
And not then only, "What a mockery the
Of history, the past and that to come!"
Now do I feel how all men are deceived,
Reading of nations and their works, in faith
Given to vanity and emptiness;
Oh! laughter for the page that would reveal
To future times the face of what now is
The land all swarmed with passion, like
Devoured by locusts,—Carra, Gorrax,—a
A hundred other names, forgotten now,
Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were;
Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day
And felt through every nook of town and

Such was the state of things. Meanwhile,
Of my associates stood prepared for flight
To augment the band of emigrants in art
Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leng
With foreign foes mustered for instant war.
This was their undaunted instinct, and th
Were waiting with the whole of their de
The moment to depart.

An Englishman
Born in a land whose very name appears
To license some unruliness of mind;
er, with youth's further privilege, indulgence that a half-fearful speech on the courteous; I, who had been else and not tolerated, freely lived as defenders of the Crowns, and talked, rd their notions; nor did they disdain to bring me over to their cause.

though untaught by thinking or by books in wall of polity or law, distinctions, then on every tongue, al rights andcivil; and to acts us and their passing interests, unworliday ends and aims compared) indifferent, even the historian's tale but little otherwise than I prized the poets, as it made the heart b, and filled the fancy with fair forms, as and their sufferings and their deeds; his regal sceptre, and the pomp s and degrees, I nothing found had ever, even in cruelest youth, zed me, but rather what I mourned could brook, beholding that the best of, and feeling that they ought to rule.

orn in a poor district, and which yet more of ancient homelessness, other nook of English ground, y fortune scarcely to have seen, the whole tenor of my school-day time, of one, who, whether boy or man, ed with attention and respect claims of wealth or blood; nor was it cast benefits, in later years from academic institutes 3, that they held something up to view public, where all stood thus far ial ground; that we were brothers all is, as in one community, and gentlemen; where, furthermore, on open lay to all that came, th and titles were in less esteem ents, worth, and prosperous industry. 0 this, subservience from the first nces of God's mysterious power nisot in Nature's sovereignty, shkip with venerable books, on the proud workings of the soul,tain liberty. It could not be one tutored thus should look with awe faculties of man, receive the highest promises, and hail, As best, the government of equal rights And individual worth. And hence, O Friend! If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced Less than night well best my youth, the cause In part lay here, that unto me the events Seemed nothing out of nature's certain course, A gift that was come rather late than soon. No wonder, then, if advocates like these, Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice, And stung with injury, at this riper day, Were impotent to make my hopes put on The shape of theirs, my understanding bend In honour to their honour: zeal, which yet Had slumbered, now in opposition burst Forth like a Polar summer: every word They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds Blown back upon themselves; their reason seemed Confusion-stricken by a higher power Than human understanding, their discourse Maimed, spiritless; and, in their weakness strong, I triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads Were crowded with the bravest youth of France, And all the promptest of her spirits, linked In gallant soldiery, and posting on To meet the war upon her frontier bounds. Yet at this very moment do tears start Into mine eyes: I do not say I weep— I wept not then,—but tears have dimmed my sight, In memory of the farewells of that time, Domestic severings, female fortitude At dearest separation, patriot love And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope, Encouraged with a martyr's confidence; Even files of strangers merely seen but once, And for a moment, men from far with sound Of music, martial tunes, and banners spread, Entering the city, here and there a face, Or person singled out among the rest, Yet still a stranger and beloved as such; Even by these passing spectacles my heart Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the cause Good, pure, which no one could stand up against, Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish, proud, Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved, Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one, Already hinted at, of other mould— A patriot, thence rejected by the rest, And with an oriental loathing spurned, As of a different caste. A meeker man Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made him more gracious, and his nature then
Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly;
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He through the
events
Of that great change wandered in perfect faith,
As through a book, an old romance, or tale
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
Behind the summer clouds. By birth he ranked
With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry, like that
Which he, a soldier, in his idle day
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was intent
On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the man
That was delightful. Oft in solitude
With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
For patrimonial honour set apart,
And ignorance in the labouring multitude.
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,
Balanced these contemplations in his mind;
And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped
Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment.
Then later days allowed; carried about me,
With less alloy to its integrity,
The experience of past ages, as, through help
Of books and common life, it makes sure way
To youthful minds, by objects over near
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
By struggling with the crowd for present ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find
Error without excuse upon the side
Of them who strove against us, more delight
We took, and let this freely be confessed,
In painting to ourselves the miseries
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
The meanest thrives the most: where digni
True personal dignity, abideth not;
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
From the natural inlets of just sentiment.
From lowly sympathy and chattering truth
Where good and evil interchange their seat
And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is pure
With vice at home. We added dearest that
Man and his noble nature, as it is
The gift which God has placed within his
His blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break
Bondage, the other to build liberty
On firm foundations, making social life,
Through knowledge spreading and impartial
As just in regulation, and as pure
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright eye
That would be found in all recorded thus,
Of truth preserved and error passed away:
Of single spirits that catch the flame from fire
And how the multitudes of men will feel
And fan each other; thought of sects, how
They are to put the appropriate nature on,
Triumphant over every obstacle
Of custom, language, country, love, or hate.
And what they do and suffer for their creed;
How far they travel, and how long endure:
How quickly mighty Nations have been from
From least beginnings; how, together locked
By new opinions, scattered tribes have made
One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven
To aspirations then of our own minds
Did we appeal; and, finally, behold
A living confirmation of the whole
Before us, in a people from the depth
Of shameless imbecility uprise,
Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked
Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,
And continence of mind, and sense of right,
Uppernest in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,
Or such retirement, Friend! as we have in
In the green dales beside our Rotha's rise,
Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
To ruminate, with interchange of talk.
On rational liberty, and hope in man,
Justice and peace. But far more sweet such
Tell, say I, for it leads to thoughts abst
RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

With speed and echoes loud of trampling hoofs
From the hard floor reverberated, then
It was Angelica thundering through the woods
Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.

Sometimes methought I saw a pair of knights
Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm
Rocked high above their heads; anon, the din
Of boisterous merriment, and music’s roar,
In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance
Rejoicing o’er a female in the midst,
A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.

The width of those huge forests, unto me
A novel scene, did often in this way
Master my fancy while I wandered on
With that revered companion. And sometimes—
When to a convent in a meadow green,

By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
And not by reverential touch of Time
Diamantled, but by violence abrupt—
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
In spite of real fervour, and of that
Less genuine and wrought up within myself—
I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the Matin-bell to sound no more
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the cross
High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
(How welcome to the weary traveller’s eyes!)
Of hospitality and peaceful rest.

And when the partner of those varied walks
Pointed upon occasion to the site
Of Romorest, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Blois,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,
By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him
In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,
As a tradition of the country tells,
Practised to commune with her royal knight
By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
‘Twixt her high-seated residence and his
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;
Even here, though less than with the peaceful house
Religious, ’mid those frequent monuments
Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,
Imagination, potent to inflame
At times with virtuous wrath and noble scorn,
Did also often mitigate the force
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
So call it, of a youthful patriot’s mind;
And on these spots with many gleams I looked
Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one
Is law for all; and of that barrier pride
In them who, by immunities unjust,
Between the sovereign and the people stand,
His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold
Daily upon me, mixed with pity too
And love; for where hope is, there love will be
For the abject multitude. And when we chanced
One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer’s motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane
Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, “The against that
That we are fighting.” I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that poverty
Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the earth
Unswartered in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes for ever blotted out
That legalized exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensible state and cruel power,
Whether by edict of the one or few;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong hand
In framing their own laws; whence better days
To all mankind. But, these things apart,
Was not this single confidence enough
To animate the mind that ever turned
A thought to human welfare? That henceforth
Captivity by mandate without law
Should cease; and open accusation lead
To sentence in the hearing of the world,
And open punishment, if not the air
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man
Dread nothing. From this height I shall not stoop
To humbler matter that detained us oft
In thought or conversation, public acts,
And public persons, and emotions wrought
Within the breast, as ever-varying winds
Of record or report swept over us;

But might I here, instead, repeat a tale,*
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events,
That prove to what low depth had struck the
How widely spread the boughs, of that old
Which, as a deadly mischief, and a soul
And black dishonour, France was weary of.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus
The story might begin,) oh, balmy time,
In which a love-knot, on a lady’s brow,
Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!
So might—and with that prelude did begin
The record; and, in faithful verse, was given
The doleful sequel.

But our little bark
On a strong river boldly hath been harnessed,
And from the driving current should we turn
To loiter wilfully within a creek,
However attractive, fellow voyager!
Would’st thou not chide? Yet deem not
Pains lost:

For Vandracon and Julia (so were named
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will dwell
Tears from the hearts of others, when their lot
Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there mightst
At leisure, how the enamoured youth was delf
By public power abused, to fatal crime,
Nature’s rebellion against monstrous law;
How, between heart and heart, oppression thine
Her mandates, sovereign whom true love
joined,
Harassing both; until he sank and press’d
The couch his fate had made for him; stirs
Save when the stings of viperous remorse,
Trying their strength, enforced him to start at
Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood
He fled, to shun the haunts of human kind;
There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and more
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which then
France
Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own worst wrongs
Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy shas
His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

BOOK TENTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

CONTINUED.

beautiful and silent day
reapred the countenance of earth,
ing with unusual quietness,—
beautiful as e'er was given
he regret, though deepening what it
of the gliding Loire I paused, and cast
rich domains, vineyard and tilth,
shadown-ground, and many-coloured woods,
nd yet again, a farewell look;
the quiet of that scene passed on,
the fierce Metropolis. From his throne
had fallen, and that invading host—
itious cloud, on whose black front was
ler mercies of the dismal wind
of it—on the plains of Liberty
st innocuous. Say in bolder words,
who had come late as eastern hunters
neath the Great Mogul, when he
went forth from Agra or Lahore,
nd Omrah in his train, intent
their prey enclosed within a ring
a province, but, the signal given,
point of the life-threatening spear
ng itself by moments—they, rash men,
the anticipated quarry turned
ers, from whose wrath they fled
. Disappointment and dismay
for all whose fancies had run wild
expectations; confidence
fct triumph for the better cause.

rate, as if to stamp the final seal
security, and to the world
nt she was, a high and fearless soul,
, in defiance, or heart-stung
resentment, or belike to taunt
teful gratitude the baffled League,
I stirred up her slackening faculties
transition, when the King was crushed,
t the empty throne, and in proud haste
l the body and venerable name
public. Lamentable crimes,
, had gone before this hour, dire work

Of massacre, in which the senseless sword
Was prayed to as a judge; but these were past,
Earth free from them for ever, as was thought,—
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once!
Things that could only show themselves and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I returned,
And ranged, with arduous heretofore unfelt,
The spacious city, and in progress passed
The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,
Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage; and the palace, lately stormed
With roar of cannon by a furious host.
I crossed the square (an empty area then!)
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and gazed
On this and other spots, as doth a man
Upon a volume whose contents he knows
Are memorable, but from him locked up,
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
So that he questions the mute leaves with pain,
And half upbraids their silence. But that night
I felt most deeply in what world I was,
What ground I trod on, and what air I breathed.
High was my room and lonely, near the roof
Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge
That would have pleased me in more quiet times;
Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.
With unextinguished taper I kept watch,
Reading at intervals; the fear gone by
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.
I thought of those September massacres,
Divided from me by one little month,
Saw them and touched: the rest was conjured up;
From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishments.
The horse is taught his manage, and no star
Of wildest course but treads back his own steps;
For the spent hurricane the air provides
As fierce a successor; the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep; all things have second birth;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, "Sleep no more." The trance
Fled with the voice to which it had given birth;
But vainly comments of a calmer mind
Of Maximilian Robespierre;" the hand,
Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed speech,
The same that had been recently pronounced,
When Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark
Some words of indirect reproof had been
Intended, rose in publick attention;
And the man who had an ill surmise of him
To bring his charge in openness; whereto,
When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,
In silence of all present, from his seat
Louvet walked single through the avenue,
And took his station in the Tribune, saying,
"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is known
The inglorious issue of that charge, and how
He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt,
The one bold man, whose voice the attack had
sounded,
Was left without a follower to discharge
His perilous duty, and retire lamenting
That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men
Who to themselves are false.
But these are things
Of which I speak, only as they were storm
Or sunshine to my individual mind,
No further. Let me then relate that now—
In some sort seeing with my proper eyes
That Liberty, and Life, and Death would soon
To the remotest corners of the land
Lie in the arbiterment of those who ruled
The capital City; what was struggled for,
And by what combats victory must be won;
The indecision on their part whose aim
Seemed best, and the straightforward path of those
Who in attack or in defence were strong
Through their inutility—my inmost soul
Yet would I at this time with wills
Have undertaken for a cause so great
Service however dangerous. I revo
How much the destiny of Man had
Hung upon single persons; that the
Transcendent to all local patronity,
One nature, as there is one sun in h
That objects, even as they are great,
Do come within the reach of humble
That Man is only weak through his
And want of hope where evidence d
Proclaims to him that hope should be
Nor did the inexperience of my you
Precede conviction, that a spirit st
In hope, and trained to noble aspira
A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself
Is for Society's unreasoning herd
A domineering instinct, serves at on
For way and guide, a fluent recepta
That gathers up each petty struggle;
And vein of water, glad to be rolled
In safe obedience; that a mind, who
Is where it ought to be, in self-restr
In circumspection and simplicity,
Fails rarely in entire discomfiture
Below its aim, or meets with, from a
A treachery that foils it or defeats;
And, lastly, if the means on human
Fail human will, dependent should
Him who too boldly trusted them,
That 'mid the loud distractions of
A sovereign voice subsists within t
Arbiter undisturbed of right and w
Of life and death, in majesty severe
Enjoining, as may best promote the
RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

A patriot of the world, how could I glide
Into communion with her sylvan shades,
Erewhile my tuneful haunt! I pleased me more
To abide in the great City, where I found
The general air still busy with the stir
Of that first memorable onset made
By a strong levi of humanity
Upon the traffickers in Negro blood;
Effort which, though defeated, had recalled
To notice old forgotten principles,
And through the nation spread a novel beat
Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own
That this particular strife had wanted power
To rivet my affections; nor did now
Its unsuccessful issue much excite
My sorrow; for I brought with me the faith
That, if France prospered, good men would not long
Pay fruitless worship to humanity,
And this most rotten branch of human shame,
Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains,
Would fall together with its parent tree.
What then, were my emotions, when in arms
Britain put forth her free-born strength in league,
Oh, pity and shame! with those confederate
Powers!

Not in my single self alone I found,
But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
Change and subversion from that hour. No shock
Given to my moral nature had I known
Down to that very moment; neither lapse
Nor turn of sentiment that might be named
A revolution, save at this one time;
All else was progress on the selfsame path
On which, with a diversity of pace,
I had been travelling; this a stride at once
Into another region. As a light
And pliant harcbeill, swinging in the breeze
On some grey rock—its birth-place—so had I
Wantedest, fast rooted on the ancient tower
Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune than to wither there:
Now was I from that pleasant station torn
And tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced,
Yes, afterwards—truth most painful to record!—
Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
When Englishmen by thousands were o’erthrown,
Left without glory on the field, or driven,
Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was a grief,—
Grief call it not, ’twas anything but that,—
A conflict of sensations without name,
Of which I only, who may love the sight
Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
When, in the congregation bending all

The for boys, too hackneyed for their sires,)
As a revolution’s liveliness,
Their comprehensive bearings known
ible to philosophers of old,
To, to business of the world untrained,
the shade; and to Harmodius known
compeer Aristogiton, known
— that tyrannic power is weak,
other gratitude, nor faith, nor love,
The support of good or evil men
in; that the godhead which is ours
or utterly be charmed or stilled;
shipping hath a natural right to last
ility and reason; that all else
es irreconcilable, and at best
only by variety of disease.

might my wishes be intense, my thoughts
and perturbed, not doubting at that time
that the virtue of one paramount mind
have abashed those impious crests—have
pulled
bloody power, and—in despite
the People long had been and were
ignorance and false teaching, sadder
proof
maturity, and—in the teeth
erate opposition from without—
cared a passage for just government,
the solid birthright to the State,
ized, according to example given
out lawgivers.

In this frame of mind, I
by a chain of harsh necessity,
and it,—now I thankfully acknowledge,
by the gracious providence of Heaven,—
land I returned, else (though assured
both was and must be of small weight,
or than a landsman on the deck
struggling with a hideous storm)
s, I should have then made common cause
me who perished; haply perished too,
, and bewildered offering,—
to the breast of Nature have gone back;
my resolutions, all my hopes,
only to myself, to men
and even, beloved Friend! a soul
unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall
acts, as often Winter had put on
my crown, since I had seen the surge
and Allison’s shore, since era of mine
ght the accents of my native speech
native country’s sacred ground.
To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
Or praises for our country's victories;
And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance
I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sat silent, shall I add,
Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh! much have they to account for, who could
tear,
By violence, at one decisive rent,
From the best youth in England their dear pride,
Their joy, in England; this, too, at a time
In which worst losses easily might wean
The best of names, when patriotic love
Did of itself in modesty give way,
Like the Precursor when the Deity
Is come Whose harbinger he was; a time
In which apostacy from ancient faith
Seemed but conversion to a higher creed;
Withal a season dangerous and wild,
A time when sage Experience would have snatched
Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose
A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the red-cross flag
In that unworthy service was prepared
To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,
A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep;
I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
Through a whole month of calm and glassy days
In that delightful island which protects
Their place of convocation—there I heard,
Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,
A monitory sound that never failed,—
The sunset cannon. While the orb went down
In the tranquillity of nature, came
That voice, ill requiem! seldom heard by me
Without a spirit overcast by dark
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their desperate ends,
Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad
Of this new enemy. Tyants, strong before
In wicked plea, were strong as demons now;
And thus, on every side beset with foes,
The gauged land waxed mad; the crimes of few
Spread into madness of the many; blasts
From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven.
The sternness of the just, the faith of those
Who doubted not that Providence had times
Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned
RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

Wanted not consolations, nor a creed
Of reconciliation, then when they denounced,
On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss
Of their offences, punishment to come;
Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,
Before them, in some desolated place,
The wrath consummate and the threat fulfilled;
So, with devout humility be it said,
So, did a portion of that spirit fall
On me uplifted from the vantage-ground
Of pity and sorrow to a state of being
That through the time's exceeding fierceness saw
Glimpse of retribution, terrible,
And in the order of sublime beliefs:
But, even if that were not, amid the awe
Of unintelligible chastisement,
Not only acquiescence of faith
Survived, but daring sympathies with power,
Movements not treacherous or profane, else why
Within the folds of so ungentle breast
Their dread vibration to this hour prolong'd?
Wild blasts of music thus could find their way
Into the midst of turbulent events;
So that worst tempests might be listened to.
Then was the truth received into my heart,
That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
Honour which could not else have been, a faith,
An elevation, and a sanctity,
If new strength be not given nor old restored,
The blame is ours, not Nature's. When a taunt
Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
From popular government and equality;"
I clearly saw that neither these nor sought
Of wild belief engraven on their names
By false philosophy had caused the woes,
But a terrific reservoir of guilt
And ignorance filled up from age to age,
That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,
But burst and spread in deluges through the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea
Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,
So that disastrous period did not want
Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,
To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven
Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not the less,
For those examples, in no age surpassed,
Of fortiitude and energy and love,
And human nature faithful to herself
Under worst trials, was I driven to think
Of the glad times when first I traversed France
A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed
I thought, still traversing that widespread
With tender pleasure of the verses grave
Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself:
He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
Would have loved me, as one not desists
Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
That he had formed, when I, at his command
Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
And rocky island near, a fragment stood
(Itself like a sea rock) the low remains
(With shells encrustcd, dark with briny wre.
Of a dilapidated structure, once
A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
Said matins at the hour that suited those
Who crossed the sands with cib of mourning.
Not far from that still rain all the plain
Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
Wading beneath the conduct of their guide
In loose procession through the shallow stra
Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I pass
Lunging for skill to paint a scene so bright
And cheerful, but the foremost of the last
As he approached, no salutation gives
In the familiar language of the day.
Cried, "Robespierre is dead!"—nor was a do
After strict question, left within my mind
That he and his supporters all were killed.

Great was my transport, deep my grieved
To everlasting justice, by this flat
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden tim
Said I forth-pouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning star
From out the bosom of the night, come ye:
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
They who with clumsy desperation fought
A river of Blood, and preached that visions
Could cleanse the Augurs stone, by the wig
Of their own helper have been swept away:
Their madness stands declared and visible:
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and as
March firmly towards righteousness and peace
Then schemes I framed more calmly, who
Now
The madding factions might be tranquillised
And bow through hardships manifold if
The glorious renovation would proceed.
Thus interrupted by uneasy bustles
Of exultation, I pursued my way.
FRANCE.

that very shore which I had skinned
er days, when—spurring from the Vale
atad, and St. Mary's mouldering face,
e stone abbot, after circuit made

In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
Of school-boys hastening to their distant home:
Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

BOOK ELEVENTH

FRANCE.

CONCLUDED.

that time forth, Authority in France
a milder face; Terror had ceased,
every thing was wanting that might give
me, confidence was unimpaired;
man's language, and the public acts
measures of the Government, though both
and of heartless men, had not power
; in the People was my trust:
that wound external could not take
the virtues which mine eyes had seen,
only follow, in the path of shame,
brothers, and her triumphs be in the end
universal, irresistible.

situation led me to confound
story with another, higher far,—
pha of unambitious peace at home,
silence of fortitude. Beholding still
wise strong as heretofore, I thought
that in degree the same was likewise
me in quality,—that, as the worse
two spirits then at strife remained
, the better, surely, would preserve
cart that first had roused him. Youth

conditions of society,
union more direct and intimate
future,—hence, oftentimes, with reason too—
ge or manhood, even. To Nature, then,
had reverted: habit, custom, law,
and an interregnum's open space
r to move about in, uncontrolled. k
ule I could see how Babel-like their task,
by the recent deluge stupidised,
hair whole souls went culling from the day
ty promises, to build a tower

For their own safety; laughed with my compers
At gravest heads, by enmity to France
Distempered, till they found, in every blast
Forced from the street-disturbing newsman's horn,
For her great cause record or prophecy
Of utter ruin. How might we believe
That wisdom could, in any shape, come near
Men clinging to delusions so insane!

And thus, experience proving that no few
Of our opinions had been just, we took
Like credit to ourselves where less was due,
And thought that other notions were as sound,
Yea, could not but be right, because we saw
That foolish men opposed them.

To a strain
More animated I might hope give way,
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
What in those days, through Britain, was per-
formed
To turn all judgments out of their right course;
But this is passion over-near ourselves,
Reality too close and too intense,
And intermixed with something, in my mind,
Of scorn and condemnation personal,
That would profane the sanctity of verse.
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time
Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law
A tool of murder; they who ruled the State,
Though with such awful proof before their eyes
That he, who would sow death, reaps death, or
worse,

And can reap nothing better, child-like longed
To imitate, not wise enough to avoid;
Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)
The plain straight road, for one no better chosen
Than if their wish had been to undermine
Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

But from these bitter truths I must return
To my own history. It hath been told
That I was led to take an eager part
In arguments of civil policy,  
Abruptly, and indeed before my time;  
I had approached, like other youths, the shield  
Of human nature from the golden age,  
And would have sought, even to the death, to attest  
The quality of the metal which I saw.  
What there is best in individual man,  
Of wise in passion, and sublimes in power,  
Benevolent in small societies,  
And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,  
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood  
By reason: nay, far from it; they were yet,  
As cause was given me afterwards to learn,  
Not proof against the injuries of the day;  
Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,  
Not safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,  
And with such general insight into evil,  
And of the bounds which sever it from good,  
As books and common intercourse with life  
Must needs have given—to the inexperienced  
mind,

When the world travels in a beaten road,  
Guide faithful as is needed—I begun  
To meditate with ardour on the rule  
And management of nations; what it is  
And ought to be; and strove to learn how far  
Their power or weakness, wealth or poverty,  
Their happiness or misery, depends  
Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

* O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood  
Upon our side, us who were strong in love!  
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven!  
O times, in which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance!  
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights  
When most intent on making of herself  
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,  
Which then was going forward in her name!  
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,  
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets  
(As at some moments might not be unfelt  
Among the bowers of Paradise itself.)  
The building rose above the rose fall blown.  
What temper at the prospect did not wake  
To happiness unthought of! The inert  
Were roused, and lively naturens rapt away!  
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
The play-fellows of fancy, who had made

All powers of swiftness, subtlety, and strength  
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had sown  
Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
And dealt with whatsoever they found them  
As if they had within some lurking right  
To wield it; they, too, who of gentle mood  
Had watched all gentle motions, and to the  
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemes,  
mild,  
And in the region of their peaceful selves;  
Now was it that both found, the meek and  
Did both find helpers to their hearts' desire  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could with  
Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—  
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows what!  
But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end  
We find our happiness, or not at all!  

Why should I not confess that Earth was  
To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,  
Seems, when the first time visited, to one  
Who thither comes to find in it his home  
He walks about and looks upon the spot  
With cordial transport, moulds it in new  
And is half pleased with things that are.  
"Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked  
From every object pleasant circumstances  
To suit my ends; I moved among mankind  
With genial feelings still predominant;  
When erring, erring on the better part,  
And in the kinder spirit; placable,  
Indulgent, as not uninformed that men  
See as they have been taught—Antiquity  
Gives rights to error; and aware, no less  
That throwing off oppression must be with  
As well of License as of Liberty;  
And above all—for this was more than all;  
Not caring if the wind did now and then  
Blow keen upon an eminence that gave  
Prospect so large into futurity;  
In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,  
Diffusing only those affections wider  
That from the cradle had grown up with  
And losing, in no other way than light,  
Is lost in light, the weak in the more st

In the main outline, such it might be,  
Was my condition, till with open war  
Britain opposed the liberties of France.  
This threw me first out of the pale of
That promised to abstract the hopes of Man
Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth
For ever in a purer element—
Found ready welcome. Tempting region that
For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,
Where passions had the privilege to work,
And never hear the sound of their own names.
But, speaking more in charity, the dream
Flattered the young, pleased with extremity, not least
With that which makes our Reason's naked self
The object of its favour. What delight!
How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-rule,
To look through all the frailties of the world,
And, with a resolute mastery shaking off
Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
Build social upon personal Liberty,
Which, to the blind restraints of general laws
Superior, magisterially adopts
One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed
Upon an independent intellect.
Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,
From her first ground expelled, grew proud once more.
Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human kind,
I scorned indifferently; but, inflamed with thirst
Of a secure intelligence, and sick
Of other longing, I pursued what seemed
A more exalted nature; wished that Man
Should start out of his earthy, worm-like state,
And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—
A noble aspiration! yet I feel
(Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)
The aspiration, nor shall ever cease
To feel it;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea excuse
Those aberrations—had the glamorous friends
Of ancient Institutions said and done
To bring disgrace upon their very names;
Disgrace, of which, custom and written law,
And sundry moral sentiments as props
Or emanations of those institutes,
Too justly bore a part. A veil had been
Uplifted; why deceive ourselves! in sooth,
'Twas even so; and sorrow for the man
Who either had not eyes whereby to see,
Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock
Was given to old opinions; all men's minds
Had felt its power, and mine was both let loose,
Let loose and goaded. After what hath been
Already said of patriotic love,
Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern
In temperament, withal a happy man,
And therefore bold to look on painful things,
Free likewise of the world, and thence more bold,
I summoned my best skill, and toiled, intent
To anatomize the frame of social life,
Yea, the whole body of society
Searched to its heart. Share with me, Friend! the wish
That some dramatic tale, ended with shapes
Liveller, and dinging out less guarded words
Than suit the work we fashion, might set forth
What then I learned, or think I learned, of truth,
And the errors into which I fell, betrayed
By present objects, and by reasonings false.
From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn
Out of a heart that had been turned aside
From Nature's way by outward accidents,
And which was thus confounded, more and more
Misguided, and misleading. So I feared,
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds,
Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honours; now believing,
Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed.
With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground
Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction; till, demanding formal proof,
And seeking in every thing, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contradiction,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,
This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I drooped,
Dooming our blessed reason of least use
Where wanted most: "The lordly attributes
Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,
"What are they but a mockery of a Being
Who hath in no concerns of his a test
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear
Or hopes for, what to covet or to shun;
And who, if those could be discerned, would yet
Be little profited, would see, and ask
Where is the obligation to enforce?
And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not walk
With scoffers, seeking light and gay revenge
From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate down
In reconciliation with an utter waste
Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook,
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of life,

Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their adorn
Not turned to abstract science, and there
Work for the reasoning faculty enshrined
Where the disturbances of space and time
Whether in matters various, properties
Inherent, or from human will and power
Derived—find no admission. Then it was
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good
That the beloved Sister in whose sight
Those days were passed, now speaking in
Of sudden admonition—like a brook
That did but cross a lonely road, and now
Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn
Companion never lost through many a len
Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self; for, though bonds
changed
Much, as it seemed, I was no further changed
Than as a clouded and a waning moon:
She whispered still that brightness would
She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that moon,
And that alone, my office upon earth;
And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
If willing audiences fall not, Nature's self
By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day
To those sweet counsels between lead and
Whence grew that genuine knowledge, and
with peace,
Which, through the later sinkings of this
Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now
In the catastrophe (for so they dream,
And nothing else), when, finally to close
And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope
Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor—
This last opprobrium, when we see a poet
That once looked up in faith, as if to Her
For mensa, take a lesson from the dog
Returning to his vomit; when the sun
That rose in splendour, was alive, and
In exultation with a living pomp.
Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—
Hath dropped all functions by the gods be
And, turned into a gawgaw, a machine,
Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Frail
Through times of honour and through
Shame
Descending, have I faithfully retraced
The perturbations of a youthful mind
Under a long-lived storm of great events
A story destined for thy ear, who now,
be fallen of nations, dost abide
now stretching towards Syracuse,
of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!
the mighty prostrated! They first,
of all that breathe should have awaked
a great voice was heard from out the tombs
of heroes. If I suffered grief
ex quitid France, by many deemed
only in her proudest day;
I am distressed to think of what she once
is; a far more sober cause
as must see of sorrow in a land,
animating influence lost
dry, to virtue lost and hope,
with the wreck of loftier years bestrown.
dignation works where hope is not
as, O Friend! will be refreshed. There is
a society alone on earth:
the Living and the noble Dead.
be such converse strong and sanative,
forth thy spirit to reascend
and joy and pure contentedness;
be grief confined, that thou art gone
in last spot of earth, where Freedom now
ingle in her only sanctuary;
warmer art gone, by pain
ed and sickness, at the latter day,
worful reverse for all mankind.
thee, must utter what I feel:
pasties erewhile in part discharged,
fresh, and will have vent again:
delights do scarcely seem to me
delights; the lordly Alps themselves,
sy peaks, from which the Morning looks
on many nations, are no more
That image of pure gladness
they were wont to be. Through kindred
scences,
sose, at a time, how different!
at thy way, carrying the heart and soul
ture gives to Poets, now by thought,
and in the summer of their strength.
up him in your shades, ye giant woods,
a side; and thou, O flowery field!
is there not some nook of thine,
the first play-time of the infant world
red to restorative delight,
on afar invoked by anxious love?

Child of the mountains, among shepherds
reared,
ere yet familiar with the classic page,
I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,
The gloom, that, but a moment past, was deepened
At thy command, at her command gives way;
A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
Comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold
Her eyes yet smiling, her once happy vales;
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name
Of note belonging to that honoured isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Ephedes,
Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!
That doth not yield a solace to my grief:
And, O Thocritus,* so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven and earth,
By their endowments, good or great, that they
Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
Wrought for them in old time: yea, not unmoved,
When thinking on my own beloved friend,
I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
Divine Comates, by his impious lord
Within a chest imprisoned; how they came
Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,
And fed him there, alive, month after month,
Because the goatherd, blessed man! had lips
Wet with the Muses' nectar.

Thus I soothe
The pensive moments by this calm fireside,
And find a thousand bounteous images
To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and mine.
Our prayers have been accepted; thou wilt stand
On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
Triumphant, winning from the invaded heavens
Thoughts without bound, magnificent designs,
Worthy of poets who attuned their harps
In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,
Mid temples, served by sapient priests, and choirs
Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in vain
Those temples, where they in their ruins yet
Survive for inspiration, shall attract
Thy solitary steps; and on the brink
Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;
Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,
Then, near some other spring— which, by the name
Thou gratulatest, willingly deceived—
I see thee linger a glad votary,
And not a captive pining for his home.

* Theocrit. Idyll. vii. 78.—Bk.
BOOK TWELFTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

Long time have human ignorance and guilt Destained us, on what spectacles of woe Compelled to look, and inwardly oppressed With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts, Confusion of the judgment, zeal denied, And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself And things to hope for! Not with these began Our song, and not with those our song must end,— Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs, Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers, Feelingly watched, might teach Man’s haughty race How without injury to take, to give Without offence; ye who, as if to show The wondrous influence of power gently used, Bend the complying heads of lordly pines, And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks, Muttering along the stones, a busy noise By day, a quiet sound in silent night; Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore, Not mute, and then retire, fear no storm; And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is To interpose the covert of your shades, Even as a sleep, between the heart of man And outward troubles, between man himself, Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart: Oh! that I had a music and a voice Harmonious as your own, that I might tell What ye have done for me. The morning shines, Nor heedeth Man’s perverseness; Spring returns,— I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice, In common with the children of her love, Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh fields, Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven, On wings that navigate cerulean skies. So neither were complacency, nor peace, Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good Through these distracted times; in Nature still Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her, Which, when the spirit of evil reached its height Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend! I hath chiefly Of intellectual power, fostering love, Dispensing truth, and, over men and thing Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing Prophetic sympathies of genial faith: So was I favoured—such my happy lot— Until that natural graciousness of mind Gave way to overpressure from the times And their disastrous issues. What availed When spells forbade the voyager to land, That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower Of blissful gratitude and fearless love! Dare I swear that wish was mine to see, And hope that future times would surely see The man to come, parted, as by a gulf, From him who had been; that I could not Trust the elevation which had made me one With the great family that still survives To illuminate the abyss of ages past, Sage, warrior, patriot, hero; for it seemed That their best virtues were not free from Of something false and weak, that could not The open eye of Reason. Then I said, "Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee More perfectly of purer creatures;—yet If reason be nobility in man, Can aught be more ignoble than the man Whom they delight in, blinded as he is By prejudice, the miserable slave Of low ambition or distempered love!"

In such strange passion, if I may once Review the past, I warred against myself A bigot to a new idolatry— Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn the Zealously laboured to cut off my heart From all the sources of her former stress And as, by simple waving of a wand, The wizard instantaneously dissolves Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul As readily by syllogistic words Those mysteries of being which have in And shall continue evermore to make, Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so ft Perverted, even the visible Universe
IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

Vivid the transport, vivid though not profound; 
I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock, 
Still craving combinations of new forms, 
New pleasure, wider empire for the sight, 
Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced 
To lay the inner faculties asleep. 

And the turns and countermarches, the strife 
And various trials of our complex being, 
As we grow up, such thralldom of that scene 
Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a maid, 
A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds; 
Her eye was not the mistress of her heart; 
Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste, 
Or barren intermeddling subtleties, 
Perplex her mind; but, wise as women are 
When genial circumstance hath favoured them, 
She welcomed what was given, and craved no more; 
Whate'er the scene presented to her view, 
That was the best; to that she was attuned 
By her being simplicity of life, 
And through a perfect happiness of soul, 
Whose variegated feelings were in this 
Sisters, that they were each some new delight. 
Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field, 
Could they have known her, would have loved; 

methought 
Her very presence such a sweetness breathed, 
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills, 
And every thing she looked on, should have had 
An intimation how she bore herself 
Towards them and to all creatures. God delights 
In such a being; for, her common thoughts 
Are piety, her life is gratitude.

Even like this maid, before I was called forth 
From the retirement of my native hills, 
I loved whate'er I saw: nor lightly loved, 
But most intensely; never dreamt of urging 
More grand, more fair, more exquisitely formed 
Than those few nooks to which my happy feet 
Were limited. I had not at that time 
Lived long enough, nor in the least survived 
The first diviner influence of this world, 
As it appears to unaccustomed eyes. 
Worshipping them among the depth of things, 
As piety ordained; could I submit 
To measured admiration, or to aught 
That should preclude humility and love? 
I felt, observed, and pondered; did not judge, 
Yea, never thought of judging; with the gift 
Of all this glory filled and satisfied. 
And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps 
Roaming, I carried with me the same heart: 
In truth, the degradation—howso'er
The characters are fresh and visible:  
A casual glance had shown them, and I fed,  
Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road:  
Then, reascending the bare common, saw  
A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,  
The beacon on the summit, and, more near,  
A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head,  
And seemed with difficult steps to force her way  
Against the blowing wind. It was, in truth,  
An ordinary sight; but I should need  
Colours and words that are unknown to man,  
To paint the visionary dreaminess  
Which, while I looked all round for my lost gui  
Invasted moorland waste, and naked pool,  
The beacon crowning the lone eminence,  
The female and her garments vexed and tossed  
By the strong wind. When, in the blessed hour  
Of early love, the loved one at my side,  
I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,  
Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,  
And on the melancholy beacon, fell  
a spirit of pleasure and youth's golden dream;  
And think ye not with radiance more sublime  
For these remembrances, and for the power  
They had left behind? So feeling comes in all  
Of feeling, and diversity of strength  
Attends us, if but once we have been strong.  
Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth  
Proceed thy honours. I am lost, but see  
In simple childhood something of the base  
On which thy greatness stands; but this I feel  
That from thyself it comes, that thou must give  
Else never canst receive. The days gone by  
Return upon me almost from the dawn  
Of life: the hiding-places of man's power  
Open; I would approach them, but they close  
I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,  
May scarcely see at all; and I would give,  
While yet we may, as far as words can give,  
Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining  
Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past  
For future restoration.—Yet another  
Of these memorials:—  
One Christmas eve,  
On the glad eve of its dear holidays,  
Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth  
Into the fields, impatient for the sight  
Of those led palfreys that should bear us home  
My brothers and myself. There rose a cry  
That, from the meeting-point of two highways  
Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched  
Thither, uncertain on which road to fix  
My expectation, thither I repaired,  
Scout-like, and gained the summit; "was a day"
IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

And, afterwards, the wind and sleepy rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the limbs of each of those two roads
Advanced in such indisputable shapes;
All those were kindred spectacles and sounds
To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink,
As at a fountain; and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm and rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,
Laden with summer’s thickest foliage, rock
In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,
Some inward agitations thence are brought,
Whate’er their office, whether to beguile
Thoughts over busy in the course they took,
Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

AGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

Her processes by steadfast laws; gives birth
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,
No heat of passion or excessive zeal,
No vain conceits; provokes to no quick turns
Of self-applauding intellect; but trains
To meekness, and exults by humble faith;
Holds up before the mind to intoxicate
With present objects, and the busy dance
Of things that pass away, a temperate show
Of objects that endure; and by this course
Disposes her, when over-fondly set
On throwing off incumbrances, to seek
In man, and in the frame of social life,
Whate’er there is desirable and good
Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form
And function, or, through strict vicissitude
Of life and death, revolving. Above all
Were re-established now those watchful thoughts
Which, seeing little worthy or sublime
In what the Historian’s pen so much delights
To blazon—power and energy detached
From moral purpose—early tutored me
To look with feelings of fraternal love
Upon the unassuming things that hold
A silent station in this beauteous world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found

ious, dark, and wild, and on the grass
ill-sheltered by a broken wall;
y right hand caught a single sheep,
y left a blasted hawthorn stood;
so companions at my side, I watched,
g my eyes intensely, as the mist
terminating prospect of the cope
in depth. Ere we to school returned,—
ery time,—ere we had been ten days
are in my father’s house, he died,
nd my three brothers, orphans then,
nd his body to the grave. The event,
the sorrow that it brought, appeared
men; and when I called to mind
so lately past, when from the crag
such anxiety of hope;
reflections of morality,
he deepest passion, I bowed low
Who thus corrected my desires;

benefit the humblest intellects
of, each in their degree; ‘tis mine
k, what I myself have known and felt;
task! For words find easy way, inspired
itude, and confidence in truth.
me in search of knowledge did I range
d of human life, in heart and mind
; but, the dawn beginning now
pear, ’twas proved that not in vain
en taught to reverence a Power
the visible quality and shape
age of right reason; that matures
Once more in Man an object of delight,
Of pure imagination, and of love;
And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
Again I took the intellectual eye
For my instructor, studious more to see
Great truths, than touch and handle little ones.
Knowledge was given accordingly; my trust
Became more firm in feelings that had stood
The test of such a trial; clearer far
My sense of excellence—of right and wrong:
The promise of the present time retired
Into its true proportion; sanguine schemes,
Ambitious projects, pleased me less; I sought
For present good in life's familiar face,
And built thereon my hopes of good to come.

With settling judgments now of what would last
And what would disappear; prepared to find
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world
As Rulers of the world; to see in these,
Even when the public welfare is their aim,
Plans without thought, or built on theories
Vague and unsound; and having brought the books
Of modern statists to their proper test,
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights.
Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death;
And having thus discerned how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
"The Wealth of Nations," where alone that wealth
Is lodged, and how increased; and having gained
A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man,
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes—I could not but inquire—
Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued—
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is,
Why may not millions be? What bars are thrown
By Nature in the way of such a hope
Our animal appetites and daily wants.
Are these obstructions insurmountable?
If not, then others vanish into air.
"Inspect the basis of the social pile:
Inquire," said I, "how much of mental power
And genuine virtue they possess who live
By bodily toil, labour exceeding far
Their due proportion, under all the weight
Of that injustice which upon ourselves
Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame
I chiefly looked (what need to look beyond?)

Among the natural abodes of men,
Fields with their rural works; recalled to mind
My earliest notions; with these compared
The observations made in later youth,
And to that day continued.—For, the time
Had never been when throes of mighty Nations
And the world's tumult unto me could yield,
How far soever transported and possessed,
Full measure of content; but still I craved
An intermingling of distinct regards
And truths of individual sympathy
Nearer ourselves. Such often might be gained
From the great City, else it must have proved
To me a heart-depressing wilderness;
But much was wanting: therefore did I turn
To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads;
Sought you enriched with everything I find,
With human kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh! next to one dear state of bliss, renown'd!
Ah! to few in this untoward world,
The bliss of walking daily in life's prime
Through field or forest with the maid we love,
While yet our hearts are young, while yet we breathe
Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,
Deep vale, or any where, the home of love.
From which it would be misery to stir:
Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,
In my esteem, next to such dear delight.
Was that of wandering on from day to day
Where I could meditate in peace, and call
Knowledge that step by step might lead us to
To wisdom; or, as lightsome as a bird
Wafted upon the wind from distant lands.
Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or groves,
Which lacked not voice to welcome me in turn:
And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to please,
Converse with men, where if we meet a face
We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths
With long long ways before, by cottage bend,
Or well-spring where the weary traveller rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his eye
The windings of a public way! the sight,
Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
On my imagination since the morn
Of childhood, when a disappearing line,
One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
The naked summit of a far-off hill
Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
Was like an invitation into space
Boundless, or guide into eternity.
Yes, something of the grandeur which invests
IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

inner who sails the roaring sea
Of storm and darkness, early in my mind
Dea, too, the wanderers of the earth;
As much, and loneliness far more.
I have been by strolling Bedlamites;
Any other uncomely vagrants (passed
Have walked with quicker step; but why
To this? When I began to enquire,
And question those I met, and speak
To reserve to them, the lonely road
En schools in which I daily read
And delight the passions of mankind,
By words, looks, sighs, or tears, revealed;
Into the depth of human souls,
At appear to have no depth at all
Eyes. And—now convinced at heart
In those formalities, to which
Enveloping trust alone we give
As of Education, have to do
With feeling and just sense; how vain
Respondence with the talking world
To the most; and called to make good search
Estate, by doom of Nature yoked
, be therefore yoked with ignorance;
Be indeed so hard to rear,
Abnormal strength so rare a boon—
Such walks still more, for there I found
My hope, and to my pleasure peace
, wither, and repose
Angry passion. There I heard,
Outs of men obscure and lowly, truths
With honour; sounds in unison
Tiest promises of good and fair.

are who think that strong affection, love
By whatever name, is falsely deemed
To use a term which they would use,
Nature; that its growth requires
Rest, leisure, language purified
Here studied and elaborate;
So feels each passion in its strength
Within the very light and air
Sous usages refined by art.
It, where oppression worse than death
The being at his birth, where grace
Re hath been utterly unknown,
Vert and labour in excess
To day pre-occupy the ground
Excititions, and to Nature's self
A deeper nature; there, indeed,
Not be; nor does it thrive with ease
The close and overcrowded haunts
Where the human heart is sick.
Eye feeds it not, and cannot feed.

—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I feel
How we mislead each other; above all,
How books mislead us, seeking their reward
From judgments of the wealthy Few, who see
By artificial lights; how they debase
The Many for the pleasure of those Few;
Effeminately level down the truth
To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else
Through want of better knowledge in the heads
That framed them; flattering self-conceit with
Words,
That, while they most ambitiously set forth
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby society has parted man
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here, calling up to mind what then I saw,
A youthful traveller, and see daily now
In the familiar circuit of my home,
Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds,
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rule in show,—
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel, that protests
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower.
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things; in truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obesience paid
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire; through unsullied ears
Four rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live,
Not unexcelled by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,
In Nature's presence: thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
There from to human kind, and what we are.
Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me: it shall be my pride
That I have dared to tread this holy ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oncural;
Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward promise
Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the world
Accomplished; minds whose faculties are then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than those,
Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement, and energy, and will,
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of honesty life
Still higher, men for contemplation framed,
Sly, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
Beneath humanity, summoned to such intercourse:
Thems is the language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
Words are but under-agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest
strength,
They do not breathe among them: this I speak
In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts
For His own service; knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than heretofore,
Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that, no less,
Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humbliest face
Of human life. I felt that the array
Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind
What passion makes them; that meanwhile the forms
Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
That intermingles with those works of man
To which she summons him; although the works
Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own;
And that the Genius of the Poet hence
May boldly take his way among mankind
Wherever Nature leads; that he hath stood
By Nature’s side among the men of old,
And so shall stand for ever. Dearest Friend!
If thou partake the animating faith
That Poets, even as Prophets, each with each
Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
Have each his own peculiar faculty,
Heaven’s gift, a sense that fits him to perceive
Objects unseen before, thou wilt not blame
The humblest of this band who dares to hope
That unto him hath also been vouchsafed
An insight that in some sort he possesses.

A privilege whereby a work of his,
Proceeding from a source of untaught things,
Creative and enduring, may become
A power like one of Nature’s. To a hope
Not less ambitious once among the wilds
Of Sarum’s Plain, my youthful spirit was raised;
There, as I ranged at will the pastoral downs
Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare white roads
Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,
Time with his retina of ages fled
Backwards, nor checked his flight until I saw
Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear;
Saw multitudes of men, and, here and there,
a single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,
With shield and stone-axe, stride across the world;
The voice of spears was heard, the rattling spear
Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in strength,
Long moulder’d, of barbaric majesty.
I called on Darkness—but before the word
Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed to take
All objects from my sight; and lo! again
The Desert visible by dismal flames;
It is the sacrificial altar, fed
With living men—how deep the groans! the voice
Of those that crowd the giant wicker thills
The monumental hillocks, and the pomp
Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.
At other moments—(for through that wide waste
Three summer days I roamed) where’er the Fain
Was figured o’er with circles, lines, or mounds,
That yet survive, a work, as some divine,
Shaped by the Druids, so to represent
Their knowledge of the heavens, and image both
The constellations—gently was I charmed
Into a waking dream, a reverie
That, with believing eyes, where’er I turned,
Dethread long-bearded teachers, with white wands
Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,
Alternately, and plain below, while breath
Of music swayed their motions, and the waste
Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet sounds.

This for the past, and things that may be viewed
Or fancied in the obscurity of years
From monumental hints: and then, O Friend!
Pleased with some unpremeditated strain
That served those wanderings to beguile, hast not
That then and there my mind had exercised
Upon the vulgar forms of present things,
The actual world of our familiar days,
Yet higher power; had caught from them a tone
An image, and a character, by books
Not hitherto reflected. Call we this

---End of Document---
CONCLUSION.

Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit
To be transmitted, and to other eyes
Made visible; as ruled by those fixed laws
Whence spiritual dignity originates.
Which do both give it being and maintain
A balance, an ennobling interchange
Of action from without and from within;
The excellence, pure function, and best power
Both of the object seen, and eye that sees.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

CONCLUSION.

hose excursions (may they never remembrance!) through the Northern

ta

gering with a youthful friend,

er's huts at couching-time;

took my way, to see the sun

t the top of Snowdon.

t cottage at the mountain's base

and roused the shepherd who attends

stranger's steeps, a trusty guide;

red by short refreshment, sallied forth.

close, warm, breezeless summer night,

and glaring, with a dripping fog

and thick that covered all the sky;

couraged, we began to climb

ain-side. The mist soon girt us round,

ordinary travellers' talk

conductor, pensively we sank
commerces with his private thoughts:

we breast the ascent, and by myself

ching either seen or heard that checked

ings or diverted, save that once

r's lurcher, who, among the crags,

joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased

up prey with barkings turbulent.

adventure, for even such it seemed

l place and at the dead of night,

and forgotten, on we wound

as before. With forehead bent

as if in opposition set

enemy, I panted up
pace, and no less eager thoughts.

at we wear a midnight hour away,

Ascending at loose distance each from each,

And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band;

When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,

And with a step or two seemed brightener still;

Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,

For instantly a light upon the turf

Fall like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,

The Moon hung naked in a firmament

Of azure without cloud, and at my feet

Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.

A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved

All over this still ocean; and beyond,

Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,

In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,

Into the main Atlantic, that appeared

To dwindle, and give up his majesty,

Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.

Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment none

Was there, nor loss; only the inferior stars

Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light

In the clear presence of the full-orbed Moon,

Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed

Upon the bellowy ocean, as it lay

All meek and silent, save that through a rift—

Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,

A fixed, abyssal, gloomy, breathing-place—

Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams

Innumerable, roaring with one voice!

Hear'd over earth and sea, and, in that hour,

For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved

That vision, given to spirits of the night

And three chance human wanderers, in calm

thought

Reflected, it appeared to me the type

Of a majestic intellect, its acts
Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,
Emotions which best foreseeth need not fears.
Most worthy them of trust when most into
Hence, amid ilis that vex and wrongs that
Our hearts—if here the words of Holy Writ
May with fit reverence be applied—that premiss
Which passeth understanding, that reposes
In moral judgments which from this point
Must come, or will by man be sought in vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life
Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in him
For this alone is genuine liberty:
Where is the favoured being who hath been
That course unchecked, unerring, and un
In one perpetual progress smooth and bright.
A humbler destiny have we retraced,
And told of lapes and hesitating choises,
And backward wanderings along thorny
Yet—compassed round by mountain souls
Within whose solemn temple I received
My earliest visitations, careless then
Of what was given me; and which now
A meditative, oft a suffering man—
Do I declare—in accents which, from thee
Deriving cheerful confidence, shall bless
Their modulation with these vocal streams.
That, whatsoever falls my better mind,
Revoluing with the accidents of life,
May have sustained, that, howsoever mis
Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,
Tamper with conscience from a private
Nor was in any public hope the dure
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits.
But shrank with apprehensive jealousy
From every combination which might souse
The tendency, too potent in itself,
Of use and custom to bow down the soul,
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense.
And substitute a universe of death
Forthwhich moves with light and life.
Actual, divine, and true. To fear and
To love as prime and chief, for there fa
Be this ascribed; to early intercourse,
In presence of sublime or beautiful for
With the adverse principles of pain and
Evil as one is rashly named by men
Who know not what they speak. By love
All lasting grandeur, by pervading love.
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold this
In balmy spring-time fall of rising fowl
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the
And the lamb’s mother, and their tend
CONCLUSION.

All shall be his: and he whose soul hath risen
Up to the height of feeling intellect
Shall want no humbler tenderness; his heart
Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;
Of female softness shall his life be full,
Of humble cares and delicate desires,
Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!
Thanks in sincerest verse have been elsewhere
Poured out for all the early tenderness
Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis most true
That later seasons owed to thee no less;
For, spite of thy sweet influence and the touch
Of kindred hands that opened out the springs
Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite
Of all that unassisted I had marked
In life or nature of those charms minute
That win their way into the heart by stealth
(Still to the very going-out of youth)
I too exclusively esteemed that love,
And sought that beauty, which, as Milton sings,
Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down
This over- sternness; but for thee, dear Friend!
My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood
In her original self too confident,
Retained too long a countenance severe;
A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds
Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:
But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
And teach the little birds to build their nests
And warble in its chambers. At a time
When Nature, destined to remain so long
Foremost in my affections, had fallen back
Into a second place, pleased to become
A handmaid to a nobler than herself,
When every day brought with it some new sense
Of exquisite regard for common things,
And all the earth was budding with these gifts
Of more refined humanity, thy breath,
Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring
That went before my steps. Thereafter came
One whom with thee friendship had early paired;
She came, no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low;
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars,
And, the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,
Coleridge! with this my argument, of thee
Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!  
Placed on this earth to love and understand,  
And from thy presence shed the light of love,  
Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?  
Thy kindred influence to my heart of hearts  
Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed  
Her over-wielding grasp; thus thoughts and things  
In the self-haunting spirit learned to take  
More rational proportions; mystery,  
The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,  
Of life and death, time and eternity,  
Admitted more habitually a mild  
Interposition—a serene delight  
In cleselier gathering cares, such as became  
A human creature, howsoever endowed,  
Poet, or destined for a humbler name;  
And so the deep enthusiastic joy,  
The rapture of the hallelujah sent  
From all that breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed  
And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust  
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay  
Of Providence; and in reverence for duty,  
Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and there  
Strewing in peace life’s humblest ground with herbs,  
At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend! this history is brought  
To its appointed close: the discipline  
And consummation of a Poet’s mind,  
In everything that stood most prominent,  
Have faithfully been pictured; we have reached  
The time (our guiding object from the first)  
When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,  
Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and such  
My knowledge, as to make me capable  
Of building up a Work that shall endure.  
Yet much hath been omitted, as need was;  
Of books how much! and even of the other wealth  
That is collected among woods and fields,  
Far more: for Nature’s secondary grace  
Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,  
The charm more superficial that attends  
Her works, as they present to Fancy’s choice  
Apt illustrations of the moral world,  
Caught at a glance, or traced with curious pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend! (I speak  
With due regret) how much is overlooked  
In human nature and her subtle ways,  
As studied first in our own hearts, and then  
In life among the passions of mankind,  
Varying their composition and their hue,  
Where’er we move, under the diverse shapes  
That individual character presents  
To an attentive eye. For progress meet,  
Along this intricate and difficult path,  
What’er was wanting, something had I gained,  
As one of many schoolfellow’s compelled,  
In hardly independence, to stand up  
Amid conflicting interests, and the shock  
Of various temper; to endure and note  
What was not understood, though known to be;  
Among the mysteries of love and hate,  
Honour and shame, looking to right and left,  
Unchecked by innocence too delicate,  
And moral notions too intolerant,  
Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when said  
To take a station among men, the step  
Was easier, the transition more secure,  
More profitable also; for, the mind  
Learns from such timely exercise to keep  
In wholesome separation the two natures,  
The one that feels, the other that observeth.

Yet one word more of personal concern;—  
Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,  
I led an undomestic wanderer’s life,  
In London chiefly harboured, whence I came,  
Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot  
Of rural England’s cultivated vales  
Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth—(he here  
The name of Calvert—’tis shall live, if words  
Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief  
That by endowments not from me withheld  
Good might be furthered—in his last decay  
By a bequest sufficient for my needs  
Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk  
At large and unrestrained, nor damped too soon  
By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet  
Far less a common follower of the world,  
He deemed that my pursuits and labours lay  
Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even  
A necessary maintenance insures,  
Without some hazard to the finer sense;  
He cleared a passage for me, and the stream  
Flowed in the bent of Nature.

Having now  
Told what best merits mention, further pause  
Our present purpose seems not to require,  
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind  
The mood in which this labour was begun,  
O Friend! The termination of my course  
Is nearer now, much nearer; yet even then,  
In that distraction and intense desire,  
I said unto the life which I had lived,  
Where art thou? Hear not a voice from thee.
CONCLUSION.

'La tis reproach to hear! Anon I rose
on wings, and saw beneath me stretched
prospect of the world which I had been
was; and hence this Song, which like a lark
protracted, in the unwearied heavens
and often with plaintive voice
forth attendant and her deep-drawn sighs,
entrapping all in love, and in the end
attendant, if rightly understood.

'thether to me shall be allotted life,
with life, power to accomplish aught of worth,
will be deemed no insufficient plea
aving given the story of myself,
uncertain: but, beloved Friend!

Looking back, thou seest, in clearer view
any liveliest sight of yesterday,
summer, under whose indulgent skies,
smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
seekd, or loitered 'mid her silvran combe,
bebazing words, with happy heart,
chaunted the vision of that Ancient Man,
gight-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
utter of the Lady Christabel;

so associate with such labour, steeped
't forgetfulness the livelong hours,
siring of him who, joyous hap, was found,
the peril of his moonlight ride,
the loud waterfall; or her who sate
very near the miserable Thorn;

thou dost to that summer turn thy
thoughts,
noct before thee all which then we were,
ce, in memory of that happiness,
I be known, by thee at least, my Friend!
that the history of a Poet's mind
our not unworthy of regard:
so the work shall justify itself.

in last and later portions of this gift

Have been prepared, not with the buoyant spirits
That were our daily portion when we first
Together wonted in wild Posey,
But, under pressure of a private grief,
Keen and enduring, which the mind and heart,
That in this meditative history
Have been laid open, needs must make me feel
More deeply, yet enable me to bear
More firmly; and a comfort now hath risen
From hope that thou art near, and wilt be soon.
Restored to us in renovated health;
When, after the first mingling of our tears,
'Mong other consolations, we may draw
Some pleasure from this offering of my love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
And all will be complete, thy race be run,
Thy monument of glory will be raised;
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of truth)
This age fall back to old idolatry,
Though men return to servitude as fast
As the tide obbe, to ignominy and shame
By nations sink together, we shall still
Find solace—knowing what we have learnt to know,
Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
Faithful alike in forwarding a day
Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work
(Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith: what we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells; above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, dought still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.
THE EXCURSION.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, ETC., ETC.

Of high respect and gratitude sensible
Gladly would I have waited till my
Had reached its close; but Life is
And Hope full of fallacies as a dream.
Therefore, for what is here produced
Thy favour; trusting that thou wilt
The offering, though imperfect, present

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WINDERMERE,
July 29, 1814.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814.

The Title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts. — The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first; but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding, to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interest, the Author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the poem, of which The Excursion is a part, derives its Title of The Recluse. — Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mount, he formed the design of a poem of which his native mount was to be the scene, and the history of which was to be the subject of a poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and to be entitled, the Recluse; as principal subject the sensations and pursuits of a poet living in retirement. — The preface is biographical, and conducts the Author's mind to the point when he was led to hope that his faculties were sufficient for entering upon the arduous labour proposed to himself; and the two W
kind of relation to each other, if he may so
be himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body
gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he
be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces,
have been long before the Public, when they
be properly arranged, will be found by the
live Reader to have such connection with the
Work as may give them claim to be likened
to little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses,
only included in those edifices.

Author would not have deemed himself
ed in saying, upon this occasion, so much of
ances either unfinished, or unpublished, if
not thought that the labour bestowed by him
what he has heretofore and now laid before
public, entitled him to candid attention for
statement as he thinks necessary to throw
upon his endeavours to please and, he
would to benefit his countrymen.—Nothing further
be added, than that the first and third parts
Recluses will consist chiefly of meditations
Author's own person; and that in the inter-
ter part (The Excursion) the intervention of
ators speaking is employed, and something of
atic form adopted.

not the Author's intention formally to
cease a system: it was more animating to him
eed in a different course; and if he shall
in conveying to the mind clear thoughts,
images, and strong feelings, the Reader will
iculty in extracting the system for him-
And in the mean time the following passage,
from the conclusion of the first book of The
c, may be acceptable as a kind of Prospectus
design and scope of the whole Poem.

Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
in solitude, I oft perceive
line of imagery before me rise,
painted by feelings of delight
or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
reconscious of affecting thoughts,
memories, whose presence soothes
os the Mind, intent to weigh
x and evil of our mortal state.
ese emotions, whensoever they come,
s from breath of outward circumstance,
son the soul—an impulse to herself
ave utterance in numerous verse.
, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope;
doleful Fear subdued by Faith;
ed consolations in distress;
in strength, and intellectual Power;
widest commonly spread;
individual Mind that keeps her own
a retirement, subject there
ience only, and the law supreme
elligence which governs all—
fit audience let me find though few!

So prayed, more gently than he asked, the Bard—
In holiest mood.—Urania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a wall.
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 throne—
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinders vacancy, sooped 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 Dreams
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. Parthian, 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 more fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
—1. long before the bluish hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spoual verse
Of this great consummation:—and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensal from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How excellently the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted:—and how excellently, 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 foregiving, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anathism; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confedrate storm
Of sorrow, barracked evermore
Within the walls of cities—may these sounds
Have their authentic comment; that even these
Hating, I be not downcast or forlorn:—
Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspirèd
The human soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come:—and dost posses
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,
THE EXCURSION.

Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the nether sphere!—And if with this
I mix more lowly matter; with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
Contemplating; and who, and what he was—
The transient being that beheld
This Visions; 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 in the primal source
Of all illumination—may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners—now
My Heart in genuine freedom—all pure thought
Be with me;—so shall thy unfailing love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!'

BOOK FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

A summer afternoon.—The Author resolves a ruined Cot
tage upon a Common; and there meets with a revered
Friend, the Wanderer, of whose education and course of
life he gives an account.—The Wanderer, while rest-
ing under the shade of the Trees that surround the
Cottage, relates the history of its last inhabitant.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,
In clearer air ascending, shewed far off
A surface dappled over with shadows flung
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;
To him most pleasant who on soft cool moss
Extends his careless limbs along the front
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the wren warbles, while the dreaming man,
Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,
By power of that impending covert, thrown,
To finer distance. Mine was at that hour
Far other lot, yet, with good hope that soon
Under a shade as grateful I should find
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier mus-
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling
With languid steps that by the slippery turf
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse
The host of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,
The wished-for port to which my course was bound.
Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
Appeared a roofless Hut; four naked walls
That stared upon each other!—I looked round,
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 minister clock! From that bleak tenement
He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness; all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no one near
To whom he might confess the things he saw.

So the foundations of his mind were laid,
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
Had he perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, whose presence
Perplexed the bodily sense. He had received
A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions he would still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thenes attained
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite—nor this alone
Appeased his yearning—in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,
He had small need of books; for many a tale
Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,
Nourished imagination in her growth,
And gave the Mind that apprehensive power
By which she is made quick to 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 hasp, 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
Could never be forgotten!

In his heart,
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visiант,
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
Of Nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth,
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean’s liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him:—Far and wide the clouds were
touched,
And in their silent faces could he read
Utterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of veneration 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 passed.
THE WANDERER.

His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
Accomplished 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
Consuming with the glorious universe.
Fall 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 reposè; and, failing oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws of light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow chasms up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist, that swirled 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 naked rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vale,
(Spirit attached to regions mountainous
Like their own stedfast clouds) did now impel
His restless mind to look abroad with hope.
—An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent rest;
Yet do such travellers find their own delight;
And their hard service, deemed degrading now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times;
When squires, and priests, and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequester—all dependent
Upon the Pedlar's toil—supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he brought.
Not ignorant was the Youth that still no few
Of his adventurous countrymen were led
By perseverance in this track of life
To competence and ease:—to him it offered
Attractions manifold;—and this he chose.
—His Parents on the enterprise bestowed
Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
Foreboding evil. From his native hills
He wandered far; much did he see of men,
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; unexved, 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

H M 2
THE EXCURSION.

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, unmasked
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,
Whatever, in dickle childhood or in youth,
He had imbied of fear or darker thought
Was melted all away; so true was this,
That sometimes his religion seemed to me
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
And human reason dictated with awe.

And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports
And tawdry ways of children vexed not him;
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrotom age; nor did the sick man's tale,
To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant bearing.

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.
Aviary and Idyl was his plot,
And his whole figure breathed intelligence,
That had conquered the tenacity of his cheek
Into a narrower circle of deep reflection.
But had not tamed his eye; that
Shaggy and grey, had meanings—
From years of youth; which, like
Of many Beings, he had wondroued
To blend with knowledge of the
Human, or such as lie beyond the

So was He framed; and such
Who now, with no appendage but
The prized memorial of reposing
Upon that cottage-bench reposèd
Screened from the sun. Supine
His eyes as if in drowsiness half
The shadows of the breezy elm
Dappled his face. He had not
Of my approaching steps, and in
Unnoticed did I stand some minutes
At length I hailed him, seeing that
Was moist with water-drops, as if
Had newly scooped a running stream
And cre его lively greeting, I
Had settled, "Tis," said I, "a heavy
My lips are parched with thirst, let
Have somewhere found relief."
Pointing towards a sweet-briar, he
The fence where that aspiring shrub
Upon the public way. It was a place
Of garden ground run wild, its mark
Marked with the steps of those, who
The gooseberry trees that shot in
Or currents, hanging from their
In scanty strings, had tempted to
The broken wall. I looked around
Where two tall hedge-rows of this
Joined in a cold damp nook, epise
Shrouded with willow-flowers and
My thirst I slaked, and, from the
Withdrawing, straightway to the
Where sat the old man on the canopied
And, while beside him, with uncoun-
I yet was standing, free to respire
And cool my temples in the
Thus did he speak. "I see around
Things which you cannot see: we
Nor we alone, but that which each
And prized in his peculiar nook of
Dies with him, or is changed; and
Even of the good is no memorial

—The Poets, in their elegies and songs
Lamenting the departed, call the
They call upon the hills and streams
And senseless rocks; nor idly; for

THE WANDERER.

ir invocations, with a voice
the strong creative power
union. Sympathies there are
ill, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
on the meditative mind,
thought. Beside you spring I stood,
waters till we seemed to feel
, they and I. For them a bond
ool is broken : time has been
y day, the touch of human hand
atural sleep that binds them up
ness; and they ministered
fort. Stooping down to drink,
my foot-stone I espied
fragment of a wooden bowl,
he moss of years, and subject only
alling of the elements:
—how foolish are such thoughts!
a—never—never did my steps
is door but she who dwelt within
welcome gave me, and I loved her
child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,
ose hearts are dry as summer dust
ocket. Many a passenger
poor Margaret for her gentle looks,
held the cool refreshment drawn
aken spring; and no one came
elcome; no one went away
emed she loved him. She is dead,
guish of her lonely hut,
 abandoned to decay,
n the quiet grave.

continued he, "of One whose stock
omed beneath this lowly roof.
oman of a steady mind,
 kep in her excess of love;
uch, pleased rather with the joy
oughts: by some especial care
had been framed, as if to make
 by adding love to peace
 earth a life of happiness.
Partner lacked not on his side
 worth that satisfied her heart:
inorate, sober, and withal
trious. She with pride would tell
often seated at his loom,
re the mower was abroad
ey grass,—in early spring,
star had vanished.—They who passed
rom behind the garden fence
is busy spade, which he would ply,
y work, until the light
nd 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 rainment, 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: shafts 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 hedge-rows, or the kite
That makes her dwelling on the mountain rocks!

A sad reverse it was for him who long
Had filled with plenty, and possessed in peace,
This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
That had no mirth in them; or with his knife
Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks—
Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
In house or garden, any casual work
Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
He mingled, where he 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 fretted mood
And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,
And he would leave his work—and to the town
Would turn without an errand his slack steps;  
Or wander here and there among the fields.  
One while he would speak lightly of his labors,  
And with a cruel tongue; at other times  
He tossed them with a false unnatural joy;  
And 'twas a cruel thing to see the looks  
Of the poor innocent children.  
'Every smile,'  
Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,  
'Made my heart bleed.'

At this the Wanderer paused;  
And, looking up to those enormous elms,  
He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.  
At this still season of repose and peace,  
This hour when all things which are not at rest  
Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies  
With tuneful hum is filling all the air;  
Why should a tear be on an old Man's cheek?  
Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,  
And in the weakness of humanity,  
From natural wisdom turn our hearts away;  
To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears;  
And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb  
The calm of nature with our restless thoughts!"

His spake with somewhat of a solemn tone;  
But, when he ended, there was in his face  
Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,  
That for a little time it stole away  
All recollection; and that simple tale  
Passed from my mind like a forgotten sound,  
A while on trivial things we held discourse,  
To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,  
I thought of that poor Woman as of one  
Whom I had known and loved. He had rehearsed  
Her homely tale with such familiar power,  
With such an active countenance, an eye  
So busy, that the things of which he spake  
Seemed present; and, attention now relaxed,  
A heart-felt chillness crept along my veins,  
I rose; and, having left the breezy shade,  
Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,  
That had not cheered me long—ere, looking round  
Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,  
And begged of the old Man that, for my sake,  
He would resume his story.

He replied,  
"It was a wantonness, and would demand  
Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts  
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery  
Even of the dead; contended 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:  
A power to virtue friendly; we're 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  
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 appere  
What pleasant expectations lured me on  
Our the flat Common!—With quick step I  
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, setting down upon a chair  
West bitterly. I wish not what to do,  
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Witch!  
She rose from off her seat, and then,—O!  
I cannot tell how she pronounced my name  
With fervent love, and with a face of grief  
Utterly helpless, and a look  
That seemed to cling upon me, she cried:  
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  
He left his house: two wretched days had  
And on the third, as wishfully she raised  
Her head from off her pillow, to look for  
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 trembled  
She opened—found no writing, but belief  
Pieces of money carefully enclosed,  
Silver and gold. 'I shuddered at the sight,'  
Said Margaret; 'for I knew it was his last  
Test that must have placed it there; and ere  
Was ended, that long anxious day, I learned  
From one who by my husband had been  
With the sad news, that he had joined a  
Of soldiers, going to a distant land.  
—He left me thus—he could not gather  
To take a farewell of me; for he feared  
That I should follow with my babes, and  
Beneath the misery of that wandering life.  

This tale did Margaret tell with many  
And, when she ended, I had little power
THE WANDERER.

He said that she was used to ramble far.—
The sun was sinking in the west; and now
I sate with and impatience. From within
Her solitary infant cried aloud;
Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
The voice was silent. From al our wish 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 stack 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,
'Tt grieves me you have waited here so long,
But, in good truth, I've wandered much of late;
And, sometimes—to my shame I speak—have need
Of my best prayers to bring me back again.'
While on the board she spread our evening meal,
She told me—interrupting not the work
Which gave employment to her listless hands—
That she had parted with her elder child;
To a kind master on a distant farm
Now happily apprenticed.—'I perceive
You look at me, and you have cause; to-day
I have been travelling far; and many days
About the fields I wander, knowing this
Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
And to myself,' said she, 'have done much wrong
And to this helpless infant. I have slept
Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my tears
Have flowed as if my body were not such
As others are; and I could never die.
But I am now in mind and in my heart
More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that God
Will give me patience to endure the things
Which I behold at home.'
It would have grieved
Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel
The story linger in my heart; I fear
'Ts 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 momentsy trance comes over me;

...
And to myself I seem to muse on one
By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,
A human being destined to awake
To human life, or something very near
To human life, when he shall come again
For whom she suffered. Yes, it would have grieved
Your very soul to see her: evermore
Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward were cast;
And, when she at her table gave me food,
She did not look at me. Her voice was low,
Her body was subdued. In every act,
Pertaining to her house-affairs, appeared
The careless stillness of a thinking mind
Self-occupied; to which all outward things
Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
We sat together, sighs came on my ear,
I knew not how, and hardly when they came.

Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
Which with a look of welcome she received;
And I exhorted her to place her trust
In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer.
I took my staff, and, when I kissed her babe,
The tears stood in her eyes. I left her then
With the best hope and comfort I could give:
She thanked me for my wish—but for my hope
It seemed she did not thank me.

I returned,
And took my rounds along this road again
When on its sunny bank the primrose flower
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring.
I found her sad and drooping: she had learned
No tidings of her husband; if he lived,
She knew not that he lived; if he were dead,
She knew not he was dead. She seemed the same
In person and appearance; but her house
Bespoke a sleepy hand of negligence;
The floor was neither dry nor neat, the hearth
Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,
Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves
Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
As they had chanced to fall. Her infant Babe
Had from its Mother caught the trick of grief,
And sighed among its playthings. I withdrew,
And once again entering the garden saw,
More plainly still, that poverty and grief
Were now come nearer to her: weeds defaced
The hardened soil, and knots of withered grass:
No ridges there appeared of clear black mold,
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 arm.
And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gone
Ere Robert come again.' When to the Hall
We had returned together, she enquired
If I had any hope:—but for her babe
And for her little orphan boy, she said,
She had no wish to live, that she must die
Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung
Upon the self-same nail; his very staff
Stood undisembarrassed behind the door.

And 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 those wretched,
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,
Headless how far; and, in such pitiful state
That any heart had ached to hear her cry
That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask
For him whom she had lost. We parted
Our final parting; for from that time forward
Did many seasons pass ere I returned
Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years
From their first separation, nine long years
She lingered in unquiet widowhood;
A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have
A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my
That in your arbour oftentimes she sat
Alone, through half the vacant sabbath day
And, if a dog passed by, she still would quench
The shade, and look abroad. On this old
For hours she sat; and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick. You see that
Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its graves
There, to and fro, she paced through many
Of the warm summer, from a belt of hem
That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn
With backward steps. Yet ever as there
those garments showed the soldier’s red,  
and merciful in sailor’s garb;  
child who was to turn the wheel  
on his task; and she with fatherly voice  
asked for good advice; and when they,  
rescence gave no comfort, were gone by,  
it was still more sad. And by you gate,  
the traveller’s road, she often stood,  
in a stranger heartless care, the latch  
it, and in his face look wistfully:  
py, if, from sight discovered there  
feeling, she might dare repeat  
and question. Meanwhile her poor Hot  
leaky; for he was gone, whose hand,  
at nipping of October frost,  
reach chink, and with fresh bands of straw  
d the green-grown thatch. And so she lived  
the long winter, reckless and alone;  
house by frost, and thaw, and rain,  
red; and while she slept, the nightly damps  
her breast; and in the stormy day  
red clothes were ruffled by the wind,  
she side of her own fire. Yet still  
I this wretched spot, nor would worlds  
eted hence; and still that length of road,  
rude bench, one torturing hope endeared  
of at her heart: and here, my Friend,—  
se she remained; and here she died;  
an tenant of these ruined walls!”

I Man ceased; he saw that I was moved;  
at low bench, rising instinctively  
aside in weakness, nor had power  
him for the tale which he had told.  
nd leaning o’er the garden wall  
that Woman’s sufferings; and it seemed  
rt me while with a brother’s love  
her in the impotence of grief.  
ards the cottage I returned; and traced  
ough with an interest more mild,  
et spirit of humanity  
in the calm oblivious tendencies  
, ’mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,  
And silent overgrowings, still survived.

The old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,  
“My Friend! enough to sorrow you have given,  
The purposes of wisdom ask no more:  
Nor more would she have craved as due to One  
Who, in her worst distress, had oftimes felt  
The unbounded might of prayer; and learned, with  

Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,  
From sources deeper far than deepest pain,  
For the meek Sufferer. Why then should we read  
The forms of things with an unworthy eye?  
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.  
I well remember that those very plumes,  
Those weeds, and the high spurs-grass on that wall,  
By mist and silent rain—drops silvered o’er,  
As once I passed, into my heart conveyed  
So still an image of tranquillity,  
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful  
Amid the unceasing thoughts which filled my mind,  
That what we feel of sorrow and despair  
From ruin and from change, and all the grief  
That passing shows of being leave behind,  
Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,  
Nowhere, dominion o’er the enlightened spirit  
Whose meditative sympathies reposc  
Upon the breast of Faith. I turned away,  
And walked along my road in happiness.”

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining shot  
A slant and mellow radiance, which began  
To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,  
We sate on that low bench: and now we felt,  
Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.  
A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,  
A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,  
At distance heard, peopled the milder air.  
The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien  
Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff;  
Together casing then a farewell look  
Upon those silent walls, we left the shade;  
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached  
A village-inn,—our evening resting-place.
BOOK SECOND.

THE SOLITARY.

ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated—Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat—Sound of singing from below—a funeral procession—Descent into the Valley—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley—Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary—Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district—Solitary contemplates with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage—The cottage entered—Description of the Solitary's apartment—Report there—View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the companionship they afford him—Account of the departed inmate of the cottage—Description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind—Leave the house.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! wandering on from hall to hall,
Baronial court or royal; cheered and sung
Majestically, 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 whereso'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 empassioned, thoughts
From his long journeyings and eventful life,
Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
To gather, ranging through the tamer ground
Of these our unimaginative days;
Both while he trod the earth in humblest guise
Accoutred with his burthen and his staff;
And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose 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 pursue
Our journey, under favourable skies.
Turn whereso'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-begetting 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 reptiles coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household dog,
In his capacious mind, he loved them all:
Their rights acknowledging he felt for all.
Oft was occasion given me to perceive
How the calm pleasures of the pasturing him
To happy contemplation soothe'd his vital;
How the poor brute's condition, forced to run
Its course of suffering in the public road,
Sad contrast! all too often smote his heart
With unavailing pity. Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was, himself;
To the degree that he desired, beloved.
Smiles of good-will from faces that he knew
Greeted us all day long; we took our seats
By many a cottage-hearth, where he received
The welcome of an inmate from afar,
And I at once forget, I was a Stranger.
—Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,
Huts where his charity was blest; his voice
Heard as the voice of an experienced friend
And, sometimes,—where the poor man held
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 perpleas'd
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, alleged
The perturbation; listened to the plea;
Resolved the doubtful point; and sentence.
THE SOLITARY.

said I, "The music and the sprightly scene
Invite us; shall we quit our road, and join
These festive matins!"—He replied, "Not loth
To linger I would here with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening's close,
The simple pastimes of the day and place.
By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,
The turf of you large pasture will be skimmed;
There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall contend:
But know we not that he, who intermines
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Untunes full off the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed!
A length of journey yet remains untraced:
Let us proceed." Then, pointing with his staff
"Raise toward these craggy summits, his intent
He thus imparted:—"

"In a spot that lies
Among you mountain fastnesses concealed,
You will receive, before the hour of noon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's toil,
From sight of One who lives secluded there,
Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whose past life,
(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
More faithfully collected from himself)
This brief communication shall suffice.

Though now sojourning there, he, like myself,
Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
Where many a sheltered and well-tended plant,
Beats, on the humblest ground of social life,
Blossoms of piety and innocence.
Such grateful promises his youth displayed;
And, having shown in study forward zeal,
He to the Ministry was duly called;
And straight, incited by a curious mind
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the charge
Of Chaplain to a military troop
Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they marched
In plaided vest,—his fellow-countrymen,
This office filling, yet by native power
And force of native inclination made
An intellectual ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity, he walked the world,
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety;
Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his flock
Than a soldier among soldiers—lived and roamed
Where Fortune led—and Fortune, who oft proves
The careless wanderer's friend, to him made known
A blooming Lady—a conspicuous flower,
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised;
Whom he had sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of mind,
Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,
His office he relinquished; and retired
From the world's notice to a rural home.
Youth's season yet with him was scarcely past,
And she was in youth's prime. How free their love,
How full their joy! 'Till, pitiful doom!
In the short course of one endued year,
Death blasted all. Death suddenly outthrew
Two lovely Children—all that they possessed!
The Mother followed—miserably bare
The one Survivor stood; he wept, he prayed
For his dismissal, day and night, compelled
To hold communion with the grave, and face
With pain the regions of eternity.
An uncomplaining apathy displaced
This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,
To aim and purpose, he consumed his days,
To private interest dead, and public care.
So lived he; so he might have died.

But now,
To the wide world's astonishment, appeared
A glorious opening, the unlooked-for dawn,
That promised everlasting joy to France!
Her voice of social transport reached even him!
He broke from his contracted bonds, repaired
To the great City, an emporium then
Of golden expectations, and receiving
Freights every day from a new world of hope.
Thither his popular talents he transferred;
And, from the pulpit, zealously maintained
The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
As one, and moving to one glorious end.
Intoxicating service! I might say
A happy service; for he was sincere
As vanity and fondness for applause,
And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

That righteous cause (such power hath freedom)
bound,
For one hostility, in friendly league,
Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;
Was served by rival advocates that came
From regions opposite as heaven and hell.
One courage seemed to animate them all:
And, from the dazzling conquests daily gained
By their united efforts, there arose
A proud and most presumptuous confidence
In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
And her discernment; not alone in rights,
And in the origin and bounds of power
Social and temporal; but in laws divine,
Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.
An overweening trust was raised; and fear
Cast out, all to person and of thing.
Plague from this union spread, whose subtle
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
In earth's dark chambers, with a Christian's
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 stopped the last
To known restraints: and who most boldly drew
Hopeful prognostications from a creed,
That, in the light of false philosophy,
Spread like a halo round a misty moon,
Widening its circle as the storms advance.

His sacred function was at length resumed:
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 crow
Of private life licentiously displayed
Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown
Upon the insolent aspiring brow
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs
Of prejudice subdued—still he retained,
'Mid much abashment, 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 so
hewed like happiness. But, in despite this outside bravery, within,
ether felt encouragement nor hope:
coral dignity, and strength of mind,
wanting; and simplicity of life;
s reverence for himself; and, last and best,
ing thoughts, through love and fear of Him
whose sight the troubles of this world
in, as billows in a tossing sea.

glory of the times fading away—
tender, which had given a festal air
importance, hallowed it, and veiled
his own sight—this gone, he forfeited
in human nature; was consumed,
ished, and chafed, by levity and scorn,
less indication; galled by pride;
esperate by contempt of men who threw
his sight in power or fame, and won,
at desert, what he desired; weak men,
ak even for his envy or his hate!
ted thus, after a wandering course
content, and inwardly oppressed
sadly—in part, I fear, provoked
winess of life—he fixed his home,
her say, safe down by very chance,
these rugged hills; where now he dwells,
at the sad remainder of his hours,
in a self-indulging spleen, that wants not
vulgar unness;—on this resolved,
his content, that he will live and dis-
en—s at safe distance from 'a world
ving to his mind.'"

These serious words
the preparatory notices
ved my Fellow-traveller to beguile
y, while we advanced up that wide vale.
ing now (as if his quest had been
occult of the mountains, cavern, fall,
or some lofty eminence,
ed for splendid prospect far and wide)
led, without a track to ease our steps,
ascend; and reached a dreary plain,
tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
us; savage region! which I paced
ed: when, all at once, behold!
in our feet, a little lowly vale,
avale, and yet uplifted high
the mountains; even as if the spot
en from eldest time by wish of theirs
d, to be shut out from all the world!
- it was in shape, deep as an urn;
ck encompassed, save that to the south
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 shrub them; only from the neighbouring vales
The cuckoo, stragglng 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 health;—full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy
Among the mountains; never one like this;
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy—no, for it is green!
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life requires.
—In rugged arms how softly does it lie,
How tenderly protected! Far and near
We have an image of the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness: were this
Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
First, last, and single, in the breathing world,
It could not be more quiet: peace is here
Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale
Of public news or private; years that pass
Forgetfully; uncalled upon to pay
The common penalties of mortal life,
Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent I lay
In silence musing by my Comrade's side,
He also silent; when from out the heart
Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,
Or several voices in one solemn sound,
Was heard ascending; mournful, deep, and slow
The cadence, as of psalms—a funeral dirge!
We listened, looking down upon the hut,
But seeing no one: meanwhile from below
The strain continued, spiritual as before;
And now distinctly I could recoginise
These words:—"Shall in the grave thy love be known,
In death thy faithfulness?"—"God rest his soul!"
Said the old man, abruptly breaking silence,—
"He is departed, and finds peace at last!"

This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains
Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
THE EXCURSION.

Of rustic persons, from behind the hut
Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which
They shaped their course along the sloping side
Of that small valley, singing as they moved;
A sober company and few, the men
Bare-headed, and all decently attired!
Some steps when they had thus advanced, the dirge
Ended; and, from the stillness that ensued
Recovering, to my Friend I said, "You spake,
Methought, with apprehension that these rites
Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat
This day we purposed to intrude."—"I did so,
But let us hence, that we may learn the truth:
Perhaps it is not he but some one else
For whom this pious service is performed;
Some other tenant of the solitude."

So, to a steep and difficult descent
Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,
Where passage could be won; and, as the last
Of the mute train, behind the heathy top
Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,
I, more impatient in my downward course,
Had landed upon easy ground; and there
Stood waiting for my Comrade. When behold
An object that enticed my steps aside!
A narrow, winding, entry opened out
Into a platform—th lay, sheepfold-wise,
Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall:—a cool recess,
And fanciful! For where the rock and met
In an angle, hung a penthouse, framed
By thrusting two rude staves into the wall
And over-laying them with mountain sods;
To weather-feed 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 throned 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. Please with the sight,
I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,
Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance,
Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,
"Lo! what is here!" and, stooping down, drew forth
A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss
And wreck of party-coloured earthen-ware,
Aply disposed, had lent its help to raise
One of those petty structures. "His it must be!"

Exclaimed the Wanderer, "cannot but be his,
And he is gone!" The book, which in my last
Had opened of itself (for it was swollen
With searching damp, and seemingly had lain
To the injurious elements exposed
From week to week;) I found to be a work
In the French tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,
His famous Optimist. "Unhappy Man!"
Exclaimed my Friend: "Here then has been to
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 joys
Or safe companionship; 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 way!
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, gazing on the leaves
An eye of scorn:—"The lover," said he, "demands
To love when hope hath failed him—when a
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 bat give
The faithful servant, who must hide his head.
Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may
A kercifie 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, hitter drive
Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
No dearer reliquie, 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
THE SOLITARY.

merciful Friend, as forth we stepped
the presence of the cheerful light—
I have knowledge that you do not shrink
moving spectacles;—but let us on."  

speaking, on he went, and at the word
wel, till he made a sudden stand:
ill in view, approaching through a gate
opened from the enclosure of green fields
so rough uncultivated ground,
I the Man whom he had fancied dead!
from his deportment, mien, and dress,
it could be no other; a pale face,
gre person, tall, and in a garb
stio—dull and faded like himself!
us not, though distant but few steps;
was busy, dealing, from a store
a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
ripe currants; gift by which he strove,
intermixture of endearing words,
the a Child, who walked beside him, weeping
consolable. —"They to the grave
aring him, my Little-one," he said,
e dark pit; but he will feel no pain;
ly is at rest, his soul in heaven."  

might have followed—but my honoured
in upon the Speaker with a frank
ed greeting.—Vivid was the light
ahed and sparkled from the other’s eyes;
all fire: no shadow on his brow
ed, nor sign of sickness on his face.
joined he with his Visitant—a grasp,
qr grasp; and many moments’ space
the first glow of pleasure was no more,
the first sight of pleasure was no more,
the did, much was done and coming back—
cable smile retained the life
it had unexpectedly received,
low cheek. "How kind," he said,
could your coming have been better timed;
a, you see, is in our narrow world
sorrow. I have here a charge":—
saking thus, he patted tenderly
burnt forehead of the weeping child—
e mourner, whom it is my task
ort;—but how came ye!—if you track
oth at once befriended us and betray?
nd hither your most welcome feet,
d not miss the funeral train—they yet
early disappeared." "This blooming

old Man, "is of an age to weep

At any grave or solemn spectacle,
ily distressed or overpowered with awe,
He knows not wherefore;—but the boy to-day,
Perhaps is shedding orphan’s tears; you also
Must have sustained a loss." —"The hand of Death,"
He answered, "has been here; but could not well
Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen
Upon myself." —The other left these words
Unnoticed, thus continuing:—

"From yon crag,
Down whose steep sides we dropped into the vale,
We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn sound
Heard 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 on my way have I
Stood still, though but a casual passer-by,
Such I felt the awfulness of life,
In that one moment when the corpse is lifted
In silence, with a hush of decency;
Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,
And confidential yearnings, tow’rd’s its home,
Its final home on earth. What traveller—who—
(How far soe’er a stranger) does not own
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,
A mute procession on the houseless road;
Or passing by some solitary tenement
Or clustered dwellings, where they again 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;
Yes, by the very mourners who had knelt
Beside the coffin, resting on its lid
In silent grief their unalifted heads,
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist’s mournful
plaint,
And that most awful scripture which declares
We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!
—Have I not seen—ye likewise may have seen—
Son, husband, brothers—brothers side by side,
And son and father also side by side,
Rise from that posture—and in concert move,
On the green turf following the vested Priest,
Four dear supporters of one senseless weight,
From which they do not shrink, and under which
They faint not, but advance towards the open grave
Step after step—together, with their firm
Unhidden faces: he that suffers most,
Ho outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,
The most serene, with most unclouded eye!—
Oh! blest are they who live and die like these,
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow
mourned!"

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

At this
I interposed, though loth to speak, and said,
“Can it be thus among so small a band
As ye must needs be here? in such a place
I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight
Of a departing cloud.”—“‘Twas not for love”
Answered the sick Man with a careless voice—
“That I came hither; neither have I found
Among associates who have power of speech,
Nor in such other converse as is here,
Temptation so prevailing as to change
That mood, or undermine my first resolve.”
Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said
To my benign Companion,—“Pity ’tis
That fortune did not guide you to this house
A few days earlier; then would you have seen
What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,
That seems by Nature hollowed out to be
The seat and bosom of pure innocence,
Are made of; an ungracious matter this!
Which, for truth’s sake, yet in remembrance too
Of past discussions with this zealous friend
And advocate of humble life, I now
Will force upon his notice; undeterred.
By the example of his own pure course,
And that respect and deference which a soul
May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched
In what she most doth value, love of God
And his frail creature Man;—but ye shall hear.
I talk—and ye are standing in the sun
Withoutrefreshment!”

Quickly had he spoken,
And, with light steps still quicker than his words,
Led toward the Cottage. Homely was the spot;
And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,
Had almost a forbidding name.
Less fair, I grant, even plain
Than it appeared when from
We had looked down upon it.
As left by the departed company
Was silent; save the solitary
That on mine ear tickled with a tail
Following our Guide, we clomb
And reached a small aperture
Which was no sooner entered
Said gaily, “This is my domain
My hermitage, my cabin, where
I love it better than a snail’s
But now ye shall be feasted with
So, with more ardour than
Left one day mistress of her
He went about his hospitable
My eyes were busy, and my t
And pleased I looked upon my
As if to thank him; he returned.
Cheered, plainly, and yet seri
Had we about us! scattered
And, in like sort, chair, wind
With books, maps, fossils, wild
flowers,
And tufts of mountain moss.
Lay intermixed with scraps of
Scribbled with verse; a broken
And shattered telescope, togeth
By cobwebs, stood within a do
And instruments of music, son
Some in disgrace, hung daunt
But speedily the promise was
A feast before us, and a couru
Inviting us in glee to sit an
A napkin, white as foam of the
By which it had been blend
board;
And was itself half-covered wi
Of dainties,—eaten bread, curd
And cakes of batter curiously
Batter that had imbibed from
A golden hue, delicate as their
Faintly reflected in a lingering
Nor lacked, for more delight o
Our table, small parade of gare
And whortle-berries from the
The Child, who long ere this h
Was now a help to his late com
And moved, a willing Page, as
Ministering to our need.
In
While at our pastoral banquet
THE SOLITARY.

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 sook,
Such as she had, the kernel of his rest!
This, in itself not ill, would yet have been
Ill borne in earlier life; but his was now
The still contentedness of seventy years.
Calm did he sit under the wide-spread tree
Of his old age; and yet less calm and meek,
Winningly meek or venerably calm,
Than slow and torpid; paying in this wise
A penalty, if penalty it were,
For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.
I loved the old Man, for I pitied him!
A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
With one so slow in gathering up his thoughts,
But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes;
Mild, inaccurate, ready in his way,
And helpful to his utmost power: and there
Our housewife knew 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,
Leaving 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 refuse treble humanised,
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 spoke,
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.

THE SOLITARY.
THE EXCURSION.

We saileth 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, changing on that lofty ridge to pass
A heap of ruins—almost without walls
And wholly without roof (the blasted remains
Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,
The peasants of those 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,
Sung as a child that hides itself in sport
'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
We spake—he made reply, but would not stir
At our entreaty; less from want of power
Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts.

So was he lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the shepherds moved
Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!

By earthly nature had the effect been wronged
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coasts
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 em
Your, Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each less in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, wrapt
Right in the midst, where interpace appears
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were to
Implement of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms unneath of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—I
Saw not, but I felt that it was there,
That which I saw was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swelled in my breast—'I have been d
And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I live?
And with that pang I prayed to be no more
—But I forgot our Charge, as utterly
I then forgot him: there I stood and gazed
The apparition faded not away,
And I descended.

Having reached the hill
I found its resided inmate safely lodged,
And in serene possession of himself,
Beside a fire whose genial warmth seems
By a faint shining from the heart, a glans
Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.
Great show of joy the housewife made, as
Was glad to find her conscience set at ease
And not less glad, for sake of her good mind
That the poor Sufferer had escaped with.
But, though he seemed at first to have re
No harm, and uncomplaining as before
Went through his usual tasks, a silent ch
Soon showed itself: he lingered three
weeks;
And from the cottage hath been borne to
eds my dolorous tale, and glad I am is ended." At these words he turned—
ith blithe air of open fellowship,
st from the cupboard wine and stouter cheer,
se who would be merry. Seeing this,

My grey-haired Friend said courteously—"Nay, nay,
You have regaled us as a hermit ought;
Now let us forth into the sun!"—Our Host
Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we went.

BOOK THIRD.

DESPONDENCY.

ARGUMENT.
in the Valley.—Another Recess in it entered and fled.—Wanderer's sensations.—Solitary's excited e same objects.—Contrast between these.—Despon-
y of the Solitary gently reproved.—Conversation 
ing the Solitary's past and present opinions 
ng, till he be enlisted upon his own History at a.—His domestic felicity.—Affliction.—Dejection—
ied by the French Revolution.—Disappointment 
ig.—Voyage to America.—Disappointment 
gust pursues him.—His return.—His languor 
pression of mind, from want of faith in the 
ths of Religion, and want of confidence in the 
 of Mankind.

KING BEE—a little tinkling rill—
of fowls wheeling on the wing, 
orous agitation, round the great 
rock, their airy citadel—
and all of these the pensive car 
eted, in the silence that ensued, 
ough the cottage-threshold we had passed, 
pp within that lonesome valley, stood 
ore beneath the concave of a blue 
less sky.—Anon exclaimed our Host, 
antly dispersing with the taunt 
de of discontent which on his brow 
hered,—"Ye have left my cell,—but see 
ure hemis you in with friendly arms! 
her help ye are my prisoners still. 
ich way shall I lead you!—how contrive, 
so parasimoniouesly endowed, 
e brief hours, which yet remain, may reap 
compense of knowledge or delight!" 
ig, round he looked, as if perplexed; 
fo remove those doubts, my grey-haired 
riend 
ili we take this pathway for our guide!—
it winds, as if, in summer heats, 
had first been fashioned by the flock 
a place of refuge at the root 
black Yew-tree, whose protruded boughs 
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 (herbs, 
Where, haply, crowned with flow'rets and green 
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, desolated, and diffused 
O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag, 
Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower. 
All further progress here was barred;—And who, 
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour, 
Here would not linger, willingly detained! 
Whether to such wild objects he were led 
When copious rains had magnified the stream 
Into a loud and white-robed waterfall, 
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground, 
The hidden nook discovered to our view 
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay 
Right at the foot of that moist precipice, 
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests 
Fearless of winds and waves. Three several stones 
Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike 
To monumental pillars: and, from these 
Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen, 
That with united shoulders bore aloft 
A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth: 
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared 
A tall and shining holly, that had found 
A hospitable chink, and stood upright, 
As if inserted by some human hand 
In mockery, to wither in the sun, 
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze, 
The first that entered. But no breeze did now 
Find entrance;—high or low appeared no trace
The excursion.

Of motion, save the water that descended,
Diffused about that barrier of steep rocks,
And softly creeping, like a breath of air,
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen,
To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

"Behold a cabinet for sages built,
Which kings might envy!"—Praise to this effect
Broke from the happy old Man's reverend lip;
Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
"In sooth, with love's familiar privilege,
You have decreed the wealth which is your own.
Among these rocks and stones, methinks, I see
More than the heedless impress that belongs
To lonely nature's usual work; they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.
Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,
How gracefully that slender shrub looks forth
From its fantastic birth-place! And I own,
Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,
That in these shows a chronicle survives
Of purposes akin to those of Man,
But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails.
—Voiceless the stream descends into the gulf
With timid lapse;—and lo! while in this strait
I stand—the chasm of sky above my head
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,
Or to pass through; but rather an abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide;
And whose soft gloom, and boundless depth, might
tempt
The curious eye to look for them by day.
—Hail Contemplation! from the stately towers,
Reared by the industrious hand of human art
To lift thee high above the misty air
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast;
From academic groves, that have for thee
Been planted, hither come and find a lodge
To which thou mayst resort for holier peace,—
From whose calm centre thou, through height or depth,
Mayst penetrate, wherever truth shall lead;
Measuring through all degrees, until the scale
Of time and conscious nature disappear;
Lost in unsearchable eternity!"

A pause ensued; and with минутe care
We scanned the various features of the scene:
And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale
With courteous voice thus spake—
"I should have grieved
Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,
If from my poor retirement ye had gone
Leaving this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,
Your unexpected presence had so roused
My spirits, that they were bent on enterprise
And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,
Or, shall I say—disclaimed, the game that I
At my own door. The shapes before our eyes
And their arrangement, doubtless must be
The sport of Nature, aided by blind Chance.
Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.
And hence, this upright shaft of unbent stem
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, beheld
A Druid cromlech!—thus I entertain
The antiquarian humour, and am pleased
To skim along the surfaces of things,
Beguiling harsely the listless hours.
But if the spirit be oppressed by sense
Of instability, revolt, decay,
And change, and emptiness, these f处s of
And her blind helper Chance, do thus suffice
To quicken, and to aggravate—to feel
Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,
Not less than that huge Pile (from some airy
Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
Whose heavy diadem of pendent rocks
Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind, rude
round
Eddyng within its vast circumference,
On Sarum's naked plain—than pyramid
Of Egypt, unsuited, 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
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 at
By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.
Yet happier in my judgment, even than ye
With your bright transports fairly may be:
The wandering Hermit—who, clear alike
From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing the
Castles, if he ever chance to enter here,
Upon these uncoth 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 wise
Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be worn:
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed hound
By soul-engrossing instinct driven along
or open field, the harmless Man
sent upon his onward quest!—
Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
tried, (you may trace him oft
which his activity has left
roads and pathways, though, thank

look reports not of his hand)
pocket-hammer smites the edge
ock or prominent stone, disguised
tains or crusted o'er by Nature
st growths, detaching by the stroke
linter—to resolve his doubts;
at ready answer satisfied,
classes by some barbarous name,
on; or from the fragments picks
, if but happily interwined
ing mineral, or should crystal cube
els—and thinks himself enriched,
don doubtless wiser, than before!'
each to his pursuits,
, let both from hill to hill
please them, speed from clime to clime;
all—and free from pain their pastime."

aid I, interposing, "One is near,
but possess in your esteem
st still of envy. May I name,
ne, that fair-faced cottage-boy!
o's pupil of the lowest form,
ntice in the school of art!
ered from the open glen,
ve noticed, busily engaged,
and hands,—in mending the defects
sible of a leaky dam
abling this penurious stream
nder mill (that new-made plaything)
th—the happiest he of all!"

iest," answered the desponding Man,
now he is, he might remain!
ails imagination high
ep! what profits all that earth,
ue vault, is suffered to put forth
allurement, for the Soul
seaten track of life, and soar
nds a yielding element
ure; far as she can go
or space—if neither in the one,
ther region, nor in aught
dreaming o'er the map of things,
beyond these penetrable bounds,
surance can be heard; if nowhere
, for consummate good,

Or for progressive virtue, by the search
Can be attained,—a better sanctuary
From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave!"

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

The Other, not displeased,
Promptly replied—"My notion is the same.
And I, without reluctance, could decline
All act of inquisition whence we rise,
And what, when breath hath ceased, we may becom
Here are we, in a bright and breathing world.
Our origin, what matters it? In lack
Of worthier explanation, say at once
With the American (a thought which suits
The place where now we stand) that certain men
Leapt out together from a rocky cave;
And these were the first parents of mankind:
Or, if a different image be recalled
By the warm sunshine, and the jubund voice
Of insects chirping out their careless lives
On these soft beds of thyme-beasprinkled turf,
Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit
As sound—blithe race! whose mantles were be-
decked
With golden grasshoppers, in sign that they
Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from the

thereon their endless generations dwelt.
But stop!—these theoretic fancies jar
On serious minds: then, as the Hindoos draw
Their holy Ganges from a sable found,
Even so deduce the stream of human life
From seats of power divine; and hope, or trust,
That our existence winds her stately course
Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part
Of a living ocean; or, to sink engulfed,
Like Niger, in impenetrable sands
And utter darkness: thought which may be faced,
Though comfortless!—

Not of myself I speak;
Such acquiescence neither doth imply,
In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed
By natural piety; nor a lofty mind,
By philosophic discipline prepared
For calm subjection to acknowledged law;
Pleased to have been, contented not to be.
Such palms I boast not;—no! to me, who find,
Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,
Little to praise, and nothing to regret,
(Save some remembrances of dream-like joys
That scarcely seem to have belonged to me)
If I must take my choice between the pair
That rule alternately the weary hours,
Night is than day more acceptable; sleep
Doth, in my estimate of good, appear
A better state than waking; death than sleep:
Feelingly sweet is stilless after storm,
Though under covert of the wrony 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 happy 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 ever
From me, those dark impervious shades, that hang
Upon the region whither we are bound,
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams
Of present sunshine.—Deities that float
On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse
O'er what from eldest time we have been told
Of your bright forms and glorious faculties,
And with the imagination rest content,
Not wishing more; repining not to tread
The little sinuous path of earthy 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 rise
The gentle brooks!—Your desolating sway,
Sheds,' I exclaimed, 'no sadness upon me,
And no disorder in your rage I find.
What dignity, what beauty, in this change
From mild to angry, and from sad to gay;
Alternate and revolting! How benign,
How rich in animation and delight,
How bountiful these elements—compared
With might, 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 rose
‘Night bathed as night, and day serene as do
—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 ye,
Would push this converse farther;—for, if an
Of scornful pity be the just reward
Of Poetry thus courteously employed
In framing models to improve the scheme
Of Man's existences, and recreate the world,
Why should not grave Philosophy be styled
Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,
A dreamer yet more spirituous and dull!
Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts
Establish sounder titles of esteem
For her, who (all too timid and reserved
For ecstasy, for resistance too inert,
Too weak for suffering, and for hope too vast
Placed, among flowery gardens curtained rest
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 soul
To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
Tranquility to all things. Or is she,"
I cried, "more worthy of regard, the Power,
Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closet
The Stoic's heart against the vain approach
Of admiration, and all sense of joy!"

His countenance gave notice that my soul
Accorded little with his present mind;
I ceased, and he resumed. —"Ah! gentle Sir
Slight, if you will, the scene; but spare to use
The end of those, who did, by system, rack,
As the prime object of a wise man's aim,
Security from shock of accident,
Release from fear; and cherished peaceful
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

THE EXCURSION.
Nor energy, nor fortitude—a calm
Without vicissitude; which, if the like
Had been presented to my view elsewhere,
I might have even been tempted to despise.
But no—for the serene was also bright;
Enlivened happiness with joy overflowing,
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 prospects of love and joy
Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure
So long, and be at once cast down for ever.
Oh! I 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 Mirthableness 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 proficent of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, bestrung
With dark events. Desirous to divert
Or stem the current of the speaker's thoughts,
We signified a wish to leave that place
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
That seemed for self-examination made;
Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
Hidden from all men's view. To our attempt
He yielded not; but, pointing to a slope
Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
And on that couch inviting us to rest,
Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
A serious eye, and his speech thus renewed.

"You never saw, your eyes did never look
On the bright form of Her whom once I loved:—
Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A sound unknown to you; else, honoured Friend!
Your heart had borne a 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.—
Striped as I am of all the golden
Of self-esteem; and by the cutting blasts
Of self-reproach familiarly assaulted;
Yet would I not be of such wintry bareness
But that some leaf of your regard should hang
Upon my naked branches,—lively thoughts
Give birds, 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 Companions—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 soft 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 uncanded light myrtle, decked with flowers,
Before the threshold stands to welcome us!
While, in the flowing 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 endure the hours
Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.
—Wild were the walks upon those lonely Down
Track leading into track; how marked, how
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 will
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 beds
We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan昏迷;
Where arbours of impenetrable shade,
And mossy seats, detained us side by side,
With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our breast
'That all the groves and all the day was ours.'

O happy time! still happier was at hand;
For Nature called my Partner to resign
Her share in the pure freedom of that life,
Enjoyed by us in common.—To my hope,
To my heart's wish, my tender Mate became
The thankful captive of maternal bonds;
And those wild paths were left to me alone.
There could I meditate on follies past;
And, like a weary voyager escaped
From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
A course of vain delights and thoughtless gaiety,
And self-indulgence—without shame paused.
There, undisturbed, could think of and could wish
Her whose submissive spirit was to me
Rule and restraint—my guardian—shall I say
That earthy 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 the
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
s nourishment imperceptibly—
my wanderings; and the mother's kiss
its smile awaited my return.

cy we dwell, a wedded pair,
as daily, often all day long;
it fortune within easy reach
intercourse, nor wishing anything
the allowance of our own fireside;
within our happy cottage born,
our heirs of our united love;
ually by difference of sex,
no wider interval of time
their several births than served for one
thing of a leader's sway;
em joined by sympathy in age;
pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
wo pillars reared as in air.

It soothes me to perceive,
esty withhold not from my words
audience. But, oh! gentle Friends,
of quiet and unbroken peace,
or a nation, times of blessedness,
faint echoes from the historian's page;
perfect echo of this discourse,
I hear, how faithless is the voice
so most blissful days reverberate.
sal record can, or need, be given
habits, whereby much was done,
in the sphere of little things;
, though, to us, important cares,
ous interests! Smoothly did our life
swerving not from the path prescribed;
her diurnal, round alike
I with faithful care. And you divine
effects that our condition saw
gine changes slowly wrought,
progress unperceivable;
for; sometimes noticed with a sigh,
of good or lovely they might bring)
gre, for the familiar good
ness endeared which they removed.

ears of occupation undisturbed
seemingly a right to hold
ness; and use and habit gave
alien spirit had acquired
ial sanctity. And thus,
ights and wishes bounded to this world,
I breathed; most grateful—if to enjoy
spiring or desire for more,
at lot, or change to higher sphere,
pt 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 gripes of death, with such brief time
To struggle in so scarcely would allow
Her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed
From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
Where height, or depth, admits not the approach
Of living man, though longing to pursue.
—With even as brief a warning—and how soon,
With what short interval of time between,
I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,
Our happy life's only remaining stay—
The brother followed; and was seen no more!

Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained; as if in her,
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,
This second visitation had no power
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,
Mine was unable to attain. Immense
The space that severed us! But, as the sight
Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs
Incalculably distant; so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far
(And that is intercourse, and union, too.)
While, overcome with speechless gratitude,
And, with a holier love inspired, I looked
On her—at once superior to my woes
And partner of my loss.—O heavy change!
Dinlessness o'er this clear luninary crept
Insensibly;—the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal refux; her pure glory,
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched ambition drops satounded, fell
Into a gulch obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish,—of itself abashed,
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, retracted in words. If she, of life
Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
And all the tender motions of the soul,
THE EXCURSION.

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 spoke
Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the Heavens
If Angels traversed their serene skies,
If fixed or wandering star could tides yield
Of the departed spirit,—what abode
It occupies,—what consciousness remains
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 impel-
led—
The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilsome way!
And from those transports, and these toils abstruse,
Some trace am I enabled to retain
Of time, else lost;—existing unto me
Only by records in myself not found.

From that abstraction I was roused,—and how!
Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
Of those wild hills. For, lo! the dread Bastile,
With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
Fall to the ground,—by violence overthrown
Of indignation; and with shouts that drowned
The crash it made in falling! From the wreck
A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
The appointed seat of equitable law
And mild paternal sway. The potent shock
I felt: the transformation I perceived,
As marvellously seized as in that moment
When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld
Glory,—beyond all glory ever seen,
Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic harps
In every grove were ringing, *War shall cease ;*
Well ye not hear that conquest is abjured!
Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers, to sheek
The tree of Liberty,—"My heart rebounded;
My solemn voice the chorus joined;
Ye god of all ye nations! in all lands,
Ye that are capable of joy be glad!
Glorious, whatever is wanting to yourselves
in, whatever ye shall promptly find;—and all,
Encompassed by unsullied and reflected wealth,
Bound with one heart honour their common kind.*

Thus was I reconverted to the world;
Society became my glittering hide,
And airy hopes my children.—From the deep
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
There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I to
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 streight
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
There mingled, heard or not. The powers
I left not unimpressed; and, in still groves,
Where mild enthusiasts tuned a passion
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
I felt their invitation; and resumed
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing plate
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 press
But History, time's slavish scribe, will it
How rapidly the zealots of the cause
Disbanded,—or in hostile ranks appeared
Some, tired of honest service; those, out
Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by sins
Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to
As Brutus did to Virtue, *Liberty,
I worshipped thee, and find thee but a

Such renunciation had for me no charm;
Nor would I bend to it; who should have
At aught, however fair, that bore the mis
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simple
In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whether it
And, by what compromise it stood, not
ns seemed to be high-pitched, determined.—Among men did I maintain a strife
still more hopeless every hour; ness, I began to feel
expiation of the world should at least secure my own, compensated. For rights, illy used upon herself,
hesitation; and promptly seized
ction furnished for my needs nor scrupled to proclaim,
by liberty of life, illusions. Not that I rejoiced,
pleasure, in such vagrant course, 
; but farthest from the walk
ed in happiness and peace, ing to a troubled mind;
gliding and distempered world, of image herself.
contradictions of which Man
1! Here Nature was my guide, the absolute; but thes,
turn! I rejected—smiled in pity; and in scorn
thy soft influence sometimes drew arched heart.—The tranquil shores unscribed me; else, perhaps
tenanted among deeds, infamous, I should abhor—
solemn: for my spirit relished xasperation of that Land, an angry beak against the down ast; confounded into hope ring thus her furtive wings.
quitted by iron bonds 
y. The shifting aims, rests, the creative might, cions and high attributes yielded to a power lious, and contemptible. uled a panic dread of change;
praised, rewarded, and advanced; impulse of a just disdain, I retire into myself.
contentment, I resolved guard, to some foreign shore,
Europe; from her blasted hopes; carnage, and polluted air.
wind, when o’er the Atlantic Main
gliding with her thoughtless crew; g them but an Exile, freed

From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit
Among the busy-employed, not more
With obligation charged, with service taxed,
Than the loose pendant—to the idle wind
Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye Powers
Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,
O, never let the Wretched, if a choice
Be left him, trust the freight of his distress
To a long voyage on the silent deep!
For, like a plague, will memory break out;
And, in the blank and solitude of things,
Upon his spirit, with a fever’s strength,
Will conscience prey.—Feebly must they have felt
Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips
The vengeful Furies. Beautiful regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I loved;
The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!
Where now that boasted liberty! No welcome
From unknown objects I received; and those,
Known and familiar, which the vaulted sky
Did, in the placid clearness of the night,
Disclose, had accusations to prefer
Against my peace. Within the cabin stood
That volume—as a compass for the soul—
Revered among the nations. I implored
Its guidance; but the infallible support
Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why refused
To One by storms annoyed and adverse winds;
Perplexed with currents; of his weakness sick;
Of vain endeavours tried; and by his own,
And by his nature’s, ignorance, dismayed!

Long-wished-for sight, the Western World appeared;
And, when the ship was moored, I leaped ashore
Indignantly—resolved to be a man,
Who, having o’er the past no power, would live
No longer in subjection to the past,
With abject mind—from a tyrannic lord
Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured:
So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared
Some boundary, which his followers may not cross
In prosecution of their deadly chase,
Respiring I looked round.—How bright the sun,
The breeze how soft! Can any thing 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 those
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 unmoved.—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 mining. Leisure can bestow;
Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
How'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 hasty,
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 success'ce seas, he walks;
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,
And his innate capacities of soul,
There imaged: or when, having gained the top
Of some commanding eminence, which yet
Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
Expanse of unappropriated earth,
With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;
Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,
Pouring above his head its radiance down
Upon a living and rejoicing world!

So, westward, tow'r'd the unviolated wo.
I bent my way; and, roaming far and wide,
Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird
And, while the melancholy Muecawis
(The sporting 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, app'd
A creature, equal, vengeful, and impure;
Remorseless, and submissive to no law
But superstitions, fear, and abject sloth.

Enough is told! Here am I—ye have b's
What evidence I seek; and vainly seek;
What from my fellow-beings I require,
And either they have not to give, or I
Lack virtue to receive; what I myself,
Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost
Nor can regain. How languidly I look
Upon this visible fabric of the world,
May be divined—perhaps it hath been said
But spare your pity, if there be in me
Aught that deserves respect: for I exist,
Within myself, not comfortless.—The tone
Which my life holds, he readily may concei
Whoe'er hath stood to watch a mountain
In some still passage of its course; and see
Within the depths of its expansions breast,
Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure sky;
And, on its glazy surface, specks of foam,
And conglutiated bubbles undissolved,
Numerous as stars; that, by their onward
Rotary to sight the motion of the stream,
Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
A softened roar, or murmur; and the sound
Though soothing, and the little floating isle
Though beautiful, are both by Nature class
With the same pensive office; and make
Through what perplexing labyrinth, above
Precipitations, and untoward straits,
The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and
That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
Must he again encounter.—Such a stream
Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares
In the best quiet to her course allowed;
And such is mine,—save only for a hope
That my particular current soon will reach
The unfathomable gulf, where all is still!
BOOK FOURTH.

DEPENDENCY CORRECTED.

ARGUMENT.

Produced by the foregoing Narrative—A
contending Providence the only adequate
affliction—Wanderer’s ejaculation—
the difficulty of a lively faith—Hence
sorrow—Exhortations—How received—
ables his discourse to that other cause of
Solitary’s mind—Disappointment from
tevolution—States grounds of hope, and
necessity of patience and fortitude with
course of great revolutions—Knowledge
tranquillity—Rural Solitude favourable to
the inferior Creatures; Study of their
ys recommended; exhortation to bodily
communication with Nature—Morbid Solitude
position better than apathy—Apathy and
unknown in the infancy of society—The
of Religion prevented it—Illustrated in
Israel, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Greek
—Solitary Interposes—Wanderer points
use of religious and imaginative feeling in
anks of society, illustrated from present
—These principles tend to recall exploded
and poverty—Wanderer rebuts this charge,
dignities of the Imagination with the
blightness of certain modern Philosophers
other lights and guides—Asserts the
Soul to regenerate herself; Solitary asks
Personal appeal—Exhortation to activity
ed—How to commune with Nature—
includes with a legitimate union of the
affections, understanding, and reason—
iscourse—Evening; Return to the Cottage.

The Tenant of that lonely vale
narrative—commenced in pain,
need, and ended without peace;
not unfrequently, with strains
grateful to our minds;
usely some relief to his,
listening with compassion due.
eced; then, with voice
iter though the heart was moved,
said:—

“One adequate support
ties of mortal life
ily; an assured belief
ssion of our fate, however
s ordered by a Being
ging purposes embrace
converting them to good.
anguish for 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 perfection; 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 I will praise thee with impassioned voice:
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget thee here; where thou hast built,
For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for thy presence: therefore, am I bound
To worship, here, and everywhere—as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
From childhood up, the ways of poverty;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued.—By thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And, ’mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From paradise transplanted: wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
—Come, labour, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;
And 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
Rest 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 Wandering stolently 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 vane,
Duty exists — immutable 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!—You, dread source,
Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
That in the scale of being fill their place;
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained;—you, who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that thyselves,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Mightst hold, on earth, communion undisturbed;
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punchal care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restorat us, daily, to the powers of sense.
And reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou alone
Art eternally, and the blessed Spirit,
Which thou inclinest, as the sea her waves:
For adoration thou founderst; endure
For consciousness the motions of thy will;
For apprehension those transcendental truths
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
(Submission constituting strength and power)
Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!
This universe shall pass away—a work
Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggily wild,
Loved haunts like these; the unimprisoned Mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still, it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top
Of some huge hill—expectant, I behold
The sun arise, from distant elmes returned
Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring the day
His bounteous gift!—I saw him toward the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds,
Attended; then, my spirit was entranced
With joy excited 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 cause I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward; and chide the part of me that
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 leaves
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 at
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 proceedeth, which else were not; at least,
If grief be something hallowed and ordained,
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,
Yet, through this weakness of the general heart,
Is it enabled to maintain its hold
In that excess which consence disapproves.
For who could sink and settle to that point
Of selfishness; so senseless who could be
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix
A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,
Which reason promises, and holy writ
Ensures to all believers!—Yet mistrust
Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch; despondency far less;
And, least of all, is absolute despair.
—And, if there be whose tender frames have dropt
Even to the dust; apparently, through weight
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
An agonizing sorrow to transmute;
Deem not that proof is here of hope withheld
When wanted most; a confidence impairs
So pitifully, that, having ceased to see
lily eyes, they are borne down by love
s lost, and perish through regret.
the innocent Sufferer often sees
ly; feels too vividly; and longs
s the vision, with intense
constant yearning;—there—there lies
s, by which the balance is destroyed.
contracted are these walls of flesh, of
warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
conceivably endowed, too dim
passion of the soul that leads
y; and, all the crooked paths
and change disdaining, takes its course
line of limitless desires.
ng now from such disorder free,
not craving, but in settled peace,
doubt that they whom you deplore
led; or, if they sleep, shall wake
up, and dwell with God in endless love.
now this, consists not with belief
, carried infinite degrees
be tenderness of human hearts:
now this, consists not with belief
wits, guiding mightiest power,
s no limits but her own pure will.
then we rest; not fearing for our creed
that human reasoning can achieve,
le or perplex it: yet with pain
sly, and grievous self-reproach,
hgh immovably convinced, we want
the virtue to exist by faith
as live by courage; as, by strength
the sailor fights with roaring seas.
endowment of immortal power
and unequally with custom, time,
incising faculties of sense
most with superadded foes,
estations; open vanities,
al offering of the unblushing world;
be private regions of the mind,
bnd passions, ranklings of despite,
the wishes, pining discontent,
and care. What then remains!—To seek
ps for his occasions ever near
s not will to use them; vows, renewed
at motion of a holy thought;
contemplation; praise; and prayer—
, which, from the fountain of the heart
soever feelly, nowhere flows
access of unexpected strength.
all, the victory is most sure
who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
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 solicits; 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 secretely
In the sublime attractions of the grave."

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
His judgments, near that lonely house we paced
A plot of green-award, 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 happily thinking of far-distant friends,
While the ship glides before a steady breeze.
Stillness prevailed around us: and the voice
That spoke 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
Could e'er for such exalted confidence
Exist; so, none is now for fixed despair:
The two extremes are equally disdained
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 unreproved 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 extinguishing, perform
* What all the slowly-moving years of time,
  * With their united forces, 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 overt-heaving spirits, yields
* Hope of a flight celestial, will produce
  * Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her sons
  * Shall not the less, though late, be justified."

Such timely warning," said the Wanderer, "gave
That visionary voice; and, at this day,
When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
The groaning nations; when the impious rule,
By will or by established ordinance,
Their own dire agents, and constrain the good
To acts which they abhor; though I bewail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from owning, that the law,
By which mankind now suffers, is most just.
For by superior energies; more strict
Affiance in each other; faith more firm
In their unshalled principles; the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.
Therefore, not unconsulted, 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 aspers of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;

And that unless alone 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 beg
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 the
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, smiled 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!"

"Yes," 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 unft, 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 bath
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
And solitude, that they do favour most,
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,
These pure sensations; that can penetrate
The obstreperous city; on the barren seas
Are not unfelt; and much might recommend
How much they might 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 hear

* Daniel.
mand which they have power to break, which they are tempted to transgress: with a soothed or elevated heart, behold; their knowledge register; their ways; and, free from envy, find once there—but wherefore this to you? not, welcome to your lonely hearth, reach, ruffled up by winter's cold melancholy bunch; feeds at your hand: refresh, is from your casement hung mall wren to build in— not in vain, chairs disregarding that surround the abiding place, before your sight in the breeze the butterfly; and soars, nature as she is, from earth's bright flowers, sowy clouds. Ambition reigns in the wilderness: the Soul ascends towards her native firmament of heaven, a fresh eagle, in the month of May, at evening, on replenished wing, led valley leaves; and leaves the dark ed hills, conspicuously renewing communication with the sun beneath the horizon!—List!—I heard, a huge breast of rock, a voice sent forth visible mountain made the cry.

—The effect upon the soul was such pressed: from out the mountain's heart in voice appeared to issue, startling air—for the region all around pty of all shape of life, and silent that single cry, the unanswer'd blast lamb—left somewhere to itself, tive spirit of the solitude! I, as if unwilling to proceed, consciousness, that silence in such place, the most affecting eloquence, his thoughts returned upon themselves, a tone of speech, thus resumed.

if the heart, too confidently raised, o too lightly occupied, or lull'd, despise or overlook stage that binds her to the earth, dependence upon time, and all lations of mortality, so so destitute and void—but there flower her vanity shall check; urg worm reprove her thoughtless pride!

raggy regions, those chaotic wilds, benignity pervade, that warms contented with her darksome walk d ground; and to the enmest 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-sews from afar, Hovering above these inland solitudes, By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call Up through the trenches of the long-drawn vales Their voyage was begun: nor is its power Unfelt among the sedentary fowl That seek you pool, and there prolong their stay In silent congress; or together roused Take flight; while with their clang the air resounds. And, over all, in that ethereal vault, Is the mute company of changeable 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 beautiful 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 suddenly revealed—the swains moved on, And heeded not: you lingered, you perceived And felt, deeply as living man could feel. There is a luxury in self-dispaise; And inward self-dispagement 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
Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling
In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
Dingly reflected in a lonely pool.

Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways
That run not parallel to nature's course.
Rise with the light! your mates shall obtain
Grace, be its composition what it may,
If but with hers performed; climb once again,
Climb every day, those rampars; meet the breeze
Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee.

That from your garden thither soars, to feed
On new-blown health; let you commanding rock
Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the stone
In thunder down the mountains; with all your

Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red deer
Fly to those harbours, driven by hound and horn
Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit;
So, weared to your hat shall you return,

And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
A kindling eye,—accordant feelings rushed
Into my bosom, whence these words broke forth:
"Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
To have a body (this our vital frame
With shrinking sensibility endued,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a spirit.—How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for morted, man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retreats, only trod
By devious footstaps; 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 happily sometimes with articulate voice,
Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,

"Rage on ye elements! let moon and stars
Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn
With this commotion (ruinous though it be)
From day to night, from night to day, prolonged!"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from my lips
The strain of transport, "whoseso'ev 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; be, though taught to own
The tranquilizing power of time, shall wake,
Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness—
Loving the sports which once be 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 which with which your soul in youth was novel,
But by the great Artificer endow'd
With no inferior power. You dwell alone;
You walk, you live, you speculate alone;
Yet death remembers, like a sovereign prince,
For you a stately gallery maintain
Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,
Have act'd, suffered, travelled far, observed
With no incurious eye; and books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These boards of truth you can unlock at will:
And music waits upon your skilful touch,
Sounds which the wandering shepherd from those
Heights hears, and forgets his purpose furnished thus,
How can you droop, if willing to be uplifted?

A piteous lot it were to flee from Man—
Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose hours
Are by domestic pleasures unassailed
And unenlivened; who exists whole years
Apart from benefits received or done
'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd;
Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
Of the world's interests—such a one hath need
Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,
That, for the day's consumption, books may yield
Food not unwholesome; earth and air correct
humour, with delight supplied
airy as the seasons change.
s her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of
contemplation; gay parterres,
shine walks, her sunny glades
groves in studied contrast—each,
ion, leading into each:
he range, if willing to partake
indulgences, and in due time
hence, recruited for the tasks
of service Truth requires from those
or altars, wait upon her throne,
h her fortresses. Who thinks, and feels, isse ever anon
of nature stirring in his soul,
ch man go desperately astray,
the dreadful appetite of death l’
1 systems, each in its degree
and all crumbling in their turn,
ld systems of his own, and smile
work, demolished with a touch;
, let him bo at once
 thousand innocents, enrolled
he many-chambered school,
itation weaves her airy dreams.

un past, I stand on winter's verge;
see what I desire to keep:
would I instantly decline
tionary sympathies
iste ignorance, and take
prehension from the owl
ich: and as readily rejoice,
cious magpies crossed my way;—
id rather bend than see and hear
ons earose of sense,
 is dead, and feeling hath no place;
ledge, ill begun in cold remark
things, with formal inference ends;
nd turn inward, she recoils
 not recoiling, is perplexed—
oom of uninspired research;
the heart within the heart, the seat
ce and happy consciousness shou
axis restlessly revolving,
an nowhere find, the light of truth.

breast of new-created earth
; and when and whereasoe'er he moved,
sted, solitude was not.
orn on the wind, the articulate voice
d Angels to his sight appeared

Crowning the glorious hills of paradise;
Or through the groves gliding like morning mist
Enkindled by the sun. He sate—and talked
With winged Messengers; who daily brought
To his small island in the ethereal deep
Tidings of joy and love.—From those pure heights
(Whether of actual vision, sensible
To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
Have condescendingly been shadowed forth
Communications spiritually maintained,
And intuitions moral and divine)
Fell Human-kind—to banishment condemned
That flowing years repealed not: and distress
And grief spread wide; but Man escaped the doom
Of destitution;—solitude was not.
—Jehovah—shapeless Power above all Powers,
Single and one, the omnipresent God,
By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
Or cloud of darkness, localised in heaven;
On earth, ensnared within the wandering ark;
Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne
Between the Cherubim—on the chosen Race
Showered miracles, and ceased not to dispense
Judgments, that filled the land from age to age
With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear;
And with amazement smote;—thereby to assert
His scorned, or unacknowledged, sovereignty.

And when the One, ineffable of name,
Of nature indivisible, withdrew
From mortal adoration or regard,
Not then was Deity engulfed; nor Man,
The rational creature, left, to feel the weight
Of his own reason, without sense or thought
Of higher reason and a purer will,
To benefit and bless, through mightier power:—
Whether the Persian—zealous to reject
Altar and image, and the inclusive walls
And roofs of temples built by human hands—
To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops,
With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
Presented sacrifice to moon and stars,
And to the winds and mother elements,
And the whole circle of the heavens, for him
A sensitive existence, and a God,
With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise:
Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense
Yielding his soul, the Babylonian framed
For influence undefined a personal shape;
And, from the plain, with toil immense, upreared
Tower eight times planted on the top of tower,
That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch
Descending, there might rest; upon that height
Pure and serene, diffused—to overlook
Winding Euphrates, and the city vast

0 0 2
Of his devoted worshippers, far-stretched,
With grove and field and garden interspersed;
Their town, and fruitful region for support
Against the pressure of bequeathing 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 steed that eye. The planetary Five
With a submissive reverency they beheld;
Watched, from the centre of their steepling flocks,
Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move
Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
Deorses and resolutions of the Gods;
And, by their aspects, signifying works
Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.
—The imaginative faculty was lord
Of observations natural; and, thus
Led on, those shepherds made report of stars
In set rotation passing to and fro,
Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
And its invisible counterpart, adorned
With answering constellations, under earth,
Removed from all approach of living sight
But present to the dead; who, so they deemed,
Like those celestial messengers beheld.
All accidents, and judges were of all.

The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding shores,—
Under a cope of sky more variable,
Could find commodious place for every God,
Promptly received, as prodigiously brought,
From the surrounding countries, at the choice
Of all adventurers. With univalued skill,
As nicest observation furnished hints
For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
On fluent operations a fixed shape;
Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
And yet,—triumphant o'er this pompous show
Of art, this palpable array of sense,
On every side encountered; in despite
Of the gross fictions chantcd in the streets
By wandering Rhhapsodists; and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
Amid the wrangling schools—a spirit hung,
Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
And emanations were perceived; and acts
Of immortality, in Nature's course,
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bounds, on grave philosopher imposed
And armed warrior; and in every grove
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
When plenty more awful had relaxed.
—Take, running river, take these locks of mine
Thus would the Rotary say—this severed hair
My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
Thankful for my beloved child's return.
Thy banks, Cepheus, lie again hath trod,
Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal
With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip.
And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields
And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was
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 unsuspected.
To the blind walk of mortal accident;
From diminution safe and weakening age;
While man grows old, and dwindles, and droops.
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 used,
In dignity of being we ascend.
But what is error?— "Answer he who can!"
The Sceptic somewhat hautly exclaimed:
"Love, Hope, and Admiration—are they not
Mad Fancy's favourite vessels? Does not he
Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
Guides to destruction! Is it well to trust
Imagination's light when reason fails,
The unguarded taper where the guarded blais?
—Stoop from those heights, and soberly deduce
What error is; and, of our errors, which
Both 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 fall
Of the contiguous torrent, gathering strength
cry moment—and, with strength, increase—
y; or, while snow is at the door,
king and defending, and the wind,
less labourer, whistles at his work—

Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine carves,

To the sun of truth he can apply,
hines for him, and shines for all mankind.
ince daily fixing his regards
ure's wants, he knows how few they are,
here they lie, how answered and appeased.
knowledge ample recompense affords
afford; he refers
itions to this standard; on this rock
his desires; and hence, in after life,
rengthening patience, and sublime content.
ation—not permitted here
his powers, as in the worldling's mind,
to pleasures, and superfluous cares.
trivial ostentation—is left free
nent to range the solemn walks

and nature, girded by a zone
while it binds, invigorates and supports.
ledge, then, that whether by the side
lack not, or on the mountain top,
he cultured field, a Man so bred
from him what you will upon the score
xence or illusion) lives and breathes
ble purposes of mind: his heart
o the heroic song of ancient days;
distinques, his soul creates.
ose illusions, which excite the scorn
re the pity of unthinking minds,
not mainly outward ministers
ard conscience! with whose service charged
ame and go, appeared and disappear,
ing evil purposes, remorse
ing, chastening an intemperate grief,
le of heart abating: and, when'er
important ends those phantoms move,
could forbid them, if their presence serve,
ly-peopled mountains and wild heaths,
a space, else vacant, to exalt
me 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.

On 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, chanzzed to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heavens,
When winds are blowing strong. The traveller
slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing font, and thanked
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gilding space, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
Into fleet Oreadas 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 gamewife Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd’s awe-inspiring God!"

The strain was aptly chosen; and I could mark
Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
Of our Companion, gradually diffused;
While, listening, he had paced the noiseless turf,
Like one whose untired ear a murmuring stream
Detains; but tempted now to interpose,
He with a smile exclaimed:—

"Tis well you speak
At a safe distance from our native land,
And from the mansions where our youth was
taught."
The true descendants of those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,
Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
That harboured them,—the souls remaining yet
The churchly features of that after-race
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting rocks,
In deadly scorn of superstitions rites,
Or what their scruples construed to be such—
How, think you, would they tolerate this scheme
Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
Uprooted; would re-consecrate our wells
To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint Anne;
And from long banishment recall Saint Giles,
To watch again with tutelary love
O'er stately Edinborough throne'd on crags!
A blessed restoration, to behold
The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more paradizing through her crowded streets
Now simply guarded by the sober powers
Of science, and philosophy, and sense!"

This answer followed.—"You have turned my thoughts
Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
Against idolatry with warlike mind,
And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
In woods, and dwell under impending rocks
Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and food;
Why?—for this very reason that they felt,
And did acknowledge, whereasoe'er they moved,
A spiritual presence, oft-times misconceived,
But still a high dependence, a divine
Bounty and government, that filled their hearts
With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love;
And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,
That through the desert rang. Though favoured less,
Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,
Were those bewildered Pagans of old time,
Beyond their own poor natures and above
They looked; were humbly thankful for the good
Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
Bestowed,—were gladsome,—and their moral sense
They fortified with reverence for the Gods;
And they had hopes that overstepped the Grave.

Now, shall our great Discoverers," he exclaimed,
Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain
From sense and reason less than these obtained,
Though far misled? Shall men for whom our age
Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
To explore the world without and world within,
Be joyless as the blind! Ambitious spirits—
Whom earth, at this late season, hath pruned
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And they who rather dive than soar, whose
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 so!
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 pay far off yet be unravell'd;
That we should pore, and dwindle as we plea,
Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection dead and spiritless;
And still dividing, and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt, while intellect
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 revives;
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!—Access me not
Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
If, having walked with Nature through the sea
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 Driest
Revolts, offended at the ways of men
Swayed by such motives, to such ends enjoyed;
Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet pride
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 uselessly!

Nor higher place can be assigned to him
And his companions—the laughing Sage of France,
Crowned was he, if my memory do not err,
With laurel planted upon haery hairs,
of conquest by his wit achieved
soft its wisdom had conferred;
ping body bottered with wreaths of flowers
far less becoming ornaments
ring oft twines about a mouldering tree;
t pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
not frivolous people. Him I mean
ned, to ridicule confiding faith,
ry Legend; which by chance we found
a nook, through malice, as might seem,
more innocent rubbish."—Speaking thus,
brief notice when, and how, and where,
copied the book, he drew it forth;
reously, as if the act removed,
all traces from the good Man's heart
ign aversion or contempt,
d it to its owner. "Gentle Friend,"
he grasped the Solitary's hand,
ve known lights and guides better than these.
not aught amiss within dispose
mind to practise on herself;
pt opinion to support the wrongs
on: whatsoever be felt or feared,
ter judgment-seats make no appeal:
can you question that the soul
an allegiance, not by choice
st off, upon an oath proposed
new upstart notion! In the ports
y no refuge can be found,
er, for a spirit in distress.
by wilful disesteem of life
and insensibility to hope,
the eye of Solitude, shall learn
r mild nature can be terrible;
ither she nor Silence lack the power
ge their own insulted majesty.

it seclusion! when the mind admits
of duty; and can therefore move
each vicissitude of loss and gain,
in entire complacence with her choice;
uth's presumptuousness is mellowed down,
hood's vain anxiety dismissed;
ism shows her seasonable fruit,
e bouquets of sheltering leisure hung
plenty; when the spirit stoops
with gratitude the crystal stream
proved enjoyment; and is pleased
and, be saluted by the air
repenance, wafting wall-flower scents
the crumbling ruins of fallen pride
bers of transgression, now forlorn.
contented days, and peaceful nights!
em such good can be obtained, would strive

To reconcile his manhood to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
Snuffed with the thorny substance of the past
For fixed annoyance; and full oft beat
With floating dreams, black and disconsolate,
The vapoury phantoms of futurity!

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an 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,
Yes, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair."

The Solitary by these words was touched
With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;
"But how begin! and whence!—The Mind is
free—.
Resolve," the haughty Moralist would say,
"This single act is all that we demand."
Alas! such wisdom bids a creature fly
Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn
His natural wings!—To friendship let him turn
For succour; but perhaps he sits alone
On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
That holds but him, and can contain no more!
Religion tells of amity sublime
Which no condition can preclude; of One
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,
All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs:
But is that bounty absolute!—His gifts,
Are they not, still, in some degree, rewards
For acts of service! Can his love extend
To hearts that own not him! Will showers of grace,
When in the sky no promise may be seen,
Fall to refresh a parched and withered land!
Or shall the gvoating Spirit cast her load
At the Redeemer's feet?"

In rueful tone,
With some impatience in his mien, he spoke:
Back to my mind rushed all that had been urged
To calm the Sufferer when his story closed;
I looked for counsel as unbinding now;
But a discriminating sympathy
Stood 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 Leith, 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 mockst,
With her minute and speculative pains,
Opinion, ever changing!

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea,
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of 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 passagae
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 unknown
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 chat
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 star, is heard
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary raven, flying
Afarward the convene 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 accompanied 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 imbar power
Your cherished relinquishment is forced to bend
Even here, where her amenities are sown
With sparing hand. Then trust yourself anew
To range her blooming bower, and spacious fold
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 trace
Her rivers populous with gliding life;
While, free as air, o'er printless sands we step
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,
inarticulate language.

For, the Man—

in this spirit, communes with the Forms.

ture, who with understanding heart

knows and loves such objects as excite

orbid passions, no disquietude,

angerance, and no hatred—needs must feel

joy of that pure principle of love

enjoy, that, unsatisfied with aught

pure and exquisite, he cannot choose

seek for objects of a kindred love

low-natures and a kindred joy.

and truly he by degrees perceives

ceilings of aversion softened down;

by tenderness pervades his frame.

unity of reason not impaired,

rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,

as a clear fountain flowing, he looks round

seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:

abhorrence and contempt are things

sly knows by name; and, if he hear,

other mouths, the language which they speak,

compassionate; and has no thought,

eling, which can overcome his love.

d further; by contemplating these Forms

relations which they bear to man,

all discern, how, through the various means

h silently they yield, are multiplied

spiritual presences of absent things.

me, that for the instructed, time will come

they shall meet no object but may teach

acceptable lesson to their minds

man suffering, or of human joy.

all they learn, while all things speak of man,

duties from all forms; and general laws,

local accidents, shall tend alike

use, to urge; and, with the will, confer

ability to spread the blessings wide

philanthropy. The light of love

sitting, perseverance from their steps

ring not, for them shall be confirmed

lorious habit by which sense is made

vient still to moral purposes,

is to divine. That change shall clothe

asked spirit, ceasing to deplore

rthen of existence. Science then

be a precious visitant; and then,

only then be worthy of her name;

he heart shall kindle; her dull eye,

and insatiate, no more shall hang

ed to its object in brute slavery;

sought with patient interest to watch

successes 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

h furnishing clear guidance, a support

Not treacherous, to the mind’s creative power.

So build we up the Being that we are;

Thus deeply drinking—of the soul of things,

We shall be wise perceives; and, while inspired

By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,

Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled

By strict necessity, along the path

Of order and of good. Where’er we see,

Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine;

Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,

Earthly desires; and raise, to loftier heights

Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,
Poured forth with fervour in continuous stream,

Such as, remote, mid savage wilderness,

An Indian Chief discharges from his breast

Into the hearing of assembled tribes,

In open circle seated round, and hushed

As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf

Stirs in the mighty woods. So did he speak:

The words he uttered shall not pass away

Dispersed, like music that the wind takes up

By matches, and lets fall, to be forgotten;

No—they sink into me, the bounteous gift

Of one whom time and nature had made wise,

Gracing his doctrine with authority

Which hostile spirits silently allow;

Of one accustomed to desires that feed

On fruitage gathered from the tree of life;

To hopes on knowledge and experience built;

Of one in whom persuasion and belief

Had ripened into faith, and faith become

A passionate intuitions; whence the Soul,

Though bound to earth by ties of pity and love,

From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were reached,

Had yet to travel far, but unto us,

To us who stood low in that hollow dell,

He had become invisible,—a pomp

Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread

Over the mountain sides, in contrast bold

With ample shadows, seemingly, no less

Than those resplendent lights, his rich 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;
THE EXCURSION.

And in the Matron's countenance may be read
Plain indication that the words, which told
How that neglected Penitent was sent
Before his time into a quiet grave,
Had done to her humanity no wrong;
But we are kindly welcomed—promptly served
With ostentations zeal.—Along the floor
Of the small Cottage in the lovely Dell
A grateful couch was spread for our repose
Where, in the guise of mountainers, we lay
Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled
Of far-off torrents charming the still night
And, to tired limbs and over-busy thought
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

BOOK FIFTH.

THE PASTOR.

ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley—Reflections—A large and populous Vale described—The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him—Church and Monuments—The Solitary music, and where—House—In the Churchyard the
Solitary communicates the thoughts which had
recently passed through his mind—Lofty tone of the
Wanderer's discourse of yesterday advowed to—Rite
of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it,
contrasted with the real state of human life—Apology
for the Rite—Inconsistency of the best men—Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions
of duty as existing in the mind—General complaint of a
falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth
—Outward appearances of content and happiness in
degree illusory—Pastor approaches—Appeal made to
him—His answer—Wanderer in sympathy with him—
Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be
most free from error—The Pastor is desired to give some
portraits of the living or dead from his own observa-
tion of life among these Mountains—and for what pur-
purse—Pastor consents—Mountain cottage—Excellen-
qualities of its Inhabitants—Solitary expresses his
pleasure; but denies the praise of virtue to worth of
this kind—Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon
his account of persons interred in the Churchyard—
Graves of unbaptized Infants—Funeral and sepulchral
observances, whence—Ecclesiastical Establishments,
whence derived—Profession of belief in the doctrine
of Immortality.

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

Upon the side

Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale
Which foot of boldest stranger would attempt
Lingerling behind my comrades, thus I brook
A parting tribute to a spot that seemed
Like the fixed centre of a troubled world.
Again I halted with reverted eyes;
The chain that would not slacken, was at last
Snap—, and, pursuing leisurely my way,
How vain, thought I, is it by change of place
To seek that comfort which the mind desires?
Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned
Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold,
Fruit life's possessions, that even they whose
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint
Might, by the promise that is here, be won
To steal from active duties, and lenitive
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.
—Knowledge, methinks, in these disorders
Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her anarchies, like piety of old;
Men, who, from faction sacred, and unsaintly
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
Unscrewed, and subsist, a scattered few
Living to God and nature, and content
With that communion. Consacr'd be
The spots where such abide! But happier
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends
That meditation and research may guide
His privacy to principles and powers
Discovered or invented; or set forth,
Through his acquaintance with the ways of
In lucid order; so that, when his course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overflow
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere
Accompanied these musings; fervent thank
THE PASTOR.

The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
The father of his people. Such is he;
And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed
To me some portion of a kind regard;
And something also of his inner mind
Hath he imparted—but I speak of him
As he is known to all.

The calm delights
Of unambitious piety he chose,
And learning's solid dignity; though born
Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends.
Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew
From academic bowers. He loved the spot—
Who does not love his native soil—he prized
The ancient rural character, composed
Of simple manners, feelings unsuppress
And undisguised, and strong and serious thought;
A character reflected in himself,
With such embellishment as well bespeaks
His rank and sacred function. This deep vale
Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight,
And one a turfected manorial hall
Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors
Have dwelt through ages—Patrons of this Curo.
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 unhealthy mountain Benefice.

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our way;
Nor reached the village-churchyard till the sun
Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen
Above the summits of the highest hills,
And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pilo
Stood open; and we entered. On my frame,
At such transition from the fervid air,
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike
The heart, in concert with that temperate awe
And natural reverence which the place inspired.
Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wool;
All withered by the depth of shade above.
Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,
Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed;

my own peaceful lot and happy choice;
Nice that from the passions of the world
I drew, and fixed me in a still retreat;
Wed, but not to social duties lost,
Led, but not buried; and with song
My days, and with industrious thought;
The ever-welcome company of books;
Virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,
With the blessings of domestic love.

Is occupied in mind I paced along,
Ving the rugged road, by sledge or wheel
In the moorland, till I overtook
Associares, in the morning sunshine
Together on a rocky knoll,
The bare road descended rapidly
To green meadows of another vale.

So did our pensive Host put forth his hand
Of farewell. "Nay," the old Man said,
Fragrant air its coolness still retains;
Erds and flocks are yet abroad to crop
Every grass; you cannot leave us now,
Not part at this inviting hour."
Said, though reluctant; for his mind
Evitably disposed him to retire
In own covert; as a hillow, heaved
The beach, rolls back into the sea.

We descend: and winding round a rock
A point that showed the valley—stretched
Before us; and, not distant far,
A rising ground a grey church-tower,
Battlesments were screened by tufted trees.
Towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond
G steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
Ious stream with boldly-winding course;
Traceable, there hidden—there again
Restored, and glittering in the sun.
A stream's bank, and every where, appeared
Dwellings, single, or in social knots;
Scattered o'er the level, others perched
30 hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
A morning purity arrayed.

At some happy valley of the Alps,"
"Once happy, ere tyrannic power,
ly breaking in upon the Swiss,
Yed their unoffending commonwealth,
lar equality reigns here,
Or you stately House beneath whose roof
Lord might dwell."—"No feudal pomp,
wer," replied the Wanderer, "to that House,
he in his allotted Home
A year to year, a genuine Priest,
Each also crowned with winged heads—a pair
Of russetly-painted Cherubim. The floor
Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
Was occupied by oaken benches ranged
In seemly rows; the chancel only showed
Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly state
By immemorial privilege allowed;
Though with the Enciniture’s special sanctity
But ill according. An heraldic shield,
Varying its tincture with the changeful light,
Imbued the altar-window; fixed aloft
A faded hatchment hung, and one by time
Yet undiscoloured. A capacious pew
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;
And marble monuments were here displayed
Throughing the walls; and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

The tribute by these various records claimed,
Duly we paid, each after each, and read
The ordinary chronicle of birth,
Office, alliance, and promotion—all
Ending in dust; of upright magistrates,
Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-church,
And uncorrupted senators, alike
To king and people true. A brazen plate,
Not easily deciphered, told of one
Whose course of earthly honour was begun
In quality of page among the train
Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the seas
His royal state to show, and prove his strength
In tournament, upon the fields of France.
Another tablet registered the death,
And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight
Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles.
Near this brave Knight his Father lay 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 wellock richly crowned with Heaven’s regard,
She with a numerous issue filled his house,
Who threw, like plants, unjurbed 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 panegyr. a

What would they tell I” said I,—but,
Of puzzling out that faded narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friar
Called me; and, looking down the dingy aisle
I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale
Standing apart; with curved arm resting
On the baptismal font; his pallid face
Upturned, as if his mind were rapt,
In some abstraction;—gracefully he bore
The semblance bearing of a sculptured urn
That leans upon a monumental urn
In peace, from morn to night, from

Him from that posture did the Sieur
Who entered, humbly careful
A Conversation highly of the notes
That had beguiled the work from when
With spade and mattock o’er his shite
To be deposited, for future need,
In their appointed place. The pale
Withdrew; and straight we followed
Where sun and shade were interwoven
A broad oak, stretching forth its leaf
From an adjoining pasture, overhung
Small space of that green churchyard,
And pleasant awning. On the moss
My ancient Friend and I together went:
Our seats; and thus the Solitary space
Standing before us:— a

Did you mean
Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted chap,
Death’s bidding, who scoops out his
Or wraps an old acquaintance up in
All unconcerned as he would bind a
Or plant a tree. And did you hear
I was abruptly summoned by the sound
From some affecting images and the
Which then were silent; but grave we

Much,” he continued, with dejection
“Much, yesterday, was said in gloomy
Of our sublime dependencies, and how
For future states of being; and the
Of speculation, joyfully outspread,
Hovered above our destiny on earth;
But stoop, and place the prospect of
In sober contrast with reality,
And man’s substantial life. If this ri
Of what it holds could speak, and even
Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear

THE EXCURSION.

a These dim
THE PASTOR.

Huld recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame, disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill which is done accord with what is known son, and by consience is enjoined; ly, how perversely, life's whole course, conclusion, deviates from the line, he end stops short, proposed to all aspiring outset.

Mark the baby accustomed to this breathing world; at hath barely learned to shape a smile, yet irrational of soul, to grasp any finger—to let fall a tear; the heavy cloud of sleep dissolves, stch his limbs, bemocking, as might seem, tward functions of intelligent man; o proficient in amusive feats perty, that from the lap declare sectations, and announce his claims: inheritance which millions rue they were ever born to! In due time of solemn ceremonial comes; they, who for this Minor hold in trust that transcend the loftiest heritage e humanity, present their Charge, occasion daintily adorned, baptismal font. And when the pure consecrating element hath cleansed ginal stain, the child is there received se second ark, Christ's church, with trust, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float i bollows of this troublesome world fair land of everlasting life. i affections, covetous desires, renounced; high as the thought of man tvy virtue, virtue is professed; motion made, a promise given s provision to control and guide, remitting progress to ensure ses and truth."

"You cannot blame," interposing fervently I said, which attest that Man by nature lies for good and evil in a guildy low; nor will your judgment scorn services, whereby attempt is made the creature toward that eminence ch, now fallen, erewhile in majesty d; or if not so, whose top serene t he feels 'tis given him to descry; stout aspirations, evermore ing, and injunctions from within to cast off and weariness; in trust that 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 unencumbered; though the issue prove, Bringing from age to age its own reproach, Incongruous, impotent, and blank. But, oh! If to be weak is to be wretched—miserable, As the lost Angel by a human voice Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind, Far better not to move at all than move By impulse sent from such illusive power,— That finds and cannot fasten down; that grasps And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps; That tempts, emboldens—for a time sustains, And then betrays; accuses and inflicts Remorseless punishment; and so reverts 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 retinae, Faith, Hope, and Charity—from the visible world Choose for your emblems whatsoever ye find Of safest guidance or of firmest trust— The torch, the star, the anchor; nor except The cross itself, at whose unconscious feet The generations of mankind have knelt Ruelfully 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 unvorableable sky In faint reflection of infinitude Stretched overhead, and at my penriff feet A subterraneous magazine of bones, In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be laid, Where are your triumphs! your dominion where! And in what age admitted and confirmed!—Not for a happy land do I enquire, Island or grove, that hides a blessed few Who, with obedience willing and sincere, To your serene authorities conform; But whom, I ask, of individual Souls, Have ye withdrawn from passion's crooked ways, Inspired, and thoroughly fortified!—If the heart Could be inspected to its innermost folds By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,
Thus pitifully infirm; then, he who made,
And who shall judge the creature, will forgive.
—Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint
Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:
For, from this pregnant spot of ground, such
thoughts
Rise to the notice of a serious mind
By natural exhalation. With the dead
In their repose, the living in their mirth,
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,
By which, on Christian lands, from age to age
Profession mocks performance. Earth is sick,
And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when they talk
Of truth and justice. Turn to private life
And social neighbourhood; look 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 hence 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
And notice forced upon incurious
These, if these only, acting in due
Of the encomiums by my Friends
On humble life, forbid the judgment
To trust the smiling aspect of the
And noiseless commonwealth.
Of mountaineers (by nature's self
From foul temptations, and by c
Of a good shepherd tended as they
Do tend their flocks) partake much
With little mitigation. They eschew
Perchance, the heavier woes of
The tedium of fantastic idleness.
Yet life, as with the multitude, was
Is fashioned like an ill-constructed
That on the outset wastes its gain,
Its fair adventures, its enlivening
And pleasant interests—for the
Old things repeated with diminishment:
And all the laboured novelties and
Imperfect substitutions, whose use
Evince the want and weakness with

While in this serious mood we
The reverend Pastor toward the
Approached; and, with a mild
Of native cordiality, our Friend
Advanced to greet him. With
Was he received, and mutual joy
Awhile they stood in conference,
That he, who now upon the more
Sate by my side, had vanished, it
Could have transferred him to the
Or the least penetrable hiding-place
In his own valley's rocky guards
—For me, I looked upon the pain
Thus darkness and delusion round our path
Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks
Within the very faculty of sight.

Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best subject
The will to reason's law, can strictest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths,
Which unassisted reason's utmost power
Is too infrm to reach. But, waiving this,
And our regards confining within bounds
Of less exalted consciousness, through which
The very multitude are free to range,
We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view;
Even as the same is looked at, or approached.
Thus, when in changeful April fields are white
With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen north
Your walk conduct you hither, ere the sun
Hath gained his noon tide height, this churchyard,
Greatly

With mounds transversely lying side by side
From east to west, before you will appear
An unillumined, blank, and dreary, plain,
With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom
Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back;
Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,
Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,
Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power;
Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,
All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
Hopeful and cheerful;—vanished is the pall
That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,
Vanished or hidden; and the whole domain,
To some, too lightly minded, might appear
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.
—This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
Is to that other state more apposite,
Death and its two-fold aspect! wintry—one,
Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shot out;
The other, which the ray divine hath touched,
Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring.

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wanderer thus:
With a complacent animation spake,
"And in your judgment, Sir! the mind's repose
On evidence is not to be ensured
By act of naked reason. Moral truth
THE EXCURSION.

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
Mock 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, perplexed by doubt,
And unicited by a wish to look
Into high objects farther than they may,
Pace to and fro, from morn till even-tide,
The narrow avenue of daily toil
For daily bread."

"Yes," buoyantly exclaimed
The pale Recluse—"praise to the sturdy plough,
And patient spade; praise to the simple crook,
And ponderous loom—resounding while it holds
Body and mind in one captivity;
And let the light mechanic tool be hailed
With honour; which, encasing by the power
Of long companionship, the artist's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart!
—Inglorious implements of craft and toil,
Both ye that shape and build, and ye that force;
By slow solicitation, earth to yield
Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth
With wise reluctance; you would I excel
Not for gross good alone which ye produce
But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife
Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—in the
Who to your dull society are born,
And with their humble birthright rest content
—Would I had ne'er renounced it!"

A slice.

Of moral anger previously had singed
The old Man's cheek; but, at this closing
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 viable recompense. For our relief
You," to the Pastor turning thus be spoke,
"Have kindly interposed. May I entertain
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 pain,
Fruitless as those of airy alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible. There lie
Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and heart:
Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts;
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say who
He is who cultivates you hanging field;
What qualities of mind she bears, who can
For morn and evening service, with her pass
To that green pasture; place before our sight
The family who dwell within your house
Fenced round with glittering laurel; or rise
Below, from which the curling smoke ascends
Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,
And have the dead around us, take from this
Year 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 led
Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet.
So, by your records, may our doubts be ass
And so, not searching higher, we may learn
To prise the breath we share with human kin.
And look upon the dust of man with care."

The Priest replied—"An office you imp
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
Are worthless of the mind's regard; with
The future cannot contradict the past:
Mortality's last exercise and proof
But true humility descends from heaven;
And that best gift of heaven hath fallen on them;
Abundant recompense for every want.
—Stoop from your height, ye proud, and copy these!
Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can hear
The voice of wisdom whispering scripture texts
For the mind's government, or temper's peace;
And recommending for their mutual need,
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity!

"Much was I pleased," the grey-haired Wanderer said,
"When to those shining fields our notice first
You turned; and yet more pleased have from your
lips
Gathered this fair report of them who dwell
In that retirement; whether, by such course
Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
A tired way-faring man, once I was brought
While traversing alone your mountain pass.
Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell,
And night succeeded with unusual gloom,
So hazardous that feet and hands became
Guides better than mine eyes—until a light
High in the gloom appeared, too high, methought,
For human habitation; but I longed
To reach it, destitute of other hope.
I looked with steadfastness 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 airy height,
Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband home,
By that unwearied signal, kenned afar;
An anxious duty! which the lofty site,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whenceso'er untoward chance
Detains him after his accustomed hour
Till night lies black upon the ground. "But come,
Come," said the Matron; "to our poor abode;"
Those dark rocks hide it! Entering, I behold
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 past
Need a bewildered traveller wish for more!
But more was given; I studied as we sate
By the bright fire, the good Man’s form, and face
Not less than beautiful; an open brow
Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue;
Eyes beams courtesy and mild regard;
But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount
Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
But honoured once, those features and that mien
May have descended, though I see them here.
In such a man, so gentle and subdued,
Withal so graceful in his gentleness,
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.
This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
By sundry recollections of such fall
From high to low, ascent from low to high,
As books record, and even the careless mind
Cannot but notice among men and things)
Went with me to the place of my repose.

Roused by the crowing cock at dawn of day,
I yet had risen too late to interchange
A morning salutation with my Host,
Gone forth already to the far-off seat
Of his day’s work. Three dark mid-winter
months
Pass,” said the Matron, “and I never see,
Save when the Sabbath brings its kind release,
My Helpmate’s face by light of day. He quits
His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
And, through Heaven’s blessing, thus we gain
the bread
For which we pray; and for the wants provide
Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
Companions have I many; many friends,
Dependants, comforters—my wheel, my fire,
All day the house-clock ticking in my ear,
The cooking 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 posthaste when our temper swit—
+ But, above all, my thoughts are my support,
+ My comfort:—would that they were often said
+ On what, for guidance in the way that leads
+ To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer taught!
The Matron ended—nor could I forbear
To exclaim—’O happy! yielding to the law
Of these privations, richer in the main!—
While thankless thousands are oppressed and drugged
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.”

“Yet!” said the Matron with a smile
That seemed to break from an expanding heart.
“The untutored bird may find, and so content,
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 ostentations world—a swelling stage
With empty actions and vain passions stilled,
And from the private struggles of mankind
Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
Far less than once I trusted and believed—
I love to hear of those, who, not contending
Nor summoned to contend for virtue’s prize,
Miss not the humbler good at which they aim.
Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
The edge of adverse circumstances, and turn
Into their contraries the petty plagues
And hindrances with which they stand best.
In early youth, among my native hills,
I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
A few small crofts of stone-encumbered ground;
Masses of every shape and size, that lay
Scattered about under the moulder walls
Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,
In quarters omblousious to such chance:
As if the moon had showered them down in spate.
But he repined not. Though the plough was scared
THE PASTOR.

And blest are they who sleep; and we that know,
While in a spot like this we breathe and walk,
That all beneath us by the wings are covered
Of motherly humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender shade,
Though loth and slow to come! A battle-field,
In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
With this compared, makes a strange spectacle!
A dismal prospect yields the wild shore strewed
With wrecks, and trod by feet of young and old
Wandering about in miserable search
Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea
Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who would think
That all the scattered subjects which compose
Earth's melancholy vision through the space
Of all her climes—those wretched, those 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,
Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,
This file of infants; some that never breathed
The vital air; others, which, though allowed
That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
Or with too brief a warning, to admit
Administration of the holy rite
That lovingly consigns the babe to the arms
Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.
These that in trembling hope are laid apart;
And the besprinkled nursing, unrequited
Till he begins to smile upon the breast
That feeds him; and the tottering little-one
Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy; the bold youth
Of soul impetuous, and the hasty 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 grooves,
THE EXCURSION.

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! therefore 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, thus mainte
And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the shock
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 amid deserts infinite!
This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
Of present reason; all conclusions else
Are aliby, vain, presumptuous, and pervert
The faith partaking of those holy times,
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.

BOOK SIXTH.

THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ARGUMENT.

Poe'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 now
—The lonely Miner.—An instance of perseverance—Which leads by contrast to an example of abused talents, irreolution, 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 influences 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 unambitious 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 Widow, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female children.

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped—to it
An English Sovereign's brow! and to the
Whereon he sits! Whose deep foundation is
In veneration and the people's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
—Hail to the State of England! And conjur
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church;
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrion
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp.
Decent and unapprov'd. The voice, that get
The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure long as the sea surrounds
This favoured Land, or sunshine warms her

And O! ye swelling hills, and spacious plains
Besprent from shore to shore with steeples
And spires whose silent finger points to hov'r
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
pt the sun’s glad beams—may never
succession fail of English hearts,
ancestral feeling, can perceive
rose holy structures ye possess
utal interest, and the charm
ent diffusion afar,
charity, and social love.
shall the indignities of time
their reverend graces, unopposed;
; he elements be free to hurt
proportions; nor the blinder rage
al madly to overturn;
; desolate land of war
; they shall continue to bestow,
longed abodes of busy men
; and ever prone to fill the mind
; y with transitory things)
; aion of dignified pursuit;
ility, on rustic wilds.
;
fostering for his native land,
; entreats that servants may abound
ure altars worthy; ministers
; from pleasure, to the love of gain
; unceivable of pride,
ious longings undisturbed;
; delight is where their duty leads
hen; whose least distinguished day
; some portion of that heavenly lustre
kes the sabbath lovely in the sight
; angels, pitying human cares.
on earth it is the doom of truth
ually attacked by foes
; avert, be that priesthood still,
ence, replenished with a band
; us champions, in scholastic arts
y disciplined; nor (if in course
; olving world’s disturbances
ld recur, which righteous Heaven avert!
; trial) from their spiritual sires
; ; who, constrained to wield the sword
; tion, shrunk not, though assailed
; ilo din, and combating in sight
; ; uires, partial and unjust;
; hereafter, laith their hands in fire,
; ; are the conscience satisfied:
; ; air bodies would accept release;
; ng God and praising him, besought
; ; r last breath, from out the smouldering
; ; ne,
; ; which they by diligence had earned,
; ; illumining grace, received,
; ; dear countrymen, and all mankind.
; ; ample, constancy divine!

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

That basis laid, those principles of faith
Announced, as a preparatory act
Of reverence done to the spirit of the place,
The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground;
Not, as before, like one oppressed with awe,
But with a mild and social cheerfulness;
Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

"At morn or eve, in your retired domain,
Perchance you not unfrequently have marked
A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers;
Too delicate employ, as would appear,
For one, who, though of drooping mind, had yet
From nature's kindliness received a frame
Robust as ever rural labour bred."

The Solitary answered: "Such a Form
Full well I recollect. We often crossed
Each other's path; but, as the Intruder seemed
Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,
And I as willingly did cherish mine,
We met, and passed, like shadow. I have heard,
From my good Host, that being crazed in brain
By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,
Dived into caves, and pierced the matted woods,
In hope to find some virtuous herb of power
To cure his malady!"

The Vicar smiled,—
"Alas! before to-morrow's sun goes down
His habitation will be here: for him
That open grave is destined."
"Died he then
Of pain and grief?" the Solitary asked,
"Do not believe it; never could that be!"

"He loved," the Vicar answered, "deeply loved,
Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared
At length to tell his love, but sued in vain;
Rejected, ye 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 woed
Was wedded to another, and his heart
Was forced to rend away its only hope;
Then, Pity could have scarcely found on earth
An object worthier of regard than he,
In the transition of that bitter hour!
Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer say
That in the act of preference he had been
Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was gone!
Had vanished from his prospects and desires;
Not by translation to the heavenly choir
Who have put off their mortal spoils—ah no!
She lives another’s wishes to complete,—
*Joy be their lot, and happiness,* he cried,
*His lot and hers, as misery must be mine!*

Such was that strong concussion; but the Man,
Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some huge oak
By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed
The stodfast 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 enchanted 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 ensuéd
Within the heart no outward sign appeared
Till a betraying sickness was seen
To tinge his cheek; and through his frame it crept
With slow mutation unconceivable;
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 licked 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 forestall,*
*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;*
The attempt was made;—*tis needless to say
How hopelessly; but innocence is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind
A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven;
That opens, for such sufferers, relief
Within the soul, fountains of grace divine;
And doth commend their weakness and ease
To Nature’s care, assisted in her office
By all the elements that round her wait
To generate, to preserve, and to restore;
And by her beautiful array of forms
Shedding sweet influence from above; or peace
Delight exalting from the ground they tread.

*Impute it not to impatience, if,* explain
The Wanderer, *I infer that he was healed
By perseverance in the course prescribed.*

*You do not err: the powers, that had been*
By slow degrees, were gradually regained;
The flattering nerves composed; the beating
In rest established; and the jarring thought
To harmony restored.—But you dark mirth
Will cover him, in the fullness of his strength
Hastily smitten by a fever’s force;
Yet not with stroke so sudden as refined
Time to look back with tenderness on her
Whom he had loved in passion; and to send
Some farewell words—with one, but one, rep
That, from his dying hand, she would accept
Of his possessions that which must he prize;
A book, upon whose leaves some chosen plant
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 fair
High in these mountains, that allured a band
Of keen adventurers to unite their pains
In search of precious ore: they tried, were full
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 rock,
Unscathed, unconquered; then, as time
Passed on, while still his lonely efforts failed
No recompense, derided; and at length,
By many pitted, as insane of mind;
THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

He lived not till his locks were nip
By seasonable frost of age; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the mainly brown with silver grey,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless folly hath usurp
The natural crown that sage Experience wear
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 wrinkles and chatters in her wiry cage,
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and
As the mute swan that floats adown the stream;
Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
That flutters on the bough, lighter than he;
And not a flower, that droops in the green she:
More winningly reserved! If ye enquire
How such consummate elegance was bred
Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice;
'Twas Nature's will; who sometimes undertook
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, th
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
Before the sailor's eye; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass; or:
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 lovels where abides
Necessity, the stationary host
Of vagrant poverty; from rifted barns

readed as the luckless thrall
mean Spirits feeding hope
mortality of sight and sound;
hope, encouraged and destroyed.

the lord of seasons had matured
earth through space of twice ten years,
its entrails offered to his view
ing grasp the long-deferred reward.
no transport did Columbus greet
such rich discovery! But our Swain
his point was gained,
unable to support the weight
us fortune. On the fields he looked
settled liberty of thought
endless schemes; by daylight walked

of his gratitude immoderate cups;
night be said to die of joy!

but conspicuous to this day
 mains that linked his cottage-door
's mouth; a long and skating track
ugged mountain's stony side,
s daily visits to and from
me centre of a constant hope.

, neither force of beating rain,
attitudes of frost and thaw
to fade, till ages pass away;
med, in memory of the event,

'PERSEVERANCE.'

"Thou from whom
't strength," exclaimed the Wanderer,

ect it! To the virtuous grant

tive eye which can perceive

world the guiding vein of hope;

Labourer, such may dig their way,

unsued, unterror'd!

worse his firmness of resolve!"

prayer were not superfluous," said the

most noble relics, profoundest dust,
minster, for Britain's glory, holds
bosom of her awful pile;

lected. Yet the sight,

that prayer to heaven, is due to all,
ail, who living fell below
's humbler mark; a sign of pain

posite extreme they sunk.

you pity her who yonder rests;

off; the pair, who here are laid;

all, that mixture of earth's mould
of this green hillock to my mind

By seasonable frost of age; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the mainly brown with silver grey,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless folly hath usurp
The natural crown that sage Experience wear
Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,
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Or could perform; a zealous actor, hired
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Two sets of manners could the Youth put on;
And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird
That wrinkles and chatters in her wiry cage,
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and
As the mute swan that floats adown the stream;
Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
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And skill in letters—every fancy shaped
Fair expectations; nor, when to the world's
Capacious field forth went the Adventurer, th
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
Before the sailor's eye; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass; or:
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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 lovels where abides
Necessity, the stationary host
Of vagrant poverty; from rifted barns
THE EXCURSION.

Where no one dwells but the wide-starling owl
And the owl's prey; from these bare haunts, to which
He had descended from the proud salon,
He came, the ghost of beauty and of health,
The wreck of gaiety! But soon revived
In strength, in power refted, he renewed
His suit to Fortune; and she smiled again
Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose,
Thrice sank as willingly. For he—whose nerves
Were used to thrill with pleasure, while his voice
Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,
By the nice finger of fair ladies touched
In glittering halls—was able to derive
No less enjoyment from an abject choice.
Who happier for the moment—who more blithe
Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary holds
His talents leading to exalt the freaks
Of merry-making beggars,—now, provoked
To laughter multiplied in leader peals
By his malicious wit; then, all exclaimed
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 farts,
For knavish purposes! The city, too,
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers
Allured him, sank so low in self-respect
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,
Hired minstrel of voluptuous blinishment;
Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,
Listen who would, he wrought upon who might,
Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.
—Such the too frequent tenant of his breast.
In ears that relished the report;—but all
Was from his Parents happily concealed;
Who saw enough for blame and pitying love.
They also were permitted to receive
His last, repentant breath; and closed his eyes,
No more to open on that irksome world
Where he had long existed in the state
Of a young fowl beneath one mother hatched,
Though from another sprung, different in kind:
Where he had lived, and could not cease to live,
Distracted in propensity; content
With neither element of good or ill;
And yet in both rejoicing; man unlust;
Of contradictions infinite the slave,
Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him
One with himself, and one with them that sleep."

"‘Tis strange," observed the Solitary, "strange
It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,
That in a land where charity provides
For all that can no longer feed themselves,
A man like this should choose to bring his
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
Abundant exercise for thought and speech,
In his individual being, self-reviewed,
Self-cathedised, self-punished.—Some there
Who, drawing near their final home, and no
And daily longing that the same were reach
Would rather shun than seek the fellowship
Of kindred mould.—Such happy here are his

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius of our
Who seems, by these stupendous barriers of
Round his domain, desirous not alone
To keep his own, but also to exclude
All other progeny—doth sometimes lure,
Even by his studied depth of privacy,
The unhappy alien hoping to obtain
Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,
In place from outward molestation free,
Helps to internal ease. Of many such
Could I discern; but as their stay was brief;
So their departure only left behind
Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other there
Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair
Who, from the pressure of their several fate
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 bosom:
To this loved cemetery, here to lodge
With unseated and 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 bated
The Stuart, hating 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 Bed; and when the lenient hand of time
Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gaze
For his obscured condition, an obscure
Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

The other, born in Britain's southern tracts,
Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
There, where they placed them who in music
prized
THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. 585

cession, as a line of kings
had virtue to protect the land
dire assaults of papacy
ry rule. But launch thy bark
impered flood of public life,
or most rare triumph will be thine
cease and steadfast hand,
that bears thee forward, prove not, soon
erial master. He—who oft,
battlements and stately trees
his mansion cast a sober gloom,
sed on this, and other truths
import, pleased and satisfied—
to vent his wisdom with a sigh
n the heart in fortune's bitterness,
shed a plentiful estate
contest, to obtain a seat
enate. Frailty was the attempt;
he appear'd of that desperate strife
to vibrate on his ear,
shed Whig, under a borrowed name,
cre sound and echo of his own
s with sensations of disgust
s glad to lose) slunk from the world
ade of untravelled Wilds;
Scottish Laird had long possessed
ched abode. Here, then, they met,
y champions; flinging Jacobite
Hanoverian! You might think
and vexations, less severe
which they had severally sustained,
clined each to abate his zeal
rateful cause; no,—I have heard
Father tell that, 'mid the calm
ill town encountering thus, they filed,
dewing-green with harmless strife;
uncharitable thoughts the church;
the market-place. But in the breasts
ponents gradually was wrought,
change of general sentiment,
g towards each other, that their days
were spent in constant fellowship;
times, they fretted with the yoke,
ickerings made them love it more.

its boundary to their lengthened walks
yard was. And, whether they had come
ir path in sympathy and linked
verse, or by some short space
erted to preserve the peace,
ed failed to extend its sway
inds, when they awhile had marked
quiet of this holy ground,
and 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
You structure, framing, with the ascent of steps
That to the decorated pillar led,
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, &c.; it is his melancholy task
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
And re-produce the troubles he deplores.
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 you 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 obedience to the world,
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a sense
Of constant infelicity,' cut off
From peace like exiles on some barren rock,
Their life's appointed prison; not more free
Than sentinels, between two armies set,
With nothing better, in the chill night air,
Than their own thoughts to comfort them. Say why
That ancient story of Prometheus chained
To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus
The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
Drawn from his vitals! Say what meant the woes
By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
And the dark sorrows of the line of Thbeus?
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 flock of native grey
For riches with regal purple tinge; convert
The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp
Of circumstance; and here the tragic Muse
Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.
Among the groves, under the shadowy hills,
The generations are prepared; the pangs,
The internal pangs, are ready; the dread strife
Of poor humanity’s afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.”

“Though,” said the Priest in answer, “these be terms
Which a divine philosophy rejects,
We, whose established and unfailing trust
Is in controlling Providence, admit
That, through all stations, human life abounds
With mysteries—for, if Faith were left untied,
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,
Lest 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 unfeeling 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 frantic 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, not the
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 residential swamp,
As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
Or the pellicle lake.”

“Small risk,” said I,
Of such illusion do we here incur;
Temptation here is none to exceed the truth;
No evidence appears that they who rest
Within this ground, were covetous of praise,
Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.
Green is the Church-yard, beautiful and green,
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,
A sweeping surface, almost wholly free
From interruption of sepulchral stones,
And mantled o’er with aboriginal turf
And everlasting flowers. These Dahomesian
The lingering gleam of their departing lives
To oral record, and the silent heart;
Depositories faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph: for, if those fail,
What boots the sculptured tomb? And who is to blame,
Who rather would not envy, men that feel
This mutual confidence; if from such scores
The practice flow,—if they chance, or from a deep
And general humility in death?
Nor should I much condemn is, 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 courteous notice; and the ground all paven
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,
THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

nomentary happiness
we Enclosure where the voice that speaks
• detraction is not heard;
lice may not enter; where the traces
Ulations are unknown;
e and pity tenderly unite
nation; and no jarring tone
he peaceful concert to disturb
and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned,"
said, "I willingly confine
ives to subjects that excite
with those accordant; love, esteem,
ation; lifting up a well,
introducing among hearts
do covert; so that ye shall have
ys before your gladdened eyes
unsambitious underwood,
that prosper in the shade. And
such among my flock as swerved
we only shall be singled out
o lapes, or error, something more
verly forgiveness may attend;
i we restrict our notice, else
tongue were mute.

And yet there are,
reasons why we should not leave
trace a more forbidding way.
; to persevere and to support,
y to conquer and repel—
ents of virtue, that declare
grandeur of the human soul—
es not unprofitably shown
erseness of a selfish course:
y day exemplified, no less
/ cottage by the murmuring stream
atic conqueror's roving camp,
fectious senate unappalled
y sink, or rise—to sink again,
proscription ebbs and flows.
said the Vicar, pointing as he spake,
rests in peace; surpassed by few
of mind, and eloquent discourse.
• stature; her complexion dark
ine; her head not raised to hold
with heaven, nor yet destrest towards
iation carried, as she walked
sing. Sunken were her eyes;
andArrowed with habitual thought
road forehead; like the brow of one
al nerve shrinks from a painful glare

Of overpowering light.—While yet a child,
She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,
Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished
With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking
To be admired, than coveted and loved.
Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,
Over her comrades; else their simple sports,
Wanting all reish 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 impress
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars
That occupy their places, and, though oft
Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,
Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

Two passions, both degenerate, for they both
Began in honour, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
An unremitting, avaricious thirst;
And a strange thraldom 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? Alas! there was felt,
Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.
She mused, resolved, adhered to her resolve;
The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart
Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's blessing
Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust
In ceaseless pains—and strictest penance
Which sternly hoarded all that could be spared,
From each day's need, out of each day's least gain.

Thus all was re-established, and a pile
Constructed, that sufficed for every end,
Save the contentment of the builder's mind;
A mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content;
A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang her heart deplored.
Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared
To the agitation of a brook that runs
Down a rocky mountain, buried now and lost
In silent pews, now in strong eddies claimed;
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, as she thought;
But fretted, vexed, and wronged upon, almost
To anger, by the malady that gripped
Her prostrate frame with unremitting power,
As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb!
She prayed, she moaned;—her husband’s sister
watched
Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
And yet the very sound of that kind foot
Was anguish to her ears! ‘And must she rule,’
This was the death-doomed Woman heard to say
In bitterness, ‘and must she rule and reign,
‘Sole Mistress of this house, when I am gone! ’
‘Tend what I tended, calling it her own!’
Enough;—I fear, too much.—One vernal evening,
While she was yet in prime of health and strength,
I well remember, while passed her door
Alone, with loitering step, and upward eye
Turned towards the planet Jupiter that hung
Above the centre of the Vale, a voice
Roused me, her voice; it said, ‘That glorious star
‘In its untroubled element will shine
‘As now it shines, when we are hid in earth
‘And safe from all our sorrows.’ With a sigh
She spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained
By faith in glory that shall far transcend
Aught by these perishable heavens disclosed
To sight or mind. Nor less than care divine
Is divine mercy. She, who had rebelled,
Was into meekness softened and subdued;
Diel, after trials not in vain prolonged,
With resignation sink into the grave;
And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,
Tho’, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe.”

*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 discourses, 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 pensive 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 mound, a sanctity shall brood
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

Ali! what a warning for a thoughtless man!
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!
There, by her innocent Baby’s precious grave,
And on the very turf that roofs her own,
The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel
In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
Now she is not; the swelling turf reports
Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen’s tears
Is silent; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
Who, at her heart’s light bidding, once had
In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed
Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gowned with morning dress
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.
—Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and,
By reconcilement exquisite and rare,
The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-girl
Were such as might have quickened and tinged
A Titian’s hand, addrest to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade
What time the hunter’s earliest horn is heard
Startling the golden hills.

A wide-spread
Stands in our valley, named The Joyful Tail
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 star
Or the clear moon. The queen of these gay
THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Deb, and fondly deemed herself beloved.

Which I purused, even as the words had been
Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,
Bedrophed with tears. "Twill please you to be told
That, steditly withdrawing from the eye
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
In lonely reading found a meek resource:
How thankful for the warmth of summer days,
When she could slip into the cottage-barn,
And find a secret oratory there;
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil
Of their long twilight, pore upon her book
By the last lingering help of the open sky
Until dark night dismissed her to her bed!
Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose
The unquenchable pang of despaired love.

A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon its face
She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought of,—joy
Far livelier than bewildered traveller feels,
Amid a perils 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 obscurancy, and made
'Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,
'To save the perishing; and, henceforth, I breathe
'The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake
'My Infant! and for that good Mother dear;
'Who bore me; and hadst prayed for me in vain—
'Yet not in vain; it shall not be in vain.'
She spake, nor was the assurance unfurnished;
And if heart-rending thoughts would oft return,
They stayed not long.—The blameless Infant grew;
The Child whom Ellen and her Mother loved
Soon were proud of; tended it and nursed;
A soothing comforter, although forlorn;
Like a poor singing-bird from distant lands;
Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by
With vacant mind, not seldom may observe
Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.

Through four months' space the Infant drew its food
From the maternal breast; then scruples rose;
Thoughts, which the rich are free from, came and crossed
The fond affection. She no more could bear
By her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget
Their slender means: so, to that parent's care
Trusting her child, she left their common home,
And Undertook with dutiful content
A Foster-mother's office.

"Tis, perchance,
Unknown to you that in these simple vales
The natural feeling of equality
Is by domestic service unimpaired;
Yet, though such service be, with us, removed
From sense of degradation, not the loss
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 pain, whose infant she was bound to nurse,
Forbad 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 unhinging 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 number of her Child,
Until at length her soul was satisfied.

You see the Infant's Grave; and to this spot
The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
On whatsoever errand, urged her steps:
Hither she came; here stood, and sometimes knelt
In the broad day, a rueful Magdalen!
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 wrung in woman's breast: in vain I plead.
But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped
And the flower dropped; nae 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
Home to her mother's house;
The Youth was
The rash betrayer could not face the shame
Or swear 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:
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 been
A heavenly comfort; there she recognised
An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need;
There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built
Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest
In blindness all too near the river's edge;
That work a summer flood with hasty swell
Had swept away; and now her Spirit longed
For its last flight to heaven's security.
—The bodily frame wasted from day to day;
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace
And pleasure in endurance. Much she thought
And much she read; and brooded feelingly
Upon her own unworthiness. To me,
As to a spiritual comforter and friend,
Her heart she opened; and no pains were spared
To mitigate, as gently as I could,
The sting of self-reproach, with healing words.
Meek Saint! through patience glorified on earth!
In whom, as by her lovely heareth she say,
The ghostly 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 son's good! Nor was that office vain.
—Much did she suffer: but, if any friend,
Beholding her condition, at the sight
to words of pity or complaint,
I them with a prompt reproof, and said,
afflicts me knows what I can bear;
so I fail, and can endure no more,
scrupulously take to himself.'

The cloud of death, her Spirit passed
pure and unknown world of love
jury cannot come:—and here is laid
at Body by her Infant's side."

ar ceased; and downcast looks made known
had listened with his utmost heart.
he emotion scarcely was less strong
sign than that which I had felt
ted near my venerable Friend,
se shady elms, from him I heard
that retraced the slow decline
et, sinking on the lonely heath
neglected house to which she clung.
that the Solitary's cheek
the power of nature.—Pleased though sad,
and than sad, the grey-haired Wanderer

his pure imaginative soul
and serene; his blameless life,
edge, wisdom, love of truth, and love
kind! He was it who first broke
ve silence, saying:

“Blest are they
row rather is to suffer wrong
o wrong, albeit themselves have erred.
gives proof that Heaven most gently deals
in their affliction.—Ellen's fate,
its spirit, and her contrite heart,
mind dark hints which I have heard
died within this vale, by doom
se his offence was heavier far.
ir, I pray you, where are laid the bones
d Armathwaite!"

The Vicar answered,
green nook, close by the Church-yard wall,
on hawthorn, planted by myself
y and for warning, and in sign
ness where dire anguish had been known,
lement after deep offence—

he rest. No theme his fate supplies
smooth glazings of the indulgent world;
the windings of his devious course
struck;—enough that, by mishap
error, robbed of competence,
obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
I a substitute in troubled joy;

as conscience rose in arms, and, braving
pleasure, 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
In sure, that through remorse and grief he died;
Though pitied among men, absolved by God,
He could not find forgiveness in himself;
Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

Here rests a Mother. But from her I turn
And from her grave.—Behold—upon that ridge,
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
Carries into the centre of the vale
Its rocks and woods—the Cottage where she dwelt;
And where yet dwells her faithful Partner, left
(Full eight years past) the solitary prop
Of many helpless Children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a tale
Of sorrow and dejection; but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
See daily in that happy family.
—Bright garland form they for the pensive brow
Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,
Those six fair Daughters, budding yet—not one,
Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower.
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
That Father was, and filled with anxious fear.
Now, by experience taught, he stands 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 cultivated rose
There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon
Rood-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparsity and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,
A lady 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 hast she,
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favourite herbs, a space,
By sacred charter, held for her use.
—These, and whatever else the garden bears
Of fruit or flow'rs, permission asked or not,
I freely gather; and my leisure draws
A not unfrequent pastime from the hum
Of bees around their range of sheltered hives
Busy in that enclosure; while the rill,
That sparkling thrids the rocks, attunes his voice
To the pure course of human life which there
Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom
Of night is falling round my steps, then most
This Dwelling charms me; often I stop short
(Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth my
With prospect of the company within,
Laid open through the blazing window: then
I see the eldest Daughter at her wheel
Spinning asain, 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, is
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
The Wife, from whose consolatory grave
I turned, that ye in mind might witness when
And how, her Spirit yet survives on earth?

BOOK SEVENTH.

THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS
CONTINUED.

ARGUMENT.
Impression of those 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 mis-directed applauses
Instinct of less excited 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—His
occasional digression on the full of beautiful and in-
teresting Trees—A female Infant's Grave—Joy at her
Birth—Sorrow at her Departure—A youthful Peasant
—his patriotic enthusiasm and distinguished qualities
—his untimely death—Exaltation of the Wanderer,
as a patriot, in this Picture—Solitary how affected him
Monument of a Knight—Traditions concerning him—
Peroration of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of
things and the revolutions of society—Hints at his
own past Calling—Thanks the Pastor.

While thus from theme to theme the Hints
passed,
The words he uttered, and the scene that by
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 Cadw Idris, or huge Penmannau)
A wandering Youth, I listened with delight
To pastoral melody or warlike air,
Drawn from the choirs of the ancient British
By some accomplished Master, while he said
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 urges, now, as a voice
From youth or maiden, or some honoured chief
Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
Around him, drinking in the impassioned note
Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required
For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains of

...
THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

they, to seize and occupy the sense;
A higher mark than song can reach
his pure eloquence. And, when the stream
overflowed the soul was passed away,
scarceness remained that it had left,
ted upon the sweet shore
ory, images and precious thoughts,
hall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

ese grassy heaps lie amicably close,"
"like surges heaving in the wind
the surface of a mountain pool:
e comes it, then, that yonder we behold
raves, and only five, that rise together
ably sequestered, and encroaching
smooth play-ground of the village-school!"

Vicar answered,—"No disdainful pride
who rest beneath, nor any course
age or tragic accident, hath helped
ese hilllocks in that lonely guise.
it more look forth, and follow with your sight
ight of road that from you mountain's base
are enclosures stretches, 'till its line
within a little tuft of trees;
reappearing in a moment, quits
atured fields; and up the heathy waste,
as, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
wards an easy outlet of the vale.
tle shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
ick the road is hidden, also hides
ge from our view; though I discern
arcly can) amid its sheltering trees
okeless chimney-top.—

All unembowered
oked stood that lowly Parsonage
uch in truth it is, and appertains
all Chapel in the vale beyond)
hither came its last Inhabitant.
and forbidding were the choicest roads
ch our northern wilds could then be crossed;
to most of these secluded vale
access for rain, heavy or light.
its dwelling-place the Priest arrived
tore of household goods, in panniers along
ely horses gazed with jingling bells,
he back of more ignoble beast;
ith like burden of effects most prized

Each in his basket nodding drowsily;
Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with
Which told it was the pleasant mouth of J
And, close behind, the comely Matron rod
A woman of soft speech and gracious smile
And with a lady's mien—"From far they c
Even from Northumbrian hills; yet the
been

A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered
By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jests
And freak put on, and arch word drop
swell
The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
That gathered round the slowly-moving train
—Whence do they come? and with what
charged?

1 Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe
2 Who pitch their tents under the green-w
3 Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact
4 Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the
5 And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set ft
6 The lucky venture of sage Whittington,
7 When the next village bears the show an
8 By blast of trumpet! Plenteous was the
Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen

On many a staring countenance portrayed
Of poor 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 charmed
Their grave migration, the good pair won
With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

A Priest he was by function; but his co
From his youth up, and high as manhood's
(Think of life to which he then was bro
Had been irregular, I might say, wild;
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care
Too little checked. An active, ardent min
A fancy pregnant with resources and shrew
Of country "aquire; or at the statelier board
Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly pomp
Withdrawn,—to while away the summer hours
In convocation among rural guests.

With those high comrades he had revealed long
Frolicked indolently, a simple Clerk
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled.
Till the heart sickened. So, each loitering aim
Abandoning and all his showy friends,
For a life's stay (slender it was, but sure)
He turned to this secluded chapel;
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 Care not long had been endowed:
And far remote the chapel stood,—remote,
And, from his Dwelling, insupportable.
Save through a gap high in the hills, an opening
Shadless and shelterless, by driving showers
Frequented, and beset with howling winds.
Yet cause was none, what'er regret might hang
On his own mind, to quarrel with the choice
Or the necessity that fixed him here;
Apart from old temptations, and 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 distrest in mind;
And, by as salutary change, compelled
To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day
With no engagement, in his thoughts, more proud
Or splendid than his garden could afford;
His fields, or mountains by the heath-seek ranged,
Or the wild brooks; from which he now returned
Contented to partake the quiet meal
Of his own board, where sat his gentle Mate
And three fair Children, plentifully fed;
Though simply, from their little household farm;
Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl
By nature yielded to his practised hand;
To help the small but certain comings-in
Of that spare benefits. Yet not the less
There's 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.
Was, though no soft and costly sofa there
Insensibly stretched out its lazy length,
And no vain mirror glittered upon the wall.
Yet were the windows of the low abode
By shutters weather-fended, which at one
Repelled the storm and deadened its howl.
There snow-white curtains hung in decent
Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain
That creep along the ground with sinuous
Were nicely braided; and composed a wall
Like Indian mats, that with appropriate
Lay at the threshold and the inner doors.
And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool
But tintured daintily with floral hues,
For seemliness and warmth, on festal day
Covered the smooth blue slabs of masonry.
With which the parlour-door, in simplest
Of pastoral headstalls, had been long in

Those pleasing works the Housewife
produced;
Meanwhile the unedentary Master's ha
Was busier with his task—to rid, to plan
To rear for food, for shelter, and delight
A thriving covert! And when wishes, if
In youth, and sanctified by the riper mien
Restored me to my native valley, here
To end my days; well pleased was I to see
The once-bare cottage, on the mountain's
Screen'd from assault of every bitter blast
While the dark shadows of the summer
Danced in the breeze, chequer'd its moss
Time, which had thus afforded willing hand
To beautify with nature's fairest growths
This rustic tenement, had gently shed,
Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace;
The comeliness of unfeudal 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 night
Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures
Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;
And still his brawny passions kept their
Anger and indignation. Still he loved
The sound of titled names, and talked in
Of long past banquets with high-born fair.
Then, from those dulling 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 haughty brow.
—Those transports, with staid looks of pur
will,
And with soft smile, his consort would ever
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Behind him in the race of years,
Of her first mildness, was advanced,
In the habit of her soul,
ill region whither all are bound.

We liken to the setting sun
At season on some gusty day,
Bold, and shining from the west
It did itself imbibe a ray
Glad and pure. But no more of this;
Ve to sprinkle on the sod
Divides the pair, or rather say,
Unites them, praises, like heaven’s dew,
Eve descending upon both.

First in eminence of years
Ian stood, the patriarch of the Vale;
A house without its mates,
Come, through the space of forty years;
Old and young in that abode,
Then they disappeared; not twice
Nor scorched the fields; not twice had
High peaks, the first annual snow,
Greedy visiting was closed,
A house without its mates,
Yet no rapacious plague
Among them; all was gentle death,
One, with intervals of peace.
Consummation! an accord
Fect, to be wished for! save that here
Thing which to mortal sense might sound
Mess—that the old grey-headed Sire,
He was taken last, survived
Meek Partner of his age, his Son,
And that late and high-priced gift,
Smiling Grandchild, were no more.

As, all vanished! he deprived and bare,
He face the remnant of his life
Il become of him? we said, and mused
Jectures—Shall we meet him now
With red and line the craggy brooks!
We overheard him, as we pass,
To entertain the lonely hours
Sir? (for he had not ceased to touch
Or vio which himself had framed,
Sweet purposes, with perfect skill.)
Les will he keep! will he remain
Gardener, builder, mechanic,
And a reaper from the seed!
Hope and forward-looking mind

Even to the last!—Such was he, unsubdued.
But Heaven was gracious; yet a little while,
And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng
Of open projects, and his inward hoard
Of unsunned griefs, too many and too keen,
Was overcome by unexpected sleep,
In one blest moment. Like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay
For noontide solace on the summer grass,
The warm lap of his mother earth: and so,
Their lustrous 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
Lost 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 depest
By tender sorrow for our mortal state)
Thus silence broke:—“Behold a thoughtless Man
From vice and premature decay preserved
By useful habits, to a fitter soil
Transplanted ere too late. The hermit, lodged
Amid the untrodden desert, tells his beads,
With each repeating its alloted 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 frowardness must needs submit.
In this one Man is shown a temperance—proof
Against all trials; industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
That might be deemed forbidding, did not there

q q 2
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 require,
And the best ages of the world prescribe.
—Preaching, administering, in every work
Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
Of worldly intercourse between man and man,
And in his humble dwelling, he appears
A labourer, with moral virtue girt,
With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned."

"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said, "for whom
This portraiture is sketched. The great, the good,
The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise,—
These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,
Honoured as emperor given; and him, the Venerable,
Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,
Deservedly have styled.—From his abode
In a dependent chapelry that lies
Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
And, having once espoused, would never quit;
Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
That lowly, great, good Man. A simple stone
May cover him; and by its help, perchance,
A century shall hear his name pronounced,
With images attendant on the sound;
Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight close
In utter night; and of his course remain
No cognizable vestiges, no more.
Than of this breath, which shapes itself in words
To speak of him, and instantly dissolves."

The Pastor pressed by thoughts which round his theme
Still linger’d, after a brief pause, resumed;
"None 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?
Pauses are there not enough in hopeless love—
And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—
But that the minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind, far as he may!
—Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate
The good man’s purposes and deeds; retrace
His struggles, his discomfitures depicted,
His triumphs hails, and glorify his end;
That virtue, like the flames and vapours dense
Through fancy’s host rebounding in the brain,
And like the soft infections of the heart,
By charm of measured words may spread o’er all
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 spin.
The memory of the just survives in heaven:
And, without sorrow, will the ground receive
That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
Of what lies here confines us to degrees
In excellence less difficult to reach,
And milder worth: nor need we travel far
From those to whom our last regards were paid
For such example.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at ease,
Oft stretches toward me, like a long straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward; there, bents
A plain blue stone, a gentle Daleman 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 the
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
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 roved!
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
THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

1 depart, to plant himself anew.
2, mature in manhood, he beheld
its laid in earth, no loss ensued
to him; but he remained well pleased,
the bond of independent love,
2, of a second family;
3-labourer and friend of him
the small inheritance had fallen.
em that his mild presence was a weight
used upon his brother’s house; for books
by comrades whom he could not tire;
society the blameless Man
satiate. Their familiar voice,
old age, with unabated charm
his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts;
at natural elevation raised
verted spirit; and bestowed
life an outward dignity
acknowledged. The dark winter night,
by day, each had its own resource;
he muses, sage historic tale,
sure, or word of holy Writ
ng immortality and joy
sembl med spirits of just men
feet, and from injury secure.
ished at home, thus busy in the field,
verse suspicion, nor vain complaint:
, who were about him, did not fail
nee, or in courtesy; they prized
manners: and his peaceful smiles,
as of his slow-varying countenance,
t with answering sympathy and love.
;th, when sixty years and five were told,
sease insensibly consumed
rs of nature: and a few short steps
and kindred bore him from his home
aged shaded by the woody crags)
founder stillness of the grave.
as his funeral denied the grace
tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;
woe rendered sweet by gratitude.
that monumental stone preserves
, and unambitiously relates
and by what kindly outward aids,
that pure contentedness of mind,
piration was by him endured.
2 tall pine-tree, whose composing sound
led on the good Man’s living ear,
its own peculiar sanctity;
he touch of every wandering breeze,
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 you ivied porch.
Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained?
Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
A safer, easier, more determined, course.
What terror doth it strike into the mind
To think of one, blind and alone, advancing
Straight toward some precipice’s airy brink!
But, timely warned, He would have stayed his steps,
Protected, say enlightened, by his ear;
And on the very edge of vacancy
Not more endangered than a man whose eye
Dehols the gulf beneath,—No floweret blooms
Throughout the lofty range of those rough hills,
Nor in the woods, that could from him conceal
Its birth-place; none whose figure did not live
Upon his touch. The bowls 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,
“Belings like these present! But proof abounds
Upon the earth that faculties, which seem
Extinguished, do not, therefore, cease to be.
And to the mind among her powers of sense
This transfer is permitted,—not alone
That the benefit their recompense may win;
But for remoter purposes of love
And charity; nor last nor least for this,
That to the imagination may be given
A type and shadow of an awful truth;
How, likewise, under sufferance divine,
Darkness is banished from the realms of death,
By man’s imperishable spirit, quelled.
Unto the men who see not as we see
Futurity was thought, in ancient times,
To be laid open, and they prophesied.
And know we not that from the blind have flowed
The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;
And wisdom married to immortal verse?

Among the humbler Worthy, at our feet
Lying insensible to human praise,
Love, or regret,—whose lineaments would next
Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it chanced
That, near the quiet church-yard where we sate,
A team of horses, with a ponderous freight
Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
Whose sharp descent confounded their array,
Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we muse, and mourn.
The waste of death; and lo! the giant oak
Stretched on his tier—that massy timber wain;
Nor fail to note the Man who guides the team."

He was a peasant of the lowest class:
Grey locks profusely round his temples hung
In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite
Of winter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged
Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;
And he returned our greeting with a smile.
When he had passed, the Solitary spake;
"A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrow; with a face
Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
Of Nature's impress,—gaity and health,
Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and shrewd.
His gestures note,—and hark! his tones of voice
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered. "You have read him well.
Year after year is added to his store
With silent increase: summers, winters—past,
Past or to come; yea, boldly might I say,
Ten summers and ten winters of a space
That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,
Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix
The obligation of an anxious mind,
A pride in having, or a fear to lose;
Possessed like outskirts of some large domain,
By any one more 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 he!

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
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous
In works of havoc; taking from those vale,
One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
Tall ash-trees, sown by winds, by vapours in
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 moonlight dew were daubed,
And on whose forehead inaccessible
The raven lodged in safety.—Many a ship
Launched into Morecambe-bay, to die bathed
Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that;
The loveliest of her pendentes; He, from parks
Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree;
That whirs (how slow itself!) ten thousand spin
And the vast engine labouring in the mine,
Content with meaner prowess, must have lost
The trunk and body of its marvellous strength.
If his undaunted enterprise had failed
Among the mountain coves.

You household
A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
But towering high the roof above, as if
Its humble destination were forgot—
That sycamore, which annually holds
Within its shade, as in a stately tent
On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
A grave assemblage, seated while they hear
The fleece-encumbered flock,—the Jovis Equ
A round whose trunk the maidens dance is Mr.
And the Lown's Oak,—would plead their case
In vain, if he were master of their fate; [œ]
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, "are my thoughts;
THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

... The household lost their pride and soul's delight.

—and time hath power to soften all regrets,
And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress
Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears
Fall not to spring from either Parents' eye
Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,
Yet this departed Little-one, too long
The innocent trouble of their quiet, sleeps
In what may now be called a peaceful bed.

On a bright day—so calm and bright, it seemed
To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly-fair—
These mountains echoed to an unknown sound;
A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse
Let down into the hollow of that grave,
Whose shelving sides are red with naked mould.
Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth!
Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these sods,
That they may knit together, and therewith
Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!
Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.
Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,
To me as precious as my own!—Green herbs
May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)
Over thy last abode, and we may pass
Reminded less imperiously of thee:—
The ridge itself may sink into the breast
Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;
Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,
Thy image disappear!

The Mountain-ash

No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,
By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn: the pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts.
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form:
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals (if such fables without blame
May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius alone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men’s sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our upspringing valley.—How the spout
Whizzed from the Stripping’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 shooting field!
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-riding 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 gled,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe.
The sportive sea-gull dacing with the waves,
And cautious water-fowl, from distant climes,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere,
Were subject to young Oswald’s steady aim,
And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast
Of France a haughty Tyrant hurled his threats;
Our Country marished the preparation vast
Of hostile forces; and she called—with voice
That filled her plains, that reached her utmost shores,
And in remotest vales was heard—to arms!
—Then, for the first time, here you might have seen
The shepherd’s grey to martial scarlet changed,
That flashed uneightly 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—hardly, strong,
And valiant; but young Oswald, like a chief
And yet a modest comrade, led them forth
From their shy solitude, to face the world,
With a gay confidence and seemly pride;
Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet
Like Youths released from labour, and yet bound
To most laborious service, though to them
A festival of unencumbered ease;
The inner spirit keeping holiday,
Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine left.

Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,
Stretched on the grass, or seated in the shade,
Among his fellows, while an ample map
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
From which the gallant teacher would discourse,
Now pointing this way, and now that.—‘Here flows,’

Thus would he say, ‘The Rhine, that stream!
· Eastward, the Danube toward this island
A mightier river, winds from realms to realms—
And, like a serpent, shows his glittering head—
Bespotted—with immemorial isles:
Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk;
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 fierce
Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields
On which the sons of mighty Germany
Were taught a base submission.—Here the
A nobler race, the Switzers, and their banns
Vales deeper far than those of ours, huge
And mountains white with everlasting snows—
And, surely, he, that space with klothing vast
Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best
Of that young peasantry, who, in our days,
Have fought and perished for Helvetia’s right.
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 foot
When he had risen alone! No braver Ye
Descended from Judean heights, to march
With righteous Joshua; nor appeared in a
When grove was felled, and altar was estab
And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-inflame
And strong in hatred of idolatry.”

The Pastor, even as if by these last word
Raised from his seat within the chosen shell
Moved toward the grave;—instinctively his
We followed; and my voice with joy exclain
“Power to the Oppressors of the world is
A might of which they dream not. Oh! this
To be the awakener of divinest thoughts,
Father and founder of exalted deeds;
And, to whole nations bound in servile shackles,
The liberal donor of capacities
More than heroic! this to be, nor yet
Have sense of one unnatural wish, nor yet
Deserve the least return of human thanks;
Winning no recompense but deadly hate
With pity mixed, astonishment with scorn!"

When this involuntary strain had ceased,
The Pastor said: “So Providence is served;
The forlorn weapon of the skies can sent
Illumination into deep, dark holds,
Which the mild sunbeam hath not power to pierce
Ye Thrones that have defied remorse, and cast
Pity away, soon shall ye quake with fear!”
of unconscious of the mighty debt
to outrageous wrong the sufferer owes,
e, through all her habitable bounds,
sting for their overthrow, who yet,
e, as pagan temples stood of yore, error of their impious rites, preserved;
ill permitted to extend their pride,
eds on the top of Lebanon
ning the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,
we 'all hoping and expecting all,' allowed grave demands, where rests in peace
able champion of the better cause; santis-youth, so call him, for he asked
her name; in whom our country showed, a favourite son, most beautiful.
so of vice, and misery, and disease, 1 with the spreading of her wealthy arts, 1d, the ancient and the free, appeared:
stand before my swimming eyes, quarely virtuous and secure.
more of this, best I offend his dust:
was his life, and a brief tale remains.

—day—a summer’s day of annual pomp
leum chase—from morn to sultry noon
eps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,
ed-deer driven along its native heights
cry of hound and horn; and, from that toil
ed with sinews weakened and relaxed, 
rous Youth, too negligent of self, ed—mid a gay and busy throng convened
the flocks of his Father’s flock—
he chilling flood. Convulsions dire [space ]him, that selfsame night; and through the
raving days his frame was wrenched, sure rested from her work in death.
n, thus matched away, his comrades paid
ier’s honours. At his funeral hour
was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—
lustre slept upon the hills;
chance a stranger, wandering there, 
combing eminence had looked
this spot, well pleased would he have seen
spectacle; but every face
id: seldom that eye been moist
—, that wept not then; nor were the few,
their dwellings came not forth to join
service, less disturbed than we.
ted at the tributary peel
ancous thunder, which announced,
ho still air, the closing of the Grave;
it mountains echoed with a sound
ation, 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 inelegant tongue.
—Right toward the sacred Edifice his steps
Had been directed; and we saw him now
Intent upon a monumental stone,
Whose uncounted 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 age. 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 vi
While he advanced, thus spake: “Tradition te
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,
Unknown 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 se
With transient observation; and thence caug
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, resolv
To make that paradise his chosen home
To which his peaceful fancy oft had turned.

Vague thoughts are these; but, if belief may
Upon unwritten story fondly traced
From sire to son, in this obscure retreat
The Knight arrived, with spear and shield, and borne
Upon a Charger gorgeous bedecked
With brocaded 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 Dalemen. 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 yeon clustering cottages, that sprung
From out the ruins of his stately lodge:
These, and the name and title at full length,—
Sir Alfred Fitthing, with appropriate words
Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath
Or poesy, girding round the several fronts
Of three clear-sounding and harmonious bells,
That in the steeple hang, his pious gift."

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,"
The grey-haired Wanderer pensively exclaimed,
"All that this world is proudest. From theirspheres
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 lowest 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 burden 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

Those 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. T
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 accent and progress in the main;
Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
And expectations of self-flattering minds!

The courteous Knight, whose bones are interred,
Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
For strife and ferment in the minds of men;
Whence alteration in the forms of things,
Various and vast. A memorable age:
Which did to him assign a pensive lot—
To linger 'mid the last of those bright days
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 law
Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,
That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,
In town and city and sequestered glen,
Altar, and cross, and church of solemn roof,
And old religious house—pile after pile:
And shook their tenants out into the fields,
Like wild beasts without home! Their hour
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 hold impetuous four
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 court
Knight,
Bound by his vow to labour for redress
BOOK EIGHTH.

THE PARSONAGE.

ARGUMENT.

ology and apprehensions that might have misled his Auditors too long, with the Pastor's invitation to the Sceptic to enter his parsonage: the Sceptic being at length convinced of his errors, he leaves, and the Sceptic, having paid his respects to the Pastor, returns to his own house.

The individual known and understood;
And such as my best judgment could select
From what the place afforded, have been given;
Though apprehensions crossed me that my seal
To his might well be likened, who unlocks
A cabinet stored with gems and pictures—draws
His treasures forth, soliciting regard
To this, and this, as worthier than the last,
Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased
More than the exhibitor himself, becomes
Weary and faint, and longs to be released.
—But let me 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 Companions, 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 those degenerate times,
Deploiring changes past, or dreading change
Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in thought,
The fine vocation of the sword and lance
With the gross aims and body-bending toil
Of a poor brotherhood who walk the earth
Pitted, and, where they are not known, despised.

Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the two estates
Are graced with some resemblance. Errant Thieves,
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 recompence be sought
Than honest maintenance, by icksome toil
Full oft procured, yet may they claim respect,
Among the intelligent, for what this course
Enables them to be and to perform.
Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,
While solitude permits the mind to feel;
Instructs, and prompts her to supply defects
By the division of her inward self.
For grateful converse: and to these poor men
Nature (I but repeat your favourite boast)
Is bountiful—go wheresoe’er they may;
Kind nature’s various wealth is all their own.
Versed in the characters of men; and bound,
By ties of daily interest, to maintain
Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;
Such have been, and still are in their degree,
Examples efficacious to refine
Rude intercourse; apt agents to expel,
By importation of unlooked-for arts,
Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;
Raising, through just gradation, savage life
To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.
—Within their moving magazines is lodged
Power, that comes forth to quicken and exalt
Affections seated in the mother’s breast,
And in the lover’s fancy; and to feed
The sober sympathies of long-tried friends.
—By these Itinerants, as experienced men,
Counsel is given; contention they appease
With gentle language; in remotest wilds,
Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings bring;
Could the proud quest of chivalry do more!”

“Happy,” rejoined the Wanderer, “they who gain
A panegyric from your generous tongue.
But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
Aught of romantic interest, it is gone.
Their purer service, in this realm at least,
Is past for ever.—An invasive Age
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet
To most strange issues. I have lived to mark
A new and unforeseen creation rise
From out the labours of a peaceful Land
Wielding her potent enginery to frame
And to produce, with appetite as keen
As that of war, which rests not night or day,
Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains
Might one like me now visit many a tract
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,
A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe’er he came—
Among the tenantry of thorp and vill;
Or struggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of some stern castle, moulderine on the brow
Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
And formidably length of plashy lane,
(Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
Or easier links connecting place with place)
Have vanished—swallowed up by stately road
Easy and bold, that penetrates the gloom
Of Britain’s farthest glens. The Earth has
Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
Of traffic glides with cesseless intercourse,
Glistening along the low and woody vale;
Or, in its progress, on the lofty side,
Of some bare hill, with wonder keened from!

Meanwhile, at social Industry’s command,
How quick, how vast an increase! From the
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and the
Where not a habitation stood before.
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests,—spread through space
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 the wide sea peopled,—hence the ships
Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world’s choicest produce. Hence a
sum
Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through her inland regions, to and fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
Hence a dread arm of floating power, a view
Of thunder daunting those who would approach
With hostile purposes the blessed isle,
Truth’s consecrated residence, the seat
Impeccable 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 insistent power to justify herself;
Yes, to avenge her violated rights,
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might
Of this dominion over nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;
And the Arts died by which they had been raised.
—Call Archimedes from his buried tomb.
Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy whose sway depends
On mere material instruments;—how weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if unprop'd
By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive grief,
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!"

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,
I said, "And, in truth those vaunted Arts
Possess such privilege, how could we escape
Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,
And would preserve as things above all price,
The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stable worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate!
Oh! where is now the character of peace,
Sobriety, and order, and chastest love,
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;
That made the very thought of country-life
A thought of refuge, for a mind detained
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd!
Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept
With conscientious reverence, as a day
By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced
Holy and blest! where the winning grace
Of all the lighter ornaments attached
To time and season, as the year rolled round!"

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passionate response,
"Fled utterly! or only to be traced
In a few fortunate retreats like this;
Which I behold with trembling, when I think
What lamentable change, a year—a month—
May bring; that brook converting as it runs
Into an instrument of deadly bane
For those, who, yet untempted to forsake
The simple occupations of their sires,
Drink the pure water of its innocent stream
With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name.)
How art thou blighted for the poor Man’s heart?
Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
The habitations empty! or perchance
The Mother left alone,—no helping hand
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
Or in dispatch of each day’s little growth
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needle-work; no bundle 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 dejected, dejected—even to love
Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
A native Briton to these inward chains,
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep;
Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!
He is a slave to whom release comes not,
And cannot come. The boy, where’er he turns,
Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up
Among the clouds, and roars through the ancient woods;
Or when the sun is shining in the east,
Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school
Of his attainments! no; but with the air
Fanning his temples under heaven’s blue arch.
His ramment, whitened o’er with cotton-flakes
Or locks of wool, announces whence he came,
Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,
His respiration quick and audible;
And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
Could break from out those languid eyes, or
Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
Is that the countenance, and such the port,
Of no mean Being? One who should be chic
With dignity befitting his proud hope;
Who, in his very childhood, should appear
Sublime from present purity and joy!
The limbs increase; but liberty of mind
Is gone for ever; and this organic frame,
So joyful in its motions, is become
Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead;
And even the touch, so exquisitely poured
Through the whole body, with a languid will
Performs its functions; rarely competent
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
The gentle visitations of the sun,
Or lapse of liquid elements—by hand,
Or foot, or lip, in summer’s warmth—perceived
—Can hope look forward to a manhood made
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 ye;
And unripe sex with sex, for mutual snit;
If there were not, these, in our far-famed isle;
Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed
Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large;
Yet walked beneath the sun, in human shape,
As abject, as degraded? At this day,
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts
And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth
A ragged Offspring, with their upright hair
Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear:
Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white gown
An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun
brows,
By savage Nature! Shriveled are their lips
Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet
On which they stand; as if thereby they drew
Some nourishment, as trees do by their roots,
From earth, the common mother of all.
Figure and mien, complexion and attitude,
Are leagued to strike dismay; but not mere
hand
And whining voice denote them suppliants
least boon that pity can bestow
the breast of darksome heaths are found;
their parents occupy the skirts
clad commons; such are born and reared
nine's mouth under impending rocks;
1 in chambers of some natural cave;
their ancestors erected huts,
convenience of unlawful gain,
partial; and the like are bred,
land through, where nooks and slips of
round
in times less jealous than our own
will hope the lowest in the scale
number oft-times to have seen
ston's dreary heights. In earnest watch,
swift vehicle approach, they stand;
flowing closely with the cloud of dust,
with fear exhibit, and are gone
head, like tumblers on a stage.
the ground they match the copper coin,
the freights of merry passengers
steadily eye, maintain their speed;
and pant—and overhead again,
swift—every face, that smiled
hast ceased to look that way.
the vagrants of the gipsy tribe,
red to little pleasure in themselves,
less to others.

Turn we then
as born and bred within the pale
solutely, and early trained
by wholesome labour in the field,
d they eat. A sample should I give
this stock hath long produced to enrich
or age of life, ye would exclaim,
the whispering plough-boy whose shrill notes
new gladness to the morning air!"
me if I venture to suspect
ny, sweet to hear of in soft verse,
o finer frame. Stiff are his joints;
a cumbrous flock, that to the knees
he thrives curving, his legs appear,
to those that lustily uphold
stools for everlasting use,
o our fathers sate. And mark his brow
whose shaggy canopy are set
is not dim, but of a healthy stare—
shaggy, blank, and ignorant, and strange—
ning boldly that they never drew
or motion of intelligence

From infant-cumming 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 torpe is no pitiable work
Of modern ingenuity; no town
Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught
Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,
To which (and who can tell where or how soon?)
He may be roused. This Boy the fields produces:
His spade and hoe, mattock and glittering scythe,
The carter's whip that on his shoulder rests
In air high-towering with a boorish pomf,
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 unformed as he?
In brief, what liberty of mind is here!"

This ardent sally pleased the mild good Man,
To whom the appeal couched in its closing words
Was pointedly addressed; and to the thoughts
That, in assent or opposition, rose
Within his mind, he seemed prepared to give
Prompt utterance; but the Vicar interposed
With invitation urgently renewed.
—We followed, taking as he led, a path
Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,
Whose flexible boughs low bending with a weight
Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and roots
That gave them nourishment. When frosty winds
Howl from the north, what kindly warmth, me-
thought,
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 strewed its surface o'er
With pure oerlean gravel, from the heights
Fetched by a neighbouring brook. Across the vale
The stately fence accompanied our steps;
And thus the pathway, by perennial green
Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,
As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,
The Pastor's mansion with the house of prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined
With feminine allurement soft and fair,
The mansion's self displayed;—a reverend pile
With bold projections and recesses deep;
Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
Fronting the moonlit sun. We paused to admire
The pillar'd porch, elaborately embossed;
The low wide windows with their millinious 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 smoothness. From behind the roof
Rose the slim ash and many sycamore,
Blending their diverse foliage with the green
Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clapsed
The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight
For wren and roller, — where they sit and sing
Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.
Nor must I leave unmentioned (the picture else
Were incomplete) a relic of old times
Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
Of neest 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 lawn, a radiant Girl;
For she hath recognised her honoured friend,
The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss
The gladchild 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 helpless hand of love.
—We enter,—by the Lady of the place
Cordially greeted. Graceful was her part:
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 inexperience 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, app
This goodly Matron, shining in the beams
Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board
Was spread, and we partook a plain repeat.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we béguild
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 fettlers of reserve
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
Resolved 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 new
Occasion given him to display his skill,
Upon the steelyard's vantage-ground of truth.
He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed.
Upon the landscape of the sun-brighth vale,
Scon, 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 on Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.
One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
The boy of planter garb, whose blush survive
More deeply tinged. Twin might the elder
To that fair girl who from the garden-mount
Bounded—triumphant entry this for him!
Between his hands he holds a smooth blue fly
On whose capacious surface see onspread
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted toy.
Ranged side by side, and lessening by degree
Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
Upon the board he lays the sky-blue stone
With its rich freight; their number he proc
Tells from what pool the noblest had been dre.
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
Discourse of the Wanderer, &c.

I sight, together thus exposed; not sullied or deformed by death, ed to pity what he could not spare.

the animation in the mien, o boys! yes in the very words in the young narrator was inspired, our questions led, he told at large is with glee. He might I compare, tones, gestures, eager eloquence, brook that splits for better speed, self-same moment, works its way many channels, ever and anon I re-united: his companion was, whose stillness is to sight us— as grateful to the mind. what object shall the lovely Girl? She whose countenance and air Unite the graceful qualities of both, Even as she shares the pride and joy of both.

My grey-haired Friend was moved; his vivid eye Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I knew, Was full; and had, I doubted not, returned, Upon this impulse, to the theme—while Abruptly broken off. The exalted boys With their well-earned meal; And He—to whom all tongues resigned their rights With willingness, to whom the general ear Listened with reader patience than to strain Of music, lute or harp, a long delight That ceased not when his voice had ceased—as One Who from truth's central point serenely views The compass of his argument—began Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

Book Ninth.

Rise of the Wanderer, and Evening Visit to the Lake.

Argument.

asserts that an active principle pervades the Its noblest seat the human soul; how lively principle is in childhood, hence the delight in old looking back upon childhood, the dignity, and privilege of age asserted. Three not to be generally but under a just government. Right as creature is to be exempt from being considered an instrument, the condition of multitudes— Former conversation recurred to, and the r's opinions set in a clearer light; Truth placed each of the humblest. Equality. Happy state two boys again adverted to. Enraged with for a system of national education established by government. Glorious effects of this: Walk to the lake, grand spectacle from the hill. Address of priest to the Supreme being, source of which he contrasts with ancient Mor the present appearance of the scene before him sung ascribed to Christianity. Apostrophe to living and dead. Gratitude to the Almighty over the lake. Parting with the solitary— that circumstances.

Form of being is assigned. Sity spake the venerable sage, Principle: however removed so and observation, it subsists ages, 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 stationery rocks, The moving waters, and the invisible air. Whatever exists hath properties that spread Beyond itself, communicating good, A simple blessing, or with evil mixed; Spirit that knows no insulated spot, No chaos, 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 reverence least, And least respected in the human mind, Is most apparent home. The food of hope Is a 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—may 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 unaltered
Of her own native vigour; thence may hear
Reverberations; and a choral song,
Combining with the incense that ascends,
Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,
From her own lonely altar!

Do not think
That good and wise ever will be allowed,
Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate
As shall divide them wholly from the stir
Of hopeful nature. Rightly is it said
That Man descends into the vale of years;
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
As of a final Eminence; though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which '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 over their surface spread:
But, while the gross and visible frame of things
Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
You almost on the Mind herself, and seems
All unsubstantial,—how loud the voice
Of waters, with invigorated zeal
From the full river in the vale below,
Ascending! For on that superlative height
Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
Of near obstructions, and is privileged
To breathe in solitude, above the host
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves
Many and idle, visits not his ear:
This he is freed from, and from thousand notes
(Not less unceasing, not less vain than these),
By which the finer passages of sense
Are occupied; and the Soul, that would incline
To listen, is prevented or deterred.

And may it not be hoped, that, placed by age
In like removal, tranquil though severe,
We are not so removed for utter loss;
But for some favour, suited to our need!

What more than that the severing should confer
Fresh power to commune with the invisible world
And hear the mighty stream of tendency
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;
Then only can such hope inspire whose minds
Have not been starved by absolute neglect;
Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford
Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may ensure
For me, consulting what I feel within
In times when most existence with herself
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope
And Reason's sway predominates; even so far,
Country, society, and time itself,
That says the individual's holy 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 tuned
Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
And strength in evil? Hence an after-call
For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
And oft-times Death, avenger of the past,
And the sole guardian in whose hands we dare
Entrust the future.—Not for these sad issues
Was Man created; but to obey the law
Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis known
That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unbowed by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves become
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities:
They sweep dishonour from the busy day,
And make the calms 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.
Discourse of the Wanderer, &c.

'said the Solitary, "by what force
of that multitude in whom
or health from seeds that have been sown
and for increase in a power
but by extinction! On themselves
of lean, nor turn to their own hearts
that they must do; their wisdom is;
the eyes of others, thence
acted what they must avoid;
let us say, how least observed,
most quiet and most silent death,
and injury to the air
so breathe, their human form divine,
immortal soul, may waste away."

's rejoined, "I thank you—you have
the utterance of a keen regret,
expression which with you I share.
therefore, I placed before your sight
as member of a vast machine,
that, pitying him, I could forget
Boy, who walks the fields, untaught;
of ignorance, and oft of want,
ables hunger. Much, too much,
appy lot, in early youth
we witnessed, lot which I myself
sigh in mild and merciful degree:
with hardships exposed,
bich I struggled, not without distress
imes injury, like a lamb enthralled
s and brambles; or a bird that breaks
strong net, and mounts upon the wind,
h her plumes impaired. If they, whose

while they range the richer fields
land, are obstructed less
ce, their ignorance is not less,
be deplored. For who can doubt
of thousands at this exist
boy you painted, lineal heirs
io once were vessels of her soil,
its fortunes like the beasts or trees
sustained. But no one takes delight
essing; none are proud of it;
sounding name, nor ever bore;
; grievance, an indigenous vice
country under heaven. My thoughts
re to evils that are new and chosen,
looking under shape of good,—

Arts, in themselves beneficient 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, yes with praise!
I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
The healthier, the soberer, we become;
Delusion which a moment may destroy!
Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had seen
Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground,
Where circumstance and nature had combined
To shelter innocence, and cherish love;
Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,
Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind;
Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

Alas! what differs more than man from man!
And whence that difference! whence but from himself?

For see the universal Race endowed
With the same upright form!—The sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye;
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view.
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.
Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;
Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and tears;
Imagination, freedom in the will;
Conscience to guide and check; and death to be
Foretasted, immortality conceived
By all,—a blissful immortality,
To them whose holiness on earth shall make
The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.
Strange, then, nor less than monstrous, might be
deemed
The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
The excellence of moral qualities
From common understanding; leaving truth
And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;
Hard to be won, and only by a few;
Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,
And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:
The primal duties shine aloft,—like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here! Here is no host.
For high—yet not for low; for proudly grace—
Yet not for mock of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage-bearth
As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soul
Ponders this true equality, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;
Yet, in that meditation, will be found
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found;
Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
And for the injustice grieving, that hath made
So wide a difference between man and man.

Then let us rather fix our gladdened thoughts
Upon the brighter scene. How blest that pair
Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)
Blest in their several and their common lot!
A few short hours of each returning day
The thriving prisoners of their village-school;
And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes
Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy;
To breathe and 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 changeable year,
Obsequiously 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, sure it is that both
Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
Whether regarded as a jocund time,
That in itself may terminate, or lead
In course of nature to a sober eve.
Both have been fairly dealt with; looking back
They will allow that justice has in them
Been shown, alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
Some weighty matter; then, with fervent voice,
And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed—
"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizeing knowledge as her noblest went,
And best protection, this imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right, the lipsing 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 sinner age, by conscience is unrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wild 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
—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascending 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 divested
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good—which, England,
From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall c'er be able to undo.

Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt
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 shape.
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Discourse of the Wanderer, &c.

Expect these mighty issues: from the pains
And faithful care of unambitious schools
Instructing simple childhood's ready ear:
Thence look for these magnificent results!
—Vast the circumference of hope—and ye
Are at its centre, British Lawgivers!

Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall Wisdom's voice
From out the bosom of these troubled times
Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
And shall the venerable halls ye fill
Refuse to echo the sublime decree!

Trust not to partial care a general good;
Transfer not to futurity a work
Of urgent need.—Your Country must complete
Her glorious destiny. Begin even now,
Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian plague
Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe, makes
The brightness more conspicuous that invests
The happy Island where ye think and act;
Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,
Show to the wretched nations for what end
The powers of civil polity were given.”

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
The Sage broke off. No sooner had he ceased
Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
"Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen
Upon this flowery slope; and see—beyond—
The silvery lake is streaked with placid blue;
As if preparing for the peace of evening.
How temptingly the landscape shines! The air
Breathes invitation; easy is the walk
To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored
Under a sheltering tree."—Upon this hint
We rose together: all were pleased; but most
The 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 companion,
—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 bocalmed
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 wretched horns supercilious,
The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
Beneath him, shewed his shadowy counterpart.
The Lady whispered, while we stood and gazed
Gathered together, all in still delight,
Not without awe. Thence passing on, she said
In like low voice to my particular ear,
"I love to hear that eloquent old Man
Pour forth his meditations, and descant
On human life from infancy to age.
How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
His mind gives back the various forms of things,
Caught in their fairest, happiest, attitude!
While he is speaking, I have power to see
Even as he sees; but when his voice hath ceased,
Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,
That combinations so serene and bright
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,
Like that reflected in your quiet pool,
Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose peace
The sufferance only of a breath of air!"

More had she said—but sportive shouts were heard
Sent from the jovial hearts of those two boys,
Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
Down the green field came tripping after us.
With caution we embarked; and now the pair
For prouder service were address'd; but each,
Wistful to leave an opening for my choice,
Dropped the light cask his eager hand had seized.
Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
Their place I took—and for a grateful office
Pregnant with recollections of the time
When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere,
A Youth, I practised this delightful art;
Toasted on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew
Of jovial comrades. Soon as the reedy marge
Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars
Free from obstruction: and the boat advanced
And mountains bare, or clothed
Surrounded us; and, as we heard
Along the level of the glassy sheet,
They ceased not to surround us.
From kindred features diversely
Producing change of beauty ever
—Ah! such beauty, vary
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's staff.
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it well
And in his mind recorded it with
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while
Of trivial occupations well divested
And unsought pleasures spring
As if some friendly Genius had
That, as the day thus far had been,
By acquisition of sincere delight
The same should be continued.
DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, &c. 615

in quest of other scenes, the shore
wild spot, the Solitary said
a voice, yet careless who might hear,
se, that burned so brightly to our wish,
be it now!—Deserted on the beach—
or dead! Nor shall the fanning breeze
its ashes. What care we for this,
ends are gained! Behold an emblem here
lay's pleasure, and all mortal joys!
this unpremeditated slight
which is no longer needed, see
union course of human gratitude"

plaintive note disturbed not the repose
still evening. Right across the lake
nace moves; then, coasting creek and bay,
behold, and into thickets peep,
couch the spotted deer; or raised our eyes
steeps on which the careless goat
by the side of darting waterfalls;
the bark, meandering with the shore,
her voyage, till a natural pier
g rock invited us to land.

to follow as the Pastor led,
ab a green hill's side; and, as we climb,
ley, opening out her bosom, gave
expect, intercepted less and less,
flat meadows and indented coast
moon lake, in compass seen:—far off,
conspicuous, stood the old Church-tower,
stry presiding over fields
itations seemingly preserved
1 intrusion of the restless world
as impassable and mountains huge.

neath this elevated spot supplied,
fee of moss-clad stones, whereon we couched
reclined; admiring quietly
eral aspect of the scene; but each
om over anxious to make known
1 discoveries; or to favourite point
ng notice, merely from a wish
art a joy, imperfect while unshared.
ung moment never shall I forget
ese particular interests were effaced
ery mind!—Already had the sun,
with less than ordinary state,
his western bound; but rays of light—
idenly diverging from the orb
behind the mountain tops or veiled
ense air—shot upwards to the crown
ue firmament—sloft, and wide:

Through their ethereal texture pierced—ere we,
Who saw, of change were conscious—had become
Vivid as fire; clouds separately poised,—
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on each,
With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which from the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbied, 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 refugent 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 designed
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 streameth forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all diouront, 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, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
And creed wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
Also! 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 howl
This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,
Shall it endure—Shall vanity 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 fall? Shall that blest day arrive
When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell
In crowded cities, without fear shall live
Studies of mutual benefit; and by,
Whom Morn awakens, among dews and flowers
Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
Be happy in himself!—The law of faith
Working through love, such conquest shall it gain,
Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve!
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
And with that help the wonder shall be seen
Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy praise
Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

Ones, and with mild demonour, as he spake,
On us the venerable Pastor turned
His beaming eye that had been raised to Heaven,
"Ones, 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 you mountain-cove,
To those inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnised; and there—
Amid impending rocks and gloomy woods—
Of those terrible Idols some received
Such dismal service, that the lowest voice
Of the swoon cataleps (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,
Agnost 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, is
changed
The existing worship; and with those compare
The worshippers how innocent and blest!
So wide the difference, a willing mind
Might almost think, at this affecting hour,
That paradise, the lost abode of man,
Was raised again: and to a happy few,
In its original beauty, here restored.

Whence but from thee, the true and only God
And from the faith derived through Him who is
Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
Of good from evil; as if one extreme
Were left, the other gained.—O ye, who come
to kneld devoutly in you 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 hilly-side,
Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer
Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King:
Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands, he
made
Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
And in good works; and him, who is endowed
With sanctest knowledge, master of all truth
Which the salvation of his soul requires.
Consious 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 pain.
The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top;
Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
Or hushed; the roaring waters, and the still—
They see the offering of my lifted hands,
They hear my lips present their sacrifice,
They know if I be silent, mourn or even:
For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart
Will find a vent; and thought is praise to him,
raise, to thee, omniscient Mind,
On all gifts descend, all blessings flow!"

sper-service closed, without delay,
Te exalted station to the plain
Ing, we pursued our homeward course,
Composure, o'er the shadowy lake,
A distant sky. No trace remained
Celestial splendours; grey the vault—
Dread, ether; and the star of eve
Shining; but inferior lights appeared
To faint almost for sight; and some
Darkened hills stood boldy forth
From hush, ere the boat attained
In-place; where, to the sheltering tree,
A vessel bound fast her prow,
Not yet careful hands. This done, we paced
Fields; but ere the Vicar's door
Head, the Solitary checked his steps;
From saluting, on each bestowed
Salutation; and, the like
Took the slender path that leads
e cottage in the lonely dell;

But turned not without welcome promise made
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits
Of yet another summer's day, not loth
To wander with us through the fertile vales,
And o'er the mountain-wastes. "Another sun,"
Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we part;
Another sun, and pereventuare more;
If time, with free consent, be yours to give,
And season favours."

To enfeebled Power,
From this communion with uninjured Minds,
What renovation had been brought; and what
Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,
Dejected, and habitually disposed
To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
Excuse and solace for her own defects;
How far those erring notions were reformed;
And whether aught, of tendency as good
And pure, from further intercourse ensued;
This—if delightful hopes, as heretofore,
Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts
Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past—
My future labours may not leave untold.
NOTES.

Page 16.

"And, hovering, round it often did a rosy fig..."
A short MS. poem read to me when an under-

Page 24.

Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was

Page 64.

"The Norman boy..." long ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least

Page 117.

"To the Daisy..." This Poem, and one others to the same Flower, were

Page 120.

"The Seven Sisters..." The story of this Poem is from the German of Frede-

Page 131.

"The Waggoner..." Several years after the event that forms the subject of


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"The Seven Sisters..." The story of this Poem is from the German of Frede-

"The Waggoner..." Several years after the event that forms the subject of
to the reader of English History, was the after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of had fallen in the battle. In part of verses Authors of the History of Cumberland and land;" for the Earl's Father had slain him which worlthy blishened the author (so that) who, as he adds, "dare promise any thing himself in the heat of martial fury I chiefly, resolved not to leave any branch of the Yor ling; for so one maketh this Lord to speak doubt, I would observe by the by, was an identity in the vindictive spirit of the times, altogether so bad as represented;" for the child, as some writers would have him, but arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of a deat from this, (say the Menmores of the Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to so far as could be, this stigma from the list which she was born,) that he was the next to Edward the Fourth, which his mother had Duke of York, and that King was then eight age; and for the small distance between I see Austin Vincent, in his Book of Nobility, he writes of them all. It may further be of Edward Clifford, who was then himself only years of age, had been a leading man and two or three years together in the army o before this time; and, therefore, would be think that the Earl of Rutland might be entity from his youth. But, independent of this a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford enough to draw upon them the vehement a Home of York: so that after the Battle of I was no hope for them but in flight and H. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was desg estate and honours during the space of years; all which time he lived as a shepherd, or in Cumberland, where the estate of In-law (Sir Lancetol Threlkeld) lay. He wa estate and honours in the first year of Seventh. It is recorded that, 'when callen ment, he behaved nobly and wisely; but of seldom to London or the Court; and rats live in the country, where he repaired his Castles, which had gone to decay due troubles.' Thus far is chiefly collected fro and Burn; and I can add, from my own that there is a tradition current in the villa keld and its neighbourhood, his principal in the course of his shepherd-life, he had an astronomical knowledge. I cannot conceive without adding a word upon the subject of ren and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of the ruins of some of which are, at this day, ornament to that interesting country. The always been distinguished for an honours these Castles; and we have seen that, after York and Lancaster, they were rebuilt; in the of Charles the First they were again laid again restored almost to their former may the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess o &c. &c. Not more than twenty-five years a done, when the estate of Clifford had passed Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, nam Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolish timber and other materials sold by Tho Thanet. We will hope that, when this order the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah verses, to which the inscription placed a of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of (I believe his Grandmother), at the time she r structure, refers the reader: "And they should build the old waste places: these shall restitutions of many generations; and shall build the old waste places: these shall restitutions of many generations; and shall
NOTES.

rer of the brooch, the restorer of paths to dwell in." The of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and per sense of the value and beauty of these remains tiquity, has (i am told) given orders that they shall reserved from all depredations.

Page 158.

"Earth helped him with the ery of blood."

a line is from ""The Battle of Bosworth Field," by jhn Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose s are written with much spirit, elegance, and har- ; and have deservedly been reprinted lately in nera' Collection of English Poets.

Page 159.

"And both the unyielding fish that notes Through Rosemary-Tarn, etc.

I imagined by the people of the country that there immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which t the mountains not far from Thirlake.—Blenno, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of mountain vulgarly called Saddleback.

Page 159.

"Armour rusting in his Hall On the blood of Clifford olive,"

a martial character of the Clifford is well known ; readers of English history; but it may not be im- r here to say, by way of comment on these lines what follows, that besides several others who pe- l in the same manner, the four immediate Progeni- f the Person in whose hearing this is supposed to oke, all died in the Field.

Page 160.

"Dies."

a poem began with the following stanzas, which has displaced on account of its detaining the reader too from the subject, and as rather precluding, than ring for, the dies effect of the allusion to the genius sto :—

"Air is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing r breathless water, on Locrum's lake, ears him while proudlyailing le leaves behind a moon-illuminated wake : schold the mantling spirit of reserve sablions his neck into a goodey curve ; in arch thrown back between luxuriant wings of whitest garniture, like first-tree boughs 'o which, on some unruffled morning, clings flaky weight of winter's purest snows! "Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves hat downy peev, and softly clears he mirror of the crystal flood, an'ish inverted hill, and shadowy wood, and pendent rocks, where'er, in gilding state, finds the maste Creature without visible Mate w Rival, save the Queen of night hawering down a silver light. "—beaven, upon her chosen Favourite !

Page 168.

"Heving hill"

"while the living hill saved with confluence throes, and all was still." DR. DARWIN.

Page 178.

"The Wishing-gate."

"In the Vale of Gresnors, by the side of the old high- way leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate."

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feel- ings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.

Page 197.

"Something less than joy, but more than dull content." COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Page 211.

"Wild Redbreast," etc.

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gentleman, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as de- scribed in the verses to the Redbreast, page 158. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.

Page 218.

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know I have been obliged on other occas- sions :—

"Dumfriess, August, 1808.

"On our way to the church-yard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of mo- mentum. 'There,' said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr. — (I have forgotten the name)—a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.' We looked at Burn's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph :—

"Is there a man, &c.

"The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes obelisk- wise, pillar-wise, &c. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns, who was gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her chil- dren. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour.
The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. It. is youngest son was now at Christ's Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unseemly ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right—his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

I cannot take leave of this country which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half a mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Dryden has pretty described the connexion which this neighbourhhood has with ours, when he makes Shadwell say,

'Scruff'd, from the sky
That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
O'er threatening me with clouds, as I o'er threaten him.'

'These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying—'

'If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruff'd, scots wot well of that.'

'We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions; indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes.'

Page 258.

'Joves! as from Caled. northward.'

(See Dedication to Descriptive Sketches.)

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were under graduates together of the same year, at the same college; and comparisons in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude; which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption—and, while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasant sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the 7th of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part 3.

Page 257. Sonnet VII.

In this and a succeeding Sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles avowed in his Manifesto; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of exalting moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous to say I fear, he throw away upon that other class, the besotted admiration of the interested respect it has placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy degree of degradation in British feeling and taste, which the times have furnished.

Page 246. Sonnet XXVII.

'Danger which they fear, and ignorance which they endure not.'

Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P. Sidney.

Page 245.

'Zaragnes.'

In this Sonnet I am under some obligations to an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.

Page 248.

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the evening:

When the Austrians took Hockenheim, in one of the engagements they got to the brow of the hill, and seeing the French retreating in the last fifteen years at once called out the general. Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this new stop; they then gave three cheers, raised after the enemy, and drove them into the water.

Page 252. "Thanksgiving Ode." Wholly unworthy of touching upon the mean subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this long labour might interpose a well sufficiently thick to or even to obscure, the splendour of this great triumph. If I have given way to exultation, undue by these distresses, it might be sufficient to prove from a charge of insensibility, should I state my belief that the sufferings will be temporary. The wisdom of a very large majority of the British restored that generosity which poured out the treasure this country for the deliverance of Europe; and some national wisdom, preserving in the time of peace an energy not inferior to that which has been spent in war, shews confidence, who encourage a firm hope, the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. I will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in re and raptures; and to feed a moral satisfaction aggravating these burdens in imagination; is that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, appear as gracious as possible under another. But body of the nation will not quail with the gain cause it might have been purchased at a less price: acknowledging in these sufferings, which they for have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consent of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply all aid to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, a disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in bosoms of my countrymen, at a time when there general outcry against the prevalence of those dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valor the field, and by the discipline which rendered it inhabitants of the several countries where its operad were carried on, a protection from the violence of its own troops, has performed services that will at the language of gratitude and admiration to be pressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of
Pallasida of Calais, let no take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking.

Page 258.

*Broads.*

This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful city. Mr. Behn, in the "Poets Pilgrimages" speaks of it in lines in which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

'Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first Sire, a beautiful old age
Is here 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 ills in days of old,
And journeys 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 Burges, I shall then remember thee.'

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Saxon and Norman eras, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traced back to the grave department of its inhabitants. Burges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Feudal 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 Minerva 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 boy, looking insensibly tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to enter 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, pendant from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c., has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle; but in Burges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet going-on of a thinly-peopled city is insensibly soothing; a penitent grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.—Extract from Journal.

Page 256.

*Where unwrithing forests the rocky Crescent blest.*

"Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that
in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous Lisada and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'Breach de Roland'—"Raymond's Pyrenees."

Page 277.
' Minstrel Jovim."'

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, "The Remorse." Why is the harp of Quantock silent?'

Page 277.
'Not, like his great Conqueror, indisputably Doth Danube spring to life!'"

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the garden, it jumps, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The copiousness of the spring at Donau- chropes must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 277.
"The Stainbach" 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 300 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: 'While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and sat up—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description.'—See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

Page 259.
'Engelberg.'

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is perched at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Page 262.
'Though searching dams and many an emious lane Have marred this Work.'"

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs,—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Page 263.
'Of figures human and divine.'

The Statues ranged round the spire and aisles of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found by persons whose exclusive taste is unhonoured. It is true that the same expense a judiciously directed to purposes more spiritual, might have much brightened the scene of the building; for, seen from the ground, the pear diminutive. But the coup-de-grace, from the view, which is half way up the spire, must unprejudiced person with admiration; and selection and arrangement of the Figures is fitted to support the religion of the country in manners and feelings of the spectator. It was pleasure that I saw, during the two ascent made, several children, of different ages, tripped down the slender spire, and passing to them, with feelings much more animated than been derived from these or the finest works placed within easy reach.—Remember also have the Alps on one side, and on the other, with the plains of Lombardy between!

Page 265.
'Stil, with those white-robbed Shaper—to a living The glister pillars join in solemn pain.'

This Procession is a part of the sacraments performed once a month. In the valley of Bag had the good fortune to be present at the site of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day consisting of upwards of 1000 persons, ascents all the branches of the sequetted valley, less striking (notwithstanding the sublime rounding scenery); it wanted both the simple and the accompaniment of the Glacie, whose sitterly resemblance to the snowing Pira a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Page 256. Sonnet XXXV.
Near the town of Ronbegne, and overhanging are the remains of a tower which bears the Gallicus, who here terminated his western ex which their heads were the boasted spoil no great distance from these ruins, Bussigny upon a mound of earth, harangued his England," reminding them of the exploits of 10 pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which they were to float. He recommended also as to be raised among the Solldier on the in memory of the foundation of the the City of a Column—which was not completed at the time.

Page 264.
'Awkward majestic heeds of cattle, free To roam where.'

This is a most grateful sight for an English turning to his native land. Every where one the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated log accompaniment of animals ranging and their own food at will.

Page 268.
'Far as St. Maurice, you from easter Forte Les Forenaux, the point at which the two mountains part, that enclose the Valais, which notes at St. Maurice.'
Page 369.

• ye that occupy
our Council-seats beneath the open sky,
in Sarnen's Mount,"

one of the capitals of the Canton of Unter-
walden, alluded to is close to the town, 1
the Landenberg, from the ferry of that
easte, the ferry formerly stood there. On the 1st
1808, the great day which the consistory
of the guards were taken by force or
and the Tyrans themselves conducted, with
their arms, to the frontiers, after having witnes-
sed the act of their strong-holds. From that time
berg has been the place where the Legislature
ion of the Canton assembled. The site, which
ried by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in

Page 369.

tells me to pass over known Bridges—

pass of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the
at the passenger has, at the same time, the
male, and a view of the magnificent country,
as are attached to the railway; those from
afer, on the Cathedral bridge, amount, ac-
ny notes, to 210. Subjects from the Old Tes-
 the passenger as he goes towards the
those from the New as he returns. The
these bridges, as well as those in most other
etherland, are not to be spoken of as works of
ays are instruments admirably answering the
which they were designed.

Page 271.

Although his fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow'
ords were quoted to me from "Yarrow Un-
Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbot-
or two before his departure for Italy; and
of condition in which he was when he looked
from the Janiculum Mount, was reported to
by who had the honour of conducting him

Page 272.

His sepulchral vest.

English reader should be desirous of knowing
m justified in thus describing the epitaphs of
he will find translated specimens of them in
, under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegies"

Page 274.

Aquapendente.

be ungenerous not to advert to the religious
that, since the composition of these verses in
side itself felt, more or less strongly, through-
Church—a movement that, takes, for
inence, a devout deference to the voices of
ity. It is not my office to pass judgment
s of theological detail; but my own respec-
spirit and system of Romanism has been
ly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I
suspected of a leading that way, if I do not
gave charge, thrown out, perhaps in the best
way, against the learned and plausible men
us I allude. I speak apart from controversy;
strong faith in the moral temper which would
present by doing reverence to the past, it
a cheerful augury for the English Church
movement, as likely to restore among us a
tone of pieté more earnest and real, than that produced
by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in
a degree, which I cannot but lament, that mean temper
and judgment shall be controlled by those of

Page 274.

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw
from Monte Pincio, the Pine tree as described in the
souvenirs; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty
of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my
fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment,
that a priest had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beau-
mont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act
upon his known intention of cutting it down.

Page 277.

Camaldoli.

This famous sanctuary was the original establishment
of Saint Romualdo, (or Romuald, as our ancestors
saxonised the name) in the 11th century, the ground
(camp) being given by a Count Maido. The Camaldoli-
ens, however, have speckled a species of Bene-
dictines, and may therefore be classed among the
families of the monastic orders. The society comprehends
two orders, monks and brethren; each divided by their
arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The
monastery in which the monks here reside, is beautifully
situated, but a large unproductive edifice, not unlike a
factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder
region of the forest. It comprehends between 20 and 50
distinct residences, each including for its single hermit
an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apart-
ments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit
may quit his cell, and when old age arrives, he descends
from the mountain and takes his abode among the
monks.

My companion had in the year 1831, fallen in with the
monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him
his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I re-
ceived the following particulars. He was then about 40
years of age, but his appearance was that of an older
man. He had been a painter by profession, but on
taking orders changed his name from Santii to Raffaello,
perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the
great Sanzio di Urbino as to the archangel. He assured
my friend that he had been 13 years in the hermitage and
had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little re-
cess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of
books. "I read only," said be, "books of asceticism and
mystical theology." On being asked the names of the
most famous mystics, he enumerated Stefano, suo
Giovanni delle Croce, St. Domenico a Vaganzola (sup-
posing the work which bears his name to be really his),
and with peculiar emphasis Raimondo di San Vettore.
The works of Saint Theresia are also in high repute among
ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the con-
vent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaint-
ance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion.
The reader will perceive that these sonnets were sup-
pposed to be written when he was a young man.

Page 277.

What also had they the pale of Monks t

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom
strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to
notice, that I saw among them no other figures at all
resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described
in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive
which brought them to this place of mortification, which
they could not have approached without being carried in
NOTES.

this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.

Page 277.

*At Vallyombrosa.*

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallyombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poem from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in “Paradise Lost,” where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault of finders are themselves mistaken; the natural woods of the region of Vallyombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; but near the torrent there are, in fact, many pines; but they are avenues of trees planted within a few steps of each other, and thus comprising large tracts of wood, plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain to, and their ability to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.

Page 290.

*Move high the Dusky force, To hoof and finger waited!*—

Here and infra, see Forsyth.

Page 296.

*The Jailer’s Doubt.*

A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the “Ruins of Rome:”

“The rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;

and ends thus—

“The setting Sun displays
His visible great round, between you towers,
As through two shady cliffs.”

Mr. Crosse, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, “Levedon Hill,” is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

“To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.”

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years; the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added, upon occasion, to 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 proscribed, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, tried 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 further kept from encroaching upon any right I may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing avoidably the range of thought, and precluding the not without its advantages, many graces to which a 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 subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to it!—There is a sympathy in streams,—one calls another; and I would gladly believe, that “Brook” will, ere long, murmur in concert with “Dorinda.” But, asking pardon for this fancy, I do not scruple to say, that these verses must indeed be fated which can enter upon such pleasant walk in nature, without receiving and giving inspiration, power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through Pimmus amem sylvaque inglorius! of Virgil, does the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Beethoven, (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo “ Brook,”)

“The Muse use Poet ever found her
Till by blest friends she’s hurried
Adown some torted burn’s meander,
And na’ think lang.”

Page 296.

*There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness.*

The trembling sceptre showed her supplicies blest.

These two lines are in a great measure taken from “The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem,” by the Rev. Joseph Symson. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grassmere, and at Lake head school; his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the recitation of his “Vision of Alfred” is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Spies, he constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he is in the following illustrative simile:

—*Glancing from their plumes*—

A changeful light the azure vault illumes. Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn.

The streamy glories of the Boreal morn.

That waver ing to and fro their radiance shed
On Rothla’s gulf with glassy ice overspread.

Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,

On polished sandals o’er the imploasted tide,

And still the balance of his frame preserves,

Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curve,

Ses at a glance, above him and below.

Two rival heavens with equal splendour glist.

Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;

For all around with soft effulgence gleams.

Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray.

And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties were extravagant in mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmorland.

Page 289. Sonnets XVI. & XVII.

The Eagle requires a large domain for its support, but several pairs, not many years ago, were constant residents in this country, building their nests in the cave of Borrowdale, Wasdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. Th
bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the Passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail Raise, and of Hardknott and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The Roman Fort here alluded to, called by the country people "Hardhout Castle," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknott into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lycorn.—The *Brytheald 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 "Southard's Circle." The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets, (which together may be considered as a Poem among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen as a retreat for the mind,) will find in this place a true 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 Silver 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 vale; 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.'

*'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 amissous companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water.'—*Vide Green's *Guide to the Lakes*, vol. i. pp. 98—100.*

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Somersets, nor from its terminus; 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 River Kent, 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 footbridge is thrown over the bed of the moody brook foaming by the way-side. Rusty 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 interexpeted, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshines as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, occasioned rather a clump of turf, 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 ditch. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, has given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of experience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As its glistering in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from one chosen station, he would feel an Impatience to move among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging 'good-mornings' as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light glows 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 which 'heathing him. Rising from the plains 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 11th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite Beck 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 Tay Tarn; the one opposite is called *Walla-Warren Crag*, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The chaotic aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, 'What way had he been wandering?' replied, 'As far as it is finished.'

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, 'are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls,' (or rather waterbreaks, for none of them are high,) 'displayed in the short space of half a mile.' That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. 'The conclusion,' 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,) 'I was, however, not without alarm by the neighbouring shepherds.' But to return to Seathwaite Churchyard: it contains the following inscription—

1. In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 29th of June, 1802, in the 55th year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

2. Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 25th of January, in the 93rd year of her age.

In the parish-register of Seathwaite Chapel, is this notice:

'Buried, June 29th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity.'

This individual is the Pastor alluded to in the eighteenth Sonnet, as a worthy compatriot of the country parson of Chaucer, &c. In the seventh book of the *Excurion*, an abstract of his character is given, beginning—

'A Priest abides before whose life such doubts Fail 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 Beetham; 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 
Memor, 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 
tell his parents, that he was not likely to be 
able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that 
period few of these tales 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 
Lowerswater; 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 
any holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer 
of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,— 
the other, Southwaite, in his native vale. The value of 
each was the same, &c., five pounds per annum: but 
the cure of Southwaite 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 
helpmeet 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 
agreed to 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 1769, from which the following is 
extracted:—

To Mr.——

Sir, 

A Cokethwaite, July 26, 1754.

I write this 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 sort of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, 
trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a 
leather strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, 
and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with tin, to 
preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with 
a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, 
and the remainder of his children, were some of them 
employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in 
feasting and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great 
pro- 
ficient; 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 
so 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 
well in good order, as so say; and if he advances a 
little in the world, it is owing more to his own care, than 
anything else he has to rely upon. I don’t find his 
inclination is running after further pretensions. He is 
settled among the people, that are happy among them- 
selves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friend- 
ship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people 
are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and in 
the way how should they be dissatisfied when they have a 
person of so much worth and probity for their pastor! A man 
who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and 
virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and 
practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour 
to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the 
plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the 
simplicity of his doctrine, and the reverence of his ex- 
pression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice 
of primitive Christianity?

We shall now give his own account of himself, to be 
found in the same place.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

Sir,—Years of the 26th instant was communicated 
to me by Mr. C—— and I should have returned an 
immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then 
laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endur- 
ment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, who, 
the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; 
though we have yet eight little being, all healthful, 
hapful children, whose names and ages are as follows:— 
Saccus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, six- 
ten years and ten months; Mary, eleven years and 
months; Moses, twelve 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 
Anna, who died two years and six months ago, and was 
avged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died 
the 23rd Inst. January, aged six years and ten months. 
Saccus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of 
tailor, and has two years and a half of his aprentice 
ship to serve. The annual income of my chapel 
at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to 
about £17, of which is paid in cash, cts. £10. from the 
bounty of Queen Anne, and £16. from W. P., Esq. of 
—, out of the annual rents, he being heir of the 
manor, and £16. from the several inhabitants of —, 
settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house 
and gardens I value at £14. yearly, and not worth more; 
and I believe the surplus fees and voluntary contribu- 
tions, one year with another, may be worth £2; but 
the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very 
low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in from six 
shall suffice.

I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard 
to the conduct and behaviour of my apprentices, who not 
only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and views 
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 dissester of any denomination being 
amongst them all. I got to the value of £10. for my 
father’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 
necessities of life. By what I have written (which is I 
true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge), I 
will hope you will not think your favour to me, out of the 
late worthy Dr. Stradfords’s effects, quite misbehisted, 
for which I must ever gratefully own myself.

Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

——., R. W., Curate of —-

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 weighed, "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 the case here also; but now, having reconsidered, 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 curacy. But I should not lay 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 circumstances in me, all which occasions of supervision 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 lie, 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 1769, 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 which 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 esteem and affection had been made for him and his sons.

"May I presume, etc."

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 dean'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 estate and school with a numerous and stable, and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectation 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 as I have been able to perceive, is such as to come in the way of indulgence; and I hope his desirous of this preferment is from the same motive which prompted me to engage in the same kind of labour, exclaiming, for the benefit of evrebody else, the small wheel, at which he had sat, for the large..."
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 haycock, or a sleeve; 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 prayers. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house, were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remains nearly 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 moors 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. 250 candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and industry for the humblest uses, an frequent went upon secular concern to the more precious parts could the powers of intellect the displayed, in the midst of circumstances, and where, to the mind, so small a portion of time t his extraordinary man, things in were reconciled. His conversation only for being chaste and pure, which it was fervent and eloquent was correct, simple, and animat ions suffer more than his intellect alive to all the duties of his past and needy he never sent empty was fed and refreshed in passage —the sick were visited; and the found further exercise among the harrassments in the worldly estate, his talents for business x and the disinterestedness, which he maintained in the man confided to him, were virtuous sel own conscience from religious or such conduct fail to remind those spirit nobler than law or custom which, but for such intercourse, afforded, that, as in the practice was no puzzle, so in his faith them and we are warranted in belief occasions, selflessness, obedience, a give way before the breathings saltness integrity. It may be pre humble congregation were listened creta which he delivered to Christian exhortations that they h burnt as themselves, and for unto—that peculiar efficacy was labour by recollections in the mind that they were called upon to do actions were daily setting before t. The afternoon service in the c roundly attended than that of the n serious auditory; the lesson from those occasions, was accompaniments. These lessons he n emphasis, frequently drawing tear leaving a lasting impression upon devotional feelings and the powers farther exercised, along with th preserving the Scriptures; not only this, but an active teacher.
NOTES.

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair lie interred. The mounting brook, that runs close by the church-yard, without disturbing feeling or medita-
tion, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated in the shade of those 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 sur-
prise 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 Felindon, 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 grinding 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 doubt-
less excite reflections on the benefit of the teaching of the insignificent results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circum-
stances: had his life been extended at some periods of that de-
domination 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 destitute, 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 mainte-
nance of his virtues, he received due support from the part-
tner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attend-
ing 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, con-
cluded 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 grand-
daughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost supported in the loaf hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a beaver of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-esteemed, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Church-
man, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"
gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entreaties, persuasion, assent and instruction his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Southwark. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

* * * * *

"Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 80th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon me as the head of a horse-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker.*

He allowed no dissenters or methodists to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his care: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissent from any denomination whatever in the whole parish. Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had altered his head, and virtuous piety had recurred to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined to his hatred of apostate desert, could have listened to his discourses on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking, that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

* * * * *

"Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife's death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about 12 o'clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter's arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. "How clear the moon shines to-night!" He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave."

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater, where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memorials from its parish register, respecting a poor 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, 1768, 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 8th of May, 1771, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Y' said 5th of May, 1772, said Mr. Curwen was in the office, and saw my name registered there, acc. by the Providence of God, came by lot to this place.

Hoc testor H. Forest.

In another place he records, that the sycamores were planted in the church-yard in 1716. He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-two years, and is not supposed to have assisted Mr. H. Forest was the agent who assisted Robert Walker in his classical study at Loweswater.

To this register is prefixed a motto, of which following verses are a part:

"Invicta viri, tacito nam tempora gravis Diffinit, milisique some convertit ansons; Utrem est atque, cito pede preterit amas."—

Page 292.

"We feel that we are greater than we know."—

"And feel that I am happier than I know."—

HUME.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to classical readers.

Page 293.

"The White Doe of Rydstone."—

The Poem of the White Doe of Rydstone is based on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Relick, entitled, "The Rising of the North." The truth is as follows.—"About this time, not long after the rebellion, a White Doe," says the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly gratination from Rydstone over the Rolls of Bolton, and constantly found in the Abbey Church-yard doing duty for the service; after the close of which she returned home regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. W. A. B. HISTORY OF THE DEANERY OF CRaven.—Rydstone, the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; who led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whithaker in his续书, The History and Antiquities of the Deanship of Craven, "stands upon a beautiful curviture of the W, 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 most beds, which break out, instead of maintaining the usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some concealable process into undulating and spirally to the South all is soft and delicious; the eye is 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, exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the W. Whatever the most fictitious taste could require to exalt a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, quite with native elm, ash, &c. of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of jet rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward, are on the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of S帅气 seat and Garden Fell contrasted with the warmest, mostutility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley class, in
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either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood enclosing a woody island—sometimes it recesses for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous Stargy. This cleft, 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 Limn," which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it simply replies 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."

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"Action is bestow'd—" This and the five lines that follow were either read or recited by me, more than thirty years since, to the late Sir. Hazlitt, who quoted some expressions in them (imperfectly remembered) in a work of his published several years ago.

Page 295.

"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. Whittaker, "over the Trussop was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of halls at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."

Page 295.

"A Chapel, like a wild bird's nest." "The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution, for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the most English Cathedral."

Page 295.

"Who sate in the shade of the Friar's Oak!"

At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Friar's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 70l. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1600 feet of timber.

Page 296.

"When lady Albina mournd."

The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whittaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, "The Faire of Prayer."

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"Fare, pass who will, you chantrey door;" "At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church, is a chantrey belonging to Bethuness Hall, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Chalpam's (who inherited this estate, by the female line, from the Manukerers) "were interred upright." John de Chalgam, of whom this funeral act is recorded, was a man of great note in his time: he was a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Clifford's, seemed to survive."

Page 296.

"Who loved the Shepherd and Lord to meet!"

In this Volume of Poems, will be found one entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honour of his Ancestors." To that Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burns and Nicholson's History of Cumberland and Westmorland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whittaker, 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 sciences."

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, &c., 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 on 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 close of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well."

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmorland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire. With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whittaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them."

Page 296.

"Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Brougham look in sight and fear."

Branecoth Castle stands near the river Werr, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged
to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.

Page 301.

*Of unied Thurno—what a Host
He conquered.*

See the Histories for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard

Page 301.

*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 Tostor, then Prior of the abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporal-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the shalot when he used to say mass, and to put to the same holy relicke 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 Flower went 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 praying 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 Presence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy reliques. 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 Neville, and John Neville 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 circumstances—

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 Neville's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Neville, one of the most excellent and chiefe 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 corporal-cloth enclosed, &c., &c., 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 shewed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; that banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the Abbey, fell into the possession of Dean Whittingham, whose wife, called Katherine, being a French woman, (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.'—Ex-

Page 304.

*An effeet of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—*

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. W.—Norton Stone Fall yet exposes a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffordes, a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dowshe to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are strong, the 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 unserviceable.

Norton Tower was probably a sort of place house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, two large mounds, (two of them are nearly oval,) of no account can be given than that they were built by large companies of archers.

The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the use of a watch tower.'

Page 306.

*The spot and situation
Our Bayston's fair domain has been.*

After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estate were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till 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. From the French V., modern Laigre Vittium, for there are near the large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with top works, fish-ponds, and island, &c. The whole scene was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to degradations, before which time it appeares that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a far more like and sylvan scene. In this survey among the tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, but Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, was executed at Ripon.'

Page 310.

*In the deep fork of Amsdale.*

At the extremity of the parish of Bursland, the val of Wharf fortes off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfdale, to the source of rivet; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly Amisdale. Durnhod, which runs along an obscure valley from the N.W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment. Dr. Whithake.

Page 310.

*When the Bells of Baystone played.*

The Bells of Baystone, the highest of the bells of Baystone church, which was coeval with the building of the tower, is this cyril.'

'I. N.' for John Norton, and the motto, 'Gott uns alt.'
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Page 312.

'The praty rock-encirded Fould.' Which is thus described by Dr. Whitsaker:—'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, palling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

'From the Minsterky of the Scottish Border, it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, &c. were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire stockade in the wilders plains. On the autumn side of the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these several animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, a herd would follow.'

I cannot conclude without recommending, to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery, Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added has done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.

Page 313.

'Edesional Saints.'

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cheering influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Soutey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

BETAL MOUNT,
January 21, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanzas to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.

Page 312.

'Did he by Paul,' &c.

Stillington adds to many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Page 313.

'That Hill, whose fowry platform,' &c.

This hill st 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:—'Varis herbam floribus depictus inoquequisque vestitus, in quo nihil repeni et aridum, nihil praecep, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longa latiœo dolabrum in modum sequitur natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insitius sibi specie venustasiam jama obliti reddens, qui beat martyris cruor dicaciter.'

Page 314.

'Now thus the cause the panic-striving add
Of halldicdas.'

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.—See Bede.

Page 314.

'By men yet scarcely conscious of a care For other monuments than those of Earth,' &c.

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in quoting, 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 Wicelford and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than verify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Londondale.

Page 314.

Sonnet xii.

'Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked; they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmain 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 leveled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice.'—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Talisien was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bode gives of this remarkable event, says—
NOTES.

Page 321. Sonnet xvi.

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—'Longe statura, paulum incursus, nigro capillo, facile incendie, nause ascenso, pertult, versatilis simul et terribilis aspectus.'

Page 321. 'Man's life is like a Pyrrhos.'

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, exalted the King, when the Council was ended, shall first descant on the altars and the temples? I, 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 worshiped? I immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emana-rium); 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 pronounced the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, existing in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its ornaments. The place is shown where these idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormeston Geham, old pontifici slid, inscripto his vero, pulvis co destructae eae, quae ipsi superest ortae.' The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Page 321. 'Such the inviting voice Heard near fresh streams.'

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 illius religiosa habitus, ut ubiqueque clericus aliquis, ant monachus admirat, gaudenter ab omnibus tanganui Dei famulis exspectatur. Etiam si in litore pergus invenerint, neccorribant, et in loco servire, vel mare navigare, vel ore illius se benedicere, gaudentibus. Verbaque horum exhortatorium diligentia auditum praelabant. Lib. iii. cap. 25.

Page 324. 'The people weep like congregated bees.'

See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 232, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were remunerable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 324. 'Pain narrows not his nature.'

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 317. 'For to the Crown that doth the Chief obey.'

The violent measures carried on under the influence of Dunstan, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.

Page 321. 'Here Men more purely live,' &c.

'Romum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit puriss., serious, surgit velocius, incedit cantibus, quoscumque motus fulcres, pergatur clittus, promittatur eagle Bernard. 'This sentence,' says Dr. Whitaker, usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Christian house.'

Page 327. 'When Oldenfury pursuant with hiddene horb.'

The list of foul names bestowed upon these creatures is long and curious;—and, as is, also, natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are from circumstances into which they were forced by persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries one reproachful term, calling them Patriciae, or tur.hs, from put, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the by,and green oak are their covert; as the glums. Of night oft fails their enemy's design, She calls them Riders on the flying brown; Scurriers, whose frames and aspect have One and the same through practices malign.

Page 324. 'One (like those prophets whom God sent of old) Transfigurid,' &c.

'M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull his horse, and his other array, which to look upon not very simple: and being stripped into his shroud, seemed as comely a person to them that were present one should lightly see; and whereas his clothes he peared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) side man now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might behold. ' * * * Then they brought a frag: kindled with fire, and laid the same down at de Riele thy's feet. To whom M. Latimer spake in manner. 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and the man: we shall this day light such a candle to grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out. For's Act. 4c.'

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not one man. See note to the above passage in Dr. Ward's Ecclesiastical Biography, for an example in an hark Welsh fisherman.

Page 322. 'The gift cooling, and with playfull smile.'

'On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hook sit at his own table; which Mr. Hook boasted of much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother a friend; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bish gave him good counsel and his benediction, but for: give him money; which when the Bishop had consid: he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back.
nd at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, and, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which carried me many a mile, and I thank God with ease, and presently delivered into his hand a walk-off, with which he professed he had travelled in many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, not give, but lend you, my horse; be sure you be, and bring my horse back to me, at your return to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to our charges to Erexor; and here is ten groats more, I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg assistance of her prayers for me. And if you bring me back to me, I will give you ten groats more to you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, Richard.'—See Walton's Life of Richard Hooker.

Page 325.

—"craggitly locites" The overcrooding, permeates the mood.

omon device in religious and political conflicts, Strips in support of this instance.

Page 326.

'Land,' his age a word cannot be said in praise of Land, or in compassion for his fate, without incurring a sin of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I confit Hume, 'that it is sufficient for his vindication to prove that his errors were the most excusable of all which prevailed during that zealous period.' A key right understanding of those parts of his conduct wrought the most odium upon him in his own time, as found in the following passage of his speech the bar of the House of Peers—Ever since I in place, I have laboured nothing more than that ternal publick worship of God, so much slighted in parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and in as much decency and uniformity as might be, evidently saw that the public neglect of God's sermons was the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of places dedicated to that service, had almost cast upon the true and inward worship of God, which while in the body, need not external helps, and all little enough in any vigour.

Page 327.

"The Pilgrim Fathers," irsian episcopacy, in union with the church in
nd, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I take my acknowledgments to my American friends, for suggested to me the propriety of advertising it, stilled out the virtues and intellectual qualities of White, which so eminently fitted him for the great he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at 1th, Feb. 6, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been con-
cel in America, by himself. For his character and "see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon memoirization of him, by George Washington Doane, p of New Jersey."

Page 329.

"A period, eager And a refined vanity, being To the next mansion,' longing the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well said; that a serious establishment of endowments, corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned aseminently 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 precents of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from pru-
dence 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 personage-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 recol to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-
valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other; at a small distance; a cir-
cular 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 steep-
end of the church, the approach is single, small, low, monumental headstones, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful par-
sage, which is called forth a tribute, for which see the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part 3.

Page 328. Sonnet xliii.

This is still continued in many churches in Westmore-
land. It takes place in the month of July, when the
floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the 'Rush-bearing.'

Page 327.

'Teaching us to forget them or forgive.'

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyre's history of Cambridge.

Page 327.

—"had we, like them, endured Some stress of apprehension,"

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for; was called the 'Protestant wind.'

Page 328.

"Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed." The

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Page 324.

"Or like the Alpine Mount, that shows its name
From roseate hues," 44.

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.
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 comfort-
able 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 serv-
ility; but it is the Highlander it only seemed like polite-
ness (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 ac-
naccommodated 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, "T'will get
that," bringing each article separately. We capsized
our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange
atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts,
and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the
chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like
clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in
spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a queerer plea-
sure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters
gleaming between the clouds of smoke: we had been
crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till, where
the sunlight fell upon them, they had become as glossy
as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we
had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I
think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable
welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house re-
peated from time to time that we should often tell of this
night when we got to our houses, and interspersed praises
at his own lake, which he had more than once, when we
were out, observed to us, ventured to say was "com-
moner than Loch Lomond." Our companion from the
Glenorchy, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh draw-
ing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian
tour to John Wilson's house, was to sleep in the barn
next an underground cave or
nook or moist roof, and the ro
sit by some means or other;
more like those of mole-dug
the light of the fire fadded an
with child had crept into
of the room: I did not sleep:
fortable night; for my bed, the
clean: the unamnalsness of mn
from sleeping. I could hear th
shore of the lake; a little still
much louder noise, and, when
see the lake through an open
head. Add to this, it raised a
ried by remembrance of the Ti
were, than the vision of the Ill
not get out of my head; I the
Spenser, and what I had read i
and then what a feast it would
mine-maker could he but try
with all its beautiful colours!

Page 9.

Once on an open hill,
The following is from the ac
count of the visit to Bothwell C

It was exceedingly delightful
ly upon such a beautiful vo
nobly, overlooking the Clyde.
I was hurt to see that flower-b
the natural overgrowths of the
and wild plants. It is a large
stone, harmonizing perfectly w
from which, no doubt, it has b
acustomed to the summer;
garden, I could not help admir
heritance of some of the p
purple-flowered clematis, and
plant without flowers, which w
wall, along with the ivy, and s
so lavishly that it seemed to b
and one could not help thinki
planted among the ruins of th
where have its native abode in:
Castle had not been close to t
should have been disputed wi
able conception of adorning;
but it is so very near to the bo
pleasure-grounds must have a
perhaps the neatness of a shan
great 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, and the old remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruins 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 semi-circular, 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 ears. It blends, and merges in 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 chieftain of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he need only 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 whatsoever 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. Those 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 passages are connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, has probably increased. I have previously heard of nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, coming from nowhere else, than others might feel.——*MS. Journal.*

Page 541.

*Hart's-born Tree.*

*In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1295 or 1304, Edward Balliol king of Scotland came into Westmorland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pemberton. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whitchell Park to Redrick, 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 gresse,  
And Hart a gresse kill'd Hercules.*

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-born Tree. The wood covereth the land over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place.——*Nicholson and Burn's History of Westmoreland.*

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the 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 Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maythorpe; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Eden; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, &c. &c.

Page 545.

*Pangs of my shoulders seem to play.*

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.

Page 546.

*But if thou, like Coopeys,* &c.

Many years ago, when I was at Great Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in stonemasonry, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the drawbridge, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitar has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, "to great," 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 great, 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 quit the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Great, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stumps which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Bouthey in his Colloquies, "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind:—"  
*ambiguo lapsu refutisque fuitque,  
Occurrenque silv venturas ascipit undas.*

Page 549.

*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 550.

*Mary Queen of Scots landing at Wrothington.*

*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 Wrothington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Wrothington 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 550.

St. Beos' Head, anciently called the Cliff of Barrow, 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
NOTES.

is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees: a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Beig, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 630, 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 Meschines, son of Ralph, and brother of Ralph de Meschines, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of St. Peter and Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in these Stanzas; and another of a somewhat holier and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate University of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the sons of the nobility of Westmoreland have derived great benefits; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Angier, 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 stanzas in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously; but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.

Page 350.

"Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred lies?"

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passion times, and a grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the soul of the deceased; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-houses, would be daily witnesses of those benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; since some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalising sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices and respective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: they were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than selfish and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, present time.

Page 352.

"And they are led by noble Hillary."

The Tower of BOSGEO, an ornament to the hill, was erected to glorify through the humanity and skill of William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the present establishment, at that place; by which, superstition and, often by his exertions at great hazard of his own life, many seamen and divers have been saved.

Page 353.

"By a retired Minster."

This unrealizing sonnet is by a gentleman connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so in place, that both the writer and the reader may see its appearance here.

Page 353.

"Of with you, brother, old schoolfell?"

The summit of this mountain is well chosen as the scene of the "Vision," in which the scenery discourses with him concerning the governor of Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the famous hill in the Island Mena, which has it of three great, and not long since most happy. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called and represented of all the signs and all the signs which had overwhelmed them these twenty years not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the way in which they work, now make those which led to the disasters and writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that blunder may not become still more striking as the years advance!"

Page 354.

"On revisiting Dunlop Castle."

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Page 355.

"Crown of Sages."

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "I this and the two following sonnets to be writ the dissatisfaction expressed in the proceeding sonnet, at the risk of incurring the reasonable disapprobation of the master of the steam-boat; I returned to and explored it under circumstances more favorable, those imaginative impressions which it is so fully fitted to make upon the mind."

Page 355.

"Hope sailed when your activity was on."

Children of summer!

Upon the head of the columns which form the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic which was richly decorated with that lark flower, the oated daisy. I had noticed the same growing with profusion among the bold rocky western coast of the Isle of Man; making a contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

Page 356.

"Ems!"

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted a well-known sonnet of Rutherford, as continuing it better than any words of my own could do.
NOTES.

Page 357.

'Yet fetched from Paradise!'

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moreby, 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 Ernott, a principle feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea—eau, French—aqua, Latin.

Page 377.

'Canal, and Vindict, and Railways, till?'

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 357.

'A weight of the set way to be borne!'

The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came upon it by surprise, I might over-rate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relics of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 358.

'To the Earl of Lonsdale.'

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

Page 377.

'Descending to the worm in charity: And I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Dryden's valuable works.

Page 358.

'All change is mortal, and all chance unseasonable.'

SPENCE.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

Page 357.

'Men of the Western World.'

These lines were written several years ago when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

Page 401.

'The Horn of Epfentam Castle.'

This story is a Cumberland tradition. I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Heddon's, in a sequestered valley upon the river Daser.

Page 406.

'The Tatarian Fugitive.'

Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady of the house's own mouth. The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.

Page 427.

'The Farmer of Tithbury Vale.'

With this picture, which was taken from real life, compare the imaginative one of 'The Reveries of Poor Susan,' p. 140; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) 'The Excursion,' passim.

Page 430.

'Most Innocent (Silene odorata).'

This most beautiful plant is scarce in England, though it is found in great abundance upon the mountains of Scotland. The first specimen I ever saw of it, to its native bed, was singularly fine, the tuft or cluskin being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionally thick. I have only met with it in two places among our mountains, in both of which I have since sought for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I caution them against carrying off, inconsiderately, rare and beautiful plants. This has often been done, particularly from Ingleborough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till the species have totally disappeared, to the great regret of lovers of nature living near the places where they grew.

Page 448.

'From the most grateful creature warred in fields.'

This way of indicating the name of my lamented friend has been found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epigrams. One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending—

'No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!'
At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have taken the liberty 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 some testimony how far a Character, employed for purposes of imagination, is founded upon general fact. I, therefore, submit an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a clause of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait.

We learn from Casanova and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms, or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much, more towards civilising the Indian natives, than all the missionaries, pagan 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 accuracy of judgment. Ready to pay homage to an occasion recommended to themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their perceptions 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, cast off, 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 their home parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute so much to polish the roughness, and soften the rusticity of our back-country. It is not more than twenty or thirty years since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to carry the pack, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence, in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his accoutrements to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes. *


Since this paragraph was composed, I have read with so much pleasure, in Burnet's Theory of the Earth, a passage expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it.

* Sigurd von Natura nobis ducti spectaculorum, in ille tellure, veré gratum, et philosophum dignum, id semel mihi contingisse arbitror; cini ex celerrimi rupe spectabilibus ad uram maris Mediterranei, hinc aequor curulis, illinc traduce Alpinos prospecto; nihil quadrans magis dispar aut dissimilis, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego facili pretiuln Romanis cunctis, Graecis; atque id quod natura spectabulorum exhibet, sceiosis ludis exornat, non amplissimari certaminibus. Nihil hic elegans aut vo-


In singulis foro mundi erat aliquis insanis stimulato, sed proceres mihi placabat illis, qui acerbus rupea; erat maxima et abassioa, et qui terram requeri belli, mollerius necessitatem simul dissimilii qui vera mare, herodimsem pecus, et quid ad per dichum facta, instar parietis. Fraternae facies, marina adeo erat levis at uniformis (quod in regni amplius observato leot) scel saeclae habuit ad fossa, in lito pleno; vel terrae morte aliqui, similinis, divulsa.

Ima pars ipsius erat cura, recognoscatur habitu, et urbus aures, timentes in vacuo secentem; sive quaece profetin facta, sive acerbus maris, et uniarum celeribus istuc: hos enim cum impetu ruzent et fragore, ambiantia morte fluctus: quibus iterum spumantibus reddidit annum, quasi ad inferos venturus. Dextrum latum montes erat praeexplum, aspero saelo in caelo; saeclum non adeo neglegers, Semita boribus usque ornatum: et prope pedem potius quam limpidum aqua proutqu o: eum vicinam Fallon fieri versus, lentum motum, et per varios manum, quæ ad propeclamnam vim, in magnum maris absorbus set perisset. Demique in summum vertice prumonturi, cumeminent saxum, ehi hoelidem contemplandum. Vincula augusta, cruce digna, magna rupea, semper memoranda. *

* Tertullia Theoriae sacrae, ad equum secentum.

Page 556.

* 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 tends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is nice scopic; It is formed of mist, and he surrendereth a genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it better. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren an inhuman preciosity; while his mental becomes partially obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: who is placed in the sphere of nature and of God, may be a rock at Tattersall's and Brookes, and a meer St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive: the first Plans that crossed him. But when he walk along the river of Amazonas; when he rests his eyes on the unvalled Andes; when he measures the long as watered savannah; or contemplates, from a sudden peak, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding our ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each page of this stream—his elevation is not less than his partial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: his tension of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment for he says, 'These were made by a good being, the unsearched by the unsearched. He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in his self: from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, out arts and astrology, and acts: for he knows, as in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, not therefore he scorns.'—From the notes upon The Harrow, a Poem, by William Cowper, Esquire.
NOTES.

Page 565.
"The, by comparison, an easy task
Eath to deplore," etc.
See, upon this subject, Baxter’s most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth’s Ecclesiastical Biography.

Page 566.
"Also! the endowment of Immortal Power,
Is matched unequally with custom, time," etc.
This subject is treated at length in the Odes—Initiations of Immortality, page 441.

Page 560.
"Knowing the heart of Man is set to be, etc.
The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in Italics, are by him translated from Seneca. The whole Poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas from it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise Man’s mind in a time of public commotion.

Nay is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrant’s threats, or with the early 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 troubles 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 theron not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th’ Inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: His looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impety.

Thus, Lady, fare thee that man 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 578.
"Or rather, as we stand on holy ground
And have the dead around us:"

Lea. You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves, with all the care
Priest. For eight-score winters past,
With what I’ve witnessed, and what I’ve heard,
Perhaps I might: — — — —
By turning o’er these hillocks one by one,

We two could travel, Sir, through a strange
round;
Yet all in the broad highway of the world.

See the Brothers.

Page 580.
"And suffering Nature grieved that one should die:"
Southey’s Retrospect.

Page 580.
"And whose toil for that work whereon these regards?"
The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in the following Essay upon Epitaphs, which was furnished by me for Mr. Coleridge’s periodical work, the Friend; and as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades this and the two succeeding books, the sympathizing reader will not be displeased to see the Essay here annexed.

ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS.

In needs scarcely be said, that an Epitaph preassumes 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 is 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 say,’ 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 fowle; some absolute courtiers, as Macrosmus, who was wont to say, Non tumulum curio; sepulchre naturae recepto.

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 their 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 Discourses 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 Thibar 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 become 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 this the principle of love which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of reason which exists in Man alone; will the conjunction of these two accounts for the desire? Doubless it is a necessary consequence of this conjunction; yet not I think as a direct result, but only to be come at
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 unsatisfying 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 the early, obstinate, and unapproachable insinuiness of children upon the subject of origination? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of these 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 unseen, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the endless. 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 source 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 revolution saddens, and has

Simonides, it is related, upon country, found the corpse of an Italian by the roadside, and the crustless and cold buns on the ledge of the关乎的衣服; by the mouth of that in the food of the Stygian shore by the Stygian shore, buns and bread of the Siyer was incapable of the lofty sage to which that other sage gave way, his soul was intent only upon the nearer, on the other hand, that he, in his human body was of no more val

shelves from which the living found not, in a different mood of mind, those earthly considerations of the philosopher Poet to the performand. And with regard to this latter we if he had been destitute of the one with the more exalted thoughts of nature, he would have cared no the stranger for than for the dead box which might have been cast up, respecting the corporeal frame of Man, it is the habitation of a rational Soul. Each of these Sages was best feelings of our nature; feelings seem opposite to each other, have connection that of that contrariety formed through the subtle props the natural and the moral world sibly into their contrarieties, and the other. As, in sailing upon the voyage towards the regions where gradually to the quarter where tomed to behold itself come forth at length, a voyage towards the our imagination of the morning quarter where the sun is last seen in the eye, so the contemplation of direction of mortality, advances a lasting life; and, in like manner, explore those cheerful tracts, till for her advantage and benefit, to things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, thoughts and feelings of the two, represented in contrast, does the
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 there, 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. 

Wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven 
Lay on the hard grasses around, what time 
The pale moon gazed upon the tawny mounds, 
Tensive, as though like me, in lonely muse, 
'I was brooding on the dead inundated beneath. 
There while with him, the holy man of Us, 
O'er human destiny I sympathised, 
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 lrove, 
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer 
The Patriarchs mourning o'er a world destroyed; 
And I would bless her visit; for to me 
'Tis sweet to trace the connonage that links 
As one, the works of Nature and the word 
Of God.'——

JOHN EDWARDS.

A village church-yard, 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, and the twilights attending the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spend their last remaining springs, 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 epistle naturally turns, still more than among the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon deep-seated sorrow and admiration upon religion, individual and social—upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffers, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contain nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entails an epistle 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 beholds a wife; a parent behooves a sigh of disappointment hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inscrutes 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 adoration to the living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand church-yards; and it does not often happen that anything, in a greater degree discriminative or appropriate to the dead or to the living, is to be found in them. This want of discriminative has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his Essay upon the epistle of Hope, to two causes: first, the meanness of the objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want
factory 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 excellencies be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellencies 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 dissect the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire through the influence of commune love and beauty succeeds. Bring a tombstone on which shall be inscribed adversary, composed in the spirit mended. Would be turn from it No,—the thoughtful look, the involuntary tear, would testify a generous, and good meaning; an mind had remained an impress abstract of the character of the & grace were remembered in & they ought to be remembered. quality of the mind of a virtuous the side of the grave where his ought to appear, and be felt a between what he was on earth & living frailties, and what he may l Spirit in heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the branches of the worth of the decead affectedly represented. Any further scrupulously pursued, especially laborious and antithetical discriminations, frustrate its own purpose; forcing to this conclusion,—either that the merits ascribed to him, or that a monument to his memory, and supposed to have been closely conned capable of prevailing those merit the act of composition had lost its understanding having been so busi, hence could the heart of the cold & and in either of these cases on the part of the buried person memorial is unsatisfying and profit.

Much better is it to fall short of it to pursue it too far, or to labour I no place are we so much disposed points, of nature and condition, resemble each other, as in the tempreness, weakness, exaltation, the wild and the low. We suffer a same heart; we love and are as one spirit; our hopes look to the virtue by which we are all to l portal, as patience, meekness, g perance, and temperate desires, a
admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the general ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public men, in all instances save of those persons who by the greatness of their services in the employments of peace or war, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in art, literature, or science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenour of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the actions of a man, or even some one conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to later posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches, in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualise them. This is already done by their works, in the memories of men. Their named names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration, may conclude the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue,—or a declaration touching their public services, if such be the case;—or a epitaphs of a public character;—these are the only tribute which can here be paid,—the only offering that upon such an altar would be not unworthy.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones?
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that high roll should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid!
Blessed 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 dwellin monument.
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

And spires whose silent finger points to Heavens.''

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in that country with spire-astolees, 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.


That Sycomore, which annually bears Within its shade as in a stately tent.'

'This Sycomore of musical with Bees;
Such Texts the Patriarchs loved.'

S. T. Coleridge.
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,' &c.

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect, with gratitude, the pleasing picture, which, in his Poem of the Pheas, the excellent and amiable_by given the influences of manufacturing industry up 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 beneficent effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.

*Finding herself by Statute.*

The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facility for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to measure the benefit which might accrue to humanity by the universal application of this simple engine under enlightened and conscientious government.
APPENDIX, PREFACES, etc. etc.

Much the greatest part of the foregoing Poems has been so long before the Public that no prefatory matter, explanatory of any portion of them, or of the arrangement which has been adopted, appears to be required; and had it not been for the observations contained in those Prefaces upon the principles of Poetry in general they would not have been reprinted even as an Appendix in this Edition.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FOREGOING POEMS, PUBLISHED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS."

[Note.—In succeeding Editions, when the Collection was much enlarged and diversified, this Preface was transferred to the end of the Volumes as having little of a special application to their contents.]

The first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realised, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality, and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of reasoning him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be something like impro-
This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher; and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author, in the present day makes to his reader: but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the reader will not censure me for attempting to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonourable accusations which can be brought against an Author; namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language sequently, may be more and more forcibly commen-
tantly feelings; and, from mners of rural life gen-ture, are more durable; and along with the beautiful and per-
The language, too, of these (purified indeed from what defects, from all lasting dislike or disgust) because municate with the best obje- part of language is originally from their rank in society narrow circle of their interest the influence of social van feelings and notions in all expressions. Accordingly, out of repeated experience a more permanent, and a language, than that which is for it by Poets, who think to honour upon themselves and as they separate themselves of men, and indulge in ar habits of expression, in our fickle tastes, and fickle as creation *.

I cannot, however, be insen
tory against the triviality thought and language, which temporaries have occasional metrical compositions; and this defect, where it exists, to the Writer's own charac- or arbitrary innovat contend at the same time
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... distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy purpose. That I always began to write with a distinct view, formally conceived; but habits of mediocrity have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my ups, that my descriptions of such objects as ugly excite those feelings, will be found to carry with them a purpose. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous flow of powerful feelings: and though this be Poems to which any value can be attached never produced on any variety of subjects by a man who, being possessed of more than organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are fled and directed by our thoughts, which are the representatives of all our past feelings; as by contemplating the relation of these social representatives to each other, we discover is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, to be originally possessed of much sensibility, habits of mind will be produced, that, by being blindly and mechanically the impulses of habits, we shall describe objects, and utterments, of such a nature, and in such connection each other, that the understanding of the other must necessarily be in some degree enmeshed, and his affections strengthened and directed.

has been said that each of these poems has a sense. Another circumstance must be mentioned distinguishing these Poems from the popular it is, that the feeling there developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the style. The sense of false modesty shall not prevent me asserting, that the Reader’s attention is called to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general instance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of excitement without the application of gross and brutal stimulants; and he must have a very faint notion of its beauty and dignity who does not this, and who does not further know, that being is elevated above another, in proportion to the possession of this capability. It has therefore been urged to me, that to endeavour to produce or give this capability is one of the best services in 1, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantick novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and delusions of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavour made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success. Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aims of these Poems, I shall request the Reader’s permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their style. In order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. My purpose was to limitate and, as far as is possible, to adopt the ordinary and language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood,
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persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prove a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject; consequently, there is I hope in these Poems little false school of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these proverbs, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exalt over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The

truth of this assertion might be demonstrated innumerable passages from almost all writings, even of Milton himself. To a subject in a general manner, I will bring a short composition of Gray, who was at least as skilful as those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation between Metrical composition, and was more other man curiously elaborate in the

of his own poetic diction.

* In vain to me the smiling mornings shine
And reddening Thoebus lifts his golden wing:
The birds in vain their amorous descents
Or cheerful fields resume their green;
Those ears, alas! for other notes require;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish makes no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys are
Yet morning smiles the busy race to o'er,
And new-born pleasure brings to pass;
The fields to all their wonted tribute rise,
To warm their little loves the birds ensong
I fructus taurum to him that cannot discern
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived, that the

of these lines does in no respect differ from

prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shewn that the language of Prose may be adapted to Poetry; and it was previously shewn that a large portion of the language of good poem can in no respect differ from good Prose. We will go further. Safely affirmed, that there neither is, any essential difference between the

prose and metrical composition. We of tracing the resemblance between Painting, and, accordingly, we call the languages but where shall we find bonds of sufficiently strict to typify the affinities, between metrical and prose composition? I speak by and to the same organs; in which both of them are clothed to be of the same substance, their affinities are kindred, and almost identical, not differing even in degree; Poetry + she

* I here use the word 'Poetry' (though not judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and with metrical composition. But much confusion is introduced into criticism by this contrast Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philos
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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 overtops what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have! Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures, I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded, that, whatever be the language outwardly held by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure, and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him?—He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than any thing which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves:—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him, must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions,
language as our reason will rarely modify only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellencies of another kind for those which are unsatisfactory 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 Frontisac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most

Nor let this necessity of pleasure be considered as a Poet's art. It is far otherwise with the judgment of the beauty of the object, it is a task light at the world in the spirit of man, to the grand element of pleasure, by which he knows, and moves. We have no sympathy propagated by pleasure: I would; but wherever we sympathy will be found that the sympathy is carried on by subtle combinations. We have no knowledge, that

We have no knowledge, that  

ciples drawn from the contemplation of facts, but what has been built up by pleasure science, the Chemist and the Mathematician. We find, he believes, that Poems are connected, he finds the Poet. What then does he considers man and the objects as acting and re-acting upon one another, producing an infinite complexity of the objects of our own ordinary life as contemplating quantity of immediate knowledge.
To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge: it is the impassioned expression of which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, ‘that he looks before and after.’ He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love. In spite of differences of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs: in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet’s thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying
Now, 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 satisfaction, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called poetick diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprice 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 concurrence of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to very small part of the ple depends upon the metre, as to write in metre, unless the other artificial distinctions metre is usually accompanied deviation, more will be lost if thereby be given to the Re.

will be counterbalanced by can derive from the general answer to those who still in of accompanying metre w colours of style in order to its appropriate end, and we greatly under-rate the pow might, perhaps, as far as we have been almost sufficient are extant, written upon me in a still more naked and a continued to give pleasant generation. Now, if naked defect, the fact here ment presumption that poems so simple are capable of aff present day; and, what I w at present, was to justify my under the impression of this

But various causes might when the style is manly, an importance, words metrica continue to impart such a he who proves the extent o desirous to impart. The exc excitation in co-exc balance of pleasure; but, excitement is an unusual t the mind; ideas and feeling succeed each other in accu words, however, by which t
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 tempers and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passions. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope, if the following Poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-perusal of the distressful parts of Clarissa Harlowe, or the Gambler; while Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement. On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of metre, and to show that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance 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 circumference of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compo-
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sitions, the case and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that it is necessary to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, that few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason any few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must sometimes be particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may sometimes have been unprincipled upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from thosc arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the critic ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fakeness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and above all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the Reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a no of false criticism which has been applied to Poet in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumph over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson’s stanza a fair specimen:—

1 I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand.

Immediately under these lines let us place a piece of the most justly-admired stanza of the “Bacchus and Diotima.”

1 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 unimpassioned conversation. There are words 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 fine parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this was false cause; it is neither interesting in itself, nor of lead to anything interesting; the images might originate in that same state of feeling which arise out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble you self about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of
will appear mean or licentious! This mode
so destructive of all sound unadulterated,
, is almost universal: let the Reader then
dependently, by his own feelings, and, if
imself affected, let him not suffer such
to interfere with his pleasure.
author, by any single composition, has im-
arch with respect to his talents, it is useful
or this as affording a presumption, that
occasions where we have been displeased,
se, may not have written ill or
Further, to give him so much credit
composition as may induce us to re-
t that has displeased us, with more care than
otherwise have bestowed upon it. This
an act of justice, but, in our decisions
try especially, may conclude, in a high
the improvement of our own taste: for an
ate in poetry, and in all the other arts;
hns Reynolds has observed, is an acquired
ich can only be produced by thought and
ined intercourse with the best models
sition. This is mentioned, not with so
a purpose as to prevent the most inex-
Reader from judging for himself, (I
ady said that I wish him to judge
It;) but merely to temper the rashness
r, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a
which much time has not been bestowed,
ent may be erroneous; and that, in
, it necessarily will be so.
; would, I know, have so effectually con-
to further the end which I have in view,
, shown of what kind the pleasure is, and
pleasure is produced, which is confessedly
by metrical composition essentially dif-
that which I have here endeavoured
end: for the Reader will say that he
lected by such composition; and what
be done for him! The power of any
ited; and he will suspect, that, if it be
to furnish him with new friends, that
can be only upon condition of his abandoning his
old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader
is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has
received from such composition, composition to
which he has peculiarly attached the endearing
name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual
gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry,
for the objects which have long continued to please
them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be
pleased in that particular way in which we have
been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these
feelings enough to resist a host of arguments;
and I should be the less able to combat them
successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order
tirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recom-
mending, it would be necessary to give up much
of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my
limits have permitted me to point out how this
pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have
been removed, and the Reader assisted in per-
cieving that the powers of language are not so
limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible
for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer,
more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This
part of the subject has not been altogether neglected,
but it has not been so much my present aim to
prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds
of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler
powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for pre-
suming, that if my purpose were fulfilled, a species
of poetry would be produced, which is genuine
poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest man-
kind 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 per-
cieve the object which I had in view: he will
determine how far it has been attained; and, what
is a much more important question, whether it be
worth attaining: and upon the decision of these
two questions will rest my claim to the approba-
tion of the Public.
APPENDIX.

See page 656— by what is usually called Poetic Diction.

Perhaps, as I have no right to expect that attentive perusal, without which, confined, as I have been, to the narrow limits of a preface, my meaning cannot be thoroughly understood, I am anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which the phrase poetic diction has been used; and for this purpose, a few words shall here be added, concerning the origin and characteristics of the phraseology, which I have condemned under that name.

The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, Poets, and Men ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without being animated by the same passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and thoughts with which they had no natural connection whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real language of men in any situation. The Reader or Hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind: when affected by the genuine language of passion he had been in a perturbed and unusual state of mind also: in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false; the one served as a passport for the other. The emotion was in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same, or similar causes. Besides, the Poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with admiration; and Poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the genuine figurative language of passion, yet altogether their own invention, and characterised by various grosses 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 spelt by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the event 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 ever superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard the poems of those earlier 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 false 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, spoke a language which, though unusual, was still a natural language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of modes of expression which they themselves had invented, and which were retained only by themselves. In process of time metre became a symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of this true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his composition, and the true and the false were inseparably interwoven until, the taste of men becoming gradually perverted, this language was received as a natural language: and at length, by the is
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? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.' Proverbs, chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is from Cowper's Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk:

'Religion! what treasure untold
Receiv'd 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 knoll,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.
Ye winds, that have made me your sport
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I must visit no more.
My Friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.'

This passage is quoted as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed; some critics would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be his prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet 'church-going' applied to a bell, and that by so coarse 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 'Never sighed at the sound,' &c., 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, and which has been my chief
ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE.

Writ 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 cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a species of luxurious amusement. In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the 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 obligation prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the under-
APPENDIX, PREFACES, &c.

this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem fall in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burden of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. In it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony! It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can serve (i. e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive, that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to over-rate the Authors by whom those truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they 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 burthen upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite Being accommo-
two extremes of bent and we

The observations press series are of too ungracious made without reluctance; this account, I would invite by the test of comprehensive number of judges who can upon be in reality so small, partial notice only, or neglect, or attention wholly merits—must have been the the higher departments of the other hand, numerous p into popularity, and have scarcely a trace behind th found, that when Authors at themselves into general add their ground, errors and pre concerning their genius and few who are conscious of that would deplore; if they were perceiving that there are a it is ordained that their world an existence like it owes its being to the strug vigour to the enemies whom conscious quality, ever doomed to and still triumphing over it, of its dominion, incapable of the sad conclusion of Alexander there were no more worlds.

Let us take a hasty retro literature of this Country for the last two centuries, and these inferences.

Who is there that now of Dibartas! Yet all En with his praise; he was cen
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, need 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. 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 Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare, 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 Shakspeare and Dryden were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius, is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made but little impression upon the ruling Intellecits 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 Shakespeare's. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abstained nothing of their aversion to this drama of our Nation: 'the English, with their bouffon de Shakspeare,' is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Bacon Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre; an advantage which the Parisian critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakspeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet: for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion, that Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare expresses his own feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that Volume, the Sonnets; though in no part of the writings of this Poet is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the

beams date 1635), writing to refute the error 'touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay,' cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Barret, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakespeare.

* The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book
several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that Pope in his youth could borrow from them without risk of its being known. Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated, I will not undertake to decide: nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of readers to suppose the contrary; seeing that a man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate; and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces. At all events, it is certain that these Poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised; yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication; and of the Sonnets, Dr. Johnson, as appears from Boswell's Life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Steevens wrote upon those of Shakespeare.

About the time when the Pindaric odes of Cowley and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr. Johnson has strangely styled metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the Paradise Lost made its appearance. 'Tis audience find though few,' was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked; this I believe to be true; but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of they would be proud of praise number of purchasers, para also those who wished to prove religious work, and but few who sought for it on account. The demand did not immediately says Dr. Johnson, 'many more persons in the habit of reading were supplied at first the Nation careless must a writer be what supposition in the face of so many cases! If we believe it! Turning to my own study of the folio of Cowley, seventh edition, nearly it is Flatman's Poems, Waller, fifth edition, same; Norris of Bemerton not long through nine editions. Whence there might be for these works, but I will remember, that, to the booksellers' stalls in London, the folio of Cowley. This disparagement of the able man; but merely to show—these were not more read, it was did not exist at the time. That the Paradise Lost were printed allowed them to be sold at three-thousand copies of the eleven years; and the Nation had been satisfied from 1640 forty-one years, with only Works of Shakespeare; which together make one-thousand copies by the critic to prove the 'par
neous. — 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 their 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 a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own country those whom he deems most worthy of his son’s perusal, particularizes 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 hoping in their cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of those arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confined 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 Elegies with boyish inexperience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a belief that

Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues which their author intended to be burlesque. The instigator of the work, and his admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detectable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded. The Pastoral, ludicrous to such as prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations.

Something less than sixty years after the publication of the Paradise Lost appeared Thomson’s Winter; which was speedily followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? ‘It was no sooner read,’ says one of his contemporary biographers, ‘than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for any thing in poetry, beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis vividly 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 any thing 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 overflownings 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 noctur-
nal Reverie of Lady Winchilsea, and a passage or
two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of
the period intervening between the publication of
the Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not con-
tain 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 amid us, 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; these
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,—may, there is not a passage of descrip-
tive 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 thou-
sands, 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 habitu-
ally think that the visible universe was of so little
consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely neces-
sary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be
assured that these passages of the elder poets
which faithfully and poetically describe the phy-
omena of nature, were not at that time held in
much estimation, and that there was little accurate
attention paid to those appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance;
and as the soil was in such good condition at the
time of the publication of the Seasons, the crop
was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor
nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they
enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an in-
spired 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 pro-
licity 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 was
in fact has 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
oraments are exactly of that kind which would
be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He
likewise abounds with sentimental common-place
that, from the manner in which they were brought
forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In my
well-used copy of the Seasons the book generally
opens of itself with the rhapsoody 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 rec-
commending the author to general notice. Pope
repeving praises which he had received, and wish-
ing 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 imagi-
native 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 forth his
regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pro-
nounces a poetical curse upon him who should
regard with insensibility the place where the
Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of
the mourners himself have now passed through

* 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 passage
which Warton points out for admiration; these, with
other improvements, throughout the whole work, must
have been added at a later period.
immemerable 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 repel to the bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales, that appeared not long after its publication; and had been modelled, as the authors persuaded themselves, after the old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill suited to the then existing taste of city society; and Dr. Johnson, "mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their illimitated models sank, in this country, into temporary neglect; while Bürger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating, or imitating those Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Canline 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 gloomy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact1 with regret.

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1 Shakspeare, in his Schoolmaster, gives a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (see D'Israeli's 2d Series of the Curiosities of Literature) the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions, the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in 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 days was gone, and night was come,
And all were far asleep,
All save the Lady Emanuel,
Who sat in her bowers to weep:

And soon she heard her true Love's voice
Low whispering at the walls,
Awake, awake, my dear Lady,
Tell I thy true-love call.

Which is thus tricked out and diluted:

Als nun die Nacht Geborgen' und Thal
Vermamm't in Rabenschatten,
Und Hochburg's Lampen überall
Schen ausgerhimmel hatt'en,
Und alles tief entschlief was;
Doch nur das Fräuleinimmerdar,
Voll Pieleranz, noch wache,
Und einem Ritter dachte:
Da hörte Bin wasser Liebesflote
Kam lies' enemig geflogen.
"No, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Priauf auf! Dich angemessen!"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.

All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Osman! 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 beggary 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 Ulrin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trecs shake seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.
their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds. From a pocket-book of the blind Oslian:

If it be unbecoming, I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a long 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 Oslian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I know that the imagery was spurious. In nature every thing is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson’s work, it is exactly the reverse; every thing (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, denuded, — 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 censures which Macpherson defied; when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car-borne heroes; — of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface. — Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the direction of this pretended translation is a medley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his *oinda* and his *lude.‘ and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a conscious plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Gallican; in which case the modern translator who have been but giving back to Oslian his own is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who once censured Milton for having surrounded Satan in infernal regions with courty and regal splendour should pronounce the modern Oslian to be a glory of Scotland — a country that has produced Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns. These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic distribution of him who has given them to the world. Yet, much as these pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly unprofitable upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding writer appears to have caught them from a ray of inspiration; no author in the least distinguished, has ventured form to imitate them — except the boy, Chatterton, in their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics are able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he has himself to the work of filling a magazine with *Saxon Poems*—counterparts of those of Oslian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This inexplicitness to amalgamate with the literature of the Island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; and it should I require any other to demonstrate it should he a forgery, anachronistic as worthless. — Coming 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 the latter work; and for our own country, its poet has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public acknowledgment of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contemplation of the labours of Macpherson than those of his more 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 collections; they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably, to their best accounts; and decided upon the claim of authors to be admitted into a body of the most eminent
from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits, which, from the sale of his works, each had brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the first name we find is that of Cowley!—

What is become of the morning-star of English Poetry! Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation! Or, if names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer! where is Spenser! where Sidney! and, lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contradistin-
guished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a dramatist, we have vindicated,—
where Shakespeare!—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 as any given period made, as in this case before us) Roecommon, and Heyman, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King and Spratt—Halkes, Graevville, Sheffield, Congreve, Brooke, and other reputed Magnates—metrical writers utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking, to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these Volumes!—The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these poems were first published, seventeen years ago; who has also observed to what degree the poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them; and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains, which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impressions though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical Works, it is this,—that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time original, has had the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them;—and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original poet is to be relished! Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience! Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on men who may stand below him in the scale of society! Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted!
the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable, being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy,—which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word, Imagination; but the word, Taste, has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office—for in its intercourse with these the mind is passive, and is affected painfully or pleasurably as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor —Taste. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating power in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies suffering; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and action, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhi-

The genius of the only proof is, the core is worthy to be done, and with before: Of genius, in the fine sign is the widening the sphere for the delight, honour, and nature. Genius is the introduction into the intellectual union not allowed, it is the object on which they had to yield, or the employment of it as to produce effects hitherto all this but an advance, or the soul of the poet? Is it, the reader can make progress an Indian prince or genius palaquins, and borne by him invigorated and inspired he that he may exert himself; heed in quiescence, he cannot dead weight. Therefore to call forth and bestow power is the effect; and there lies the

As the pathetic participation, it might seem—that, if emotion were genuine, all mature knowledge of the facts would be instantaneous, at least, in the works of even the found passages of that spirit, which is proved by effects verse. But there are some that are simple and direct, complex and revolutionary; it heart yields with gentleness; while it struggles with pride; these
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 course of life from the sources of sublimity in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a poet charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word popular, applied to new works in poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell!—The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in 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 virtues of the imagination; wherever the insinuative wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions waiting in the heart of the poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is but 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 Shakespeare must often have sighed over this truth), as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits, without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the Sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing—that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the individual, as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly perishes; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty—with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention.

Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgment of the People is not to be respected! The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said, above—that, of good poetry, the individual, as well as the species, survives. And how does it survive but through the People! What preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom!

----Past and future, are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjointed,
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge.---

M.S.

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that Vox Populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is 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 characterised, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, leaves of his Readers, by assuring them—that, if he were not persuaded that the contents of these Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, enliven something of the Vision and the Faculty divine; and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree,

X X
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 has never been.

DEDIcATION.

PREFixed TO THE EDITION OF 1814.

TO

SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

My dear Sir George,

Accept my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these Volumes to you. In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for, by inscribing these Poems with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim—for some of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection have been inspired or coloured by the beneficent Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself to whom it has suggested so many admirable pictures. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty this region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work, with the embellishments it has received from your pen, may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
February 1, 1815.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are: first, those of Observation and Description,—i.e., the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer: whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory.

This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time, as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of sub

* The state of the plates has, for some time, not allowed them to be repeated.
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.

2ndly, 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.

3rdly, 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 Idyllic,—descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the Seasons of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shakespeare'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 Epithalamion, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic,—the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, The Fleece of Dyer, Mason's English Garden, &c.

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 professed 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

* As sensibility to harmony of numbers, and the power of producing it, are invariably attendant upon the faculties above specified, nothing has been said upon those requisites.
of these considerations, the following Poems have
been divided into classes; which, that the work
may more obviously correspond with the course of
human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the
three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning,
a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as
far as it was possible, according to an order of
time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating
with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My
guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which
these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might
be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing
an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts
to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse." This
arrangement has long presented itself habitually
to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have
preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes
at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the
plan adopted, any thing 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 unso-
tentiously 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; predomi-
nant, which implies the exertion of other faculties
in less degree. Where there is more imagination
than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head
of imagination, and vice versa. Both the above
classes might without impropriety have been
enlarged from that consisting of "Poems founded
on the Affections;" as might this latter from
those, and from the class proceeding from
Sentiment and Reflection." The most striking
characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration,
variety, and proportion, have governed me
throughout.

None of the other Classes, except those of
Fancy and Imagination, require any particular
notice. But a remark of general application may
be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have
been in the practice of feigning that their works
were composed to the music of the harp or lyre:
with what degree of affectation this has been
done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to
determine. For my own part, I have not been
disposed to violate probability so far, or to make
such a large demand upon the Reader’s clarity.

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
meter must not be so impassive to the spirit of
versification,—as to deprive the Reader of all
voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to
the sense, the music of the poem,—in the same
manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even
summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images.
But, though the accompaniment of a musical
instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true
Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege
distinct from that of the mere Proseman;

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Let us come now to the consideration of the words
Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classi-
cation 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 asso-
ciate, at pleasure, those internal images (carica-
tories) to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal
representations of absent objects. Imagination is
the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and
combining. The imagination is formed by patient
observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity
in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more
accurate the imagination, the more safely may a
painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a
description, without the presence of the objects
to be characterised. The more versatile the
fancy, the more original and striking will be the
decorations produced."—British Synonymum dis-
criminated, by W. Taylor.

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply
an account of a building, and be so intent upon
what he had discovered of the foundation, as to
conclude his task without once looking up at the
superstructure! Here, as in other instances
throughout the volume, the judicious Author’s
mind is enthrall’d 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 characterize 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 posthae viridii projectis in antro
Dumosa pendent procul de rupe videbo.'

'half way down

Hange one who gathers sapphire,'

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the sapphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

'As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs to the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengal, or the lates
Of Tartare or Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Fly, stemming nightly toward the Pole; so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend.'

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word hangs, and exerted upon the whole Image: First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as hanging in the clouds, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared.

From impressions of sight we will pass to those of sound; which, as they must necessarily be of a less definite character, shall be selected from these volumes:

'Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove 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 characterizing 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 withdrawn so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shades in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

'Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?'

This concise interrogation characterizes 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 inher 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 unaffected 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 bold top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same spy
By what means it could thicker come, and whence,
So that it seems a thing ended with some,
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposest, there to sun himself.

So much this Man; not all alive or dead
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.

Motionless as a cloud the aged Man stood,
That hearest 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 soul in her own mighty and almost divine power. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton: "When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has introduced "Sailing from Bengal."

"They," the "merchant," representing the fleet resolved into a multitude of ships, "ply" their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: "So" (ring to the word "As" in the commencement of the soaring phrase) "the image of Person acting to recombine the multitude of ships into one body,—the point from which comparison set out. "So seemed," and to us seemed! To the heavenly Muse who dictated the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the countries, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

"Mndo me Thebali, modo ponit Athenes."

Hear again this mighty Poet,—speaking of Messiah going forth to expel from heaven rebellions angels,

"Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints
He onward came: far off his coming stone,"

the return of Saints, and the Person of Messiah himself, last almost and merged in splendour of that indefinite abstraction: "coming!"

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the subject Volumes, and especially upon one division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it did with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions; I will not consider it (since I have already done by implication) as a power which, in the language of one of my esteemed Friends, "draws all things to one;" which makes things animate or inanimate, being their attributes, subjects with their accessions, take one colour and serve to one effect," grand store-houses of enthusiastic and mellifluous Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are 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 writings preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome.

* Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.
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 kingdom, call'd you Daughters!' And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (considerable, 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 held in undying remembrance.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterised as the power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, 'the aggregative and associative power,' my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be 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 every thing 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 Pumpey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equaled those of Teneriffe or Atlas—because these, 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 appropriately produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value; or she prides herself upon the curious subtility 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 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 impecunious
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 dew of the evening most carefully shed,
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 flooded, earth, and earth's thunder, some sad drops
Wet at completion of the mortal sin."

The associating link is the same in each instance; Dew and 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 com-
bination. 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 growth.

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 character-
istics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance
of Winter, with his retinue, as 'A paused king,' and yet a military monarch,—advancing for con-
quest 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 corres-
pondent hurry of delightful feeling. Winter
retires from the foe into his fortress, where

—'a magazine
Of sovereign juice iscellared in;
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phaeton never 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 rare,
And shews the soul its blood of age;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the painting coward bold.

It stays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Reads our lives' misfortunes sweet:

* * * * * *

Thus let the chill Strecroos blow,
And glide as round with hills of snow,
Or else go whittle 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 combine us home,
Our faneles round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And drunk to all worth drinking to;
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall be wiser than wise.

But where Friends fall us, we 'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our timely blessings thrive.

We 'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy; 'th' oppress
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stilled 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, maya.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are?

When I sat down to write this Preface, it was
my intention to have made it more comprehensive
but, thinking that I ought rather to apologize for
delating the reader so long, I will here conclude.
POSTSCRIPT.

1835.

If the present volume, as in those that have preceded it, the reader will have found occasionally opinions expressed upon the course of public affairs, and feelings given vent to as national interests excited them. Since nothing, I trust, has been uttered but in the spirit of reflective patriotism, those notices are left to produce their own effect; but, among the many objects of general concern, and the changes going forward, which I have glanced at in verse, are some especially affecting the lower orders of society: in reference to these, I wish here to add a few words in plain prose.

Were I conscious of being able to do justice to those important topics, I might avail myself of the periodical press for offering anonymously my thoughts, such as they are, to the world; but I feel that, in procuring attention, they may derive some advantage, however small, from my name, in addition to that of being presented in a less fugitive shape. It is also not impossible that the state of mind which some of the foregoing poems may have produced in the reader, will dispose him to receive more readily the impression which I desire to make, and to admit the conclusions I would establish.

I. The first thing that presses upon my attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act. I am aware of the magnitude and complexity of the subject, and the unwearied attention which it has received from men of far wider experience than my own; yet I cannot forbear touching upon one point of it, and to this I will confine myself, though not insensible to the objection which may reasonably be brought against treating a portion of this, or any other, great scheme of civil polity separately from the whole. The point to which I wish to draw the reader's attention is, that all persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to a maintenance by law.

This dictate of humanity is acknowledged in the Report of the Commissioners: but is there not room for apprehension that some of the regulations of the new act have a tendency to render the principle nugatory by difficulties thrown in the way of applying it? If this be so, persons will not be wanting to show it, by examining the provisions of the act in detail—an attempt which would be quite out of place here; but it will not, therefore, be deemed unbecoming in one who fears that the prudence of the head may, in framing some of those provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of the heart, to enforce a principle which cannot be violated without infringing upon one of the most precious rights of the English people, and opposing one of the most sacred claims of civilised humanity.

There can be no greater error, in this department of legislation, than the belief that this principle does by necessity operate for the degradation of those who claim, or are so circumstanced as to make it likely they may claim, through laws founded upon it, relief or assistance. The direct contrary is the truth: it may be unanswerably maintained that its tendency is to raise, not to depress; by stamping a value upon life, which can belong to it only where the laws have placed men who are willing to work, and yet cannot find employment, above the necessity of looking for protection against hunger and other natural evils, either to individual and casual charity, to despair and death, or to the breach of law by theft, or violence.

And here, as in the Report of the Commissioners, the fundamental principle has been recognised, I am not at issue with them any farther than I am compelled to believe that their 'remedial measures' obstruct the application of it more than the interests of society require.

And, calling to mind the doctrines of political economy which are now prevalent, I cannot forbear to enforce the justice of the principle, and to insist upon its salutary operation.
content for the duty of a Christian government, standing in loco parentis towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision, that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation! Or, waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance, involves the protection, of the subject? And, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the state to require the services of its members, even to the jeopardizing of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to public support when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves.

Let us now consider the salutary and benign operation of this principle. Here we must have recourse to elementary feelings of human nature, and to truths which from their very obviousness are apt to be slighted, till they are forced upon our notice by our own sufferings or those of others. In the Paradise Lost, Milton represents Adam, after the Fall, as exclaiming, in the anguish of his soul—

* Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man; did I solicit Thee
From darkness to promote me?
. . . . . . . My will
Con courred not to my being.*

Under how many various pressures of misery have men been driven thus, in a strain touching upon impiety, to expostulate with the Creator! and under few so afflicting as when the source and origin of earthly existence have been brought back to the mind by its impending doom in the betake themselves, without fear.

Such is the view of the case, presented to a reflective mind to show, by appeals to experience, with this view, that provisions for these evils have arisen, not as a consequence of the principle, but as a remedy for these evils having arisen, as a consequence of the principle, as the reverse of spreading idleness, selfishness, or in bestowing it in undue measure, for the advantage of the law. The mischief that has arisen from granting relief in ignorance would have shown that, in bestowing it in undue measure, by no truly enlightened statesman, would be that reason for banishing the principle.

Let us recur to the miserable consequences that it produces.

There is a story told, by a female who, by a sudden calamity, was driven out of her place, after looking up incessantly to her fellow-creatures could do in her stead. Was there could be said for Englishmen in looking upwards only; or down, after it shall not contain a spot which they can demand, by civil right, what they are entitled to?

Suppose the objects of our affection were suddenly to fall into this black darkness, but un
by his rifle-gun, may be made the means of keeping him and his companions alive. As miserable is that of some savage Islander, who, when the land has ceased to afford him sustenance, watches for food which the waves may cast up, or in vain endeavours to extract it from the inexorable deep. But neither of these is in a state of wretchedness comparable to that, which is so often endured in civilized society: multitudes, in all ages, have known it, of whom may be said:

"Homeless, near a thousand homes they stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food."

Justly might I be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of the reader, if systems of political economy, widely spread, did not impugn the principle, and if the safeguards against such extremities were left unimpaired. It is broadly asserted by many, that every man who endeavours to find work, may find it; were this assertion capable of being verified, there still would remain a question, what kind of work, and how far may the labourer be fit for it? For if sedentary work is to be exchanged for standing; and some light and nice exercise of the fingers, to which an artisan has been accustomed all his life, for severe labour of the arms; the best efforts would turn to little account, and occasion would be given for the unthinking and the unfeeling unwarrantably to reproach those who are put upon such employment, as idle, froward, and unworthy of relief, either by law or in any other way! Were this statement correct, there would indeed be an end of the argument, the principle here maintained would be superseded. But, alas! it is far otherwise. That principle, applicable to the benefit of all countries, is indispensable for England, upon whose coast families are perpetually deprived of their support by shipwreck, and where large masses of men are so liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means of gaining bread, by changes in commercial intercourse, subject mainly or solely to the will of foreign powers; by new discoveries in arts and manufactures; and by reckless laws, in conformity with theories of political economy, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have proved a scourge to tens of thousands, by the abruptness with which they have been carried into practice.

But it is urged,—refuse altogether compulsory relief to the able-bodied, and the number of those who stand in need of relief will steadily diminish through a conviction of an absolute necessity for greater forethought, and more prudent care of a man's earnings. Undoubtedly it would, but so also would it, and in a much greater degree, if the legislative provisions were retained, and parochial relief administered under the care of the upper classes, as it ought to be. For it has been invariably found, that wherever the funds have been raised and applied under the superintendence of gentlemen and substantial proprietors, acting in vestries, and as overseers, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper care in that quarter would effectually check what is felt in some districts to be one of the worst evils in the poor law system, viz. the readiness of small and needy proprietors to join in imposing rates that seemingly subject them to great hardships, while, in fact, this is done with a mutual understanding, that the relief each is ready to bestow upon his still poorer neighbours will be granted to himself, or his relatives, should it hereafter be applied for.

But let us look to inner sentiments of a nobler quality, in order to know what we have to build upon. Affecting proofs occur in every one's experience, who is acquainted with the unfortunate and the indigent, of their unwillingness to derive their subsistence from aught but their own funds or labour, or to be indebted to parochial assistance for the attainment of any object, however dear to them. A case was reported, the other day, from a coroner's inquest, of a pair who, through the space of four years, had carried about their dead infant from house to house, and from lodging to lodging, as their necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to bear the expense of its interment:—the poor creatures lived in the hope of one day being able to bury their child at their own cost. It must have been heart-rending to see and hear the mother, who had been called upon to account for the state in which the body was found, make this deposition. By some, judging coldly, if not harshly, this conduct might be imputed to an unwarrantable pride, as she and her husband had, it is true, been once in prosperity. But examples, where the spirit of independence works with equal strength, though not with like miserable accompaniments, are frequently to be found even yet among the humblest peasantry and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of honour may be revived among the people, and their ancient habits of independence restored, without resorting to those severities which the new Poor Law Act has introduced.

But even if the surfaces of things only are to be examined, we have a right to expect that lawyers
wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellow-men will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself; will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that loss what remains to him of virtue?

With all due deference to the particular experience, and general intelligence of the individuals who framed the Act, and of those who in and out of parliament have approved of and supported it; it may be said, that it proceeds too much upon the presumption that it is a labouring man's own fault if he be not, as the phrase is, beforehand with the world. But the most prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them off from labour, and causing to them expense; and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own; and merely from a gradual fall in the price of labour, without a correspondent one in the price of provisions; so that men who may have ventured upon the marriage state with a fair prospect of maintaining their families in comfort and happiness, see them reduced to a pittance which no effort of theirs can increase! Let it be remembered, also, that there are thousands with whom vicious habits of expense are not the cause why they do not store up their gains; but they are generous and kind-hearted, and ready to help their kindred and friends; moreover, they have a faith in Providence that those who have been prompt to assist others, will not be left destitute, should they themselves come to need. By acting from these blended feelings, numbers have rendered themselves incapable of standing up against a sudden reverse. Nevertheless, these men, in common with all who have the misfortune is better for the interests of the people at large, that ten undeserving of the funds provided, than the man, through want of relief, principles corrupted, or his than that such a one should exist, wrong, or be cast to the earth! In France, the English maxim of prudence is reversed; there, that ten innocent men should escape: in France, there is no for the poor; and we may value set upon human life in the country, by merely noticing which, after death, the body is thoughtless vulgar, but in a country presided over by men allowed art and in physical science, enlightened in the world. In countries are overrun with weed, infinitely more respect remains of the deceased; and w is it, that this insensibility who civil polity is so busy in mic ostentatiously careful to gra propensities, whether social or multitude! Irrreligion is, no dox with this offensive disrespect, to the dead in France; but it is m the state in which so many of t the absence of compulsory provi so humanely established by the Sights of abject misery, pe harden the heart of the commo of history, and of works of t
that the power to relieve is utterly inadequate to
draw profit from his savings, by investing them in
the demand, the eye shrinks from communication
buildings or machinery for processes of manufacture
with which he was habitually connected. His little
with which he was
capital would then be working for him while he was
at rest or asleep; he would more clearly perceive
at rest or asleep; he would more clearly perceive
the necessity of capital for carrying on great
works; he would better learn to respect the
larger portions of its in the hands of others;
he would be less tempted to join in unjust combina-
tions; and, for the sake of his own property, if
not for higher reasons, he would be slow to pro-
mote local disturbance, or endanger public tran-
quility; he would, at least, be loth to act in that
way knowingly: for it is not to be denied that
such societies might be nurseries of opinions
unfavourable to a mixed constitution of govern-
ment, like that of Great Britain. The democratic
and republican spirit which they might be apt to
foster would not, however, be dangerous in itself,
but only as it might act without being sufficiently
counterbalanced, either by landed proprietorship,
or by a Church extending itself so as to embrace
an ever-growing and ever-shifting population of
mechanics and artisans. But if the tendencies of
such societies would be to make the men prosper
who might belong to them, rulers and legislators
should rejoice in the result, and do their duty to
the state by upholding and extending the influence
of that Church to which it owes, in so great a
measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory.

This, in the present time, may be difficult, but it is become indispensable, since
large towns in great numbers have sprung up, and
others have increased tenfold, with little or no
dependence upon the gentry and the landed
proprietors; and apart from those mitigated feudal
institutions, which, till of late, have acted so
powerfully upon the composition of the House of
Commons. Now it may be affirmed that, in quar-
ters where there is not an attachment to the
Church, or the landed aristocracy, and a pride in
supporting them, there the people will dislike
both, and be ready, upon such incitements as are
perpetually recurring, to join in attempts to over-
throw them. There is no neutral ground here:
from want of due attention to the state of society
in large towns and manufacturing districts, and
ignorance or disregard of these obvious truths, innum-
erable well-meaning persons became zealous sup-
porters of a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers
of which, whether destructive or constructive,
they would otherwise have been afraid of; and even
the framers of that bill, swayed as they might be
by party resentments and personal ambition,
could not have gone so far, had not they too been lamentably ignorant or neglectful of the same truths both of fact and philosophy.

But let that pass; and let no opponent of the bill be tempted to compliment his own foresight, by exaggerating the mischiefs and dangers that have sprung from it: let not time be wasted in profitless regrets; and let those party distinctions vanish to their very names that have separated men who, whatever course they may have pursued, have ever had a bond of union in the wish to save the limited monarchy, and those other institutions that have, under Providence, rendered for so long a period of time this country the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society.

III. A philosophic mind is best pleased when looking at religion in its spiritual bearing; as a guide of conduct, a solace under affliction, and a support amid the instabilities of mortal life: but the Church having been forcibly brought by political considerations to my notice, while treating of the labouring classes, I cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamour for extensive change in that department. The clamour would be entitled to more respect if they who are the most eager to swell it with their voices were not generally the most ignorant of the real state of the Church, and the service it renders to the community. Reform is the word employed. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt to carry, and how things are confused by a lax use of it. The great religious Reformation, in the sixteenth century, did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight. That familiar and justifiable use of the word seems to have paved the way for fallacies with respect to the term reform, which it is difficult to escape from. Were we to speak of improvement, and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves, or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief, that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that, therefore, we have experience on our side; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question, that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation, men are the dupes of words; and it is painful to observe, that so many of our species are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in church or state, fly to generalities, that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about particulars; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.

"Abolish pluralities, have a resident incumbent in every parish," is a favourite cry; but, without advertising to other obstacles in the way of this specious scheme, it may be asked what benefits would accrue from its indiscriminate adoption to counterbalance the harm it would introduce, by nearly extinguishing the order of curates, unless the revenues of the church should grow with the population, and be greatly increased in many thinly peopled districts, especially among the parishes of the North.

The order of curates is so beneficial, that some particular notice of it seems to be required in this place. For a church poor as, relatively to the numbers of people, that of England is, and probably will continue to be, it is no small advantage to have youthful servants, who will work upon the wages of hope and expectation. Still more advantageous is it to have, by means of this order, young men scattered over the country, who being more detached from the temporal concerns of the benefice, have more leisure for improvement and study, and are less subject to be brought into secular collision with those who are under their spiritual guardianship. The curelist, if he reside at a distance from the incumbent, undertakes the requisite responsibilities of a temporal kind, in that modified way which prevents him, as a new-comer, from being charged with selfishness: while he prepares him for entering upon a benefice of his own, with something of a suitable experience. If he should act under and in co-operation with a resident incumbent, the gain is mutual. His studies will probably be assisted; and his training, managed by a superior, will not be liable to relapse in matters of prudence, seamliness, or in any of the highest cares of his functions; and by way of return for those benefits to the pupil, it will often happen that the zeal of a middle-aged or declining incumbent will be revived, by being in near communion with the ardour of youth, when his own efforts may have languished through a melancholy consciousness that they have not produced as much good among his flock as, when he first entered upon the charge, he fondly hoped.

Let one remark, and that not the least important, be added. A curate, entering for the first time upon his office, comes from college after a course of expense, and with such inexperience in
the use of money, that, in his new situation, he is apt to fall unaware into pecuniary difficulties. If this happens to him, much more likely is it to happen to the youthful incumbent; whose relations, to his parishioners and to society, are more complicated; and, his income being larger and independent of another, a coeteriier style of living is required of him by public opinion. If embarrassment should ensue, and with that unavoidably some loss of respectability, this future usefulness will be proportionately impaired: not so with the curate, for he can easily remove and start afresh with a stock of experience and an unblemished reputation; whereas the early indiscretions of an incumbent being rarely forgiven, may be impediments to the efficacy of his ministry for the remainder of his life. The same observations would apply with equal force to doctrine. A young minister is liable to errors, from his notions being either too lax or overstrained. In both cases it would prove injurious that the error should be remembered, after study and reflection, with advancing years, shall have brought him to a clearer discernment of the truth, and better judgment in the application of it.

It must be acknowledged that, among the regulations of ecclesiastical polity, none at first view are more attractive than that which prescribes for every parish a resident incumbent. How agreeable to picture to one's self, as has been done by poets and romance-writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares! Nor is it in poetry and fiction only that such characters are found; they are scattered, it is hoped not sparingly, over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts, where there is but small influx of new inhabitants, and little change of occupation. The spirit of the Gospel, unaided by acquisitions of profane learning and experience in the world,—that spirit, and the obligations of the sacred office may, in such situations, suffice to effect most of what is needful. But for the complex state of society that prevails in England, much more is required, both in large towns, and in many extensive districts of the country. A minister there should not only be irrefragable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. As necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society, and the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity, and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education, cannot have brought with him these accomplishments; and if the scheme of equalizing church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down; surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionately weakened. And yet these qualifications are indispensable for the diffusion of that knowledge, by which alone the political philosophy of the New Testament can be rightly expounded, and its precepts adequately enforced. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or for right as may happen, that preacher ranks among the first of benefactors who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish infallible guidance through the delusions that surround them; and who, appealing to the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its injunctions in so clear a light, that dissection shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the dishonour of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is not, however, in regard to civic duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important; it is still more so for softening and subduing private and personal discontents. In all places, and at all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispensations of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are taught, and repinings are engendered everywhere, by imputations being cast upon the government; and are prolonged or aggravated by being ascribed to misconduct or injustice in rulers, when the individual himself only is in fault. If a Christian pastor be competent to deal with these humours, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favourable opportunities of intercourse, and by aid of the authority with which he speaks; he will be a teacher of moderation, a dispenser of the wisdom that blunts approaching distress by submission to God's will, and lightens, by patience, grievances which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing, of public good
future career, but the greater or less of any earthly; and the relations of impure and conflicting things to each other must be understood, or we shall be perpetually going wrong, in all but goodness of intention; and goodness of intention will itself relax through frequent disappointment. How desirable, then, is it, that a minister of the Gospel should be versed in the knowledge of existing facts, and be accustomed to a wide range of social experience! Nor is it less desirable for the purpose of counterbalancing and tempering in his own mind that ambition with which spiritual power is as apt to be tainted as any other species of power which men covet or possess.

It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to discourage an attempt which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income, and station, upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation know what good their ancestors derived from their church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated in so great a measure to a comparatively poor country, through the far greater portion of which prevails a uniformity of employment; but the acknowledged deficiency of theological learning among the clergy of that church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there, it would be unpleasant to inquire, and might prove invicious to determine: one thing, however, is clear; that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Establishment should bear an analogy to the state of society, otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and
APPENDIX, PREFACES, &c.

would it be to expect that a knot of boys should
draw upon the pitance of their pocket-money to
build schools, or out of the abundance of their dis-
cretion be able to select fit masters to teach and
keep them in order? Some, who clearly perceive
the incompetence and folly of such a scheme for
the agricultural part of the people, nevertheless
think it feasible in large towns, where the rich
might subscribe for the religious instruction of the
poor. Also! they know little of the thick dark-
ness that spreads over the streets and alleys of our
large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a few years
since, contained not more than one church and three
or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting
chapels, of every denomination were still more scant-
tly found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish
amounted at that time to upwards of 50,000. Were
the parish church and the chapels of the Establish-
ment existing there, an impediment to the spread
of the Gospel among that mass of people! Who
shall dare to say so? But if any one, in the face of
the fact which has just been stated, and in op-
position to authentic reports to the same effect
from various other quarters, should still contend,
that a voluntary system is efficient for the spread
and maintenance of religion, we would ask, what
kind of religion? wherein would it differ, among
the many, from deplorable fanaticism!

For the preservation of the Church Establish-
ment, all men, whether they belong to it or not,
could they perceive their true interest, would be
strenuous: but how inadequate are its provisions
for the needs of the country! and how much is it
to be regretted that, while its zealous friends yield
to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent,
they should so much over-rate the danger to be
apprehended from that quarter, and almost over-
look the fact that hundreds of thousands of our
fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally
of the Church of England, never enter her places
of worship, neither have they communication with
her ministers! This deplorable state of things
was partly produced by a decay of zeal among the
rich and influential, and partly by a want of due
expansive power in the constitution of the Estab-
ishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors,
in their efforts to build and endow churches, have
been frustrated, or too much impeded by legal
obstacles: those, where they are unreasonable or
unfitted for the time, ought to be removed; and,
keeping clear of intolerance and injustice, means
should be used to render the presence and powers
of the church commensurate with the wants of a
shifting and still-increasing population.

This cannot be effected, unless the English
Government vindicate the truth, that, as her
church exists for the benefit of all (though not in
equal degree), whether of her communion or not,
all should be made to contribute to its support.
If this ground be abandoned, cause will be given to
fear that a mortal wound may be inflicted upon
the heart of the English people, for which a remedy
cannot be speedily provided by the utmost efforts
which the members of the Church will themselves
be able to make.

But let the friends of the church be of good
courage. Powers are at work, by which, under
Divine Providence, she may be strengthened and
the sphere of her usefulness extended; not by
alterations in her Liturgy, accommodated to this
or that demand of finical taste, nor by cutting off
this or that from her articles or Canons, to which
the scrupulous or the overweening may object.
Covert schism, and open nonconformity, would
survive after alterations, however promising in
the eyes of those whose subtlety had been exercised
in making them. Latitudinarianism is the par-
allel of liberty of conscience, and will ever
successfully lay claim to a divided worship.
Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and
Independents, there will always be found numbers
who will tire of their several creeds, and some
will come over to the Church. Conventicles may
disappear, congregations in each denomination
may fall into decay or be broken up, but the con-
quests which the National Church ought chiefly to
aim at, lie among the thousands and tens of thou-
sands of the unhappy outcasts who grow up with
no religion at all. The wants of these cannot
but be feelingly remembered. Whatever may be
the disposition of the new constituencies under
the reformed parliament, and the course which
the men of their choice may be inclined or comp-
pelled to follow, it may be confidently hoped that
individuals acting in their private capacities, will
endeavour to make up for the deficiencies of the
legislature. Is it too much to expect that pro-
prietors of large estates, where the inhabitants
are without religious instruction, or where it is
sparingly supplied, will deem it their duty to take
part in this good work; and that thriving manufac-
turers and merchants will, in their several
neighbourhoods, be sensible of the like obligation,
and act upon it with generous rivalry?

Moreover, the force of public opinion is rapidly
increasing: and some may lend to it, who are not
so happy as to be swayed by a higher motive;
especially they who derive large incomes from
lay-impropriations, in tracts of country where ministers are few and meagrely provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superb habitations, or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favouritism or purchased at insignificant prices after church-spoliation; such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that) may be prompted to make a return for which their tenantry and dependents will learn to bless their names. An impulse has been given; an accession of means from these several sources, co-operating with a well-considered chance in the distribution of some parts of the property at present possessed by the church, a change scrupulously founded upon due respect to law and justice, will, we trust, bring about so much of what her friends desire, that the rest may be calmly waited for, with thankfulness for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman, to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. All may, without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has been trod so lately and so often; without pretending, however, to any thing of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to view, which will save the writer from the imputation of having little to recommend his labour, but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts and feelings expressed in verse, that I entered upon the above notices, and with verse I will conclude. The passage is extracted from my MSS. written above thirty years ago; it turns upon the individual dignity which humbleness of social condition does not preclude, but frequently promotes. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-unions; but if a single workman—who, being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an agitator, or who, being enrolled in a union, must be left without a will of his own, and therefore a slave—should read these lines, and be touched by them, I should indeed rejoice, and little would I care for losing credit as a poet with intemperate critics, who think differently from me upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, my affections have been moved, and my imagination exercised, under and for the guidance of reason.

* Here might I pause, and bend in reverence To Nature, and the power of human minds; To men as they are men within themselves; How often service is performed within, When all the external man is rude in show; Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold, But a more mountain chapel that protects Its simple worshippers from sun and shower! Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these, If future years mature me for the task, Will I record the praise, making verse Deal boldly with substantial things—in truth And sanctify of passion, speak of these, That justice may be done to excellence paid Where it is due. Thus haply shall I teach Inspire, through unalloyed ears Four rapture, tenderness, and hope: my theme No other than the very heart of man, As found among the best of those who live, Not unexalted by religious faith, Nor uniformed by books, good books, though few. In Nature’s presence: then may I select Sorrow that is not arrowed, but delightful, And miserable love that is not pain To hear of, for the glory that reduceth Therefore to human kind, and what we are. Be mine to follow with no timid step Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my pride That I have dared to tread this holy ground, Speaking no dream, but things oracular. Matter not lightly to be heard by those Who to the letter of the outward promises Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit In speech, and for communion with the world Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then Most active when they are most eloquent, And elevated most when most admired. Men may be found of other mould than these; Who are their own upholders, to themselves Encouragement, and energy, and will; Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words As native passion dictates. Others, too, There are, among the walks of homely life, Still higher, men for contemplation framed; They thought, the image, and the silent joy: Words are but under-agents in their souls; When they are grasping with their greatest strength They do not breathe among them; this I speak In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts For his own service, knoweth, loveth us, When we are unregarded by the world.*
ADDITIONAL POEMS.

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hast here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Enidymon couch'd on Lamios-hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.
O may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a mountain-Bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where green-wood paths he trod.

TRIAL MOUNT, 1846.

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where as she from time to timeershrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that von seeming space
Of sky, should be in truth the steadfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move,
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The wanderer lost in more determined glom! 1846.

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow
When flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow!

They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore leave a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snare.
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.

1846.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
And written words the glory of his hand
Then followed Printing with enlarged command
For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love expand.
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit
The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we here,
From manhood—back to childhood for the age—
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.
Avant this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing! Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

1846.

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams
That waste so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
Through dewy grass, nor small birds husied in bowers,
Nor unto silent leaves and drowzy flowers,—
That voice of unpertaining harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what seems
To be, or not to be,
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality)
Once not a healing influence that can creep
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every olime
Was felt nearmurmuring brooks in earliest time;
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

1846.
I know an aged man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a prisoner’s cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though poor
And forced to live on alms, this old man fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
An easy seat this worn-out labourer found
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee
Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day;
What signs of mutual gladness when they met!
Think of their common peace, their simple play.
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,
In spite of season’s change, its own demand,
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
There by caresses from a tremulous hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
Was formed between the solitary pair,
That when his fate had housed him mid a throng
The captive shunned all converse proffered there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone;
But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
One living Stay was left, and on that one
Some recompence for all that he had lost.

O that the good old man had power to prove,
By message sent through air or visible token,
That still he loves the Bird, and still must love;
That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!

1846.

To an octogenarian.

Affections lose their objects; Time brings
No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exist no longer, it must die.
Wanting accustomed food must pass from earth,
Or never hope to reach a second birth.
This sad belief, the happiest that is left.
To thousands, share not thou; howe’er here
Sooned, or neglected, fear not such a death.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart,
Where Love for living thing can find a place.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue sky.

War should we weep or mourn,—Angelic bow
For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved.
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,
And hopes as dear as could the heart employ
In aught to earth pertaining! Death has gone
His might, nor less his mercy, as beloved—
Death conscious that he only could destroy
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome;
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit’s home.
When such choice communion which we knew
Is felt, thy Roman-burial place will be
Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.
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