THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
Wordsworth's Poetical Works
Illustrated by
Edwin Edwards.

The Poet's Birthplace

Prelude VI. 1.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[THE ONLY COMPLETE CHEAP EDITION.]

EDITED, WITH A CRITICAL MEMOIR,

BY

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTISTIC ETCHINGS BY

EDWIN EDWARDS.

LONDON:

E. MOXON, SON, & CO., DOVER STREET.

280 v 82.
Is 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 scintillating beams,
Visible though they be 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
Humblly 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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WEEP not, beloved Friends! nor let
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Perhaps some needful service of the
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O Thou who movest onward with a
mind
There never breathed a man who,
when his life,
True is it that Ambroise Salignac
Destined to war from very infancy
O flower of all that springs from gentle
blood,
Not without heavy grief of heart did
He
Pause, courteous Spirit!—Batti sup-
icilates
By a blast husband guided, Mary came
Six months to six years added he remained
Cenotaph
Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale,
Westmoreland
Address to the Scholars of the Village
School of—
Elegiac Stanza, suggested by a Picture
of Pelee Castle in a Storm, painted by
Sir George Beaumont
To the Daisy

EL ELEGIE VERSE, in memory of my Brother,
John Wordsworth, Commander of the
E. I. Company's Ship the Earl of Aber-
gavenny, in which he perished by Cal-
mitous Shipwreck, Feb. 6, 1804
Lines composed at Grassmere, during a
Walk one Evening, after a stormy Day, the
Author having just read in a News-
paper that the Dissolution of Mr Fox
was hourly expected
Invocation to the Earth, February, 1816
Lines written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy
of the Author's Poem. "The Excu-
sion," upon hearing of the Death of the
late Vicar of Kendal
Elegiac Stanza, Addressed to Sir G. H.
B., upon the Death of his Sister-in-law
Elegiac Musing in the Grounds of Co-
leiorton Hall, the Seat of the late Sir G.
H. Beaumont, Bart.
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Essay, Supplementary to the Preface
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The long life of Wordsworth was an extremely uneventful one. He was eminently a mental man (if such an expression may be permitted us): the history of his thoughts, and of their product his writings, is the history of his life; the external incidents count for little. That he was an uncommon thinker did not render him an uncommon English citizen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It may even be said that his mental elevation made him all the more content to be in act and fact one of the herd: sublime from one point of view, he was more than undistinguished—almost commonplace—from another. Through life he fitted a substantial but quite ordinary figure—it would have been difficult to discriminate him while he was there, or to remember him afterwards: in the realm of thought, he lives potent and perennial.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland on the 7th of April 1770, of a respectable family, his father being law-agent to the local magnate, soon afterwards created Lord Lonsdale. One of William’s brothers, Christopher, became also a prominent man in his own department, rising to be D.D., and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Both the brothers spent some years at the grammar-school of Hawkshead, Lancashire. The mother died early. William, a sturdy, big-boned, and adventurous lad, began in childhood, towards the age of ten, to feel the fascination of verse: but it would not seem that he made any very juvenile attempts at poetising on his own account, and it was not till about 1788 that he conceived the idea and the hope that he might himself be predestined a poet. Some of the verses reprinted in his complete works date, however, as early as 1786.

In 1787, he was entered of St John’s College, Cambridge, and in due course of time took his degrees as B.A. and M.A. In all his studies there were a certain soundness and gravity which made them beneficial to him: yet he does not appear to have been imbued with any zealous admiration for the university system or its administrators, or with any ardent aspiration after knowledge. He ac’mir’d but did not enter at all deeply into mathematics.

While still a Cambridge student, he made a continental trip on foot, with his friend the Rev. R. Jones. He reached Calais on the day of the
great federative festival; and was both exhilarated and impressed by the outburst of vivid national enthusiasm and high-soaring hopes which he witnessed in all directions during his tour of fourteen weeks. Returning to England, he stayed in London for about a year. He then again visited France, and was there at the downfall of the monarchy in August 1792. He saw, for months before this event, the irrepressible revolutionary ferment, accompanied as yet with few actual violences. From early youth he had been conscious of very lukewarm liking for the pomp and pride of the traditions and associations of monarchy, and indeed he had never been much addicted to interest in historic study, or in contemporary questions of public moment. Now his indifference to monarchy developed into aversion; while his political coolness caught the glow of patriotic enthusiasm. He became ardent in the cause of liberty; and found much encouragement and delight in the friendship of a noble military officer named Beauharnais, who, inspired with the like sentiments in an extreme degree, and in all ways a magnanimous and exalted character, was looked at much askance by his colleagues of the royal army. This high-souled patriot died while in a position of command on the Loire soon afterwards. Wordsworth had no gifts of eloquence: but such was his tension of spirit in the cause of the revolution in France that he would probably have taken some active part in the public movements of that great country and epoch, had it not been that circumstances called him decisively homewards. After an absence of about two years, he again returned to London as his dwelling-place. Soon afterwards, in 1793, he published his first volume, named The Evening Walk, and Descriptive Sketches in Verse, giving a poetical account of his pedestrian tour on the continent.

Wordsworth's Gallic enthusiasm was such as can be easily understood at the present day; our contemporaries are still privileged to feel it in some degree, much toned down though it is by long and trying postponements, and by meagre instalments of fruition. He hailed the advent of a new era, not only of political emancipation and material well-being, but also of lofty virtue, intellectual enterprise, and public righteousness. To him the cause of France was the cause of man—the triumph of the republic, the dawnstreak of a millennium. It was therefore with a feeling of genuine horror and bitter shame that he found his own country very soon entering into the coalition of war against France: and he was so far a cosmopolitan, rather than an Englishman, that he even excused in the reverses which befell Great Britain, and the successes which attended the French arms, and mourned when the contrary was the case. Not that he sympathised with those hardy and inmitigable republicans who were now wielding all the energies and all the terrors of the great nation: the downfall of the Girondists, and the supremacy of a Robespierre and a Danton, were not the republic of Wordsworthian orthodoxy; and he triumphed when he heard in 1794 that the Incorruptible—he also—was guillotined. In after years, in his poem of the Prelude, completed in 1805, Wordsworth still kept enough of the opinions of his youth to maintain that the evil in the French Revolution arose, not from the principle of liberty and progress, but from the results of past oppression; he loathed the lapse of France from a republic of enlightenment into an empire of military force; and he deplored the
recurring servitude of mankind, who had at one august moment appeared capable and ready to emerge from it.

After his return from abroad, Wordsworth, although he called London for awhile his head-quarters, made desultory excursions into Wales and several parts of rural England; at one time he was settled in a cottage at Allfonden, near Stowey, Somersetshire. A young friend named Calvert, dying, bequeathed him a legacy sufficient, with his moderate desires and habits, to relieve him from the compulsory adoption of some profession as a means of living: this discerning friend had conceived a strong idea of the poetic endowments of Wordsworth, and of the great things he might have it in him to achieve under favouring conditions. About this period, the poet's mind took a turn towards scepticism, of which his political despondencies and despair of public good may have been chiefly the cause: his dearly loved sister, who lived with him, expostulated and roused him, and he soon banished such thoughts, and never again fell under their spell.

Finding no assured stay in any political institutions or speculations, yet with a deep-grounded feeling of the powers of the natural man for good, and the beneficent influences of Nature, Wordsworth now began making an earnest study of the characters and minds of men in humble life. He found here much to admire and sympathise with—much to sustain his hopes: and he longed to become the poet of man unsophisticated. In 1798 he published his *Lyrical Ballads*, comprising some contributions by Coleridge, for whom he had now formed and afterwards retained a very affectionate and warmly admiring friendship. The volume was mostly derided: but it succeeded in the great feat of forming its own public, and within that circle was not only accepted, but enthusiastically prized. The Preface to its second edition is a remarkable piece of writing, worthy of serious examination, and fertile of much in its own time and up to our days. Wordsworth's main effort in this volume of poems was to adapt to metrical arrangement such language as is really spoken by men under vivid sensation, to the total exclusion of the conventional way of writing termed "poetic diction." He aimed also to give his compositions a certain colouring of imagination, and to trace in the incidents the primary laws of our nature, chiefly as to the magnifier in which, when in a state of excitement, we associate ideas. He professed to have a purpose always in what he wrote, trivial or jejune as it might sometimes appear—a purpose, though not invariably a prepossession and fully conscious one. Another leading point, as he himself observes, is that the feeling is made to give importance to the situation, not the latter to the former. He regarded humble life as a more limpid medium wherein to show forth all these properties of intention and execution; and he accordingly, for the most part, dealt with that.

The origin of the *Lyrical Ballads* is thus authentically narrated by Coleridge:—"During the first year that Mr Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or
sunset, diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry, of Nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And ‘real’ in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves. In this idea originated the plan of the Lyrical Ballads, in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic—yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief, for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself, as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind’s attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us—an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the fum of familiarity and selfish solitude, we have eyes yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand. With this view I wrote the Ancient Mariner, and was preparing, among other poems, The Dark Lady and the Christabel, in which I should have more nearly realised my ideal than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr Wordsworth’s industry had proved so much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter.

In 1803 Wordsworth married his cousin Miss Mary Hutchinson of Penrith in Cumberland, and settled at Grasmere, Westmoreland. His house, Rydal Mount, soon became a celebrated spot—one might almost say, a hallowed spot, as his calm years increased, and a younger generation came to hail him in the patriarchy of English poetry, the seer of lowly and natural life, and the lofty contemplator of the permanent in the shifting, the essential in the phenomenal, the spiritual in the physical world.

As far back as 1799 he had begun, and in 1805 he completed, his autobiographical blank-verse poem, The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet’s Mind; it remained unpublished until 1850. He undertook this work as a kind of self-exploration, preliminary to attempting some further opus magnum, on which, duly prepared for and providently elaborated, he might be able to stake his poetic fame, with some confidence in the verdict of posterity. This project finally took form in The Excursion, published in 1814. That poem, slightly ponderous in more ways than one, is not, however, the work, but only a portion thereof; the whole
composition was to be named The Recluse, and of this The Excursion
was, in the mind of its author, only a third in bulk, and a second part in
serial sequence. The remainder has never seen the light: I suppose
but little if any of it was written, save the first book of the first part,
which slumbers in MS. Many things which were to serve as materials
for the residue have, however, been utilized in other poems of the author.
The principal subject-matter of The Recluse was to have been "the
sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement."

Meanwhile, in 1807, Wordsworth had issued a second volume of
Ballads; and in 1809 had published his sole prose work, a pamphlet on
the relations of England, Spain, and Portugal, urging vigorous prosecu-
tion of the Spanish war against Napoleon. His political opinions had
by this time taken the course which those of an Englishman very gen-
erally do take. Without entirely renouncing his speculative ideas of old
time, he was, when the practical question presented itself, on the side of
"law and order" and of "the social hierarchy"—and not merely on the
side of these things in the abstract and for general purposes, but in the
concrete, and for English purposes. In short, the Tory ingredient, that
backbone of the vertebrate animal named John Bull, was predominant
in him now and henceforth: social rather than political toryism is here
in question, but the two things have very delicate connections, and the
sensory nerves of the social tory continually serve as motor nerves for
the political tory. In or about the same year that the Excursion
appeared in print, Wordsworth, hitherto the reverse of a well-to-do man,
received the reward of his increasing conformity to the "correct" order
of things, being appointed, through the influence of the Lowther (or
Lonsdale) family, distributor of stamps for the counties of Westmoreland
and Cumberland—an appointment which brought him in a substantial
addition of income, and left the greater part of his time at his own dis-
posal. The poet retained this post up to 1832, when he resigned in
favour of his son.

At Rydal Mount Wordsworth was living near his friend Southey.
Everybody knows the nickname of Lake Poets or Lakeists, or "the
Lake School," applied to these writers, and their intimate and colleague
Coleridge. There is not very much meaning in the term, nor cohesive-
ness in the poetic position of the trio—especially of Southey as related
to Coleridge and Wordsworth. Certainly Wordsworth often wrote about
lakes, as well as about the other objects of natural scenery which courted
his eye and affected his tone of thought day by day—he could not, by
any reasonable likelihood, fail to do so: and poems by Coleridge and by
Southey, describing or referring to lakes, may also, no doubt, be picked
out. The same is the case with Byron and with Shelley: with what
poet is it not the case? But there is a longish gap between this state of
things and a Lake School. At the present day "the Lake School" has
sunk into the condition of a mere cant phrase—it has little significance
and less importance; almost as little of either as that other name, in-
vented (I believe) by Southey for Byron and some other widely sepa-
rated writers—"the Satanic School," or "the Cockney School" as ap-
piled to poets of varying talents and aims whose avocations domiciled
them in or near London, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and others. It was a sat-
isfaction to Southey to invent a mouthing term of opprobrium round
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which all the stupid and spiteful prejudices of uninformed and unenlarged minds might congregate: "the Satanic School" was doubtless a eureka in its inventor's eyes. And similarly it was a convenience to some emptier writer, in a mood of less malignity, to say "the Lake School" when he meant the three very diverse writers, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. There is no harm in the term: or only thus much harm—that people who knew nothing of the subject, or of the matters needing to be discriminated as between the three poets, repeated it with that glib assurance which carries a sort of feeble self-applause, and thereby got to suppose they were critical and clever, and had somehow assessed these writers at no more than their due rating. If, however, we set aside the name of "the Lake School," and speak of Wordsworth singly as "the Lake Poet," or poet of the English lakes, the name is appropriate enough. Scenery, and the impressions of scenery, and the character of peasant life, are all most important elements of his poetry; and, as these are moreover all powerfully localized, and their particular localization determined by his place of well-nigh lifelong residence, the North-English lake-country, he really does correspond to this designation. Only, when we use it, we must still remember that it is no description: it simply defines a matter of fact connected with Wordsworth's life and poetic subject-matter, and leaves his rank and quality untouched.

The remainder of Wordsworth's career presents little matter for record beyond what is directly related to his poems. In 1815 he published the White Doe of Rylstone; in 1819 Peter Bell, and also The Waggoner. Peter Bell was the product of long years: just before it came out, a burlesque under the same title, written by John Hamilton Reynolds (author of The Garden of Florence, &c.), was issued to the world, and caused some mystification, and this was followed by Shelley's Peter Bell the Third—which, however, did not appear in print earlier than 1839, many years after the death of its author. Shelley had in early youth admired and revered Wordsworth with great fervour: but his sentiments for the protégé of Lord Lonsdale and rhapsodist of the allied sovereigns were by no means alike cordial, nor did he consider Peter Bell at all the right sort of thing to be put forward as a poem. Wordsworth was somewhat fiercely dealt with by Shelley in Peter Bell the Third; but one cannot exactly pity him, even apart from the question of whether or not he deserved to be thus treated. It were a nice point of casuistry to determine whether there is more of honour or of obloquy in being made the subject of a satirical poem, when the satirist is so stupendous a poetic genius as Shelley. If Justice Shallow represents Sir Thomas Lucy, that obscure country-gentleman has been ridiculed by Shakspeare into an immortality as enduring as that of the dramatist himself—surely not the hardest fate that could befal a simpleton. True, Wordsworth needed no Shelley to give him an enduring name, nor baner as sole passport to remembrance: but, as the Italians say, ben gli sti—he has attained that particular form of association with the godlike Shelley, and any form of association with him involves some compensation. It may here be added that Wordsworth (as we learn from Trelawny's book) thought nothing of Shelley up to the last year or so of that poet's life—possibly he had heard obscure rumours of Peter Bell the Third and its
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authorship, and at any rate was wholly unfamiliar with Shelley's works; afterwards he read them, and freely allowed that their writer was the greatest master of harmony among modern poets.

In 1820 appeared Wordsworth's *Sonnets on the River Duddon; Vaudracour and Julia, and other poems;* and *Ecclesiastical Sketches;* in 1822, his *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (recently undertaken in company with his wife and sister), and *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England, with Illustrative Remarks on the Scenery of the Alps.* In 1845, on the decease of Southey, he was appointed Poet Laureate—a post in which, as his living successor Tennyson says, he "uttered nothing base." He died at Rydal Mount on the 23d of April 1850, beloved and honoured, and, by a large and then increasing number of zealots, regarded as not only the greatest poet of the age, but as almost an inspired medium of communication of large divine truths to men. Upon many poets of his own and later days his influence has been apparent: but perhaps it is as prose-writer, Ruskin, who, preaching Wordsworth with conviction and fervency, has most availed to reimport, diffuse, and fertilize, his teachings.

Wordsworth was a tall, large, strong man, with a face in which one could discern intellect if one attended to it, but which one was not much tempted towards attending to. Casual inspection would have set him down as an ordinary prosaic-looking person enough—a middle-class man, of active country-habits, unpretentious and inconspicuous bearing, and regulated life. Careless rather than otherwise in dress, he was on the whole pleasant and courteous in company: De Quincey seems to have gone too far in saying that Wordsworth was austere and unsocial, and would not take any good-natured little trouble, such as carrying a lady's parasol on occasion. It may, however, be true that he was not to be called a practically self-denying or generous man; but neither was he a money-seeker. He was temperate, without fastidiousness or punctilio; at one time (or it may be very generally) only a water-drinker. He had undoubtedly a high opinion of his own powers and performances; and not only this, but also a habit of self-study and self-concentration which kept him talking a great deal about himself, and very faintly interested in other men, achievements, or endeavours, in the literary world. He often wrote at night; but his usual habit was to dictate rather than write with his own hand. As regards what has been called his "political tergiversation," candid men at the present day are probably mostly agreed in thinking that the charge cannot be maintained in any very positive or dammatory sense.

Wordsworth, by the nature of his mind, was not a politician at all—not a man of system or theory in governmental or social matters. He was a man of deep sympathy with virtue, and with all that makes our kind sensitive with and harmonious to the finest influences of Nature. In his youth the French Revolution had opened out prospects of glorious developments in this direction, which afterwards he considered, whether fairly or faint-heartedly, to have been belied, perverted, and fallacious—indeed disastrous. The natural consequence was that he retired more and more from a sphere of thought—the political—with which he had very small natural affinity; left politics to take their own course and form around him, with a degree of acquiescence on his own part which in-
creased from the conventionally respectful to the cheerfully compliant; and retreated into his own world of ideas and contemplations, at once less agitated and more spacious and aboriginal. It cannot rightly be said that he ever gave up or shirked his interest in humble life as such, or the broad humanity of his feelings and conceptions. Had he been pointed out by nature for a politician, indeed, it must have been avowed that he turned tail, and patched up a suspicious truce, if not a positive alliance, with the enemy: but he was not so pointed out, and therefore candour calls upon us to test his conduct by a different standard. For his contemporaries, such as Shelley, this may have been next to impossible: for us now it is both possible and obligatory. But the fact certainly lessens our warmth of liking for Wordsworth.

It is also, I think, true that a certain crust of "Respectability," perceptible even in the youthful Wordsworth, continued to increase upon him unpleasantly, and to clog and warp the clear and pure contours of his mind. He was certainly, and in a high sense, the poet of Men in Humble Life: but Respectability intervened, and obstructed his becoming either the poet of Man in his fullest dimensions, natural in mode of life, unspoiled by circumstances, uncramped by scruples —or else, like Burns, the genuine outspoken voice of the peasant, with the peasant's full heart, liberal nature, free tongue, and patent faults.

Wordsworth as a poet is in a certain sense easy, but in a deeper sense difficult, to appraise: the very ease of criticising him constitutes part of the difficulty. Some points to be stated regarding him are so plain, and moreover so damaging, that one feels embarrassed in fitting them in to the general framework, and explaining in scanty space how lofty as a whole is the honour to be accorded to the poet. The best preparation for reading his works is his own preface to the Lyrical Ballads, with the other prose matter annexed to it; the best criticism whereby to revise one's impressions derived immediately from perusal of the poems is that given by Coleridge in his Biographia Literaria. From the former of these two sources of information, the reader will note that Wordsworth regards all good poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings;" insists much on pleasure as a necessary element of all poetry, and even of all knowledge of whatsoever kind; and opines that, in works of imagination or sentiment, whether written in prose or in verse, the language assimilates in proportion to the intrinsic value of the feelings and ideas embodied. In Coleridge's criticism it is pronounced that the power of giving a novel enforcement and significance to old truths is Wordsworth's predominant characteristic.

Without following further in detail the observations, paramount as they are in value for our purpose, of Wordsworth himself and of his illustrious friend Coleridge, I shall here submit the few points which occur to myself as apposite in closing these remarks. The essence of Wordsworth's mind in poetry is contemplative imagination; imagination direct, extensive, and sympathetic, but so far contemplative as to interfere very gravely with its working impressiveness. The Americans have a habit of saying that so-and-so is or is not a "magnetic" man: they have often, for instance, said this latter of President Grant.
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Whether based or not on true notions in physiology, this is a very available laconism, and may serve us here: Wordsworth was not a magnetic man, and is consequently not a magnetic poet. Not that he is incapable of magnetism: he is at times wonderfully charged with it, and produces an impression as sudden, as acute, and as profound, as almost any poet that could be named. Further than this, there are some natures, peculiarly analogous to his own, which find him very frequently or even generally magnetic; and any readers who value and enter into poetry are likely to think Wordsworth, on prolonged and repeated reading, far more magnetic than they had at first supposed. Still the fact remains that, with all his imagination, all his intimate knowledge of Nature, all his deep and pure feeling, all his command of poetic resource, he is not, in the large sense, a fascinating or attractive writer. His contemplativeness, combined with what was called above his "respectability," is mainly in fault. He has himself pondered too much what he wants to say, what he means to say, why he wants and means it, whether it is right to want and mean it, and how to say it. In fact, he is too conscientious and too little instinctive for a poet. Simple he often is, even to baldness—the extreme of this is one of his leading defects; sympathetic he most assuredly is in passages or entire compositions continually recurring throughout his volumes; spontaneous he both seems and is very often, according to his own standard of spontaneity. But even simplicity, and the sympathetic and spontaneous qualities, do not quite suffice for his purpose with the reader: there is too much background for them (if one may use the phrase)—they come out of a nature at once too passively receptive, and too self-conscious of the process of reception and of after reproduction. He is a meditative and intensive poet—as such admirable, perhaps unequalled: but, if people will not accept that in full of all poetic demands, there is nothing to compel them to do so, and Wordsworth has no more to give them.

I shall not dwell here on some express blemishes which are nevertheless very truly stated and very banefully operative—such as occasional triviality, more frequent bathos, and prosing lengthiness more frequent still. The upshot of these objections is that Wordsworth has bad defects, which are specially annoying inasmuch as they are specially anti-poetic. After all this has been allowed for and acknowledged, and after we have even excluded altogether in our minds the poems or passages open to such a censure, the residue remains, and constitutes Wordsworth a most true poet—indeed, a very exalted and a great one; with emotion to move us, purity and simplicity to charm, imagination to upraise, and beauties of art to delight; but wanting certain dramatic and impulsive qualities, without which the relation between a poet and his reader remains, however genuine, a not quite final and complete relation.

The Prodigal Son said to his Father "Make me as one of thy hired servants." If we transfer this conception from the region of morals or religion to that of poetry, and imagine the poetic son of Father Apollo, overwhelmed with the privileges and heights of sonship, petitioning his parent to be "as one of his hired servants," and taken at his word, we have a tolerable image of Wordsworth. He is a son of Apollo; he works with exquisite humility, and at the same time with a lofty filial
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feeling, and a self-respect all the more vital through its outward abnegation: yet the work which he produces is not absolutely son's work, but partly servant's work—and would look wholly so at times, but that other portions of it keep us better informed.

W. M. ROSSETTI.
POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Of the Poems in this class, "The Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches" were first published in 1793. 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 Juvenile Pieces.

1836.

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,
It in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.
Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.
1796.

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:

Park 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 alloy my pain;
Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again.

III.

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—Slate-quarry—Sunset—Supposition of the Country components with that moment—Swans—Female A
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Beggar—Twilight-sounds—Western Lights
— Spirits — Night — Moonlight — Hope —
Night-sounds—Londonderry.

Far from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove
Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
Where lark rests, and listens to the roar
That stuns the tremendous cliffs of high Lindore;
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
To withy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads;
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;
Where, undisturbed by winds, Winander sleeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steep;
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,
Alke, when first the sistern's hollow hill
Was heard, or woodcocks roamed the moonlight hill.

In thoughtless gaiety I courted the plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of pain;
For then, the inexperienced heart would beat
At time, while young Content forsook her seat,
And wild Impatience, pointing upward, showed,
Through passes yet unrescaled, a brighter road.
Alas! the sad 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 will 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 glarring hill,
And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between;
When crowding cattle, checked by rails that make
A fosse for stretched into the shallow lake,
Lashed the cool water with their restless tails,
Or from high points of rock looked out for fainting gales;
When school-boys stretched their length upon the green;
And round the broad-spread oak, a glimmering scene,
In the rough form-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 till
Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll;  f
And by enchantment, an obscure retreat
Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.
While thick above the till the branchless close,
In rocky basins its wild waves repose,
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-veeds between.

And in its own twilight softness 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 repos on a secret bridge
Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;
There, bending o'er the stream, the listless saw
Lingers behind his disappearing wain.
— Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
Blandinin's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine?

Never shall ruthless minister of death
'Mid thy soft gloams the glittering steel unseath.
No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,
No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;
The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
A more benignant sacrifice approve—
A mind, that, in a calm angelic mood
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
Bedecked, of all from her high powers required,
Much done, and much designed, and more desired—
Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,
Entire affection for all human kind.

Dear Brook, farewell! To-morrow's noon
Again shall ride me, wooing long thy wildwood strain;
But now the sun has gained his western road,
And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.
While, near the midway cliff, the silvered kite
In many a whistling circle wheels her flight;
Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, space
Travel along the precipice's base;
Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,
By lichens grey, and scanty moss, o'ergrown;
Where scarce the forlorn peep, or thistle's hue
The spacious landscape change in form and hue.

* The word intake is local, and signifies a mountain-inclure.
† Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country: ghyll, and dingle, have the same meaning.
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;
Even the win. of stems of larch, the cottage white,
Softens their glare before the mellow light;
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbra wide
You can’t half the latticed boat-house hide,
Shed from their sides, that face the sun’s slant
beams.

Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous
stream.
Raised by you travelling flock, a dusty cloud
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving
shadows.

The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost
entire.

Igo to a gradual calm the breeze sink,
A blue run borders all the lake’s still brink;
There doth the twinkling aspen’s foliage sleep,
And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deep;
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks.
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light;
There, waves that, hardly waltering, die away,
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray;
And now the whole wide lake in deep reposa
Is hushed, and like a burned mirror glows,
Save where, along the shady western marges,
Coasts, with indistinct star, the charcoal large.

Their panniered train a group of potters guard,
Winding from side to side up the steep road;
The path of level garden, from you clear of fearful edge
Shot, down the headlong path darts with his
sledge.

Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse illumine
Feeding on purple heath, “green rings,” and broom;

While the sharp slope the slackened team con-
found.

Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds;
In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
Dashed o’er the rough rock, lightly leaping along;
From some remote chapel at the mountain’s feet,
Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat;
Sounds from the water-side the hammered boat;
And blasted quarry thunders, heard remote
Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,
Blue pampas of lakes, high cliffs, and falling fountains,
Not undelightful are the simplest charms,
Found by the grassy door of mountain-farms.

Sweetly ferocious, round his native walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch starks;
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
Over the stream, and closer and slumber;
On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat,
Throated and faintly-anwearing farms remote.
Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,
White, flapped with conscious pride, resound
Where, mixed with graceful birch, the som-
brous pine
And yew-tree o’er the silver rocks reclines

I love to mark the quarry’s moving trains,
Dwarf panned near steeds, and men, and numer-
ous waves:
How buoy all the enormous hive within,
While Echo dally’s with its various din!
Some bear you not their chimes’ clinking sound;
Tall, small as pignigs in the gulf profound.
Some, dim between the lofty cliffs desired,
Or walk 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 agis orb divides,
And breaks the spreading of its golden tides;
And now that orb has touched the purple steep
Whose softened image penetrates the deep.
Cross the calm lake’s blue shadés the cliffs aspire,
With towers and woods, a “prospect slenner fire.”
White roves and secret hollows, through a ray
Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray.
Each slip of lawn the broken rocks between
Shines in the light with more than earthly green:
Deep yellow beams the scattered stems illume.
In the level forest’s central gloom:
Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,
Through this winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, loud barking, “mid the glittering rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted
flocks.
Where oaks the throng the road of radiance shoots
On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots;
The dun-stones a brightened ring unfold;
And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold.
Sink to a curve, the day-star lessens still,
Gives one bright glance, and drops behind the hill.

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
Confirmed by 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 falling fall.
Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show
Of herosmen-shadowed mountains and fire;
At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar beam;
The rear through iron bow a yellow un
plean.
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 splendid—save the beacon’s airy head.
Tipt with evan’s latest gleam of burning red.

Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail,
On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale;
And, fronting the bright west, you o’er
twines its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger
lines;
’Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay.

* From Thomson.
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings;
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful pride can be, and how majestic, ease.
While tender cares and mild domestic loves
With fervent watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
And her brown little-ones around her leads,
Nighbiling 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 weariest to her side;
Alternately they mount her back, and rest
Close by her mantling wings’ embraces rest.

Long may they float upon this flood serene;
Their heaveless bodies untroubled, still, and green,
Where leafy shades fence off the glittering gale,
And breathes peace to the pily of the vale!
Yon isle, which feels not even the milkmaid’s feet
Yet hears her song, “by distance made more sweet,”
Yon isle, conceals their home, their hut-like bower;
Green-water-rushes overspread the floor;
Long grass and willows form the waven wall,
And swings above the roof the poplar tall.
Thence issuing often with unwarily stalk,
They crush with broad black feet their flowery walk;
Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn
The bound, the horse’s tread, and mellow horn;
Involves their serpent-necks in changeful rings,
Rolled wantonly between their slippery wings,
Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,
Force half upon the wave their cumbersome flight.

Fair swan! by all a mother’s joys caroused,
Happily wretch have eyes, and called thee blessed;
When with her infants, from some shady seat
By the lake’s edge, she rose—to face the moon-tide heat;
Or taught their limbs along the dusty road
A few short steps to totter with their load.

I see her now, denied to lay her head,
On cold blue nights, in that straw-bount salt shed,
Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
But when the moon is gliding moon on high—
When low-bung clouds each star of summer hides,
And fearless are the valleys far and wide,
Where the brook brawls along the public road
Dark with hat-haunted ashes stretching broad,
Or has she taught them on her lap to lay
The song of glow-worm; or, in heedless play,
Toos it from hand to hand, disquieted;
While others, not unseen, are free to shed
Green unmoled light upon their mossy bed.

Oh! when the sheety showers her path assail,
And like a torrent roars the headstrong flame,
No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold,
Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold;
Weak roof-blowering form two lobbies to shield,
And faint the fire a dying heart can yield!
Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears
Thy flooded cheeks to wet them with its tears;

No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,
Thy breast their death-bed, coffin in thine arms!

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
Where the duck dabbles ‘mid the rustling wedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water’s edge.
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
Weeping, 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 farwell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of night;
‘Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain’s brow
And round the west’s proud lodge their shadows throw,
Like Una shining on her gloomy way
The half-seen form of J interleaves 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 lastst pale
Tracking the motions of the saleful gale.

With restless interchange at once the bright
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.
No favored eye was ever allowed to gaze
On lovelier spectacle in farry days:
When gentle Spirals urged a sportive chase,
Brushing with lucid wands the water’s face;
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
Charmcd the tall circle of the enchantcd stream—
The lights are vanished from the watery glims.

No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
Unhended night has overcome the vales;
On the dark earth the moon-drop falls;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone black fir, the sole wild-pan plain;
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,
Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;
And, lowering from the mullen 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 mind
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.
Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade awa
Yet still the tender, vacant gloom renaus,
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light, to sing,
Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet’s bed,
From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon
Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,
While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,
And pours a deeper blue to Ebor’s bound.

Pleased, as she moves, her somg of clouds to fold
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

Above you eastern hill, where darkness broads
O’erall its vanished dalls, and lawns, and woods;
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
Even now she shows, half-reis, 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 strewn,
To the green corn of summer, autumn’s hue.
Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
Her dews, far lovelier than the moon’s own.

"Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
The weary foot and wandering heart near;
Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
O’er darting spots remote her tempting smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant scene,
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between)
Glimming that cottage with her festest ray,
(Sole burn, sole wish, sole object of my way;
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
How sweet its streamslet 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)
Crest bended into the tranquil breast of death.

But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains,
And, rime without specch, extend the plains:
The deepest cleft the mountain’s front displays
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
From the dark-blue paint silvery threads divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;
Time solly treats; throughout the landscape breathes
A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by wreaths
Of charcoal-smoke, that o’er the fallen wood
Steiis 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.

Breke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep.
The steer o’er gliding, the distant shore,
The boat’s first motion—made with dashing oar;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurring 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 yoll, all, in the deep woods, of loosely bound.
1767-9.

IV.

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

How richly glows the water’s breast
Before us, tinged with evening hue.
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The lost her sluest course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little more but past so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faultless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allures;
But now the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till gone go with him to the tomb.

—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?
1769.

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

Now let us, as we float along,
For how 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 virtus’s holiest Powers attended.
1769.

VI.

DESCRIPTION SKETCHES.

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE ALPS.

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

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

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

I am happy in being conscious that I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they

* Collin’s Ode on the death of Thomson.
most certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a state of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feasible in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the season, which gives such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethesda, Menai and be- Druida, the Alpine steeps of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wondrous stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity bof 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 find or reach) among the charms of Nature—Pleas-" ures of the pedestrian Traveller—Authors crosses France to the Alps—Present state of the Grande Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Time, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Moonlight; its voluptuous Character; Old man and forest-cottage music—River Ticino—director Grison Gipsy—Scher- lenen-thal—Lake of Uri—Stormy sunset—Column of William Tell—Force of local emo- tion—Chamois-chase—View of the higher Alps—manner of life of a Swiss mountaineer, impressions with views of the higher Alps—Golden age of the Alps—Life and views con- tinued—Rams' Vaches, famous Swiss Air—Abbey of Einsiedel and its pilgrims—Valley of Chamouny—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of liberty on cottage-happiness—France—Wish for the Extirpa- tion of Slavery—Conclusion.

Were there, below, a spot of holy ground Where from distress a refuge might be found, And pilgrims prepare the soul for heaven; Sure, nature's God that spot to man had given Where falls the purple morning far and wide In flakes of light upon the mountain side; Where with loud voice the power of water shames The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes. Yet not uncomplained the man shall roam, Who at the call of summer quits his home, And plods through some wide realm o'er vale and height, Though seeking only holiday delight; At least, not owning to himself an aim To which the sage would give a prouder name, No gains too dearly earned his fancy cloy, Though every passing sylph whips his joy;

Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease, Feeds the clear current of his sympathies. For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn; And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourn! Dear is the forest bowing o'er his head, And dear the violet green sword to his tread: Moves there a cloud or mid-day's flaming eye? Upward he looks—** and calls it luxury.

Kind Nature's charities his steps attend; In every babbling brook he finds a friend; While chastening thoughts of sweetest use, bestowed

By wisdom, moralise his pensive road; Host of his welcome inn, the moon-tide bow, To his spare meal he calls the passing poor; He views the sun uplift his golden fire; Or sinks, with heart alike like Memnon's lyre; Blessest 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 suspended wheels the village dance, The maidens eye him with enquiring glance, Much wondering by what fit of crazing care, Or desperate love, bewildered, he came there. A hope, that prudence could not then approve, That chancing to Nature with a truant's love, O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my footsteps led; Her files of road-stars, high above my head In long-drawn vista, rustling in the breeze; Or where her pathways struggle as they please By lonely farms and secret villagés. But lo! the Alps, ascending white in air, Joy with the son and glitter from afar. And now, emerging from the forest's gloom, I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy doom.

Whitaker is fed that Power whose forms from severe Awdor sober Reason till she crouched in fear? That Silence, once in deathlike fetters bound, Chains that were loosened only by the sound Of holy rites chantèd in measured round? The voice of blasphemy the flame alarms, The cloister stantles by the league of arms. The thundering tides the aged anger bears, Least o'er the glowing flood that sweeps away his tears. Cloud-burring pine-trees nod their troubled heads, Spire, rocks, and lawns a browner night overspreads; Strong terror checks the female peasant's sights, And start the astonished shades at female eyes. From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted Jay, And slow the insulted eagle seeks away. A viewless flight of laughing Demons rock The Cross, by angels planted* on the aerial rock.

The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath Along the mystic streams of Life and Death; * Swelling the outcry dull, that long resonant Potentaneous through her old woods' trackless bounds,

* Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the spire rocks of Chartreuse.

† Names of rivers at the Chartreuse,
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Vallonbore. *mid her falling faxes, deplores,
For ever broke, the Sabbath of her bowers.

More pleasant, my foot the hidden margin
Of Como, boomed deep in chestnut groves.
No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps
Tower, bare or syrian, from the narrow deeps.
—To towns, whose shades of no rude noise
Concern.

From ringing team apart and grating rail—
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound.
Or lurk in moody endless glens profound.
Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,
And o'er the whitened wave their shadows ring.

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-beam 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
Stretches 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.
Aright, here, half a village shines, arrayed
In golden light; half hides itself in shade:
While, from amidst the darkened roof, 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 livery 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 love retreats;
Beloved the unwearyed sweep of wood that scales
Thy close, the endless waters of thy vale;
Thy lowly cows that sprinkle all the shore;
Each with its household boat beside the door;
Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky;
Thy towns, that cleave, like swallow's nests, on high;
That glimmer hour in eve's last light, described
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted steel,
And compose the ear-forgotten floods;
—Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue or grey.

'Mid smoking woods gleams lad from morning's ray
Slow-travelling down the western hills, to
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 quenches the blithe sound of oars that pass
Along thy streaming lake, to early mass.
But now farewell to each and all—adieu

* Name of one of the valleys of the Chartruese.

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;

While sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine
The sylvan cabin's lute-enflamed gleam.  —Alas! the very murmur of the streams
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,
Yet are thy softer arts with power imbued
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.
Yet once I pierced the mazes of a wood
In which a cabin stealthily stood;
There an old man an old measure scanned
On a rude violin touched with withered hand.
As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie
Under a hoary oak's thin canopy,
Stretched at his feet, with stedfast upward eye,
His children's children listened to the sound;—
A hermit with his family around!

But let us hence; for fairest Locarno smiles
Embroiled in walnut slopes and citron groves;
Or seek at eve the banks of Tosa'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 Malta's streams confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Hang o'er the abyss, whose else impervious gloom
His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go
O'er life's long deserts with its charge of woe,
With sad congratulation joins the train
Where beasts and men together o'er the plain
Move on—a mighty caravan of pain;
Ho, strength, and courage, social suffering
—brings,—
Freshening the wilderness with shades and spring;
—There be whose lot for otherwise is cast:
Sole human tenant of the piny waste,
By choice or doom a gipsy wanders here,
A surving babe her only conforter;
Lo, where she sits beneath thy shaggy rock,
A cowering shape half hid in curling smoke!

When lightning among clouds and mountain-snows
Predominate, and darkness cometh and goes,
And the fierce torrent at the flashes breaks,
Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring road—
She seeks a covert from the lattening shower
In the roofed bridge; the bridge, in that dread hour.

Istelf all trembling at the torrent's power.

Nor is she more at ease on some stiller 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,
Swoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes;
Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,
Or, to the drowsy crow of midnight cock,
Listens, or quakes while from the forest's gulf
Howls near and nearer yet the famished wolf.

From the green vale of Urseren smooth and wide
Descend we now, the maddened Reussour guide;
By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
Cling trembling 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 roof-like o'er the deep sequestred 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 lengths underneath its shade
Of low-hung vapours: on the freshened mead
The green light sparkles—the dim bowers recede.

While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape fill,
And back of passing mules that tinkle dull,
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
Hill domes with pinacles and towers,
And antique castles seen through ISTeamy showers.

From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake!
To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake
In Nature's pristine majesty assaulted,
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,
Not stop but where creation seems to end.
Yet here and there, if 'mid the savage scene
Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep
To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on the steep.

—Before those thresholds (never can they know
The face of traveller passing to and fro),
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell;
Their watch-dog never his angry bark foregoes,
Touched by the beggar's noon of human woe;
The shady porch he's 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 among 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 ear,
And its last echo, can be heard no more.
And what if ospreys, coromora, 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 unquiet pear in summer's kindliest ray;

Contentment shares the desolate domain
With Independence, child of high disdain.
Exciting 'tis the winter of the skies,
Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
And grasps by fits her sword, and often eyes;
And sometimes, as from rock to rock she bounds,
The Patriot symphons start at imagined sounds,
And, wildly passing, oft she hangs aghast,
Whether some old Swiss air hath checked her haste
Or thrill of Spartan sife is caught between the blast.

Swols with incessant rains from hour to hour,
All day the deepening floods a marmour 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 unford,
At once to pillars turned that flame with gold;
Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to shun
The near, that burns like one dilated sun,
A crucible of mighty coals felt,
By mountaints, 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 rove and agitate his bounding soul?
Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
Or wild Aousa lulled by Alpine rills
On Zephen's plain, or on that highland dell,
Through which rough Gary channels 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 received,
And glad Dunste in 'faust huezas' 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
A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep;
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

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

One I behold who, 'cross the foaming floods,
Leaps with a bound of graceful hardihood;
Another high on that green ledge—his hand
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,
Uprising where the fairest heritage smiled:
Nor Hunger driven the herds from pastures bare,
To climb the treacherous cliffs for scanty fare.
Then the milk-chalice flourished through the land,
And forced the full-won udder to demand,
Thrice every day, the pail and welcome hand.
Thus over desert, answering every close,
Rich stream of sweetest perfume comes and goes.

—And there sure is a secret Power that reigns Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes, Nought but the chaitel, flat and bare, on high Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky; Or distant herds that pasturing upward creep, And, not unattended, climb the dangerous steep. How still! no crepitant sound or sight Rouses the soul from her severe delight. An island in the Sabbath region fills Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills, And with that voice accords the soothing sound Of doory bells, for ever tinkling round; Faint wail of eagle melting into blue Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's steady sigh;

—Thou 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 cry.

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

= The military 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 cry.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Nor is his spirit less erect, nor less alive to independent happiness;
Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at even-tide
Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side;
For as the pleasures of his simple day
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
Nought round its darling precincts can be found
But brings some past enjoyment to his mind;
While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's arm,
Bids her wild wreaths, and whispers his return.

Once, Man entirely free, alone and wild,
Was blest as free—for he was Nature's child.
He all superior but his God disdained,
Walked none restraining, and by none restrained:
Confess not law but what his reason taught,
Did all he wished, and wished but what he thought.
As in his primeval dower arrayed
The image of his glorious Sire displayed,
Even so, by faithful Nature guarded, here
The traces of primeval Man appear;
The simple dignity of forms desolate;
The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace;
The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,
His book he pites, nor neglects his sword,
—Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared
With this "the blesses 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 his one blade, his many foemen foes,
When to those famous fields his steps are led,
And where the blade connects him with the dead.
For images of other worlds are there;
Awful the sight, and holy is the soul.
Frigidly, and in flashes, through his soul,
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled transports roll;
His brows, his bosom, his Spirit towers amain,
Beyond the senses and the little reign.

And oft, when that dread vision hath past by,
He holds with God himself communion high,
There where the peal of swellsing 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 Fears, of darkness named and fear and storms,
Uplift in quiet their illuminated forms.

And when the reach of prospect round him spread,
Tingled 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 but he goes,
Dear and more dear the lessoning circle grows;
That which but on the hills so oft employ
His thoughts, the central point of all his joys.

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

And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
Forces often ere she darts into her nest,
To the homestead, where the grandair tends
A little prattling child, the self-sown seed;
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,
Unattained by even, discontent; and pride;
The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
With one bright belt, 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 board,
Of thrice ten summers dignify the board.
—Alas! in every clime a flying ray
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way;
And here the unwilful mind may more than trace.

The general sorrow of the human race:
The churlish gales of penury, that blow
Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of snow,
To them the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
Yet more—compelled by Powers which only reign
That solitary man disturb their reign,
Powers that support an unremitting strife
With all the tender charites of life.
Fall oft the father, when his sons have grown
To manhood, seems their title to dishonour;
And from his nest amid the smiles 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 Scine, the exile roves:
For the curtled waters Alpine measures swell,
And search the affections to their inmost cell;
Sweet poisons spread along the listener's veins,
Turning past pleasures into mortal pains;
Poison, which not a frame of steel can brave,
Bows his young head with sorrow to the grave.

Gay luck of hope, thy silent song resume!
Ye flatter eastern lights, once more the hills illumine!
Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious morn,
And thus, 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 morning's head:
Whose reason was, and cannot be recalled.
Yet, woe, 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 else the favourite friend of woe.

Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine,
Between interminable tracts of pine,
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
By an eternal light revealed, that falls
Rose.
On the mute Image and the troubled walls.
Oh! give me not that eye of hard disdain
That views, undimmed, Einsiedeln's wretched
While gaily faces through the gloom appear,
Abusive joy, and hope that works in fear;
While utter contends with silenced agony,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
If the sad grace of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope—oh, pass 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 rented 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 terraces tipped with evening gold,
In that glad moment will you for a sigh
Bl chew, of charitable sympathy;
In that glad moment when your hands are great
In mute devotion on the thankful breast!
Last, let us turn to Champney 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 frayed.

They lie beneath that mountain's matchless height
That holds no commerce with the summer night.
From age to age, throughout his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;
Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers on perpetual snow;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

What marvel then if many a Wanderer sighs;
Which sight of Banner Arve in anger by,
That not for thy reward, unrivalled Vale!
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale;
That thou, the slave of slaves, art doomed to weep
And droop, while no Italian arts are thine,
To sooth or cheer, to solace or refine.

Hail Freedom! whether it was mine to stray,
With shrill winds whirling round my lonely way,
On the dark sides of Cumbria's heath-clad morn
Or where dank sea-weed lasses Scotland's shores;

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

To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing
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 ones more near;
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 life and rushing drum's alarms,
And the short thunder, and the flash of arms;
That cease not till night falls, when far and high
Sole sound, the Sound! proclaims his mournful cry!

—Yet, hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power
Beyond the cottage-hearth, the cottage-door:
All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide
Through rushing aspens heard from side to side
When from October clouds a milder light
Fell where the blue flood rippled into white;
Bethought 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 bell
Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale;
With more majestic course the water rolled,
And rippling foliage shone with richer gold.
—But flocks are gathering—Liberty must raise
Red on the hills her banner's far-seen blue;
Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to tower—
Nearer and nearer comes the trying gale!
Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's perverted ire
Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields in fire.
Lo, from the flames a great and glorious birth;
* An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.
As if a new-made heaven were bailing 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 brown
Upon that promise, nor the hope disclose;
She knows that only from high aims ensue
Rich guardians, 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 the world be watered, from the heavens supplied
In copious showers, from earth by wholesome springs.
Brood o'er the long-arched 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 hands, 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 glistering sunbeams play,
With a light heart our course we may renew,
The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew.
1791, 1792.

VII.

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

Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree
stands
Far from all human dwelling: what if here
No sparkling violet spread the verdant herb?
What if the bee love not these barren boughs?
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

—Who he was
That piled these stones and with the mossy sod
First covered, and here taught this aged Tree
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
I well remember.—He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And sometimes, when and where a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favoured Being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not bow; against the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service: wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude. — Stranger! these gloomy bought
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper;
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
And juniper and thistle-worked, one o'er,
Fixing his downward eye, he mused an hour
A moral pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life:
And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze
On the more distant scene,—how lovely was
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor, that time,
When nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those Beings to whose minds
Warm from the labours of benevolence
The world, and human life, appeared a scene
Of kindred loneliness; then he would sigh,
Tired disturbed, to think that others felt
What he must never feel: and so, last Man!
On visionary views would fancy feed,
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
He died,—this seat his only monument.

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

1795.

VIII.

GUILTY AND SORROW;
OR, INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

ADVERTISEMENT,
PREPARED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS
FORM, PUBLISHED IN 1849.

Not less than one-third of the following poem,
though it has from time to time been altered in
the expression, was published so far back as
the year 1798, under the title of "The Female
Vagrant." The extract is of such length that
an apology seems to be required for reprinting
it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its
original position, or the rest would have been
unintelligible. The whole was written before
the close of the year 1794, and I will detail,
rather as a matter of literary biography than
for any other reason, the circumstances under
which it was produced.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH. 13

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

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

---

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Salisbury's Plain
Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;
Stepping his gait, but not so as to gain
Help from the staff he bore; for men and air
Were hardly, though his cheek seemed worn
Of both the time to come, and time long fled;
Down still in straggling walks his thin grey hair;
A coat he wore of military red
But careless and staid o'er with many a patch and shred.

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

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

IV.
No tree there was, nor shadow'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 Honour grain.
Or whirring thro' thin grass along the unfurrowed plain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

XI.
As one whose brain habitual phrensy fires
Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed
Profounder quest, when the fit returns
Even so the dire phantasm which had crossed
His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
Nor, if aconsed now, in thought engrossed,
Moody, or only troubled, would be seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

XII.
Hurlte the clouds in darkest darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;
He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might wreak;
Save that the bustard, of those regions bleak
Sky tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man more wandering, gave a mournful shriek,
And half upon the ground, with strange afflict
Forced hark against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

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

XIV.
Fle of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet keep
Thy secrets, thus that low't to stand and hear
The Plain resounding to the whir’lwind’s sweep,
Inmate of lonesome Nature’s endless year;
Even if thou saw the giant wicker rear
For sacrifice thron’s of living men,
Before thy face did ever wrench appear,
Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier pain
Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter now
Would gain?

XV.
Within that fabric of mysterious form,
Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme;
And, from the perishing ground dislodged,
Through storm
And rain he wandered on, no moon to stream
From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,
Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led:
Once did the lightning’s faint dissatisr pleasure gleam
Disclose a naked guide-post’s double head,
Sight which the lost at once a gleam of pleasure she.

XVI.
No swelling sign-board creaked from cottage rim.
To stay his steps with faintness overcome;
I was dark and void as ocean’s watery realm
Roaring with storms beneath night’s starless gleam;
Gin cower old’er fire of forse or bream;
No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright,
Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man’s room;
Along the waste no line of mournful light
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night.

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

XVIII.
Though he had little cause to love the abode
Of man, or 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 mead where fern the floor bestrews
He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes begin to close.

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

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

XXI.

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

But soon his voice as 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 sat The Woman thus retraced her own untoward fate.

XXII.

"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 hop, he made me kneel beside his 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 sweter pleasure brought.

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 Flucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.

Can I forget our frolics at shearing time? My ben’s rich nest through long grass scarce espied: The cow-lap-gathering in June’s dewy prime; The awns that with white chesters uparched in pride

Rushing and racing came to meet me at the water-side!

XXV.

The staff I well remember which upbore The bending body of my active sire; His seat beneath the homed sycamore Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire; When market-morning came, the neat attire With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked; Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire

The stranger till its barking-fit I checked; The ticks for years, which at my casement pecked.

XXVI.

The suns of twenty summers danced along,— Too little marked how fast they rolled away: But, through severe mis-chance and cruel wrong, My father’s substance fell into decay; We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day When Fortune might put on a kinder look; But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they:

He from his old hereditary nook Most part; the summons came:—our last leave we took.

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

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

We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest With daily bread, by constant toil supplied. 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 town, cold hearth, and silent wheel, And tears that flowed for ills which patience might not heal.

XXIX.

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

XXX.

There were we long neglected, and we love 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
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

For our departure; wished and wished—nor knew,
'Bid that long sickness and those hopes delayed,
That happier days we never more must view.
The parting signal streamed—at last the land
 withdrew.

But the calm summer season was now 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,
Ustaught 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.

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 unmans the firmest heart to bear.
All perished—all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children! one by one, by sword
And ravenous plague, all perish'd: every tear
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board.
A British ship I waked, as from a trance re-
stored.'

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

"O come," he cried, 'after weary night
Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."'
So forth she came, and eastward looked; the night
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 lack
Warm'd near.

They looked and saw a lengthening road, and wain
That rang down a bare slope not far remote;
The barrows glitter'd bright with drops of rain,
Whistled the waggoner with weary note,
The cock far off sounded his clarion thrum;
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.

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

Ah! how unlike those late terrific shrieks,
And groans that rage of raving 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 bom-bay's smoke 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, whispering, called the wind that hardly
curled
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of
home
And from all hope I was for ever hurried.
For me—farthest from earthly port to roam
Was best, could but shut 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 disdained,
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 wasted food.

No help I sought; in sorrow turned adrift,
Was hopeless, as if for some cruel sea;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor raised my hand at some dread to knock,
I lay where, with 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 to vain the crowd's resort.
In deep despair, by fruitful wishes sti-nered,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;
There, pains which nature could no more sup-
port.
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;
And, after many interruptions short
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crai;
Unsought for was that did my life recall.

Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and unconscious memory;
I heard my neighbours in their beds complain
Of many things which never troubled me—
Of feet still bustling round with busy gait,
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

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.

XLVI.

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 paced,
At houses, men, and common light, amased.
The lamps 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.

XLVII.

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
Is born uplifted; and companions boon,
Well met from far with revelry secure
Among the forest glades, while jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial
moon.

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

What could I do, unaided and unblest?
My father! gone was every friend of thine:
And pleasure of a dead husband was at last
Small help; and, after marriage such as mine,
With little kindness would to me decline.
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;
My strength was none, no effort could confine;
In open air forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow
knit.

L.

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

Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,
Through tears have seen him towards that world
descend
Where my heart lost all its fortitude:
Three years a wanderer now my course I bend—
Oh! tell me which— for no earthly friend

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

LII.

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-expected
smile.
"Twas not for Ais 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.

LIII.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight,
Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
Rise various wreaths that into one unite
Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam;
Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent;
They paused, and heard a hoarse voice blas-
pheming,
And female cries. Their course they thither
sent.
And met a man who foamed with anger vehe-
ment.

LIV.

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 straightforward,
As if each blow were deadlier than the last,
Struck the poor innocent. Filled with dismay
The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast;
And stern looks on the man her grey-haired
Comrade cast.

LV.

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 now;
Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant
would allow.

LVI.

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

LVII.

Within himself he said—What hearts have we l
The blessing this a father gives his child!
Yet happy thou, poor boy! compared with me,
Suffering not doing ill— face for more mild.
The Poems Written in Youth.

The Stranger's looks and tears of wrath be-guiled
The father, and relenting thoughts awake
He kissed his son—so all was reconciled
Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke
Ere to his lips it came, the Sinped them to sleep.

LXXI.

"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law
Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;
Much need have ye that time more closely draw
The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
And that among so few there still be peace:
Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes
Your pains shall ever with your years in-crease?"

While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,
A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

LXXII.

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 bubbled on through groves and meadows green;
A low-roofed house peeped out the trees be-tween.

The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,
And melancholy lowings intervene
Of scattered birds, that in the meadow graze,
Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's rays.

LXXIII.

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road
Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale;
Comfort by prudent manners unstained
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.

Erelong they reached that cottage in the dale:
It was a rustic inn—there was no board spread,
The new-born infant followed with her browning hair,
And lustily the master carved the bread,
Kindly the housewife pressed, and in comfort fed.

LXXIV.

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth,
must part;
Wanderers whose course no longer now agreed
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 ears,
With his oak-staff the cottage children played;
And soon she reached a spot or thump with trees
And banks of ragged earth; beneath the shade
Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed.

LXXV.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;
Chequer'd the canvas roof the sunbeams shone.
She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood
As the wind fronted her,—thereby lay one,
A pale-faces Woman, in disease far gone.
The carman wet her lips as well behoved;
But 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.

LXXVI.

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.

LXXVII.

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 seeking, on the groud she lay
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!'

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

"Barred every comfort labour could procure,
Suffering what no endurance could assuage,
I was compelled to seek in that man's door,
Though loth to be a burden on his age.
But sickness stopped me in an early stage
Of my sad journey; and 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.

LXXX.

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been burdensome;
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 hence, speak
Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek.—
Torn from our birth, that wind on 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.

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

"For evil tongues made oath how on that day
My husband lurked about the neighbourhood;
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

LXXIV.
His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
(Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
They hung not,—no one on Ais form or face
Could gaze, as on a show by villains sought;
No kindred sufferer, to his death-place brought
By lawless curiosity or chance,
When into storm the evening sky is wrought, Upon his swinging cross an eye can glance,
And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable trance.
1793-4.
THE BORDERERS.
A TRAGEDY. [Composed 1735-6.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MARMADUKE.
ONWALD.
WALLACE.
LACY.
LENOX.
HERBERT.
WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKE.
HOST.

Forster.
Eldred, a Peasant.
Peasant, Fugitive, &c.
Iogone.
Female Beggar.
Eleanor, Wife to Eldred.

Of the Band of Borderers.

SCENE—Borders of England and Scotland.

TIME—The Reign of Henry III.

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

February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE—Read 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 cross the Border. — Fly that our young Chief will have no part In this good service.

Wol. Rather let us grieve That, in the undertaking which has caused His absence, he hath sought, what's e'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.

Wol. 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 beseech—the Band may else be foiled.

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

Wol. Be cautious, my dear Master!

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

Wol. Nay, but I grieve that we should part.

This Stranger, For such he is—

Mol. Your busy fancies, Wilfred, Might tempt me to a smile; but what of him? I know that you have saved his life. I know it.

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

Mol. Fy! no more of it.

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

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

Wol. Peace, my good Wilfred; repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band.
FOES WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

I shall be with them in two days, at farthest.

Will. May He whose eye is over all protect

[ Exit.

Enter Oswald [a bunch of plants in his hand].

Osw. This wood is rich in plants and curious

[looking at them]. The wild rose, and

the poppy, and the nightshade:

Which is your favourite, Oswald?

Osw. That which, while its

is strong to destroy, is also strong to heal.

[Looking forward.

Not yet in sight!—We'll saunter here awhile;

They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

[ a letter in his hand]. It is no common

thing when one like you

Performs these delicate services, and therefore

I feel myself much bound to you, Oswald:

To a strange letter this—I saw her write it

Osw. And saw the tears with which she blotted

it.

Osw. And nothing less would satisfy him?

Osw. No less.

For that another in his Child's affection

Should hold a place, as it were robberly,

He seemed to quarrel with the very thought.

Besides, I know not what strange prejudice

Is rooted in his mind; this band of ours,

Which you've collected for the noblest ends,

Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed,

To guard the innocent—he calls us "Outlaws;"

And, for yourself, in plain terms he assures

This guard was taken up that indolence

Might not gain cover, and rapacity

Be perpetuated.

Osw. Never may I own the heart

does not feel for one helpless as he is.

Osw. Thou know'st me for a Man not easily

Yet was I gravely provoked to think

Of what I witnessed. This day will suffice

To end her wrongs.

Osw. But if the blind Man's tale

Should be true?

Osw. Would it were possible! I

Did not the Soldier tell thee that himself,

And others who survived the wreck, beheld

The crystal ornament of the poor Pelican

Upon the coast of Cyprus?

Osw. Yes, even so.

And I had heard the like before: in sooth

The tale of this his quondam Barony

Is cunningly devised: and, on the back

Of his foolish appearance, could not fail

To make the proud and vain his tributaries

And stir the pulse of lazy charity.

The reigns of Herbert are in Devon; We,

neighbours of the Esk and Tweed: 'tis

much.

The Arch-impostor—

Osw. Treat him gently, Oswald;

thought I have never seen his face, methinks,

There cannot come a day when I shall cease

To love him. I remember, when a boy

Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath the

Ems,

That cast its shade over our village school,

I was 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 coming of our weary years,

An image of this old Man still was present,

When I had been most happy. Pardon me

If this be silly spoken.

Osw. See, they come,

Two Travellers?

[ points]. The woman is Idonea.

Osw. And leading Herbert.

Osw. 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.

Idon. You are too fearful: yet must I confess,

Our march of yesterday had better suited

A firmer step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—

In spite of all the looks that cheered our path,

I never can forgive it: but how steadily

We paced along, when the bewildering moon-

light

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, so dew lay on the grass,

And midway on the waste ere night had fallen

I spied a Corbet walled and roofed with sods—

A miniature: believe some bold boy, Who might have found a nothing-doing hour

Heavier than work, raised it: within that hut

We might have made a kindly bed of heath,

And thankfully there rested side by side

Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited strength,

Had hailed the morning sun. But cheerily,

That staff of yours, I could almost have heart

To fling it 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.]

Idon. [after some time]. Idonea; you are silent,

And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me:

I pondered patiently your wish and will

When I gave way to your request; and now,

When I beheld the ruins of that face,

Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope of light,

And think that they were blazed for my sake,

The name of Marmaduke is blown away:

Father, I would not change that sacred feeling

For all this world can give.

Herb. Nay, be composed:

Few minutes gone a faintness overspread

My frame, and I besought of two things I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,

And thee, my Child.

Idon. Believe me, honoured Sir! 

'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy fancies,

And you mistake the cause: you hear the woods

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

Her, I comprehend thee—I should be as

As if we two were twins; two songsters bared
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 weakness. While here we sit
I feel my strength returning—The bequest
Of thy kind Patience, which to receive
We have thus far ventured, will suffice
To save thee from the extremes of penury
But when thy Father must lie down and die,
How wilt thou stand alone?

Is he not strong? Is he not valiant?

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

O could you hear his voice:
Alas! you do not know him. He is one
(I won 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
Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,
Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
By a miraculous finger, stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy woman!

Nay, it was my duty
Thus much to speak; but think not I forget—
Dear Father! how could I forget and love—
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,
Cleaving your infant Daughter to your heart.

Ah! how the blare of the 100—scurvey had I gained
the door,
I caught her voice; she threw herself upon me,
I felt thy infant brother in her arms;
She had thy blasted face—a tide of soldiers
That instant rushed between us, and I heard
Her last death-stricken, distinct among a thou-
sand.

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 Rosland,—there,
Our melancholy story moved a Stranger
to take thee to her home—and for myself,
Soon after, the good Abbess 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
Exhausted thy return, and our reunion.
I did not think that, during that long absence,
My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,

Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,
Doth prey alike on two distracted Countries,
Traitor to both.

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

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, Strangers! If you want
a Guide,
Let me have leave to serve you! I
never love
My Companion
Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or Hostel
Would be most welcome.

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

Her. I thank you: but, a resting-place so near,
Were wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both.

Her. Idonea, we must part. He not alarmed—
To but a few days—a thought has struck me.
Idonea. That I should leave you at this house,
and thence
Procede alone. It shall be so; for strength
Would fail you ere our Journey's end be reached.

Re-enter MARMADUK and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him—

Osw. Be not hasty,
For, sometimes, in despite of my convictions,
He tempted me to think the Story true;
'Tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he said
That savoured of aversion to thy name
Appeared the genuine colour of his soul—
Anxiety lest mischief should bedevil her
After his death.

Mar. Guide, I have been much deceived.
Osw. But sure he loves the Maid, and

Could find delight to nurse itself so strangely,
Thus to torment her with Jealousy—death—
There must be truth in this.

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

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

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

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

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments,—a Man
Who has so practised on the world's cold sense
May well deceive his Child—what I leave her
thus,
A prey to a receiver—no—no—

Osw. But a word and then—

Osw. Something is here
More than we see, or whence this strong aven-
tion.
Marmaduke! I suspect unworthy tales
Have reached his ear—you have had enemies.

Owen. That may be,
But therefore slight protection such as you
Have power to yield i perhaps he looks else-
where.

I am perplexed.

Mar. What hast thou heard or seen?

Owen. No—no—the thing stands clear of
mystery:
(As you have told) he cloaks himself the slander
With which he taints her ear—for a plain
reason;
He dreads the presence of a virtuous man.
Like you: he knows your eye would search his
heart.
Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds
The punishment they merit. All is plain:
It cannot be—

Mar. What cannot be?

Owen. Yet that a Father
Should in his love admit no rivalry,
And torture thus the heart of his own Child—

Mar. Nay, you abuse my friendship!

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

Mar. What is your meaning?

Owen. Two days gone I saw,
Though at a distance and he was disguised,
Hovering round Herbert’s door; a man whose
figure
Resembled much that cold voluptuary,
The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and he
knows
Where he can stab you deepest.

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

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

Owen. No—it cannot be—
I dare not trust myself with such a thought—
Yet whence this strange aversion? You are a
man
Not used to rash conjectures—

Owen. If you deem it
A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, sifting the matter artfully.

[Exeunt Marmaduke and Owen.]

SCENE. the door of the Hotel.

Herbert, Idonea, and Host.

Her (invited). As I am dear to you, remem-
ber, Child!

This last request.

Idon. You know me, Sir; farewell!
Her. And are you going then? Come, come,
Idonea,
We must not part,—I have measured many a
league
When these old limbs had need of rest,—and
now
I will not play the sluggard.

Idon. Nay, sit down.

[Turning to Host.]

Good Host, such tendance as you would expect
From your own Children, if yourself were sick,
Let this old Man find at your hands: poor
Lender,

[Looking at the dig.

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 feel the rustant 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 paltry and a grooms: the lad
Shall square you, (would it not be better, Sir?)
And for less fear than I would let him run
For any lady I have seen this twelvemonth.

Idon. You know, Sir, I have been too long
your guard
Not to have learnt to laugh at little fear.
Why, it’s 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. Idonea, wolves
Are not the enemies that move my fears.

Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three days
at farthest
Will bring me back—protect him, Saints—fare-
well!—

[Exit Idonea.]

Host. “Tis never durted with us—St Cuth-
bert 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). Hola!—
Her. No, no, the business must be done.—
What means this roomous 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 journeys on my life,
You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare you?
Her. Well at the wack I am permits. And
you, Sir?

Osw. I do not see Idonea.

Her. Dauntless 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!—I 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
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

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's
none of mine—
'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.

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

Enter MARMADUK.
Lies on your way; accept us as your Guides.
Her. Alas! I creep so slowly.
Ow. We'll not complain of that.
Her. And need repose. Could you but wait an hour?
Ow. 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.
[Gloucester Herbert into the house. Exit
MARMADUK.

Enter Villagers.
Ow. (to himself/coming out of the Hostel).
I have prepared a most apt Instrument—
The Vagrant must, no doubt, be lodg'd somewhere
About this ground; she hath a tongue well
skilled,
By mirroring natural matter of her own
With all the daring fictions I have taught her,
To win belief, such as my plot requires.
[Exit Oswald.

Enter more Villagers, a Musician among
them.

Hast (to them). Into the court, my friend,
And pluck your heart to pieces.
Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids,
Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry
thoughts,
Are here, to send the sun into the west
Most joyous than you belike would wish.

Scene changes to the Wood adjoining the
Hostel— MARMADUK and OWLSDEN entering.
Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselv-es.
When first I saw him sitting there, alone,
It was upon my heart I know not how.
Ow. To-day will clear up all— You marked
a Change,
That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a rock
By the brook-side: it is the abode of one,
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,
Who soon grew weary of her: but, alas!
What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.
Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,
Nor moves her hands to any needful work;
She eats her food which every day the peasants
Bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has lived
Ten years; and no one ever heard her voice;
But every night at the first stroke of twelve
She quits her house, and, in the neighbouring
Churchyard
Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,
She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—
She paces round and round an Infant's grave,
And in the churchyard sod her feet have worn
A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep—
Ah! what is here?
A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as
if in sleep— A Child in her arms.

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

[Give her money.
Beg. The Saints reward you For this good deed!—Well, Sirs, this passed
away;
And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,
Trotting along a beaten path,
Came to my child as by my side he slept
And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden
Snapped fierce to make a horn of his head;
But here he is, [laughing the Child it must have been a dream.
Ow. When next inclined to sleep, take my advice,
And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," Well, but softly,
Who is it that hath wronged you?
Reg.
Mark you me;
I'll point him out—A Maiden in his guide,
Lovely as Spring's first rose—a little dog,
Tied by a woolen cord, moves on before
With look as sad as he were dumb: the cur,
I owe him so ill will, but in good sooth
He does his Master credit.
Reg.
As I live,
'Tis Herbert and no other!
Reg.
'Tis a feast to see him,
Look as a ghost and tall, his shoulders bent,
And long beard white with age—but yet moremen,
As if the were the only Saint on earth,
He turns his face to heaven.

"Oh, Mr. Whom, but why so violent
Against this venerable Man?
Reg.
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.
Reg.
I was saying, Sir—Well—he has often spurned me like a toad,
But yesterday was worse than all—at last
I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,
And begged a little aid for charity:
But he was snapped at a cottage door.
Well then, says I—I'll cut out at which
I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt
As if my heart would burst: and so I left him.

"Oh, Sir, I think, good Woman, you are the very person
Whom, but some few days past, I saw in Eske Dale.
Reg.
At Herbert's door.
Reg.
Ay; and truth were known
I here, a good business there.

"Oh, met you at the threshold,
And he seemed angry.
Reg.
Angry! well he might;
And long as I can air I'll dig him.—Yesterday,
To serve me so, and knowing that he owes
The best of all he has to me and mine.
But—well 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 knowe
Shall give me half.

Reg. What's this?—I fear, good Woman,
You have been insolent.
Reg.
And there's the Baron,
I saw him skulking in his peasant's dress.

"Oh, How say you? in disgrace?
Mar.
But what's your business
With Herbert or his Daughter?
Reg.
Daughter! truly—
But now's the day!—I fear, my little Boy,
We've overstepped ourselves.—Sirs, have you seen
Offers to go.

Mar. I must have more of this:—you shall
Not stir
An inch, till I am answered. Know you aught
That doth concern this Herbert?
Reg.
You are provoked,
And will misuse, Sir?
Mar. No trifling, Woman!—
Oh, Mr. You are as safe as in a sanctuary;
Speak.
Reg.
Speak!
Mar.
He is a most hard-hearted Man.
Mar. Your life is at my mercy.
Reg.
Do not harm me,
And I will tell you all!—You know not, Sir,
What strong temptations press upon the Poor.
Oh, Mr. Speak out.
Reg.
Oh Sir, I've been a wicked Woman.
Mar. Nay, but speak out!
Reg.
He flattered me, and said
What harvest it would bring us both: and so,
I parted with the Child.
Mar. Parted with whom?
Reg. Mr. Idonea, as he calls her; but the Girl
Is mine.
Mar. Yours, Woman! are you Herbert's wife?
Reg. Wife, Sir; his wife—not I; my husband, Sir,
Was of the bowswall—many a snowy winter
We've weathered out together. My poor Gil-
frid!
He has been two years in his grave.
Mar. We've solved the riddle.—Miserable!
Reg. Do you,
Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and wait;
For my return; be sure you shall have justice.
Reg. A lucky woman!—go, you have done
good service.
[Aside.
Mar. (to himself).] Eternal praises on the
power that saved her!
Reg. [to her.]
Our love her memory. Here's for your little boy—and when you chutchin
I'll be his Godfather.
Reg.
Oh, Sir, you are merry with me.
In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely owns
A dog that does not know me. —These good
Folks,
For love of God, I must not pass their doors;
But I'll be back with my best speed: for you—
God bless and thank you both, my gentle
Masters. [Exit Beggar.
Mar. (to herself).] The cruel Viper!—Poor
devoted Maid,
Now I do love thee.

Reg.
I am thunderstruck.
Reg. Where is she—holla!
[Calling to the Beggar, who returns; he
looks at her steadfastly]
You are Idonea's Mother?

Nay, be not terrified—it does me good
To look upon you.
Mar. [interrupting.] In a peasant's dress
You saw, who was it?
Reg.
Nay, I dare not speak:
He is a man, if it should come to his ears
I never shall be heard of more.

Mar. Lord Clifford?
Reg. What can I do? believe me, gentle Sirs,
I love her, though I dare not call her daughter.
Reg. Lord Clifford—did you see him talk
with Herbert?
Reg. Yes, to my sorrow—under the great oak
At Herbert's door—and when he stood beside
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

The Blind Man—at the silent Girl he looked With such a look—it makes me tremble, Sir, To think of it. Owe! Enough! you may depart. Mar. (to himself). Father I—to God himself we cannot give A hollow name; and, under such a mask, To lead a Spirit, useless as the blessed, To that abhorred den of brutish vice!— Oswald, the firm foundation of my life Is going from under me; these strange dis- coveries Looked at from every point of fear or hope, Duty, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin.

ACT III.

SCENE, A Chamber in the Hostel—Oswald alone, rising from a Table on which he had been writing. Owe. They chose him for their Chief!—what covert part He, in the preference, modest Youth, might take. I neither know nor care. The insolent bred More of contempt than hatred; both are flows; That either e'er existed is my shame: I was a dull spark—a most unnatural fire That died the moment the air breathed upon it. These fagots of feeling are mere birds of winter That haunt some barren island of the north, Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his hand, They think it is to feed them. I have left him To solitary meditation;—now For a few swelling phrases, and a flash Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind, And he is mine for ever—here he comes. Enter MARADBOD. Mar. These ten years she has moved her lips all day. And never speaks! Owe. Who is it? Mar. I have seen her. Owe. Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged保障, Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to madness. Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he told me, These ten years she had sat all day alone Within those empty walls. Owe. Changing to pass this way some six months At midnight, I betook to the Churchyard; The moon shone clear, the air was still, so still The trees were silent as the graves beneath them. Love at a glance, and saw her pacing round Upon the 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. Owe. But the pretended Father!— Earthly law Measures not crimes like his.

From that soft class of devotees who feel Reverence for life so deeply that they spare The verminous brood, and cherish what they spare While feeding on their bodies. Would that Idonea Were present, to the end that we might bear What she can urge in his defence; she loves him. Mar. Yes, loves him; 'tis a truth that multiplies His guilt a thousand-fold. Owe. What must be done? Mar. We will conduct her hither; These walls shall witness it—from first to last He shall reveal himself. Owe. Happy are we, Who live in those 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 he left to me. Owe. You will be firm; but though we well may trust The issue to the justice of the cause, Caution must not be flung aside; remember, Yours is no common life. Self-stationed here Upon these savage confines, we have seen you Stand like an insidious twist two stormy seas That oft have checked their fury at your bidding. Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy waste, Your single virtue has transformed a band Of fierce barbarians into Ministers Of peace and order. Aged men with tears Have blessed their steps, the fatherless retire For shelter to their banners. But it is, As you must needs have deeply felt, it is In darkness and in tempest that we seek The majesty of Him who rules the world Benevolence, that has not heart to use The wholesome ministry of pain and evil, Becomes at last weak, and contemptible. Your generous qualities have won due praise, But vigorous Spirits look for something more Than Youth's spontaneous products; and to-day You will not disappoint them; and 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 lose the light. If I could think one weak or partial feeling— Owe. You will forgive me— Mar. If I ever knew My heart, could penetrate its innermost 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. Owe. 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 me—
Mar. Seize!
Osm. Men who are little given to silt and weigh—
Would break on us the passion of the moment
Mar. The cloud will soon disperse—farewell—
but stay.

Thou wilt relate the story.
Osm. Am I neither
To hear 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.
Osm. When I am dishonoured!
Mar. I would preserve thee. How may this be done?
Osm. By showing that you look beyond the instant.
A few leagues hence we shall have open ground,
And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
To look upon the deed. Before we enter
The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling rock
The shattered Castle in which Clifford oft
Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom,
And very superstition of the place.
Seasoning his wickedness, The Delaouchee
Would there perhaps have gathered the first fruit.

Of this mock Father’s guilt.
Enter Host conducting HERBERT.

Host. The Baron Herbert
Attends your pleasure.
Osm. (to Host). We are ready—
Her. (to HERBERT) Sir! I hope you are refreshed— I have just written
A notice for your Daughter, that she may know
What has befallen of you. You’ll sit down and
Sign it.
Twll glad her heart to see her father’s signature.

[Give the letter he had written.]

Hor. Thanks for your care.

[Sit down and write. Exit Host.]

Osm. (aside to MARMADUKE). Perhaps it would be useful
That you should subscribe your name. [MARMADUKE]everlook Herbert—then write—
Examines the letter eagerly.
Mar. I cannot leave this paper.
[He puts it up, agitated.]
Osm. (aside). Dastard! Come.

[MARMADUKE goes towards Herbert and stops.] [MARMADUKE tremblingly becomes OSWALD to take his place.
Mar. (as he goes HERBERT) There’s a paity
In his limbs—he shaketh.

[Exeunt OSWALD and HERBERT—MARMADUKE.
Scene changes to a Wood—a Group of Pilgrims, and IDINNA with them.
First Pilot. Our grove of darker and more lofty shade
I now know
Sec. Pilot. The music of the birds
Dropst darkened from a roof so thick with leaves.
Old Pilot. This news! It made my heart leap
up joy.
Iden. I early can believe it.

Old Pilot. Myself, I heard
The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter
Which purported it was the royal pleasure
The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed,
Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood,
Should be forthwith restored. The hearing,
Lady,
Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When I returned
From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,
Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, com-
fort,
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.
Iden. You shall back with me
And see your Friend again. The good old Man
Will be replaced to greet you.
Old Pilot. 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.
Iden. And I was with you?
Old Pilot. If indeed twas you—
But you were then a tottering Little-one—
We sat e 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 cherishing warmth
And we were comforted, and talked of comfort;
But twas an angry night, and o’er our heads
The thunder rolled in peals that would have made
A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.
O Lady, you have need to love your Father.
His voice—methinks I hear it now, his voice
When, after a broad flash that filled the cave,
He said to me, that he had seen his Child,
A face, (no churl’s face more beautiful)
Revealed by lustre brought with it from Heaven;
And it was you, dear Lady!
Iden. God be praised,
That I have been his comforter till now!
And will be so through every change of fortune
And every sacrifice his peace requires.
Let us be gone with speed, that he may hear
These joyful tidings from no lips but mine.

[Exeunt IDINNA and Pilgrims.

Scene. The area of a half ruined Castle—an
one side the entrance to a dungeon—OSWALD
and MARMADUKE pacing backwards and
forwards.
Mar. This is a wild night.
Osm. I’ll give my cloak and bonnet
For sight of a warm fire.
Mar. My hands are numb.

The wind blows keen;
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Orm.
I long for news of our brave Comrades; Lacy Would drive those Scottish Rovers to their dens
If once they blow 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.

Orm. 'Tis a bitter night;
I hope Idonea is now 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 miscarriage.

Mar. It would.

Orm. Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

Mar. Most cruelly.

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

[Looks restlessly towards the mouth of the dungeon.

Mar. When, upon the plank,
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice
Blessed me:
You could not hear, for the foam beat the rocks
With deafening noise,—the benediction fell
Back on himself; but changed into a curse.

Orm. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem
The finest place?

Orm. [Aside]. He is growing pitiful.

Mar. [Listening]. What an odd meaning that
A.—

Orm. Mighty odd
The wind should pipe a little, while we stand
Cooling our heels in this way—I'll begin
Accountant 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 could not do 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 armed.

Orm. How?

Mar. The old blind Man,
When you had told him the mischance, was
Becled.

Even to the shedding of some natural tears
Into the torrent over which he hung,
Listening in vain.

Orm. He has a tender heart!

[Osvald offers to go down into the dungeon.

Mar. How now, what mean you?

Orm. 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 capud bello,
Three good round years, for playing the fool here
In such a night as this.

Mar. Stop, stop.

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

Mar. These drowsy shiverings,
This mortal stupor which is creeping over me,
What do they mean? were this my single body
Opposed to arms, not a nerve would tremble;
Why do I tremble now?—is not the death
Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of thought?
And yet, in pluming 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.

Orm. Is it possible?

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

Orm. Why are you not the man you were
That moment?

[He dreams Marmaduke to the dungeon.

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

Osvald, Osvald! [Looms above Osvald.

Orm. This is some sudden science;

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

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

Mar. [After a pause]. It seems an age
Since that Man left me.—No, I am not lost.
Herr. [at the mouth of the dungeon]. Give me your
Hand: where are you, Friends?

Orm. How goes the night?

Herr. [T'ward to measure time,
In such a weary night, and such a place.

Mar. Do not hear the voice of my friend Os-
wald.

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

Herr. 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.

Herr. Why not a roofless rock had been a
Confort,
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.

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

Mar. Thank you, old Man, for that! [Aside.
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Her. Fallen am I, and worn out, a useless Man;
Kindly have you protected me tonight,
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 worthless 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
When my old Leader slipped into the flood
And perished, what a piercing outcry you
Sent after him, I love you ever since,
You start—where are we?
Mar. Oh, there is no danger:
The cold blast struck me.
Her. I was a foolish question.
Mar. But when were you an Outcast?
Your piety would not miss its due reward;
The little Orphan then would be your succour,
And do good service, though she knew not it.
Her. I turned me from the dwellings of my
Fathers,
Where none but those who trampled on my
rights
Seemed to remember me. To the wide world
I bore her; in my arms; her looks won pity;
She was my Raven in the wilderness,
And brought me food. Have I not cause to
love her?
Mar. Yes.
Her. More than ever Parent loved a Child?
Mar. Yes, yes.
Her. I will not murmur, merciful God;
I do not murmur; I have been,
Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daughter's
And arms to fold her to my heart. Submissively
Thee I adore, as my soul in faith.
Ember Oswald.
Osm. Her heart!—confusion! (aside.) Here
is, my Friend.
(Presents the Horn.)
A charming beverage for you to carouse,
This bitter night.
Her. Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes gone,
To have heard your voice.
Osm. Your cousin, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless: and yet that place,
Where the tumultuous wind first drove us hither,
Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better turn
And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.
(To Marmaduke aside.) He has restored you.
No doubt you have been nobly entertained?
But softly!—how came he forth? The Right—
more Conscience.
Has driven him out of harbour?
Mar. I believe
You have guessed right.
Her. The trees renew their murmur,
Come, let us go together.
Oswald conducts him to the dungeon.
Osm. (returning.)

And smothered all that's man in me—away—
[Looking towards the dungeon.
This man's the property of him who best
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a privi-
lege;
It now becomes my duty to resume it.
Mar. Touch not a finger.
Osm. What then must be done?
Mar. Which way so ever I turn, I am perplexed.
Osm. Now, on my life, I grieve for you. The
misery
Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts
Did not admit of stronger evidence;
Twelve honest men, plan and plot, would put us right;
Their verdict would abolish these weak scruples.
Mar. Weakest! I am weak—there does my
torment lie,
Feeding itself.
Osm. Verily, when he said
How his old heart would leap to hear her steps,
You thought his voice the echo of Iden's.
Mar. And never heard a sound so terrible.
Osm. Perchance you think so now?
Mar. I cannot do it:
Twice did I spring to grasp his wither'd threat,
When such a sudden weakness fell upon me,
I could have dropped aspex upon his breast.
Osm. Justice—at least, not thunder in the word;
Shall it be law to stab the petty robber.
Who aims 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 all love and duty
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfill his purpose?
But you are fallen.
Mar. Fallen should I be indeed—
Murder—perhaps aspex, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darknes! Here to strike the blow—
Away! away!—[Leaves among his swords.
Osm. Nay, I have done with you;
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall live,
And shall love him. With unquestioned title
He shall be seated in his Baron,
And we too chant the praise of his good deeds.
I now perceive we do mistake our masters,
And most despise the men who be most p树枝
Henceforth it shall be said that bad men only
Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old Man
Is brave.
[Taking Marmaduke's sword and giving it to
him.
To Clifford's arms he would have led
HisVictim—haply to this desolate house.
Mar. (advancing to the dungeon.
It must be ended—
Osm. Softly: do not rouse him;
He will deny it to the last. He lies
Within the Vault, a spear's length to the left.
[Marmaduke descends to the dungeon.
(Aside.) The Villains rose in mutiny to destroy me:
I could have quelled the Cowards, but this
Stirring
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 lose the gift,—
For this old remnent Grey-beard—faith
'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face
Which doth play tricks with them that look on
It?}
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—that countenance—
His staff—his figure—Murder!—what, of whom?
We kill a worn-out horse, and who but women
Sigh at the deed? How down a wither'd 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?—tut!]
Is he not eyeless? He has been half dead
These fifteen years—

Enter female Beggar with two or three of her companions.

[Turning abruptly.] Ha! I speak—what thing art thou?
[Recognizes her.] Heaven! my good friend!
[To her, bowing.]
Osw. (to her companions.) Begone, ye slaves,
or I will raise a whirlwind
And send ye dancing to the clouds, like leaves
[They retire affrighted.]
Beg. Indeed we mean no harm; we lodge sometimes
In this deserted Castle;—I repeat me.
[OSWALD goes to the dungeon—listens—returns to the Beggar.]
Osw. Woman, thou hast a helpless Infant—
How sickly, for its sake, or verily
That wretched life of thine shall be the forfeit.
If I do repent, Sir: I fear the curse
Of that blind Man. 'Twas not thy money,
[To Beggar.
Beg. (going.) There is some wicked deed
In hand. Let me.
Osw. Would I could find the old Man and his
Daughter. [Exit Beggar.

MARMADUKE re-enters from the dungeon.

Osw. It is all over then,—your foolish fears
Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and deed,
Made quiet as he is.
Mar. Why came you down?
And when I felt your hand upon my arm
And spake to you, why did you give no answer?
Fear'd you to wake him? he must have been
In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thence.
There are the strangest echoes in that place!
Osw. Tut! let them gabelle till the day of them.
Mar. Scarcely, by groeping, had I reached the Spout,
When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,
As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at it.
Osw. But after that?—

Mar. The features of Idonea
Lurked in his face—
Osw. Pah!—Never to these eyes
Will retribution show itself again.
With aspect so invincible Why forbid me
To share your triumph?
Mar. In sleep—
Yes, her very look,
Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!
Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me to
my prayers.
Osw. Is he alive?
Mar. What mean you who alive?
Osw. Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert;
He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea
Hath become Clifford's harlot—is at Ave.
Mar. The old Man in that dungeon is alive,
Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field
Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,
Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all shall hear it.
You a protector of humanity!
Avenge you of outraged innocence!
Mar. Was dark—dark as the grave; yet
did I see,
Saw him—his face turned toward me; and I
tell thee
Idonea's filial countenance was there
To baffle it—put it to my prayers.
Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,
Held a star twinkling above my head,
And, by the living God, I could not do it.
[Skulls exhausted.
Osw. (to himself.) Now may I perish if this
turn do more
That may change me from my course.
[To MARMADUKE.]
Dearest Marmaduke, my words were rashly spoken; I recall them:
I feel my error: shedding human blood
Is a most serious thing.
Mar. Not I alone,
Thou too art deep in guilt.
We have indeed
Been most presumptuous. There is guilt in this,
Else could so strong a mind have ever known
These temptations? 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 worlds!—
Goes towards the dungeon.
Osw. That, in my zeal, I have caused you so much
pain,
I grieve. If, in my zeal, I have caused you so much
pain,
Mar. Think not of that! 'tis over—we are safe.
Osw. (as if to himself, yet speaking aloud.)
The truth is hidous, but how stifl it?
[Turning to MARMADUKE.]
Give me your sword—may, 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 in your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain.
Blown to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus? What ever the monster brooding in your breast
I care not: fear I have none, and cannot

[The sound of a horn is heard.

That horn again—Tis some one of our Troop;
What do they here? Listen!

Osw. What I dogged like thieves! Enter WALLACE and LUCY, &c.

LUCY. You are found at last, thanks to the
vagrant Troop
For their misleading.

Osw. (looking at WALLACE). That subtle
Gre honda.

I'd rather see my father's ghost.

LUCY (to MARMADuke). My Captain, We come by order of the Band. Belike
You have not heard that Henry has at last
Dissolved the Baron's League, and sent abroad
His Sheriffs with fit force to reanimate
The genuine owners of such Lands and
Baronies
As, in these long commotions, have been seized.
To stand upon our guard, and with our swords
Defend the innocent.

LUCY. 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 futters us, because it asks not thought;
The deeper malady is better hid;
The world is poisoned at the heart.

LUCY. What mean you?

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

Mar. Harkee, my Friends—

Were there a Man who, being weak and help-
less
And most forlorn, should bride a Mother,
By penury, to yield him up her Daughter, a
Little infant, and instruct the cubs.
Prattling upon his knee, to call him Father—

LUCY. Why, if his heart be tender, that
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 gladness
Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
Of misery that was not—

LUCY. 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

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

Mar. For this purpose
Should he resolve to taint her Soul by means
Which blast the limits 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 spurious spirit of filial love
Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim
Both soul and body—

Osw. 'Tis too horrible!

Oswald, what say you to it?

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

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

LUCY (at the same moment). Stab him, we're before the Altar

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

LUCY. 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 actual birth
On opposition and impediment.
Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats down
The giant's strength: and, at the voice of Justice,
Spare not the worm. The giant and the

Shall weight them in one scale. The wiles of
woman,
And craft of age, seducing reason, first
Made weakness a protection, and obscured
The moral shapes of things. His tender cries
And helpless innocence—do they protect
The infant lamb? and shall the infirmities,
Which have enabled this enormous Culprit
To perpetrates 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
feelable.

We recognize in this old Man a victim
Prepared already for the sacrifice.

LUCY. 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 ensure thee;
But yet I trust, Idona, thou art safe.

LUCY. Idona—

Wal. How? what your Idona?

Mar. (To MARMADuke)

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 amie heart loving even me—
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Was to be yielded up.
Lacy.

Of my own child, this Man must die: my hand,
A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine
In his grey hairs:
Mar. (to Lacy.) I love the Father in thee,
You know me, friends: I have a heart to feel,
And I have felt, more than perhaps becomes me
Or duty sanctions.
Lacy.

Among them. We will have ample justice.

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

'Tis nobly thought:
His death will be a monument for ages.
Mar. (to Lacy.) I thank you for that hint.
He shall be brought
Before the Camp, and would that best and wisest
Of every country might be present. There,
His crime shall be proclaimed; and for the rest
It shall be done as Wisdom shall decide:
Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and see
That all is well prepared.
Wit. We will obey you.
(Aside.) But softly! we must look a little nearer.
Mar. Tell where you found us. At some
future time
I will explain the cause.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE, the door of the Hostel, a group of Pilgrims as before; Iooma and the Host.

Host. Lady, you'll find your Father at the Convex
As I have told you! He left us yesterday!
With two Companions: one of them, as seemed,
A man of a familiar friend. (Going). There was
a letter
Of which I heard them speak, but that I fancy
Has been forgotten.
Idom. (to Host.) Farewell!

Host. Gentle pilgrims,
St Cuthbert speed you on your holy errand,
(Earrest IDOMA and Pilgrims.

SCENE, a desolate Moor.

OSWALT. (alone).

Osw. Carry him to the Camp! Yes, to the Camp.

Oh, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and then,
The universal soul should blow 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 at the other falls: and first,
Passion a unit and against us—proof
next,
Nay, we must travel in another path,
Or we're stuck fast for ever:—passion, then,
Shall be a wait for us!—proof:—no, no, passion!

We'll not insult thy majesty by time,
Person, and place—the where, when, the how,
And all particulars that dull brains require
To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
They bow to, calling the idol. Demonstration.
A whispering to the Moralists who preach
That science is a sacred thing: for me,
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,
Nor any half so sure. This stripping mind
Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface;
And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,
He talks of a transition in his Soul,
And dreams that he is happy. We dissect
The senseless body, and why not the mind?
These are strange sights—the mind of man,
upturned,
Is in all natures a strange spectacle:
In some a hideous one—hem! shall I stop?
No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink deep, but then
They have no substance. Pass but a few
minutes,
And something shall be done which Memory
May touch, when'er her Vasalas are at work.
Enter MARMADUKE, 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 peas—prove this—were
Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream
It ever could be otherwise!

Osw. Last night
When I returned with water from the brook,
I overheard the Villains.—every word
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.
Said one, "It is agreed on: I am blind Man
Shall feign a sudden illness, and the girl,
Who on her journey must proceed alone,
Under pretence of violence, be seized.
She is," continued the detected Slave,
"She is right willing—to the purpose she was not—
They say, Lord Clifford is a savage man;
But faith, to see him in his silken mantle,
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 wore a little
(Not the less welcome to my Lord) for that;—
And said, 'My Father he will have it so.'

Mar. I am your hearer.

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

Mar. Misery!—

Osw. How you would be disturbed by this dire news,
And therefore chose this solitary Moor.
Here to impart the tale, of which, last night,
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

I strove to ease my mind, when our two Comrades,
Commissioned by the Band, bustle in upon us.
Mar. Last night, when moved to lift the veil,
I did believe all things were shadows—yes,
Living or dead all things were bodiless;
But the mutual mockery of body,
Till that same star summoned me back again.
Now I could laugh to my philosopher. Oh fool!
To let a creed, built in the heart of things,
Dissolve before a twinkling atom!—Onward,
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? the sun, and by the hour
Floats kingscups 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 philo-
sophy;
I would not give a denier for the man
Who, on such provocation as this earth
Yields, could not chuck his lobe beneath the chin,
And send it with a flipp to its grave.
Osw. Nay, you leave me behind.
Mar. That such a One,
So pius in demeanour! in his look
So bold and so pure!—Hark, my Friend,
I’ll plant myself before Lord Clifford’s Castle,
A surfy the mill-kennels at the gate,
And he shall howl and I will laugh, a medley
Most tunable.
Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme:
But take your sword along with you, for that
Still, the nearest of our neighbours find uneasy 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.
Osw. You know we left him sitting—see him yonder.
Mar. Had I!—
Osw. 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. HARRISS discovered seated on a stone.
Harr. A sound of laughter, too!—it’s well!—
I feared
The Stranger had some piteous sorrow
Pressing upon his solitary heart.
Hush!—tis the feeblest and co.-loving wind
That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather.
Ah! it’s cold!—I shiver in the sunshine—
What can this mean? There is a passion that
Speaks
Of God’s parental mercies—with Idonea
I used to sing it—Listen!—what foot is there?
Enter MARMADUKE.
Mar. (aside—looking at HARRISS). And I
have loved this Man! and she hath loved
him!
And I loved her, and she loves the Lord Clifford!
And there it ends!—if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,
Then plain it is as day, that eyes were made
For a wise purpose—verily to weep with!
[Looking round.
A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece
Of Nature, finished with most curious skill! (To HARRISS).
Good Baron, have you ever practised tillage?
Pray tell me what this land is worth by the acre?
How. 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 snare and threw
it
About your own; but for these two hours past
Once only have you spoken, when the lark
Whirred from among the fern beneath our feet,
And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.
Mar. That’s excellent!—
So, you hexagony give up the money ways
In which a man may come to his end, whose
crimes
Have roused all Nature up against him—
Page—
How. For mercy’s sake, is nobody in sight?
No traveler, peasant, herdsman?
Mar. Not a soul:
Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,
That turns its goat’s head flukes of pea-green moss
From the stern breathing of the rough sea-wind;
This have we, but no other company;
Commend me to the place. If a man should die
And leave his body here, it were all one.
As he were twenty fathoms underground.
How. Where is our companion?
Mar. A ghost, methinks—
The Spirit of a murdered man, for instance—
 Might have fine room to ramble about here,
A grand domain to speak and gibber in—
Lost Man! if thou have any close-pent
guilt
Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour
Of visitation—
Restore him, Heaven!
Mar. The desperate Wretch!—A Flower,
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but now
They have snapp’d her from the stem—Poh! let her lie
Besolded with mire, and let the houseless snail
Feed on her leaves. You knew her well—ay, there,
Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you knew
The worm was in her—
C
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

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

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

Mar. (aside). I do believe he weeps—I could
weep too—
There is a voice 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 might was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee,
Heaven!
One happy thought has passed across my mind.
—It may not be—I am cut off from man;
No more shall I be man—no more shall I
Have human feelings—(To HEABERT)—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 carmen, in the miry road,
Check his loud whip and mail us with mild voice,
And speak with tender voice to his poor beasts.
Mar. And whither were you going?

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

Mar.    Now, this is 40—she should be!

Her.    I am weak—I
My Daughter does not know how weak I am;
And, as thou seest, under the arch of heaven
Here I do stand, alone, to helplessness,
By the side of God, our common Father, doom-
ed—

But I once knew a spirit and an arm—

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

Her.    Like a mendicant,
Whose 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 murmurs, 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 Cherubin on Elijah called it.
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 than lives within earth's bounds:
Therefore I bless her: when I think of Man,
I bless her with all 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 fles
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, men now alive have witnessed,
How, when the People's mind was racked with
doubt,
Appeal was made to the great Judge: the Ac-
cused
With naked feet walked over burning plague-
shares.
Here is a Man by Nature's hand prepared
For a like trial, but more merciful.
Why else have I been led to this black Waste?
Sure is it, without house or track, and desolate
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 Ordain—!
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 thousand sufferings if
They can they can if they can they can if they can
waken one pang of remorse?

(Does up to HEABERT)
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 judg-
ment.

Her.    My Child, my blessed Child!
Mar.    No more of that:

Thou wilt have many guides if thou art inno-
cent—
Yes, from the utmost corners of the earth,
That Woman will come o'er this Waste to save
thee.

(He pauses and looks at HEABERT's staff)

Ha! what is here? and carved by her own
hand!—(Reads upon the staff)

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

(He leaves HEABERT on the Moor.

SCENE, an eminence, a Beacon on the summit.

LACY, WALLACE, LEWIS, &c. &c.

Several of the Band (confusedly). But

Patience.

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor,

Oswald!—

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Len. (to Wal.). His toy, 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.

We have been fooled—

But for the motives?

Wal. Nature's fates out of his
Spin motives out of their own bowels, Lucy! I
Learn'd this when I was a Confessor,
I know him well; there needs no other motive
Than that most strange incontinence in crime
Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him
And breath and being; where he cannot govern,
He will destroy.

Lucy. 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
To the oath of fealty, I well remember,
Twas a strange answer that he made; he said,
"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven."

Lucy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor
Were that man, who could draw the line that
Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from Madness,
That he might be sovenged, not pitied. Reasonable
Minds,
Such a one can find amid their fellow-men
No heart that loves them, none that they can love,
Willingly perform and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings.

Osw. (to Band.) What if be mean to offer
up our Captain
An expulsion and a sacrifice
To those infernal fends!—

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

Lucy. What need of swearing!

One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!

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

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

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.

[They go out together.]

LEN. SHAKE, the Wood on the edge of the Moor.-

MARMADUEK (alone).

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

Enter Oswald.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mar. Wherefore press this on me?

Osw. Because I feel
That you have shown, and by a signal instance,
How they who would be just must seek the
rule
By diving for it into their own bosoms.

To-day you have thrown off a tyranny
That lives but in the torpid acquiescence
Of our egotised souls, the tyranny
Of the world's masters, with the momentary rules
By which they uphold their craft from age to age:
You have obeyed the only law that sense
Submits to recognise; the immediate law,
From the clear light of circumstances, flashed
Upon an independent Intellect.

Henceforth new prospects open on your path;
Your faculties should grow with the demand;
I still will be your friend, will cleave to you
Through good and evil, obedience and scorn,
Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

Mar. I would be left alone.

Osw. (toyingly.) If I know your motive
I am not of the world's presumptive judges,
Whom distraction else than see not feel;
With a hard-hearted ignorance; your struggles
I witnessed, and now hail your victory.

Mar. Spare me awhile that greeting.

Osw. It may be,
That some there are, squabbling half-thinking
cowards,
Who will turn pale upon you, call you murderer,
And you will walk in solitude among them.

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

The Eagle lives in Solitude!—

Mar. Even so,
The Sparrow so on the house-top, and 1,
The weakest of God's creatures, stand resolved
To adle the issue of my act, alone.
OWN. How would you? and for ever?—My young Friend,
As time advances either we become
The prey or masters of our own past deeds.
Fellowship we must have, willing or no;
And if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,
Substitute, turn our faces where we may.
Are still forthcoming; some which, though they
Il names, can render no ill services,
In recompense for what themselves required.
So meet extremes in this mysterious world,
And opposites thus melt into each other.
OWN. Time, since Man first drew breath, has
never moved
With such a weight upon his wings as now; But they will soon be lightened.
OWN. Ay, look up—
Cast round you your mind's eye, and you will
learn
Fortitude is the child of Enterprise:
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an earnest
That we can suffer greatly.
OWN. True.
OWN. 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.
OWN. Truth—and I feel it.
OWN. What if you had bid
External 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 entire forgetfulness of pain.
—I see I have disturbed you.
OWN. By no means.
OWN. Compassion I pity! pride can do
without them;
And what if you should never know them more!—
He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,
Finds some 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.
OWN. It may be so.
OWN. Remorse—
It cannot live with thought: think on, think on,
And it will die. What in this universe,
Where the least things control the greatest, where
The faintest breath that breathes can move a
world;
What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow grasps us to the vitals.
OWN. 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.
OWN. Murder!—what's in the word I—
I have no cases by me ready made
To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp!—
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

It throbs, and you have a heart that does not feel it.

**Mars.** (solemnly.) She is innocent.

**Orm.** (aside.) Were I a Moralist, I should make wondrous revolution here; it was a quaint experiment to show the beauty of truth—*Addressing them.*

I shall have business with you, Marmaduke! Follow me to the Hostel. *(Exit Oswald.*

**Idem.** Marmaduke.

**Mars.** This is a happy day. My Father soon Shall sun himself before his native doors.
The lamp, the hungry, will be welcome there. No more shall he complain of wasted strength, Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying heart. His good works will be balm and life to him.

**Mars.** This is most strange—I know not what it was, But there was something which most plainly said,

That thou wilt continue.

**Idem.** How innocent!—Oh heavens! you've deceived

**Mars.** Thou art a Woman To bring perdition on the universe.

**Idem.** Already I've been punished to the height Of my offence. *(Smiling affectionately.)*

I see you love me still,
The labours of my hand are still your joy;
Bethink you of the hour when on your shoulder I hung this belt.

*(Painting to the belt on which was suspended Herzer's sash.)*

**Mars.** Mercy of Heaven! *(Sinks.*

**Idem.** What ails you? *(Distracted.*

**Mars.** The sash that held his food, and I forgot

To give it back again!

**Idem.** What mean your words?

**Mars.** I know not what I said—all may be well.

**Idem.** That smile hath life in it!

**Mars.** This road is perilous;

I will attend you to a Hut that stands
Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night, I pray you;
For we have business, as you hear; *th Oswald,

But will return to you by break of day. *(Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

**Idem.** 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—HERZER enters exhausted.

**Her.** That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed to guide me,

But now it mocks my steps; its fateful stroke Can scarcely be the work of human hands.

**Idem.** Ye Men, upon the cliffs, if such There be who pray nightly before the Altar.

**Orm.** Oh that I had but strength to reach the place! My child—dark—dark—I faint—this wind—

These stifling blasts—God help me!
**POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.**

Nay, any living thing whose lot of life Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.

To dig for water on the spot, the Captain Landed with a small troop, myself being one: There I reproached him with his treachery.

Imperious at all times, his temper rose; He struck me; and that instant had I killed him.

And put an end to his insolence, but my Comrades

Rushed in between us; then did I insist (All hated him, and I was stung to madness) That we should leave him there, alive—we did so.

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

Mar. A man by men cast off, Left without burial! Nay, not dead nor dying, But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms, In all things like ourselves, but in the agony With which he called for mercy; and—even to—

He was forsaken? Owm. There is a power in sounds: The cries he uttered might have stopped the flood That bore us through the water—

Mar. You returned Upon that dismal hearing—did you not? Owm. Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery, And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth

Died from some distant region echo us.

Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins are filled At the same poisonous fountain!

Owm. 'Twas an island Only by suffrance 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. Owm. The man was famished, and was innocent!

Mar. Impossible!

Owm. The man had never wronged me. Mar. Bashish 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.

Owm. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour the miserable man No more was heard of?

Owm. I had been betrayed.

Mar. And he found no deliverance!

Owm. The Crew Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid

The plot to rid themselves, at any cost, Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed So we pursued our voyage: when we landed, The tale was spread abroad: my power at once Shrank from me: plans and schemes, and lofty hopes—

All vanished. I gave way—do you attend? Mar. The Crew received you? Owm. Nay, command yourself Mar. It is a dismal night—how the wind howls!

Owm. I hid my head within a Convent, there Lay passive as a doddering leaf in winter. That was no life for me—I was o'erthrown But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought to have seen The guilt—have touched it—felt it at your heart—

As I have done.

Owm. A fresh title 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, whereas'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 Thrusting for some of those exploits that fill The earth for sure redemption of lost peace.

Mar. Marking Marmaduke's contrivance.

Owm. Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity Subsided in a moment, like a wind That drops down dead out of a sky it vexed. And yet I had within me evermore A salient spring of energy. I mounted From action up to action with a mind That never rested—without meat or drink.

Have I lived many days—my sleep was bound To purposes of revenge—not a dream But had a continuity and substance That waking life had never power to give.

Mar. O wretched Human! 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. Both lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep, in safety. Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those traitors?

Owm. Give not to them a thought. From Palestine We marched to Syria: oft I left the Camp, When all that multitude of hearts was still, And followed on, through woods of gloomy cedar Into deep chasms troubled by roaring streams:

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed The moonlight desert, and the moonlight sea: In these my lonely wanderings I perceived What mighty objects do impress their forms To elevate our intellectual being, And felt, if sought on earth deserves a curse, To that worst principle of ill which dooms A thing so great to perish self-consumed.

—So much for my reminiscence!
Unhappy Man! Oerm. When from these forms I turned to
The World's opinions and her usages,
I seemed a living who had passed alone
Into a region of futurity.
Whose natural element was freedom—
Step! Mkr.
I may not, cannot, follow thee.
You must
I had been nourished by the sickly food
Of popular applause. I now perceived
That we are praised only as men in us
Do recognise some image of themselves.
An object counterpart of what they are,
Or the empty thing that they would wish to be.
I felt that merit has no sure test
Than obloquy; that, if we wish to serve
The world in substance, not deceive by show,
We must become obnoxious to its hate,
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.
Mkr. I pity, I can forgive, you; but those
wretches—
That monstrous peril!
Keep down your wrath.
False Shame discarded, spurious Fame derided;
Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found
Life stretched before me smooth as some broad way
Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests might gain
Their rent, but not for me—twas in fit place
Among its kindred cowherds. I had been,
And in that dream had left my native land,
One of Lerd's simple handmades—the soft chain
Was off for ever; and the men, from whom
This liberation came, you would destroy:
Join in the work for their blind services.
Mkr. 'Tis a strange aching that, when we
Would curse
And cannot—You have betrayed me—I have
I am content—I know that he is guileless—
That both are guileless, without spot or stain,
Mutually conspersed. Poor old Man!
And I had heart for this, because thou lovedst
Her who from very infancy had been
Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood!—To
gether
We propped his steps, he leaned upon us both.
Oerm. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of ad-
mass;
Let us be fellow-labourers, then, to enlarge
Man's intellectual empire. We subsist
In slavery: all is slavery: we receive
Laws, but we ask not whence those laws have come:
We need an inward sting to good us on.
Mkr. Have you betrayed me? Speak to that.
Oerm. The mask,
Which for a season I have stooped to wear,
Must be cast off. Know then that I was urged,
For other impulse let it pass: was driven,
To seek for sympathy, because I saw
In you a mirror of my youthful self.
I would have made us equal once again,
But that was a vain hope. You have struck
With a few drops of blood cut short the busi-
ness;
Therein for ever you must yield to me.
But what is done will save you from the blank
Of living without knowledge that you live:
Now you are suffering—for the future day,
'Tis his who will command it.—Think of my
story—
Herbert is innocent.
Mkr. (in a low voice, and doubtfully). You
do but echo
My own wild words.
Oerm. 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 dark-
ness
I will avenge before the face of day.
Herbert is innocent.
Mkr. 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.

ELIANOR and IDONEX 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! Elen. O save us! Idon. What can this mean?
Elen. Alas, for my poor husband!—
We'll have a counting of our flocks to-morrow; the
Wolf keeps festival these stormy nights.
Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers.
[The voices die away in the distance.
Returning from their Feast—my heart beats
A noise at midnight does as frighten me.
Elen. They are gone. On such a
night, my husband,
Dangled from his bed, was cast into a dungeon,
Where, hid from me, he counted many years,
A criminal in so few 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, Oem.
Who lives but to protect the weak or injured.
There again! [Listening.
Elen. 'Tis my husband's foot. Good Elared
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 ELARED, [dies a bundle.

Eld. Not yet in bed, Eleanor!—there are
stairs in that flock which must be washed out.
Elen. What has befallen you?
Eld. I am belated, and you must know the
cause—(speaking low) that is the blood of an un-
happy Man.
Elen. Oh! we are undone for ever.
Eld. Heaven forbid that I should lift my hand
against any man. Eleanor, I have shed tears
to-night, and it comforts me to think of it.
Elen. Where, where is he?
Eld. I have done him no harm, but—it will
be forgiven me; it would not have been so once.
Elen. You have not buried anything! You are no richer than when you left me?

Eld. Be at peace; I am innocent.

Elen. Then God be thanked—

(Idly, shaking his head.)

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

Elen. (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.

(Idly, shaking his head.)

Eld. He did not seem to wish for life: as I was staggering my way under 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.

Elen. Oh that I had been by your side!

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

Elen. But, for the stains of blood—

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

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

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

Elen. But did he say anything which might have set you at ease?

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

Elen. Eldred, you are a father.

Eld. And I know what was in my heart, and will not curse my son for my sake.

Elen. But you prayed by him? you waited the hour of his release?

Eld. The night was wasting fast: I have no friend; I am spied by the world—his wound terrifed me—if I had brought him along with me, he had died in my arms!—I am sure I heard something breathing—and this chair!

Elen. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

Eld. Have you forgotten your own troubles when I was in the dungeon?

Elen. And you left him alive?

Eld. Alive!—the damps of death were upon him—he could not have survived an hour.

Elen. Through the cold, dark night.

Eld. (in a strong tone). Ay, and his head was bare: I suppose you would have had me lend my bosom to cover it. You will never rest till I am brought to a felon's end.

Eld. Is there nothing to be done? cannot we go to the Convent?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered him!

Elen. Eldred, I know that ours is the only hope upon the Waste; let us take heart: this Man may be rich; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

Eld. 'Tis all in vain.

Elen. But let us make the attempt. This old Man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him.

Eld. He will never open them more: even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

Elen. (rubbing eyes). It is, it is, my Father—

Eld. We are betrayed (looking at looms).

Elen. His Daughter!—God have mercy! (To looms.)

Eld. (sinking down). Oh I lift me up and carry me to the place. You are safe; the whole world shall not harm you.

Elen. This Lady is his Daughter.

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


[Exit.

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 some moaning from the flood

As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing?

For. Marmaduke appearing.

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged free-booters;

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 phantasm 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 horrible crime.

[Exeunt Forester.

Osw. The game is up!—

If I 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 tam'd by mine;

The goal is reached. My Master shall become

A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE. The edge of the Moor.

MARMADUKE and ELRED enter from opposite sides.

Mar. (raising his eyes and perceiving Eldred.) In any corner of this savage Waste,
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Have you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man?
Eld. I heard—
Mar. You heard him, where? when
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 give me a few steps, I found
An aged Man, and such as you describe.
Mar. You heard him?— he called you to him?
Eld. Of all men
The best and kindest! but where is he? guide
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 stopped 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
right;
Perhaps you are his son?
Mar. Ah! The all-seeing knows, I did not think he had a living Child.—
But whether 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 he had strength to walk? I could
have borne him
A thousand miles.
Mar. 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
well,
I left him.
Mar. I believe that there are phantoms,
That in the shape of man do cross our path
On evil intentions, to make sport
Of our distress—and thou art one of them!
But things substantial have so pressed on
me—

Eld. My wife and children came into my
mind.
Mar. Oh Monster! Monster! there are
three of us,
And we shall hold together.

[After a pause and in a feeble voice.
I am startled
At my worst need, my crimes have in a set
(Presenting to Elders) Entangled this poor
man.
Where was it? where?

Eld. 'Tis needless; spare your voice.
His Daughter—
Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scorpions
lodge:
This old man and 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; bear 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

[MAHAGDBR shrinks back.

Eld. Dear, 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 I dare not
That she should be prepared; I'll go before.
Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[ELDERS goes off.

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

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE CHANGES TO THE DOOR OF ELDERS'S COTTAGE—
Goodness senators—enter Elders.
Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wifeful hand
Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me,
And you remember such was my report:
From what has just befallen I have cause
To fear the very worst.
Idem. My Father is dead;
Why dost thou come to me with words like
these?
Eld. A wicked Man should answer for his
Idem. Thou seest what I am.
Eld. It was most heinous,
And doth call out for vengeance.
Idem. Do not add,
I prithee, to the harm thou'rt done already.
Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for this
service.
Hand 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.  
Idem. I have nothing  
To do with others; help me to my Father—  
(Idem turns and sets MARMDARKE leaning  
on ELIZABETH—throws herself upon his  
neck, and after some time,  
In joy I met thee, but a few hours past;  
And thus we meet again: one human stay  
Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.  
Mar. In such a wilderness—to see no thing,  
No, not the piping moon!  
Idem. And perish so.  
Idem. Without a dog to mean for him.  
Idem. Think not of it,  
But enter there and see him how he sleeps,  
Tranquil as he died in his own bed.  
Mar. Tranquil—why not?  
Idem. 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.  
Idem. Between us stood, I thought,  
A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven  
For both our needs: must 1, and in thy presence,  
Alone partake of it!—Beloved Marmdarke!  
Idem. Give me a reason why the wisest thing  
That the earth owes shall never choose to die,  
But some one must be near to count its groans.  
The wounded deer retires to solitude,  
And dies in solitude: all things but man,  
All die in solitude.  
[Moving towards the cottage door.  
Idem. Mysterious God,  
If she had never lived I had not died!—  
Idem. Alas! the thought of such a cruel death  
Has overcome him,—I must follow.  
Idem. 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.  
Idem. Shame! Edged, shame!  
Mar. (both returning). The dead have but one face, (to himself).  
And such a Man—so meek and unoffending—  
Held in and harmless as a babe: a Man,  
By obvious signal to the world’s protection,  
Solemnly dedicated—to destroy him!  
Idem. Oh, had you seen him living!  
Mar. I (so filled  
With horror is this world) am unto thee  
The thing most precious that it now contains:  
Therefore though I alone must be revealed  
By whom thy Parent was destroyed, Idonea!  
I have the proofs—  
Idem. O miserable Father!  
Thou dost command me to bless all mankind:  
Not to this moment, have I ever wished  
Evil to any living thing; but hear me,  
Hear me, ye Heavens!—(swooning)—may ven  
cence haunt the fends  
For this most cruel murder: let him live  
And move in terror of the elements;  
The thunder send him on his knees to prayer  
In the open streets, and let him think he sees,  
If e’er he entereth the house of God,  
The roof, self-moving, unsettling o’er his head;  
And let him, when he would lie down at night,  
Point to his wife the blood-drops on his pillow!  
Mar. My voice was silent, but my heart  
 hath joined the mercy of that savage Man!  
Idem (leaning on MARMDARKE). Left to the  
mercy of such a monster!  
How could he call upon his Child!—O Friend!  
Idem. Mar. Aye, come to me and weep. (He kisses her). (To Elders). Yes, variet, look,  
The devils at such sights do clap their hands.  
[ Elders retire alarmed.  
Idem. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is deadly pale.  
Hast thou pursued the monster?  
Mar. I have found him,—  
Oh! would that thou hadst perished in the flames!  
Idem. Here art thou, then can I be desolate!—  
Mar. There was a time, when this protecting hand  
Availed against the mighty: never more  
Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine.  
Idem. Wild words for me to hear, for me, an orphan,  
Committed to thy guardianship by Heaven;  
And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope,  
In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine  
For closer care;—here is no malady.  
[Taking his arm.  
Mar. There, is a malady.  
(Stroking his heart and forehead.) And here,  
And here,  
A mortal malady.—I am accurst.  
All nature curses me, and in my heart  
The curse is fixed: the truth must be laid bare.  
It must be told, and borne. I am the man,  
The accused, betrayed, but I am not  
Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,  
Who, casting as I thought as a guilty Person  
Upon Heaven’s righteous judgment, did become  
An instrument of Friends. Through me, through me,  
Thy Father perished.  
Idem. Perished—by what mischance?  
Mar. Beloved!—if I dared, so would I call thee—  
Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen heart,  
The extremes of suffering meet in absolute peace.  
(He goes to a letter.)  
Idem. (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 show: abstain from  
conjecture till you see me.  
H. HERBERT.  
Mar. MARMARDE.  
Mar. (reading). The writing Oswald’s: the signature my  
Father’s;  
(Looks steadily at the paper.) And here is  
yours,—or do my eyes deceive me?  
You have then seen my Father?  
Mar. He has leaned  
Upon this arm.  
Idem. You led him towards the Convent?  
Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur Castle.  
Thalber
POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

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

[Enter Female Beggar.]

[Enter Female Beggar.]

[Enter Female Beggar.]

Enter Oswald.

Name him not.

Oswald! (to himself.) Strong to overbear, strong
Almost to build up. [MADAMUCK.] The starts and sallies of our last encounter Were natural enough: but that, I trust,
It is all gone by. You have cast off the chains That fettered your nobility of mind—
Delivered heart and head!

Let us to Palestine:

This is a paltry field for enterprise.

Mar. Ay, what shall we encounter next?

This hour—

Twas nothing more than darkness deepening darkness,
And weakness crowned with the impotence of death!
Your pupil, ye, 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 mortality—

Of this too much.

[Drawing [UNALD towards the Cottage—stop short at the door.]

Men are there, millions, Oswald, Who with bare hands would have plucked out thy heart
And flung it to the dogs: but I am raised Above, or sunk below, all further sense Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight Of that old Man’s forgiveness on thy heart, Pressing as heavily as it dash on mine.
Coward I have been: know, there lies not now Within the compass of a mortal thought, A deed that I would shrink from—but to endure,
That is my destiny. May it be thine:
Thy office, thy ambition, be hencelorth
To feed remorse, to welcome every string Of penitential anguish, yea with tears,
When seas and continents shall lie between us—

The wider space the better—we may find
In such a course fit links of sympathy, An incommunicable rivalry.

Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our view.

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

One of them: I would have dogged him to the jaws of hell—
Ow! Ha! Is it so!—That vagrant Hag!—
This comes of having left a thing like her alive! [Aside.]

Several voices. Despatch him!

Ow! If I pass beneath a rock And shout, and, with the echo of my voice, Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it crush me, I die without dishonour. Famished, starved, A Fool and Coward blinded to my wish! [Smiles scornfully and exultingly at MADAMUCK.]

Wait. ‘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 group:

Wil. (approaching MADAMUCK.) O my poor Master—

Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful Wil—

Why set thou here? [Turning to WALLACE.]
Wallace, upon these Borders,
Many there be whose eyes will not want cause
To weep that I am gone. Brothers in arms!
Raise on that dreary Waste a monument
That may record my story: nor let words—
Few must they be, and delicate in their touch
As light itself—be there withheld from Her
Whom, through most wicked arts, was made an orphan
By One who would have died a thousand times,
To shield her from a moment's harm. To you,
Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the Lady,
By lowly nature reared, as if to make her
In all things worthier of that noble birth,
Whose long-suspended rights are now on the eve
Of restoration: with your tenderest care
Watch over her, I pray—sustain her—

Several of the band (eagerly).
Captain! Mar. No more of that; in silence hear my doom;
A hermitage has furnished fit relief
To some offenders; other penitents
Less patient in their wretchedness, have fallen,
Like the old Roman, on their own sword's point.
They had their choice: a wanderer must I go,
The Spectre of that innocent Man, my guide.
No human ear shall ever hear me speak;
No human dwelling ever give me food,
Or sleep, or rest: but, over waste and wild,
In search of nothing that this earth can give,
But expiation, will I wander on—
A Man by pain and thought compelled to live,
Yet loathing life—till anger is appeased
In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to die.
1799.

18
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.
1804.

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—wished leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush:
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.
1802.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.
Behold, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Glistned like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to spy
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.

1802.

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 Praxidere among men.
The blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.
1801.

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 violets, take your fill;
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower;
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bow;
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 burren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie;
Daisies leave no foot behind
When the pretty flowerets die;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.
God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured strawberry-flower.
Hither soon as spring is fled
You and Charles and I will walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bowser;
And for that promise spare the flower!
POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

V.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

Loved she is, and tractable, though wild;
And innocence hath privileges in her.
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And banish graceless 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 bliss; she who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sailes as the tripping fawn's
Fort-thwarted 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 impress
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

VI.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD,
DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY MY SISTER.

What way does the Wind come? What way does it go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and, o'er rocky height
What if he cannot climb, takes his sounding flight?

He talks aloud in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see:
But how he will come, and whether he goes,
There is no scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp larnam, 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's croak;
Yea seek him; and what shall you find in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, the 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 crooked the branches, and strewn them about.

Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That lifteth 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 under sail.
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 candles' brightness burn.
And burn with a clear and steady light;
Books have we to read,—but that half-sided knell,
'At's the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

—Come now we'll to bed, and when we are there,
May he 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 he be;
Here's a cute warm house for Edward and me.

1806.

VII.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY THE SAME.

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

O blessed tidings! thought of joy!
The eldest heard with steady glee;
Silent he stood; there was no remain;
And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

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

He told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through;
He listened, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits; what can he do?
No strife disturbs his sister's breast;
She was not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day;
The bounds of our humanity.
Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatter's 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-shodded pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.
We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>VIII.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>ALICE FELL;</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>OR, POVERTY.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Two post-boy drove with force career,</td>
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<td>For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;</td>
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<tr>
<td>When, as we hurried on, my ear</td>
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<tr>
<td>Was smitten with a startling sound.</td>
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<td>As if the wind blew many ways,</td>
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<td>I heard the sound,—and more and more:</td>
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<td>It seemed to follow with the chaise,</td>
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<td>And still I heard it as before.</td>
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<td>At length to the boy called out;</td>
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<tr>
<td>He stopped his horses at the word,</td>
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<td>But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,</td>
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<td>Nor sough else like it, could be heard.</td>
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<td>The boy then smacked his whip, and fast</td>
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<td>The hios scampers through the rain;</td>
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<td>But, hearing soon upon the blast</td>
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<td>The cry, I bade him halt again.</td>
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<td>Forwhith alighting on the ground,</td>
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<td>Whence comes,&quot; said I,&quot; this piteous moan.&quot;</td>
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<td>And there a little girl I found,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sitting behind the chaise, alone.</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;My cloak!&quot;—no other word she spoke,</td>
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<td>But loud and bitterly she wept,</td>
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<td>As if her innocent heart would break;</td>
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<td>And down from off her seat she leaps.</td>
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<td>&quot;What ails you, child?&quot;—she sobbed &quot;Look here!&quot;</td>
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<td>I saw it in the wheel entangled,</td>
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<tr>
<td>A weather-beaten rag as e'er</td>
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<td>From any garden scare-crow dangled.</td>
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<td>There, twisted between nace and spoke,</td>
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<td>It hung, nor could at once be freed;</td>
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<tr>
<td>But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,</td>
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<td>A miserable rag indeed!</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;And whither are you going, child,</td>
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<tr>
<td>To-night along these lonely ways?&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;To Durham,&quot; answered she, half wild—</td>
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<td>&quot;Then come with me into the chaise.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Insensible to all relief</td>
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<td>Sat the poor girl, and forth did send</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sol after sol, as if her grief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Could never, never have an end.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| "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 duffly grey,  |
| As warm a cloak as man can sell!"  |
| Proud creature was she the next day,  |
| The little orphan, Alice Fell!  |

| IX.  |
| **LUCY GRAY;**  |
| **OR, SOLITUDE.**  |
| Oft I had heard of Lucy Grey;  |
| And, when I crossed the wild,  |
| I chanced to see at break of day  |
| The solitary child.  |
| No mate, no companion Lucy knew;  |
| She dwelt on a wide moor,  |
| —The sweetest thing that ever grew  |
| Beside a homely door!  |
| You yet may spy the fawn at play,  |
| The hare upon the green;  |
| But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  |
| Will never more be seen.  |
| "To-night will be a stormy night—  |
| You to the town must go;  |
| And take a lantern, Child, to light  |
| Your mother through the snow."
| "That, Father! will I gladly do:  |
| "Tis scarcely afternoon,  |
| The monster-clock has just struck two,  |
| And yonder is the moon!"  |
| At this the Father raised his book,  |
| And snapped a faggot-band;  |
| He pieced his work—and Lucy took  |
| The lantern in her hand.  |
| Not blithec the mountain roe  |
| With many a watson stroke  |
| Her feet dispense 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 farthing from their door.  |
They went—and, turning homeward, gaed.
In heaven we all shall meet;" *

The print of Lucy's feet.
Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
The paracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;
And then on an open feild they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
Their tracks they made, the ever old;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!—
Yet some mainains that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

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

1799.

X.

WE ARE SEVEN.

—A simple Child,
That lightly draws us 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;
—and yet made me afraid.
"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"I fear 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 churchyard tree."
"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid, Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.
My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.
And often after 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 meaning 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 lie by her side.

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply.
"O Master! we are seven."
"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!
Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

1798.

XI.

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS; OR, DUNGERON-CHYLL 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 broods
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.
Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
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-born, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim;
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the tune away.

* Chyll, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. Force is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.
Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green corona;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Clyhil.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
"Down to the stomp of you old yew
Well for our whirlies run a race,"
—Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Clyhil,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries—
James stopped with no good will:
Said Walter then, exulting: "Here
You'll find a task for half a year.
Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
Come on, and tread where I shall tread."
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led. It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a chasm a mighty block
Has 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 chaldee-pot pursued his march;
Now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The summit of the arch.
When lust! he hears a pious 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 fateful rent.
The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cascade had borne him down
Into the Gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn,
The lamb, still swimming round and round,
Made answer to that plaintive sound.
When he had learnt what thing it was,
That sent that piteous cry: I ween
The Boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen,
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid—
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the saget's looks,
By chance had thither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By the stony 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 hard
Thote idle Shepherd-boys uppraid;
And bade them better mind their trade.
1800.

XII.

ANECDOCTE FOR FATHERS.

"Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges."—

EVESBIAUS.

I HAVE a boy of five years old;
His face is fair and fresh to see;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.
One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.
My thoughts on former pleasures ran;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.
A day it was when I could hear
Some food regots to entertain;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.
The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each trace
Of inward sadness had its charm;
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
And so is Llwyn farm.
My boy beside me tripped, so slim
And graceful in his rustic stress;
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.
"Now tell me, had you rather be,"
I said, and took him by the arm,
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,
Or here at 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 warm;
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Llwyn farm
For Kilve by the green sea."
At this, my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made reply;
And three times to the child I said,
"Why, Edward, tell me why?"
His head he raised—there was a light,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vase.
POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

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

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

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and
Reginald Shore,
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the highest
not more
Than the height of a counsellor's bag:
To the top of Great How * did it please them
to climb;
And there they built up, without mortar or lime.
A Man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as they lay;
They built him and christened him in one day,
An urchin both vigorous and sane;
And so without scruple they called him Ralph
Jones.

Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones;
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.
Just half a week after, the wind assailed forth,
And, in anger and merriment, out of the north,
Coming on with a terrible gusher,
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 Christianists and savages 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.

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 spied
A snowy-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.

Great How is a single and conspicuous hill,
which rises towards the foot of Thrushmere,
on the western side of the beautiful dale of
Legberthwaite.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.
"Twas little Barbara Lewithwaite, 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 ere 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 ills thee, young One? What? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? Well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee?"

What is it thou wouldst seek? what is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!
If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woolly 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 bring
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 blest so after me? Why pull so at thy
chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee
and new.
—As homeward through the lane I went with
lazy feet,
This song to myself I did oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by
line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it
was mine.
Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel
belonging,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake
with such a tone;
That I almost received her heart into my own."

_xvi_

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O word! whose fancies from afar are brought:
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unsufferable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol:
Thou furtive 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 excellently 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 I never rest,
But when she lies within the touch of thee.
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end theequite;
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 morning brings
forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unsightly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the rolling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Sinks in a moment out of life.

_xvi_

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 FRIEND. ']

Nature, and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought,
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion; held in trust
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou interweave for me
The passions that build up the human soul,
Not with the men and vulgar works of Man;
But with high objects, with enduring things;
With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grudge in the leanings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With sainted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon; and mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long;
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage—windows through the twilight
blazed,
I heeded not the summon's happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village-clock tolled aloud—I wheeled about,
Fond and exulting like an unbridled horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod with
steel
We hied along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding
bough,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Sounded, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tanked 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 uppear I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous
throes.
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning
still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my back.
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,
Feather and feather, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

1799.

XVII.
THE LONGEST DAY.
ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER.

Let us quit the leafy arbour,
And the current 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
Five renew 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 blue, white longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee!
Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the lunet'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 honesty reason
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;
And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this most pleasing
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs:—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,

Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frost of winter lies.
He who governs the creation,
In his providence prepared
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.
Yet we mark it not:—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart of faith to decay.
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 deceive,
Through the gates of night and morn;
Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.
Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty Gulf of things,
And the many stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings;
Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.
Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.
Grab it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest dansen of the kind.
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;
And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bodeling low before the Lord
Of heaven's unchanging year!

1817.

XVIII.
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
notice came,
With suit that I would speak in verse of that
sequestered child.
Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon
the dreary Wild.
POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics articulate call.

Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening
Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busily at their feed.
And the poor Boy was busiest still, with work of

There was he, where of branches rent and
withered and decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, his hands

A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemly
That skill or means of his could add, but the architect had wrought.

Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped
with fingers nice,
To be engraven on the top of his small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest

In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving
Far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must hide.

That Cross belie he also raised as a standard for the true
And fainting remembrance of his heart in the worst that might ensue

Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the household waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence

——Here, Lady! might I cease; but may, let
we part
With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of earnest heart.

That unto him, where or shall lie his life's appointed way,
The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing stay.

XIX.

THE POET'S DREAM.

SQUEAL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

Just as those final words were penned, the sun
Broke out in power,
And gladdened all things; but, as chanced, within that very hour.
Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds that hid the sky.
And, for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from
heaviness be cleared.
For bodied forth before my eyes the cross

And, while around it storm as fierce seemed
surrounding earth and air,
I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spoke with articulate call.
Bow'd meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All;
His lips were moving; and his eyes, upraised
With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness! — what wonder if the sight,
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream

It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no more cherub, not transformed,
But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my human heart had watched.
Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him in my arms,
And lifted from the grasy 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! that art my own.
To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in town.
What shall it be? a miriful 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 Alainville: good Angel, show it me!"

On wings, from broad and stedfast poise let house by this reply.
For Alainville, o'er downs and dale, away then did we fly.
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh verdure dress:
The wings they did not flag; the Child, though grave, was not dejected.

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 that stair which wound
Gracefully up the grated trunk: nor left we unsurveyed
The pointed steeples 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
POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

From floor to roof all round his eyes the Child with wonder cast, Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than the last.
For, deftly framed within the trunk, the sanctuary showed,
By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered here, there glowed,
Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of gratitude;
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts; and speech I thus renew'd:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard
thy Mother say:
And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady
de la Paix;
What mournful sights 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 can not be 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 by thy thought, which long hath crowned the
Chapel of this Tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns the sump-.

Where thousands meet to worship God under a
mighty Dome;
He sees the bending multitude, he hears the
coral rites,
Yet not the less, in children's hymns and lonely prayer, delights.

"God for his service needeth not proud work
of human skill;
They please him best who labour most to do in
peace his will;
So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits will
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall
bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so
earnest was his look,
Sleep fled; and with it fled the dream—recorded
in this book,
Lest all that passed should melt away in silence
As visions still more bright have done, and left
no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose eye,
loved Child, can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat
this simple theme:
Nor leave unasserted this happy flight in that
adventureous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to thee
from whom it flowed,
Was nothing, scarcely can be sought, yet twas

If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes
will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-
touched, their fancies feed.

X.
THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.
TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

PART I.

Some who will delight in fable,
I shall tell you truth—A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follow
Across the brook its thoughtless dam.
Far and wide on hill and valley
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
And the blessing mother's Young-one
Struggled with the flood in vain;
But, as chance'd, 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! in it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wash the Girl had brav'd;
Clap your hands with joy, my Hearers,
Shout in triumph, both are saved;
Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by the strength of the gift of love,
And belike a guardian angel
Came with succour from above.

PART II.

Now, to a maturing 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 so more her guide,
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
Even while at her father's side.
Spare your blame,—reminiscence makes
Lest to rule by strict command;
Still upon his cheek are living
Touche's 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,
Urges her powers their rights to shield.
Anglers, best on reckless pastime,
Learn how she can feel alike
Both for tiny harmless minnow
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.
Merciful protectress, kindling
Into anger or disdain;
Many a captive hath she rescued,
Others saved from lingering pain.
Listen yet awhile:—with patience
Hear the homely truths I tell,
She in Grassmere's old church-steple
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 curse is laid in earth,
What then wants the Child to temper,
In her breast, unsealy fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire
Easily a prince training
And a shrewdest outward power
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
In their stead, each opening flower.
Then the fearless Lamb-deliverer,
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.
Watchful as a wheating 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 FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

1. THE BROTHERS.

*These Travails, heaven preserve us! needs must live
A profitable life: some glance along,
Raped and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted: some, as wise,
Perched on the forehead of a jutting crag.
Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,
Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.
But, for that moping Son of Idleness,
Why can he tarry yonder?—in our church-yard
Is neither epaphum nor monument,
Tombstone nor name—only the turf we tread
And a few natural graves.*

To Jane, his wife,
Thus spoke the lonely Priest of Keseridale.
It was a July evening; and he sat
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the caves
Of his old cottage,—as it chance, that day,
Employed in winter's work. Upon the stone
His wife sat near him, teasin' 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,
Get 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,
Rises from his seat, beside the snow-white ridge
Of carded wool which the old man had piled
For his sheep 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.

*This one well known to him in former days.

Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oh in the piping shreds 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 senseless indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gape;
And, while the broad blue wave and sparkling foam
Flashed round him images and hues that
he 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 deeps
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that
grazed
On verdant hills—w'ih dwellings among trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country grey
Which he himself had worn.
And now, at last,
From perils manifold, with some small wealth
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,
To his paternal home he is returned,
With a determined purpose to resume
The life he had lived there; both for the sake
Of many darling pleasures, and the love
Which to an only brother he has borne
To all his hardships, since that happy time
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two
Were brother-shepherds on their native hills.
—They were the last of all their race; and now,
When Leonard had approached his home, his heart
Failed in him; and, not venturing to enquire
Tidings of one so long and dearly loved,
He to the solitary church-yard turned;
That, as he knew in what particular spot
His family were laid, he thence might learn
If still his Brother lived, or to the file
Another grave was added.—He had found
Another grave,—near which a full half-hour
He had remained; but, as he gazed, there grew
Such a confusion in his memory,
That he began to doubt; and even to hope
That he had seen this heap of turf before,—
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS. 57

That it was not another grave; but one
He had forgotten. He had lost his path,
As up the vale, that afternoon, he walked.
Through fields which once had been well known
To him;
And oh what joy this recollection now
Sent to his heart! he lifted up his eyes,
And, looking round, imagined that he saw
Strange alteration wrought on every side
Among the woods and fields, and that the rocks
And everlasting hills themselves were changed.

By this the Priest, who down the field had
Unseen by Leonard, at the church-yard gate
Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure, limb by limb
Persuaded him with a gay complacency.
Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,
"Tis one of those who need not leave the path
Of the world's business—to go wild aloud;
His arms have a perpetual holiday;
The happy man will creep about the fields
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles
Into his face, until the setting sun
Write foot upon his forehead. Planted thus
Beneath a shed that overarched the gate
Of this rude church-yard, till the stars appeared
The good Man might have communed with himself.

But that the Stranger, who had left the grave,
Approached; he recognised the Priest at once.
And, after greetings interchanged, and given
By Leonard to the Vicar as to one
Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

Leonard. You live, Sir, in these days, a quiet
Year your marks up one peaceful family;
And who would grieve and fret, if welcome come
And welcome gone, they are so like each other,
They cannot be remembered? Sore's a funeral
Comes to this church-yard once in eighteen months;
And yet some changes must take place among you;
And you who dwell here, even among these rocks,
Can touch the finger of mortality, and see,
That with our threescore years and ten
We are not all that perish.—I remember,
(For more than thirty years I passed this road)
There was a foot-way all along the fields
By the westward side—to gone—and that dark cliff!
To me it does not seem to wear the face
Which then it had.

Priest. Nay, Sir, for ought 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 hogs crog
Was rent with lightning—one hath disappeared;
The other, left behind, is flowing still.
For accidents and changes such as these
We want not store of them;—a water-spout
Will bring down half a mountain: what a feast
For folks that wander up and down like you,
To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff
One roaring cataract—a sharp May-storm
Will come with loads of January snow,
And in one night send twenty score of sheep
To feed the ravens or a shepherd dies
By some untoward death among the rocks:
The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge;
A wood is felled:—and then for our own homes!
A child is born or christened, a field ploughed,
A daughter sent to service, a web spun,
The old house-clock is decked in new lace;
And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates
To chronicle the time, we all have here
A pair of dairies,—one serving, Sir;
For the whole day, and one for each fire-side—
Yours was a stranger's judgment: for historians,
Command me to these valleys!

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

Priest. Why, there, Sir, is a thought's that's new to me
The stone-cutter's, '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 even in the man
Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

Leonard. Your Pagesmen, 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,
Tily 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 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 an 'ealthy head and fresh young face.
As ever were produced by youth and age
Engendering in the blood of hate fourscore.
Through five long generations had the heart
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflown the bounds
Of their inheritance, that single cottage—
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

You see it wonder I and those few green fields.
They toiled and wrought, and still, from sile to sile
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 burthen than the crop it bore.
Year after year the old man still kept up
A cheerful mind,—and buttled 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
God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Emerdale:
His pace was never that of an old man;
I often see him tripping down the path
With his two grandchildren 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 white 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 blessings from the infancy of love,
Are sought of what makes up a mother's heart,
This old Man, in the day of his old age,
Was half a mother to them.—If you weep, Sir,
To hear a stranger talking about strangers,
Heaven bless you when you are among your
kindred!
Ay— you may turn that way—it is a grave
Which will bear looking at.
Leonard. These boys—I hope
They are this good old Man's?
Priest. They did—and truly;
But they was what we almost overlooked.
They were such darlings of each other. Yes,
Though from the cradle they had lived with
Walter,
The only kinmen near them, and though he
Inculcated both by reason of his age,
With a more fond, familiar tenderness;—
The boy, 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 storms and thaw, when every water-course
And unabridged stream, such as you may have
noticed
Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,
Was swollen in a noisy rivulet.
Would Leonard then, when elder boys remained
At home, go staggering through the slippery
fields
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 higher 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.
Priest. Never did worthless lads eat English bread.
The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw,
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep those two Orphans, a church,
Or tempt them to an hour of Sabbath breach.
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner
Among these rocks, and every hollow place
That vestigous foot could reach, to one or both
Was known as well as to the flowers that grow
there.
Like rooks—bless them bowling v’er the hills;
They played like two young ravens on the crags;
Then they could write, ay and speak too, as well
As many of their betters—and for Leonard!
The very night before he went away,
In my own house I put into his hand
A Bible, and I'd wager house and gold
That, if he be alive, he has it yet.
Leonard. It seems, these Brothers have not
lived to be
A comfort to each other—
Priest. They might
Live to such end is what both old and young
In this our valley all of us have wished,
And what, for my part, I have often prayed:
But Leonard—
Leonard. Then James still is left among us!
Priest. 'Tis of the elder brother I am speaking:
They had an uncle,—he was at that time
A thriving man, and trafficked on the seas;
And, but for that same uncle, to this hour
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud:
For the boy loved the life which we lead here;
And though of unique years, a strapping only,
His soul was knit to this his native soil.
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak
To strive with such a torrent; when he died,
The estate and house were sold; and all their
sheep,
A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,
Had clothed the Ewslanks for a thousand
years;
Well— all was gone, and they were destitute,
And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake,
Resolved to try his fortune on the sea.
Twelve years are past since we had tidings from
him.
If there were one among us who had heard
That Leonard Ewslank was come home again,
From the Great Gavel,* down by Leza's banks,
And down the Eena, far as Egremont,
The day would be a joyous festival;
And those two belas 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—
*
The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from
its resemblance to the gable end of a house, is
one of the highest of the Cumberland moun-
tains.
The Leesa is a river which flows into the
Lake of Emerdale.
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

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

Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a little
That would bring down his spirit; and no doubt,
Before it ended in his death, the Youth
Was sadly crowded.—Poor Leonard! when we parted,
He bade us 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, 'twould needs be a glad day for him;
He would, himself, no doubt, be happy then.
As any that should meet him—

Priest. Happy! Sir—Leonard. You said his kindred all were in their graves,
And that he had one Brother—

Priest. That is but a fellow-tale of sorrow. From his youth
James, though not sickly, yet was delicate;
And Leonard being always by his side
That had done so many offices about him,
That, though he was not of a timid nature,
Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy
In him was somewhat checked; and, when his Brother
Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,
The little colour that he had was soon
Stolen from his cheek; he drooped, and pined,
And pined—

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

Priest, Sir, that passed away: we took him to us:
He was the child of all the tale—he lived
Three months with one, and six months with another;
And want, neither food, nor clothes, nor love;
And many, many happy days were his.
But, whether lèse 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 returned.
He had gone forth among the new-dropped lamb,
With two or three companions, whom his 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 cube, or of so many cubes;
And in the midst is one particular rock
That rid like a column from the vale,
Whence by our shepherds it is called The Pillar.
Upon its airy summit crowned with heath,
The loiser, not unnoticed by his comrades,
Lay stretched at ease; but, peering 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
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 then is his grave!—Before his death
You say that he saw many happy years?
Priest. Ay, that he did—
Leonard. And all went well with him?—
Priest. If he had one, the youth had twenty homes.
Leonard. And you believe, then, that his mind was easy?

Priest. Yes, long before he died, he found that time
Is a true friend to sorrow: and unless
His thoughts were turned on Leonard's luckless fortune,
He talked about him with a cheerful love.
Leonard. He could not come to an unhallowed end?

Priest. Nay, God forbid!—You recollect I mentioned
A habit which disquieted and grieved
Had brought upon him: and we all conjectured
That, as the day was warm, and his clothes
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 midway; and there for years
It hung,—and mouldered there.

The Priest here ended—

The Stranger would have thanked him, but he felt
A gushing from his heart, that took away
The power of speech. Both left the spot in silence;
And Leonard, when they reached the churchyard gate,
As the Priest lifted up the latch, turned round,—
And, looking at the grave, he said, "My Brother!
The Vicar did not hear the words: and now,
He pointed towards his dwelling-place, entreatingly.
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: there stood a tree.

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 of whom it was that he had missed
Since he had been so long away. He had

That confidence when he saw her image arise
As from a dream; and now she stood before him,
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-haired Mariner.

1800.

II.

ARTEGAL AND BLIDURE.

(See the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth and Milton's History of England.)

Where be the temples which, in Britain's Isle,
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?

Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!

Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,
They sank, delivered o'er
To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,
No vestige then was left that such had ever been.

Vain, a British record long concealed
Flower golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,
And pleasure's sumptuous bowers:

Whose all the fixed delights of house and home,
Friendships that will not break, and love that
cannot roam.

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit there,
Wild beasts, or unconscious savages impure!

But, mingled with the generous seed,
Grew many a poisonous weed:
Thus fairs it still with all that takes its birth
From human care, or grows upon the breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of vengeance
By Guendolen against her faithless lord!

Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged,
Had slain his paramour with ruthless sword:

Then, into Severn hideously deiled,

She flung her blameless child,
Sabinas—vowing that the stream should bear
That name through every age, her hatred to declare.

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

Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
Who comes her Sire to seek;

And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spencer's fairy themes,
And those that Milton loved in youthful years;
The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;
Of Arthur—who, to open night restored,

With that terrific sword
Which yet he brandishes for future war,
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

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

Now, gentle Minos, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with Powsy:
Where flowers and herbs unite, and share some

That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mis-
chief free!

A KIng more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his day;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway:

He poured rewards and honours on the good;

And while he served the Gods with reverence due
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegale succeeds—his son;

But how unworthy of that sire was he!
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul conspiracy.

From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
The noble power of his strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;

And, on the vacant throne, his worthless 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.

He, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
Dirt poverty assailed;

And, tired with sighs his pride no more could bear
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 Calais's forest he repaired.
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

How changed from him who, born to highest place,
In royalty, on his seat by silver Thames's side!

From that wild region where the crownless King
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
And meeting he sends;

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chance to hear
A startling outcry made by sound and horn,
From which the tuskly wild boar flies in fear;
And, scouring toward him o'er the grayly plain,
Behold the hunter's train!

He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Eulidore, who leads the chase,
Hast checked his foaming courser:—can it be!
Methinks that I should recognise that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity!
He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded and amazed—
"It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,
Feastly dined by daunted Artegal;
Whose natural affection doth enslave,
And appalled to such a wick and criminal,
Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while the chief stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Eulidore, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met—
O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
But I am blest to love, nor to regret,
Nor to my wishes lost—Forgive the wrong,
(Booth 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 Artegal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed: "'Tis me, of titles shorn,
And stripped of power I me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom I spare the litter scorn;
If Jusdeus ruled the breast of foreign kings,
With widespread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not daring thy blame.
"I do not blame thee," Eulidore replied; "But, if my looks did with my words agree,
I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all despicable be free.
May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,
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,
Oudious to me the pomp of regal court,
And joyless in vain sport,
While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake: "I only sought
Within this realm a place of safe retreat;
Sware of reposing an ambitious thought;
Sware of kindling hopes, for me unseen! Thou art refused wise, but in my mind
Art pitifully blind;
Full soon this generous purpose thou shalt 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—
Would change the course of things in all men's sight
And this for one who cannot imitate
Thy virtue, who may hate:
For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
He reigns, thou still must be his king and sover-

Lifted in magnanimity above
Aught that my feetle 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 hand, while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall."

"Believe it not," said Eulidore: "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 assert.
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.
And what if 'e'er that bright unbooming
Clouds of disgrace and various fortune past
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,
The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished; gladness ceases in the groves,
And trepidation strikes the blackened moun-
tain
coven.
But is that gloom dissolved, how passing clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than before?
Even so thy latent worth will reappear,
Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore.
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
Restored on thy exalted place
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.
POEMS POUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

But, not to overlook what thou mayst know,
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
And circumspect must be our course, and slow,
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dissim thy followers;—let them calmly wait
Such change in thy estate
As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soon be realized.

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
Until king Elidure, with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude,
Rose,—and, to consummate this just intent,
Did hasten to his brother’s head the crown,
Renowned by his own;
Then to his people cried, "‘receive your lord,
Gobinator’s first-born son, your rightful king restored!

The people answered with a loud acclaim:
Yet more,—heart-smitten by the heroic deed,
The reinstated Artragel became
Earth’s noblest penitent: from bondage freed
Of vice—therefore unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert.
Long did he reign; and, when he died, the tears
Of universal grief bedewed his honored heir.
Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved;
With whom a crown (temperance that hath set
Discord in hearts of men till they have braved
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem
A thing of no esteem;
And from this triumph of affection pure
He bore the lasting name of "pious Elidure!"
1815.

III.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I’ve watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-possessed upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
Not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy await you, when the breeze
The scented grove you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again?

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

A FAREWELL.

Farewell, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
One side of our whole while 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,
There, and the Cottage which thou dost surround.
Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And there will safely rule when we are gone;
The flowering shrub that deck our humble door
Will prosper, though untended and alone;
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have some;
These narrow bounds contain our private store
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;
Here are they in our sight—we have no more.
Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!
For two months now in vain we shall be sought;
We leave you here in solitude to dwell
With these our latest gifts of tender thought;
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, farewell! Whom from the borders of the Lake we brought,
And placed together near our rocky Well.
We go for One to whom we will be dear;
And she will prize this Flower, 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 thee; to thee herself will wed;
And love the blessed life that we lead here.
Dear Spot! which we have watched with tender heed,
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms blown
Among the distant mountain, 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 skillie Face,
That hast thy wayward 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 learn 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 known in her 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 sorrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die.
O happy Garden! whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to indolent hours;
And to soft slumber, 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 thee who will be ours,
Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

1804.
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

V.
STANZAS.
WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDULGENCE.

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 he would float away, As doth a lute upon a summer brook; But go to-morrow, or belike to-day, Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful home, And find elsewhere his business or delight; Out of our Valley's limits did he roam; Full many a time, upon a stormy night, His voice came to us from the neighbouring height:

Oft could we see him driving full in view At mid-day when the sun was shining bright; What ill was on him, what he had to do, A mighty wonder lived among our quiet crew.

Ah! pitious 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 lower, Retired in that sunny 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 soul so living creature has Than he had, being here the king 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, On lay upon the moon by brook or tree, A noticeable Man with large grey eyes, And a pale face that seemed undoubtably As if a blooming face it ought to be: Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear, Deeply by weight of musings Phantasy: Profound his forehead was, though not severe; Yet some did think that he had little business here:

Sweet heaven forefend! his was a lawful right; Noisy he was, and gnomesome as a boy; His limb would toss about him with delight, Like branches when strong winds the trees assailability.

Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy To banish lassitudes and inanimate care: He would have taught you how you might employ:

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

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

Made to his ear attentively applied, A pipe on which the wind would deftly play; Glasses he had, that little things display, The beetle panoplied in gems and gold, A mailed angel on a battle-day;

The mysteries that the world ensnared, And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear His muse, and to view his imagery: And, both, these two were each to the other dear:

No livelier love in such a place could be: There did they dwell— from earthly labour free, As happy spirits as were ever seen; If but a bird, to keep them company, Or butterfly sate down, we were, As pleased as if the same had been a Maiden-queen.

VI.

LOUISA.
AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

I met Louisa in the shade, And, having seen that lovely Maid, Why should I fear to say That, nymphet-like, she is fleet and strong, And down the rocks can leap along Like rivulets in May? She loves her fire, her cottage home; Yet o'er the mossland will she roam In weather rough and bleak; And, when against the wind she straights, Oh! I might I kiss the mountain That sparkle on her cheek.

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

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 never stirred In one of those sweet dreams I slept. Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTION.

And all the while my eyes I keep
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.

She dwelt among the untried ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh, the
Difference to me!

1799.

IX.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea:
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.
To past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time: for still I feel
To love thee more and more.
Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.
The mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too in the last green field
That Lucy’s eyes surveyed.

1799.

X.

EXC WITH cold beads of midnight dew
Had mingled tears of thine,
I grieved, fond Youth that thou shouldst sue
To haughty Geraldine.
Immoveable by generous sighs,
She glories in a train
Who drag, beneath our native skies,
An oriental chain.
Fine not like them with arms across,
Forgetting in thy care
How the fast-rooted trees can toss
Their branches in mid air.
The humblest rivulet will take
Its own wild licentious,
And, every day, the impassioned lake
Is flowing in the breeze.

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

1826.

TO——.

Look at the fates of summer flowers,
Which blow at daybreak, drop ere even-song;
And, grieved for their brief date, confess that
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,
Is not so long!
If human Life do pass away,
Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
If we are creatures of a winter’s day;
What space hath Virtue’s beauty to disclose
Her sweets, and triumph o’er the breathing rose?
Not even an hour!
The deepest grove whose foliage bid
The happiest lovers Arcady might boast
Could not the entrance of this thought forbid:
O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid!
Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
So soon be lost.
Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth
"To draw, out of the object of his eyes,"
The while on thee they gaze in simple truth,
Hues more exalted, "a refined Form;"
That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,
And never dies.

1844.

THE FORSAKEN.

The peace which others seek they find;
The heaviest storms not longest last;
Heaven grants even to the guiltless mind
An amnesty for what is past;
When willing sentences are expressed?
I only pray to know the worst;
And wish as if my heart would burst.
O weary struggle! silent years
Tell seemingly so doubtful tale;
And yet they leave it short, and fares
And hopes are strong and will prevail.
My calmest faith escapes not pain;
And, feeling that the hope is vain,
I think that he will come again.

134.

Tis said, that some have died for love;
And here and there a church-yard grave is found
In the cold north’s unshallowed ground,
Because the wretched man himself had sla
His love was such a grievous pain.
And there is one whom I five years have known;
He dwells alone
Upon Helvellyn’s side:
He loved—the pretty Barbara died;
And thus he makes his moan:
Three years had Barbora in her grave been lain
When thus his moan he made:
"Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind that oak!
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie.
POEMS POUNDRED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

That in some other way you smoke
May mount into the sky.
The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart:
I look—the sky is empty space;
I know not what I trace;
But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.
O! what a weight is in these shades! Ye leaves,
That murmur once so dear, when will it cease?
Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,
It robs my heart of peace.
Thou, Thou, the sweetest, the dearest, the truest,
Of rows of willows fit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose another tree.
Roll back, sweet Rill! I back to thy mountain bounds,
And there for ever be thy waters chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree's rugged bough
Headlong yon waterfaul must come,
Oh let it then be dumb!
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which thou art now.
Thou Eclantine, so bright with sunny showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale,
Thou so fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,—
Disturb me till the sight is more than I can bear.
The Man who makes this feehish complaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know Such happiness as I have known to-day.
1800.

A COMPLAINT.

There is a change—and I am poor;
Your love hath been, nor long ago
A fountain at my fond heart's door;
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did; not taking heed
Of its own beauty, or my need.
What happy moments did I count!
Bliss I then all bliss above!
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I? I shall I dare to tell
A comfortless and hidden weal.
A well of love—it may be deep—
I trust it is,—and never dry;
What matter if the waters sleep
In silence and oblivion,—
Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.
1806.

TO

Let other birds of angels sing,
Bright sons without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that thou art not.

Heed not the' none should call thee fair;
So, Mary, let it be
If mourned in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.
1824.

XVI.

Yet I thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration
That sometimes in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear Maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To feed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

XVII.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
How bright that heaven-directed glance!
—Wilt her to glory, winged Powers,
Ere sorrow over grey.

And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood!

So looked Cecilia when she drew
An Angel from his station;

So looked: not ceasing to pursue
Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still;
No sound here sweeps away the will
That gave it birth: in service meek,
One upright arm sustains the cheek,
And one across the bosom lies—

That rose, and now forgets to rise,
Subdued by breathless harmonies
Of meditative feeling:

Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,
Through the pure light of female eyes,
Their sanctity revealing!

1824.

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
Through my very heart they shine!

And, if my brow gives back their light,
Do thou look gladly on the sight;

As the clear Moon with modest pride
Beholds her own bright beams
Reflected from the mountain's side
And from the headlong streams.

E
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

XIX.

TO
O DRAWER far than light and life are dear,
Full oft our human foresight I explore;
Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more.

Mingevings, hard to vanquish or control,
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest;
While all the future, for thy purer soul,
With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,
Tells that these words thy humbleness offend;
Yet bear me up—else fainting in the rear
Of a steep march; support me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
And Love is dulcet in thought and deed;
Through Thee communion with that Love I seek.

The faith Heaven strengthens where He moulds the Creed.

1844.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

I.
Smile of the Moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From her whom drooping captives love;
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpey to restore.

II.
Bright boon of plying 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,
Safe those who to my arrow's bend
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 well
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flow'rets of the fields!
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

VI.
Yet how!—for I, if there be truth,
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty, for confiding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare.
That kill the bloom before its time;
And blush, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinction I showered on me
To lend a lingering life in chains;
All that could quell my grasp, or flee,
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains
Placed in the spirit; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

VII.
A Woman rules my prised a key;
A sister Queen, against the beast
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who felt'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

VIII.
For all desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of tears the prey, of hopes the spot;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burden to support.—

IX.
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 resound with green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposes upon the block!

1817.

THE COMPLAINT
OF A POKOSKUHUM 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 amount of the plate 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 "Hearde's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean." In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
In rising conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive;
Before a mother day,
Oh let my body die away!

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;
Yet is it dead, and I remain:
All still with ice the ahesive;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For food for warmth, for food, and fire;
But they to me no joy can give,
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie!
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one!
Too soon I yielded to despair;
Why did ye listen to my prayer?
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger;
And oh, how grievously I rue
That, afterwards, a little longer,
My friends, I did not follow you!
For strong and without pain I lay.
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

My Child! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
Then from they were my blame they took,
On me how strangely did he look!
Through his whole body something ran,
And oh, the woes working did I see;
—As if the strowe 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 geyer my head art flying
The way my friends their course did bend,
I could not feel the pain of dying.
Could I with thee a message send;
Too soon, my friends, ye went away;
For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow;
Ye travel heavily and slow;
In spite of all my weary pain
I'll look upon your tents again.
—My fire is dead, and snowy white
The water which beside it stood;
The wolf has come to me to-night,
And he has stolen away my food.
For ever left alone am I;
Then wherefore should I fear to die?

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 exile, art far away,
Nor shall I see another day.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

In distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads, alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway, I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet:
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
And in his arms a Lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide:
And with his coat did then essay
To wipe those teary tears away,
I followed him, and said, "My friend,
What ills you? whatfore weep you so?"
"Shame on me, sir! this lusty Lamb,
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetched him from the rock;
He is the last of all my flock.

When I was young, a single man,
And after youth my followers ran
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, an awe I bought:
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see;
And then I married, and was rich.
As I could wish to be:
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store.

Year after year my stock I grew;
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As fine a flock as ever grazed!
Upon the Quoatskill hills they fed;
They thrive, and we at home did thrive:
—This lusty Lamb of all my store
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

Six Children, Sir! I had to feed;
Hard labour in a time of seed!
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 feed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
—Do this; how can we give to you,
They cried, 'what to the poor is due?'

I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with good food;
For me—it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me,
To see that 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
And therein they all were gone—
Reckless of what might come at last
Were but the bitter struggle past.

VIII.
To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me:
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease, within doors or without;
And, crazily and wearily
I went my work about.
And oft was moved to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

IX.
Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time;
God cursed me in my sore distress:
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week, and every day,
My flock it seemed to melt away.

X.
They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!
From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe—
And then at last from three to two;
And, of my fifty, yesterday
I had but one only:
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none—
To-day I fetched it from the rock;
It is the last of all my flock.

1798.

XXIII.
REPTANCE.
A PASTORAL BALLAD.
Two fields which with covetous spirit we sold,
Those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,
Would have brought us more good than a
burthen of gold,
Could we but have been as contented as they.
When the troublesome Tempter beset us, said I,
"Let him come, with his purse proudly grasped
in his hand:
But, Allan, be true to me, Allan,—we'll die
Before he shall go with an inch of the land!"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their
bowers;
Unsettled 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 overthrown with sin,
With my hand on the latch of the half-opened
gate,
I look at the fields, but I cannot go in!
When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's
day,
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,
"What ails you, that you must come creeping
to me?"
With our pastures about us, we could not be
sad:
Our comfort was near if we ever were cruel:
But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that
we had,
We slighted them all,—and our birth-right was
lost.
Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son
Who must now be a wanderer! but peace to that
strain!
Think of evening's repose when our labour was
done,
The sabbath's return, and its leisure's soft
chain!
And in sickness, if night had been sparing of
sleep,
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,
Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of
sheep
That besprinkled the field: twas like youth in
my blood!
Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a
small;
And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a
sigh,
That follows the thought,—We've no land in the
vale,
Save six feet of earth where our forefathers lie!
1804.

XXIV.
THE AFFLCTION OF MARGARET.

I.
Where art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
And am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest: and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

II.
Seven years, alas! to have received
No tidings of an only child;
To have despair, 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?
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

They pity me, and not my grief;  
They come to me, my heart's fond  
Some tidings that my woes may end;    
I have no other earthly friend!  
1804.

THE COTTAGE, TO HER INFANT.  
BY MY SISTER.

Thee days are cold, the nights are long,  
The north-wind sings a doleful song;  
Then hush again upon my breast;    
All merry things are now at rest.  
Save thee, my pretty Love!  
The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one new, hungry, nipping 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 bedripped with rain;  
Then, little Darling! sleep again,  
And wake when it is day.  
1805.

MATERNAL GRIEF.

DEPARTED Child! I could forget thee once  
Though at my bosom nursed; this woeful gain  
My soul is present and perpetually abides,  
A shadow, never, never to be displaced  
By the returning substance, seen or touched,  
Suen 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,  
To teach me calm submission to thy Will!  
The Child she mourned had overset the pale  
Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air  
That sanctifies its confines, and partook  
Of all the little ones on sinful earth  
Not unsavaged—a light that warmed and cheered  
Those several qualities of heart and mind  
Which, in her own sweet 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 infrequent rapture fondly hailed.  

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn  
A pair of Leverets each provoking each  
To a continuance of their fearless sport,  
Two separate Creatures in their several gifts  
Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all  
That Nature prompts them to display, their looks,  
Their starts of motion and their fits of rest,  
An undistinguishable style approximate  
And character of gladness, as if Spring
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
"What is it," I said, "that you bear,
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
Protected from this cold damp air?"
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
"A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird."
And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a Son, who many a day
Sailed on the sea, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away;
And I have traveled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still remain
for me.
The bird and cage they both were his;
'Twas my Son's bird; and neat and trim
He kept it; many voyages
The singing-bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed, he left the bird behind;
From boding, as might be, that hung upon his mind.
He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety;—there
I found it when my Son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little wit!
I bear it with me, Sir,—he took so much delight in it."

THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

"Uncle, Timothy, up with your staff and away! Not a soul in the village this morning will stay; The hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds, And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds."

Offcoats and of jackets grey, scarlet, and green, On the slopes of the pastures all colours were seen; With their comely blue aprons, and caps white as snow, The girls on the hills made a holiday show. Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six months before filled the funeral basin * at Timothy's door: A coffin through Timothy's threshold had past; One Child did it bear, and that Child was his last. Now fast up the dell came the noise and the fray, The horse and the horn, and the hark! hark! away! Old Timothy took up his staff, and he shut With a leisurely motion the door of his hut. Perhaps to himself at that moment he said: "The key I must take, for my Ellen is dead." But of this in my ears not a word did he speak; And he went to the chase with a tear on his cheek.

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

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned
In which a Lady driven from France did dwell;
The dearer sister grieves with which she mourned.
In friendship she to me would often tell,
This Lady, dwelling upon Irish ground,
Where she was childless, daily would repair
To a poor neighbouring cottage; as I found,
For sake of a young Child whose home was there.

Once having seen her clasp with fond embrace
This Child, I chanting to myself a lay,
Endeavoured, in our English tongue, to trace
Such things as she unto the Babe might say:
And thus, from what I heard and knew, or guessed,
My song the workings of her heart expressed.

V.

"Dear Babe, thou daughter of another,
One moment let me be thy mother!"
An infant's face and looks are thine,
And sure a mother's heart is mine;
Thy own dear mother's far away,
At labour in the harvest field;
Thy little sister is at play—
What warmth, what comfort would it yield
To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be
One little hour a child to me?

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, "Years 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 contentance 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 touchest me with strange alarms;
Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms.
For they confound me—where—where is
That last, that sweetest smile of his?

Oh! how I love thee!—we will stay
Together here this one half day.
My sister's child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England came;
She with her mother crossed the sea
The babe and mother near me dwell;
Yet does my yearning heart to thee
Turn rather, though I love her well:
Rest, little Stranger, rest be sure!
Never was any child more dear!

—VIII.

"I cannot help it: all intent
I've none, my pretty innocent!
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,
These tears—and my poor oil tongue.
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek
How cold it is! but thou art good;
Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,
I think, to help me if they could.
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,
My heart again is in its place!

While thou art mine, my little Love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee:
Here's grass to play with, here's gold;
I'll call thee by my darling's name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of sure,
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."

XXX.

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

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

O happy time of youthful lovers (thus
My story may begin) O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven
To such inheritance of blessed fancy
(Fancy that sports more desirably 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 stipulating 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. Flebeian was the stock,
Flebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,
From whom her graces and her honours sprung:
And hence the father of the enamoured Youth,
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

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 style
And petty quarrels, had grown food 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 hover-
ing
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden by the concave depth
Of neighbouring lakes from each other’s sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid truth;
But whatsoever of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination;—he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.

Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a wasted 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, overblent to move
Enraptured thus, and that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!

So passed the time, till whether through effect
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved
Virtue in constraint—aah, speak it, think it, not!
Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw
Shadows on beauty by his present state
And the dear haven where he wished to be
In honourable wedlock with his Love,
Was not his judgment tempted to decline
To perilous weakness, and estrust his cause;
To nature for a happy end of all;
Deem that by such food hope the Youth was
And bear with their transgression, when I add
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife, Carried about her for a secret grief
The promise of a mother.

To conceal
The threatened shame, the parents of the Maid
Found but time to hurry her away by night,
And unawares, that in some distant spot
She might remain shrouded in privacy,
Until the babe was born. When morning came,
The Lover, thus bereft, bewailed with his loss,
And all uncertain whither he should turn,
Chased like a wild beast in the toils; but soon
Discovering trace of the fugitives,
They step he followed to the Maid’s retreat.
Easily may the sequel be divided—
Walks to and fro—watchings at every hour;
And the fair Captive, who, where’er she may,
Is busy at her casement as the swallow
Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,
About the penitent nest, did thus entreat 
Her Lover!—thence a stolen interview,
Accomplished under friendly shade of night.

I pass the raptures of the pair,—such theme
Is, by innumerable poets, narrated;
In more delightful verse than skill of mine
Could fashion; chiefly by that dashing bard
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,
And of the lark’s note heard before its time,
And of the streams that lower the evening clouds
In the unrelenting east.—Through all her courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
Her fires, that like mysterious puissances beat
Aloft;—momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting’s slender filamento
They parted; and the generous Vauclercour
Reached speedily the native threshold, beat
On making (to the Lovers had agreed)
A sacrifice of birthright to attain
A final portion from his father’s hand;
Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then
would flee
To some remote and solitary place, 
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,
Where they may live, with no one to behold
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.
But now of this we whisper; not the less,
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped
Touching the matter of his passion, still,
In his stern father’s hearing, Vauclercour
Persisted openly that death alone
Should abrogate his human privilege
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,
Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved
“...You shall be buffed in your stead 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, 
Stared nowhere without an eye that scan’d:
Fond with visions that full soon
Found dreadful provocation; for at night
When to his chamber he repair’d, known
Was made to seize him by three armed men,
Acting, in furtherance of the father’s will,
Under a private sign of the State.
One the rash Youth’s ungovernable hand
Slew, and as quickly to a second
A perilous wound—be shudder’d to behold
The breathless corpse; the third resigned
His person to the law, was lodged in prison,
And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you observed a tuft of small seed
That, from the dandelion’s naked stalk,
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to rest?
Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,
Driven by the autumn whirling 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 yes! no
Desperate the Maid—the Youth is stained with blood;
Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet!
Yet as the troubled seed and tortur’d bough
Is maa, subjected to despotis sway.
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

For him, by private influence with the Court,
Was pardon granted, and liberty procured;
But not without exaction of a pledge,
Which liberty and love dispensed air.
He flew to her from whom they would divide him.

He close 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,
A waste is to them no longer cannot be mine,
I shine—the conscience-stricken must not woo
The unruffed Innocent,—I see thy face,
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!"

"One, are we not?" exclaimed the Maiden.

Then with the father's name she coupled words
Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
Checked her with filial meekness: for no thought
Uncharitable crossed his mind, no sense
Of hasty anger, rising in the eclipse
Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er
Find place within his bosom.—Once again
The persevering wedge of tyranny
Achieved their separation: and once more
Were they united,—to be yet again
Disparted, pitiful 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
Unenumbered—time was most constrain'd; and what,
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come
And what, through strong compunction for the past,
He suffers—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 its future peace. "You shall return,
Jula," said he, "and to your father's house
Go with the child—You have been wretched;
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Of teary moisture at its root.
Malice, beholding, you will melt away.
Go!—to 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 in man.
With oraments—the prettiest, nature yields
Or art can fashion, shall you deck our boy,
And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks.

Till one can restrict him. Now, even now,
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;
My shadow sees him too;
Startled, as if some new-created thing
Enriched the earth, or Fairy of the woods
Bounded before him;—but the unworting Child
Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's heart
So that it shall be soothed, and our loves
End happily, as they began!"

These gleams
Appeared but seldom; oftner was he seen
Propping a pail and melancholy face
Upon the Mother's bosom. His head
His head upon one breast, while from the other
The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.

That pillow is no longer to lie there,
Fond Youth! that mournful solace now must pass
Into the list of things that cannot be!
Unwedded Julia, the sombre-eyed.
The sentence, by her mother's lips pronounced,
That dooms her to a convent.—Who shall tell,
Who dares report, the tidings to the lord
Of her affections? so they blindly asked
Who knew not to what quarters she might flight
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
Of care; that what so tenderly he pressed
Was a dependent on the obdurate heart
Of one who come to dismount their lives
For ever—had alternative! preferred
By the unbending Parents of the Maid,
To secret 'spousals manly disapproved.
—So be it!

In the city he remained
A season after Julia had withdrawn
To those religious walls. He, too, departs—
Who with him?—even the little one.
With that sole charge he passed the city-gates,
For the last time, attendant by the value
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,
In which the lily 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 narrowly took,
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle
Show-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' he were known to look,
Upon the nursing which his arms embraced.

This was the manner in which Vaudrocour
Departed with his infant; and thus reached
His father's house, where to the innocent child
Admiration was denied. The young man spake
No word of indignation or reproach,
But of his father begged, a last request,
That a retreat might be assigned to him
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,
With such allowance as his wants required;
For wishes he had none. To a lodge that stood
Deep in a forest, with leaves given, at the age
Of four and twenty summers he withdrew;
And thither took with him his motherless Babe,
And one domestic for their common seeds,
An aged woman. It consol'd him here

...
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

To attend upon the orphan, and perform
Obsequious service to the precious child,
Which, after a short time, by some mistake
Or indiscretion of the Father, died.—
The Tale I follow to its last recess
Of suffering or of peace, I know not which;
Thers be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!

From this time forth he never shared a smile
With mortal creature. An Inhabitant
Of that same town, in which the pair had left
So lovely a remembrance of their grief,
By chance of business, coming within reach
Of his retirement, to the forest lodge
Repaired, but only found the matron there,
Who told him that his pains were thrown away,
For that her Master never uttered word
To living thing—not even to her.—Behold!
While they were speaking, Vaudreuzier ap-

But, seeing some one near, as on the latch
Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he shrunk;
And, like a shadow, glided out of view.

Snooked at his savage aspect, from the place
The visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth
Cut off from all intelligence with man,
And shunning even the light of common day;
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France
Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,
Rouse him: but in those solitary shades
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind !

XXXI.

THE IDIOT BOY.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,
The moon is up,—the sky is blue,
The owllet, in the moonlight air,
Shouts from nobody knows where;
He lengthens out his lonely shout,
Hallo! hallo! a long hallo!

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

Scared is the 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 rein?
But Betty's best on her intent;
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
As if her very life would fail.
There's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress;
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
And sorely pained are the twin,
For what she ails they cannot guess.
And Betty's husband's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale :

There's none to help poor Susan Gale;
What must be done! what will become?
And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her Pony, that is strong and true;
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing figs 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)
His whom she loves in the Idiot Boy.
And he must post without delay
Across the bridge and through the dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.
There is no need of boot or spur,
There is no need of whip or wand;
For Johnny has his holly-bough,
And with a hurly-burly now
He shakes the green bough in his hand.
And Betty o'er and o'er has told
The Boy, who is her best delight,
Both what to follow, what to shun,
What do, and what to leave undone,
How turn to left, and how to right.
And Betty's most especial charge
Was, "Johnny! Johnny: mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all—
Come home again, what's e'er befal,
My Johnny, oh, I pray you do.
To this did Johnny answer make,
Both with his head and with his hand,
And proudly shook the bridles high:
And then! his words were not a few,
Which Betty well could understand.
And now that Johnny was in sight,
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 moves his legs,
Oh! then fair 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 lies,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whips,
And all his skill in horsemanship:
Oh! happy, happy, happy John.
And while the Mother, at the door,
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself, and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim,
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!
He's at the guide-post—he turns right;
She watches till he's out of sight,
And Betty will not then depart.
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Burr, burl—now Johnny's lips they burl,
By this Tommy mull, or near it;
Meek as a lamb the Pomy moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And all the world that loves him knows;
They'll love him till they die.

Away she flies to Susan Gale:
Her Messenger's in merry tune;
The sweetest bough, the owlets curb,
And Johnny's lips they burl, burl, burl,
And in his absence, I must 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 soothing saying,
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
Is with you and his of late;
She sees, as 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 I but have that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more
That Betty might see.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well;
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;
"As sure as there's a moon in heaven,
New Betty, "he'll be back again;
Their love be here—'tis almost ten—
Both will be here before eleven.

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

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

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

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

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

She preferred 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 last half-wife;
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 my 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 goes: look how she walked,
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;
And while she crossed the bridge, there came
A thought with which her heart is sore—
Johnny perhaps his horse foonook,
To hunt the moon within the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,
Along amid a prospect new;
There's neither Johnny nor his Horse Among the fern or in the dale;
There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

"Oh saints! what is become of him?"
Perhaps he's climbed into the sky;
Where he will stay till he is dead;
Or, sad to say, he has been missed;
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Oh him that wicked Pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall,
Or in the castle he's pursuing
Among the ghosts his ownundoing;
Or playing with the waterfall.

At poor old Susan then she railed,
While to the town she posts away;
"If Susan had not been so ill,
Aha! 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 has 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 glimmering eyes that peep and dose;
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh Doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny?"
"I'm here, what's it you want with me?"
"Oh Sir! you know I'm Betty Foys,
And I have lost my poor dear boy,
You know him—h'n 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! I should know of him!"

And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

"O woe is me! O woe is me!
Here I stand and here I die;
I thought to find my lost one here,
But he is neither far nor near,
Oh! I a wretched Mother I!"

She stops; she stands, she looks about;
Which way to turn she cannot tell.
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain
If she had heart to knock again:
This pious block strikes three—a dismal knoll!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail;
This pious 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 three-fourths
Such night as this was never before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if 'e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob,
They lengthen out the tremendous 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 bank she notices 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! I 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 drunk or dead.

Then up she springs as if on wings;
She thinks no more of deadly sin;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would be
To drown herself therein.

O Reader! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing!
What they've been doing all this time,
Oh could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing
Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!
He with his Pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hands upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
His face unto his horse's mouth;
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
All silent as a hound upon wood,
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, in hunting sleep,
A fierce and dreadful devil!
Yon valley, so trim and green,
In five month's time, should he be seen,
A desert wilderness will be!

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

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strange indentures:
O gentle Muses! let me tell
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 beweeve me?
And can ye thus unfriended leave me?
Ye Muses! whom I love so well?
Who's you, that, near the waterfall,
Which thunders down with headlong force,
Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were?
Sits upright on a feeding horse?
Unto his horse—there feeding free,
He scorns, I think, the rain to give;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed;
If such we in romance read:
—Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live.
POEMS ROUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

And that's the very Pony, too!  
Oh Johnny, where is Betty Foy!  
She hardly can sustain her fears;  
The roaring waterfall she hears,  
And cannot find her idol Boy.  
Your Pony's worth his weight in gold;  
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!  
She's coming from among the trees,  
And now all full in view she sees  
Him whom she loves, her Idol Boy.  
And Betty sees the Pony too:  
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy?  
Is she a pilgrim, in no mood.  
'Tis he whom you so long have lost.  
He whom you love, your Idol Boy.  
She looks again—her arms are up—  
She screams—she cannot move for joy;  
She darts, as with a conqueror's force,  
She almost has overt urned the Horse,  
And last she holds her Idol Boy.  
And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud;  
Whether in cunning or in joy  
I cannot tell; but while he laughs,  
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs.  
To hear again her Idol Boy.  
And now she's at the Pony's tail,  
And now is at the Pony's head,—  
On that side now, and now on this;  
And, almost stifled with her bliss,  
A few sad tears does Betty shed.  
She kisses o'er and o'er again  
Him whom she loves, her Idol 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,  
Who hardly can perceive his joy.  
"Oh Johnny, never mind the Doctor:  
You've done your best, and that is all:"  
She took her 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;  
She saw you scarcely looked at her;  
The little birds began to stir.  
Though yet their tongues were still.  
The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,  
Wind slowly through the woody dale;  
And who is she, betimes abroad,  
That hobbles up the steep rough road?  
Who is it, but old Susan Gale?  
Long time lay Susan lost in thought;  
And many dreadful fears beset her,  
Both for her Messenger and Nurse.  
And so the mind grew worse and worse,  
Her body—it grew better.  
She turned, she tossed herself in bed,  
On all her 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 went;  
The owls have hoisted 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,  
(He's 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.  
1938.  

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 no weight  
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 Sites  
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 struggling heap of unhewn stones  
And to that simple object appertain  
A story—unchanged with strange events,  
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the freeste.  
Or for the summer shade. It was the first  
Of those domestic tales that spake to me  
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the wilds of men  
Whom I already loved,—not verily  
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills  
Where was their occupation and abode.  
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy.  
Careless of books, yet having felt the power  
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
OF natural objects, let me on to feel
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
Honest and rude. I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of poetical persons, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
A watchful more than ordinary man.
Hence he had learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others headed not, he heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Brought him, and he to himself would say,
"The winds are now devising work for me!"
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and
 Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's
Fields, with where cheerful spirits he had
The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
He had so often climbed; which had impressed
Great incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
Hardly, yet sheltered, leading to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills—what could they less?
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A great outside feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.
His days had not been passed in singers.
His Hallelujah was a comedy matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years.
She was the daughter of a lingering life,
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she
 had
 Of antique form: this large, for spinning wool;
That small, for flax: and if one wheel had rest
It was because the other was at work.
The Fair had not one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a
 The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say
That they were in a growth in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupation out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then,
Their labour did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of porridge and skimmed milk,
Sat round the basket piled with eaten cakes,
And their plain house-made cheese. Yet when the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both brook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card
Wood 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 smooth country style
With huge and black projection overbowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day drew 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 contrate of sunscorned 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 eigteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sat,
Father and Son, while far into the night
The Housewife plied her own appropriate 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 Esdale, up to Dunmail Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

That living on through such a length of years,
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his Hallelujah: lest to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from indicative tenetness, 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 alluring of inquisitiveness, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love of the aged to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Had done him female service, not alone
Farewell, and to the right, 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 got on boy’s attire, old Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have ste, 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 oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
Chosen for the Shearer’s covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The Clipping Tree,* a name which yet it bears.
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven’s good grace the boy

grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd’s staff;
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipit
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gate, to stem or turn the block;
And, to his office prematurely called;
There stood the orchn, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father line of praise;
Though mought was left undone which staff, or
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could
Against the mountain blast, and to the heights,
Not fearing cold, 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
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
Dusky 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 unfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him; and old Michael now

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

Wax summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for

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,
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 or three evenings after he had been thus

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 be 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 forgave 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 skill
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 Jateman, thought she to her-
self;
He was a parish boy—at the church door
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours
Brought
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 sea; where he grew wondrous rich,
And left estates and monies to the poor,
And, at his birth-place, built a chapel floored
With marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
These thoughts, and many others of that 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.
For more than we have lost is left to us
—We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger—but this hope is a good hope.
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

-Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's
tongue
Then fill upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work; for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she through the last two 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,
Noe to remember—do not go away.
For if thou leave thy Father he will die.
"The Youth made answer with a joicund 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 kinman 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 send the young fellow 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
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.
When he had finished 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 went 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 befals
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's

Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill of thee, but it seems good
That thou shouldst go.
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from three years.
These fields were burreneth when they came to me;
Yet I was but thirty years old.

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 am still strong and able. Do thou thy part,
I will do mine. I will do mine
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
Thou hast the heights, and in among the stones,
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—
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
What will be left to us?—but, I forget,
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
And of this moment; hit her turn thy thoughts,
And God will avenge thee: amid all fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
Mayst bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Betrive 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
Betel thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here: and Luke stooped do
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 joy
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 Kinman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the joy
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.
No, many a time my husband saw,
And again 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 his duty: and at length,
He in the desert city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven as last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.
There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
I have converse with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
When he had laid this heavy news. His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.

And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man, and 'twas a dreary sight
That many and many a day he thinner went,
And never lifted up a single stone.
There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years had passed us time,
He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The Cottage which was named the Evening Star
Is gone,—the ploughshare has been through the ground.
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door: and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head


XXXIII.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE.

I.

How beautiful when up a lofty bright
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door
Of One, a Widow, left behind the sight
Of blameless delia. On evil Fortune's spine
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and her should stand upright
In the world's eye. Her work when daylight failed
Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never slept
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

II.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
Till a winter's noon-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 dashing snow
Which they were touching: yes far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven.
Surpases ought these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
What'er she believed 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 Heavens, in pity make her shine.

III.

But why that prayer? as if to her could come
No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we should judge
amiss.
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:
Nor of those maniacs in 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 her light breaks through clouds or waving
trees,
With outstretched arms and fallen upon her knees
The Mother falls in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasy.
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

XXXIV.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[The subject of the following poem is from the
Ortaduz of the author's friend, Karolet
Henry Digby; and the liberty is taken of
incorporating it to him as an acknowledgment,
however unworthy, of pleasure and instruc-
tion derived from his numerous and valuable
writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry
of the olden time.]

You have heard "A Spanish Lady
How she loved a Christian Slave,
And told her pain
By word, look, deed, with hope that he might
hear again.
"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"
Said she, lifting up her veil:
"Think it for me, gentle gardeners,
Ere it wither and grow pale."

"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for you"

"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."

"Worse than idle is compassion
If it end in tears and sighs:
Thce from bondage would I rescue
From vile indignities;
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high de-
gree,
Look up—and help a hand that longs to set
thee free."

"Lady! dread the wish, nor venture
In such peril to engage;
"See, in Percy's Reliques, that fine old ballad,
"The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem
the form of stanzas, as suitable to dialogue, is
adopted

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."

"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 un-
bind
My father for slave's work may seek a slave in
mind."

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"

"Yet you make all courage frivoulous,
Me to save from chance of harm;
Leading such companion, I that gilded dome,
You miserably, would gladly leave for his worst
home."

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess!
And your brow is free from scorn,
Else these words would come like mockery,
Sharper than the pointed thorn."

"Whence the undeserved mistrust! Too wide
apart
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes could
see the heart!"

"Tempt me not, I pray: my doc is
These base implements to world;
Rusty lance, I'll shear you short,
Nor exalt my own dastard wielder!
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
Nor who thinking of me there counts
widowed hours."

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;
Wedded? If you, say so! I
Blessed is and be your consort;
Hopes cherished—let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose
free,
Without another link to my felicity."

"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 cheer, but cannot
burn."

"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank—the God,
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
Flower of an unchristian sod.
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in
heaven dost wear?
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt?
where am I? where?"

"Here broke off the dangerous converse:
Less impassioned words might tell
How the pair escaped together,
Tears not wanting, nor a knell
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Of sorrow in her heart while through her father's door.
And from her narrow world, she passed for evermore.

XIV.

But affections higher, holier,
Urged her steps; she shrunk from trust
In a sensual creed that trampled
Woman's birthright into dust.
Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such boldness on.

XV.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:
In old romantic days
Mighty were the soul's commandments,
To support, restrain, or raise.
Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rattle near,
But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

XVI.

Thought infirm ne'er came between them,
Whether printing desert sands
With accordant steps, or gathering
Forest-fruit with social hands;
Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam
Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal stream.

XVII.

On a friendly deck repose.
They at length for Venice steer;
There, when they had closed their voyage,
One, who daily on the pier
Watched for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,
Fell down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering word.

XVIII.

Mutual was the sudden transport;
Breathless questions followed fast,
Years contracting to a moment,
Each word greedier than the last;
"He thee to the Countess, friend! I return with speed.
And of this stranger speak by whom her lord was freed.

XIX.

Say that I, who might have languished,
Drooped and pined till life was spent,
Now before the gates of Stolberg
My Deliverer would present.
For a crowning recompense, the precious grace
Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient place.

XX.

Make it known that my Companion
Is of royal eastern blood,
Thirsting after all perfection,
Innocent, and meek, and good,
Though with unbelievers bred: but that dark night
Will holy Church disperse by beams of gospel-light.

XXI.

Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant,
Brother to crowned a sturdy Page,
Charged with greetings, benedicitions,
Thanks and praises, each a gage
For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's way,
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears alay,

XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,
While bough'ng 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 shyned,
For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess
Kneel', and kissed the Stranger's hand;
Act of soul-devoled homage,
Pledge of an eternal bond;
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
Which, with a generous sport, the crowd did ratify.

XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian,
Gentle pleasures round her moved,
Like a tutelary spirit
Reverenced, like a sister, loved.
Christian meekness smoothed for all the path of life,
Who, loving most, should wisest love, their only strife.

XXVI.

Mute memento of that union
In a Saxon church survives,
Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured
As between two wedded Wives—
Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while yet
1830.

XXXV.

LOVING AND LIKING:
IRREGULAR VERSES,
ADDRESS'D TO A CHILD.

(To my Sister.)

Tears in 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 screeching owl.
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall.
When evening dews begin to fall.
Oh mark the beauty of his eye:
What wonders in that circle lie!
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head.
And when, upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,

"
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Stirring the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavour
To make 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 void the water bright,
And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
A train of things that have no feeling;
The spring's first rose by you expired
May fill your breast with joyful pride;
And you may love the strawberry-dower,
And love the strawberry in its bow;
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 ways 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,
Happiness is the credit of joy, smooth the death-bed of strife.

May you love your father and mother,
Your young-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 love each moment of your day;
They lead you on to full content,
And things fresh and innocent,
That store the mind, the memory feed,
And tempt to many a gentle deed;
But liking come, and pass away;
The love that remains till our latest day:
Our heavenward guide is holy love,
And will be our bliss with saints above.

XXXVI.
FAREWELL LINES.

"High bliss is only for a higher state,"
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
With patience merit the reward of peace,
Peace ye deserve; and may the solid good,
Sought by a wise though late exchange, and here
With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
Nor for the world's best promises renounced.
Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,
Fresh from the crowded city, to behold
That lonely union, privacy so deep,
Such calm employment, such entire content.
So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
A pair of heroes oft-times have I seen,
Upon a rocky islet, side by side,
Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease:
And so, when night with grateful gloom had fallen,
Two glow-worms in such nearness that they shared,
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
Each with the other, on the dewy ground,
Where He that made them blesses their repose.

When wandering among lakes and hills I note,
Once more, those creatures thus by nature paired,
And guarded in their tranquil state of life,
Even as your happy presence so my mind,
Their union brought, will they repay the debt,
And send a thankful spirit back to you.
With hope that we, dear Friends! shall meet again.

XXXVII.
THE REDBEAST.
[SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE.]

Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:
Not like a beggar he is come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his rosy breast.

As if it were a natural shield,
Charged with a blame on the field.
Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the Ballad read.
But pensive fauns pass by,
And wild-wood swallows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist;
And, caught by glimpses now—now missed,
Puzzles the listener with a doubt.

If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without!
Was ever such a sweet confusion,
Sustained by delicate illusion?

He's sat your elbow—to your feeling
The notes are from the floor or ceiling;
And there's a riddle to be guessed,
Till you have marked his beating breast,
And hasty throat whose sink and swell
Betray the Elf that loves to dwell
In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
Commend him, when he's only heard
But small and fugitive our gain.

Compared with Love who long hath lain,
With languid limbs and patient head
Reposing on a lone sick-bed.
Where now, she daily bears a strain
That shears her of too busy cares,
Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.

And who but this dear Bird beguiled
The fever of that pale-faced Child?
Now cooling, with his passing wing,
Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring:
Recalling now, with des contempt soft
Shed round her pillow from aloof,
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Sweet thoughts of angels, hovering nigh,
And the invisible sympathy
Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Blessing the bed she lies upon"*;
And sometimes, just as listening ends
In number, with the cadence blends
A dream of that low-worshipping hymn
Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim
Lamps of faith, now burning dim,
Say that the Cherubims carved in stone,
Which crowded gave way at dead of night
And the ancient church was filled with light,
Used to sing in heavenly tone,
Above and round the sacred places
They guard, with winged baby-faces,

Thrice happy Creature! in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands;
Free entrance to this cot has be,
Entrance and exit both free free;
And, when the keen unfurled weather
That thus brings man and bird together,
Shall with its pleasantness be past,
And casement closed and door made fast,
To keep at bay the howling blast.
He needs not fear the season's rage,
For the whole pleasantness is Robin's cage.
Whether the bird sit here or there,
Over table lit, or perch on chair,
Though some may frown and make a stir
To scare him as a trespasser,
And he belike will flinch or start,
Good friends he has to take his part;
One chiefly, who with voice and look
Fleets for him from the chimney-nook,
Where sits the Dune, and wears away
Her long and vacant holiday;
With image of her heart,
Reflected from the years gone by
On human nature's second infancy.

Her eyes are wild.

Hark! 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 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
I bless the bed that I lie on."

*The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on."
Are part of a child's prayer, still in general use
Through the northern counties.

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 foolish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me;
But then there came a sight of joy;
I 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 breece I see is in the tree;
It comes to cool my baby 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 craig cannot work me harm;
Nor leaping torrents when they bowl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul,
Then happy lie; for bliss 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 thou own I and, if its hue
He 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 forsake,
With me he never would have stayed:
From him no harm my babe can take;
But he, poor man! I wretched made
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far away.
IX.
I'll teach my boy the sweetest things;
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
—Where art thou gone, my own dear child?
What wicked looks are those I see?
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me:
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

X.
Oh! smile on me, my little lamb;
For I thy own dear mother am;
My love for thee has well been tried;
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade;
I know the earth-native fit for food;
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid;
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

1798.
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 have been given to Places by the Author and 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 sallies of glad sound that all
Which I till then had heard appeared the voice
Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the lamb,
The shepherd’s dog, the linnet and the thrush
Vied with this waterfall, and made a song
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves were here;
But ’twas the foliage of the rocks—the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging clusters of resplendent lustre;
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 brook
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 been my hearers,
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.

II.

TO JOANNA.

Amid the smoke of cities did you go
The time of early youth; and there you learned,
From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own example,
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 there, with whom you once were happy,
Talk familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past,
Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
Their ancient neighbour, the old steeple-tower,
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by
POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

Came forth to greet me; and when he had
"How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid; And when wilt thou return to us?" he paused; And, after short exchange of village news, He with grave looks demanded, for what cause, Reviving choleriac holiness, I, like a Runic Priest, in characters Of formidable size had chiselled out Some uncouth name upon the native rock; Above the Rocha, on the forest-side. —Now, by those dear immunities of heart Engendered between malice and true love, I was not loth to be so caschewed, And this was my reply:—"As it befet, One summer morning we had walked abroad At break of day, Joanna and myself. —Twas that delightful season when the broom, Full-flowered, and visible in every step, Along theコピー runs in veins of gold, Our pathway led as on to Rotha's banks; And when we came in front of that tall rock That eastward looks, I there stopped short— and stood Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye From base to summit; such delight I found To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower, That intermixture of delicious hues, Along so vast a surface, all at once, In one impression, by connecting force Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart. —When I had gazed perhaps two minutes space, Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld That a milement of mine, and laughed aloud. The Rock, like something starting from a sleep, Took in the Lady's voice, and laughed again; That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag Was ready with her cavern; Hammam-scar, And the tall Sleep of Silver-howe, sent forth A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard, And Helm-crag, with mountain zone: Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky Camdessus, the lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds Of Glaramara southward came the voice; And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head. —Now whether (said I to my cordial Friend, Which continued his day's astonishment Smiled in my face; this were in simple truth A more or less pathological by the brotherhood Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched With dreams and visionary impulses To me alone imparted, sure I am, That there was a loud uproar in the hills. And, while all were listening, to my side The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished To be unnoticed 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 chanted 'tis in these rude characters Joanna's name deep in the living stone:— And I, and all who dwell by my fireside Have called the lovely rock, Joanna's Rock." 1800.

Note.—In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several Inscriptions upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of time, and the rude- ness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runes. They are without doubt Roman. The Rocha, mentioned in this poem, is the River which, flowing through the lakes of Gras- more and Rydal, falls into Wymandermere. On Helmcrag, that impressive single mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an old Norse Law. Closing. 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 men- tioned immediately surround the Vale of Gras- more; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

III.
There is an Emission,—of these our hills The last that partake 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 mireors 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 a such communion that no place on earth Can ever be a solitude to me, Flath to this lonely Summit given my Name. 1800.

IV.
A NARROW girtle of rough stones and crags, A rude and natural caseway, intersecting Between the water and a winding slope Of copse and thicker, leads on to the western shore Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy: Of the vale and hills we see but a part, A faint outline, a slight sail, a cloud of mist, Ill suited for the road with one in haste; but we Played with our time: and, as we ascended, It was our occupation to observe Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore— Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered hough, Each on the other heaped, and at the line Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood, Not seldom did we stop to trace a tuft Of dandelion seed or thistle's braid; That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake, Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand! And starting off again with fear as sudden; In all its sportive wanderings, all the while, Making report of an invisible being. 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 a perchance To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair
POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

EITHER TO BE DIVIDED FROM THE PLACE
ON WHICH IT GROW, OR TO BE LEFT ALONE.
TO ITS OWN BEAUTY. MANY SUCH THERE ARE,
FAIR FERNS AND FLOWERS, AND CHESTY THAT TALL FERN,
SO STATUET, OF THE QUEEN OSMUNDA NAMED;
PLANT LOVELIER, IN ITS OWN RETIR'D ABBE.
ON GRASPER'S BEACH, THAN NAJAD BY THE SIDE
OF GRECIAN BROOK, OR LADY OF THE MERCE.
SIDE-SITTING BY THE SHORES OF OLD ROMANCE.
--SO FARED WE THAT BRIGHT MORNING: FROM THE FIELDS.
MEANTIME, 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 INLET SHORE: WHEN SUDDENLY,
THROUGH A THIN VEIL OF GLITTERING BARE WAS SEEN
BEFORE US, ON A POINT OF JUTTING LAND,
THE TALL AND UPRIGHT FIGURE OF A MAN.
ATTIRE IN PEASANT'S GARB, WHO STOOD ALONE,
AVAGING BESIDE THE MARROW OF THE LAKE.
"UNPROVIDENT AND RECKLESS," WE EXCLAIMED,
"THE MAN MUST BE, WHO THEN CAN LIVE A DAY
OF THE MID HARVEST, WHEN THE LABOURER'S HIRE
IS SIMPLE, AND SOME LITTLE MUST BE STORED
WHEREWITH TO CHEER HIM IN THE WINTER TIME."--
THUS TALKING OF THAT PEASANT, WE APPROACHED
CLOSE TO THE SPOT WHERE WITH HIS ROB AND LIN
HE STOOD ALONE; WHEREAT HE TURNED HIS HEAD.
TO GREET US; AND WE SAW A MAN WORN DOWN
BY SICKNESS, GAUNT AND LEAN, WITH HUNGRY EYES.
AND WASTED LIMBS, HIS LEGS SO LONG AND LEAN
THAT FOR MY SINGLE SELF I LOOKED AT THEM,
FORGETFUL OF THE BODY THEY SUSTAINED.--
TOWARDS THE HARVESTFIELD, THE MAN WAS USING
HIS BEST SKILL TO GAIN
A Pittance FROM THE DULL UNFEELING LIKE
THAT WASTED WITH HIS WANTS. I WILL NOT SAY
WHAT THOUGHTS IMMEDIATELY WERE OURS, NOR HOW
THE HAPPINESS OF THAT SWEET MOMENT,
WITH ALL ITS LOVELY IMAGES, WAS CHANGED
TO SERIOUS MUSING AND TO SELF-REPROACH,
AND THOUGH WE FAILED TO SEE WITHIN OURSELVES
WHAT NEED THERETOFOR TO BE RESERVED IN SPEECH,
AND TEMPER ALL OUR THOUGHTS WITH CHASTITY.
--THUS UNWILLING TO FORGET THAT DAY,
MY FRIEND, MYSELF, AND SHE WHO THEN RECEIVED
THE SAME ADMONISHMENT, HAVE CALLED THE PLACE
BY HER NAME, UNOBTAINED.
AS 'ER SHE MARRIED WAS GIVEN TO DAY
OR FORELAND, ON A NEW-DISCORDED COAST;
AND PLANT--RAISIN JUDGMENT IS THE NAME IT BORES.
1800.

TO M. H.

OUR WALK WAS FAR AMONG THE ANCIENT TREES,
THERE WERE, NOT ON THE WOODSMAN'S PATH;
A THICK UMBRELLA--CHECKING THE WILD GROWTH
OF WEAPE AND SAPLING, ALONG SOFT GREEN TURF
BENEATH THE BRANCHES--OF ITSELF HAD MADE
A TRACK, THAT BROUGHT US TO A SLIP OF LAWN,
AND THUS BED OF WOOD IN THE WOODES.
ALL ROUND THIS POOL BOTH ROCKS AND HEDS MIGHT
ON ITS FIRM MARIN, EVEN AS FROM A WELL,
ON SOME STONE BEGIN WHERE 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 THE ONE THE FIELDS.
THE SPOT WAS MADE BY NATURE FOR HERSELF;
THE TRAVELLERS KNOW NOT ITS NAME.
IT REMAIN UNKNOWN TO THEM; BUT IT IS BEAUTIFUL;
AND IF A MAN SHOULD PLANT HIS COTTAGE NEAR,
SHOULD SLEEP BENEATH THE SHADY 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, I NAME
WITH ALL ITS BEAUTIES, WE HAVE NAMED IT
VOS.

VI.

WORSE, TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE BUSY WORLD.
PREFERRING STUDIOUS LEISURE, I HAD CHOSEN
A HABITATION IN THIS PEACEFUL VALE.
SHARP SEASON FOLLOWED OF CONTINUAL STORM
IN DEEPEST WINTER, AND, FROM WEEK TO WEEK,
PATHWAY, AND LANE, AND PUBLIC ROAD, WERE CLOGGED
WITH FREQUENT SHOWERS OF SNOW. UPON A HILL
AT A SHORT DISTANCE FROM MY COTTAGE, STANDS
A STATUET GIR-GIR-BOO, WHETHER I WAS WONT
TO HASTEN, FOR I FOUND, BELOW THE ROOF
OF THAT PERENNIAL SHADE, A CLOISTERED PLACE
OF REFUGE, WITH AN UNCUMBERED FLOOR.
HERE, IN SAFE COVERT, ON THE SHALLOW SNOW,
AND, SOMETIMES, ON A SPECUL OF WOOLE EARTH,
THE RED-BREAST NEAR ME HOPPED; NOR WAS I BOTH
TO SYMPATHISE WITH VULTURE COCOPIT TEED
THAT, FOR PROTECTION FROM THE NIPPING BLAST,
HITHER REPAIRED. A SINGLE BEECH-TREE GREW
WITHIN THIS GROVE OF FEW, AND, ON THE FORK
OF THAT ONE BEECH, APPEARED A THREAT'LESS NEST;
A LAST-YEAR'S NEST CONSIDERABLY BUILT
AT SUCH SMALL ELEVATION FROM THE GROUND
AS GAVE SURE SIGN THAT THEY, IN THAT HOUSE
OF NATURE AND OF LOVE HAD MADE THEIR HOME.
AMID THE FRIE-SUDES, ALL THE SUMMER LONG
TWELT IN A TRANQUIL SLEEP, AND OFTEN TIMES,
A FEW SHEEP, STRAGGLERS FROM SOME MOUNTAIN-FLOCK,
WOULD WATCH MY MOVIONS WITH SUSPICIOUS EYES;
FROM THE REMOTE OUTSKIRTS OF THE GROVE--
SOME ROCK WHERE THEY HAD MADE THEIR FINAL STAND.
Huddling together from two fears--the fear
Of me and of the storm. FULL MANY AN HOUR
HERE DID I LOVE, BUT IN THIS GROVE THE TREES
HAD BEEN SO THICKLY PLANTED, AND HAD THROWN
IN SUCH PERPLEXITIES AND TAXATIVE ARRAYS.
THAT VAINLY DID I SEEK BEHIND THEIR STEMS
A LENGTH OF OPEN SPACE, WHERE TO AND FRO
MY FEET MIGHT MOVE WITHOUT CONCERN OR CARE;
AND, BAFFLED THUS, THOUGH EARTH FROM DAY TO DAY
WAS FERTERRED, AND THE AIR BY STORM DISTURBED,
I CEASED THE SHELTER TO FREQUENT, AND PRIZED
LESS THAN I WISHED TO PRIZE, THAT CALM RECESS.
THE SNOWS DISSOLVED, AND GENIAL SPRING RE-TURNED
TO DRENCH THE WELPS WITH VENURE.
OTHER HOUNDS MEANWHILE WERE MINE; TILL, ONE APRIL DAY,
BY CHANCE RETIRING FROM THE GLORE OF NOON
TO THIS FORESAKEN COVE, THERE I FOUND
A HOARY PATHWAY TRACED BETWEEN THE TREES,
AND WINDING ON WITH SUCH AN EASY LINE.
Along a natural opening, that I stood
Much wondering how I could have sought in vain
For what was now so obvious. To abide,
For an allotted interval of ease,
Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come
From the wild sea a cherished Visitation;
And with the sight of this same path—began,
Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
Pleasanted conviction flashed upon my mind
That, to this opportunity recess allured,
He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
A heart more wakful; and had worn the track
By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
In that habitual restlessness of foot.
That haunts the Sailor measuring o'er and o'er
His short domain upon the vessel's deck,
While she pursues her course through the dreary sea.
When thou hadst quitted Eusthawle's pleasant shore,
And taken thy first leave of those green hills
And rocks that were the play-ground of thy youth,
Year followed year, my Brother! and we two,
Conversing not, knew little in what mood
Each other's mind was fashioned; and at length,
When once again we met in Grassmere Vale,
Between us there was little other bond
Than common feelings of fraternal love.
But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hastard carried
Unyielding recolections; Nature there
Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she
still
Watched o'er thee; and even so didst thou become
A silent Poet: from the solitude
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
Still couched, an inevitable care,
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.
—A Coriolanus Ocean thou art gone;
Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours
Could I withstand thy honoured name,—and now
I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
Then, slowly, I withdraw when cloudless suns
Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and wild.
And there I sit at evening, when the steep
Of Silver-how, and Grassmere's peaceful lake,
And one green island, gleam between the stems
Of the dark fire, a visionary scene!
And, while I gazed upon the spectacle
Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight
Of solitude, 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 murmurs with a soft-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 Grassmere's happy Vale. 1805.

Note.—This wish was not granted; the lamented Person for long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's Vessel, the Earl of Abercawveny.

919.

Fourth from a jutting ridge, around whose base
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend.
In fellowship, the loveliest of the pair.
Rising to no ambitious height: yet both,
O'er lake and stream, mountain and bowery 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 went to climb,
And took no note of the hour while hence they gazed,
The blooming heath their cough, gazed, side by side,
In speechless admiration. I, a witness
And frequent sharer of the calm delight
With thankful heart, to either Emience
Gave the baptismal name each of her here.
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 Man's humble, Saba's silent, claim,
That their pure joy in nature may survive
From age to age in blended memory. 1845.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

I.

A MORNING EXERCISE.

Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad, Pull all is pleased a wayward dart to throw; Sending sad shadows after things not sad, Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe; Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry Becomes an echo of man's misery.
Blithe ravens' croak of death; and when the owl Tries his two voices for a favourite strain— Twi-nok!—twi-nok! the unsuspecting fowl Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain; Fancy, intent to harass and annoy, Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.
Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,
Myriad of notes attest her subtle skill; A feathered task-master cries, "Woo, away!" And, in thy iteration, "Whip poor will!" * Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.
What wonder? at her bidding, ancient lays Stepped in dire grief the voice of Philomel; And that first messenger of summer days,
The Swallow, twitted subject to like spell; But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed; But He is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near thy rosy cloud;
Bright gems instinct with music, vocal spark;
The happiest bird that sprang out of the Ark!
Hail, bless above all kinds!—Supremely skilled
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build
On such forbearance as the deep may show;
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
Least's to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;
So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-wea'ried voice.

* See Waterton's Wanderings in South America.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain,
(Twist thee and shine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the base the boom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.
How would it please old Ocean to partake,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles mos this own domain!
Urani'a's self might welcome with pleased ear
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chant her by heaven attracted, whom no bar
To day-light knows deter from that pursuit,
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars
Come forth at evening, keeps Them still and mute:
For not one yiel'd could to sleep incline
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

II.

A FLOWER GARDEN,

AT COLBORNE MALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
Petals 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 morning creatures saw
All kinds commingled without fear,
Prevailed a like indulgent law
For the still growths that proper here?
Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
The half-blow'n rose, the lily spare?
Or peeped they often from their beds
And prematurely disappeared,
Drear'd like pleasure ere it spreads
A boom to the sun endeared?
If such their harsh untimely doom,
It falls not Aeon 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 the cast, to find
That love for little things by Fate
Is render'd vain as love for great.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,  
So subtly are our eyes beguiled;  
We see not nor suspect a bound,  
No more than in some forest wild;  
The sight is free as air—or cross  
Only by art in nature lost.  
And, though the jealous turf refuse  
By random footsteps to be press'd,  
And feed on never-sullied dew,  
Fo, gentle breezes from the west,  
With all the ministers of hope  
Are tempted to this sunny slope.  
And hither throng of birds-resort;  
Some, inmates lodged in shady seats,  
Some, perch'd on stems of stately port  
That nod to welcome transient guests;  
While here and yonder, 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.  
1844.  

III.  
A WHIRL-FLAT FROM BEHIND THE HILL  
Ruined o'er the wood with startling sound;  
That all at once the air was still,  
And showers of hailstones pattered round.  
Where leafless oaks towered high above,  
I sat within an undergrove  
Of mossy holies, 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 bowier is green.  
But see! where'er the hailstones drop  
The withered leaves all skip and hop;  
There's not a breeze—no breath of air.  
Yet here, and there, and every where  
Along the floor, beneath the shade  
By those embowering holies made,  
The leaves in myrrhads jump and spring.  
As are the pipes and music rare  
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,  
And all those leaves, in festive glee,  
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.  
1799.  

IV.  
THE WATERFALL AND THE ECLAN-  
TINE.  
"Unwise, thou fond presumptuous Elf,"  
Exclaimed an angry Voice.  
"Nor dare to stir to thy foolish self  
Between me and my choice!"  
A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows  
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,  
That, all bespattered with his foam,  
And dancing high and dancing low,  
Was living, as a child might know,  
In an unhapPy home.  
"Dost thou presume my course to block?  
Off, off! on, 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.  
"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 bedecked;  
Nor was it common gratitude  
That did your cares repay.  
When spring came on with bud and bell,  
Among these rocks did I  
Before you hang my wreaths to tell  
That gentle days were nigh!  
And in the silent summer hours,  
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;  
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,  
The linnet lodged, and for us two  
Chanted his pretty songs, when you  
Had little voice or none.  
But now proud thoughts are in your breast—  
What grief is mine you see,  
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest  
Together we might be!  
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,  
Some ornaments to me are left—  
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,  
With which I, in my humble way,  
Would deck you many a winter day,  
A happy Eclantine!"  
What more he said I cannot tell.  
The Torrent down the rocky dell  
Came thundering loud and fast;  
I listened, nor aught else I could hear;  
The Briar quaked—and much I fear  
Those accents were his last.  
1800.  

V.  
THE OAK AND THE BROOM.  
A PASTORAL.  
His simple truths did Andrew glean  
Beside the babbling rills;  
A careful student he had been  
Among the woods and hills—  
One winter's night, when through the trees
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

The wind was marring, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold:
And while the rest, a rudely quire,
Were seated round their blazing fire,
This Tale the Shepherd told.

II.
"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
As ever tempest beat!
Out of its head an Oak had grown,
A Broom out of its feet.
The time was March, a cheerful noon—
The sun in bond, with the breath of June,
Breathed gently from the warm south-west;
When a voice sedate with age,
This Oak, a giant and a sage,
His neighbour thus addressed:—

VII.
"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 wander—what a load
For such a thing as you!

IV.
You are preparing as before
To deck your slender shape;
And yet, just three years back—no more—
You had a strange escape:
Down from your cliff a fragment broke:
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,
And hitherward pursued its way:
This ponderous block was caught by me,
And o'er your head, as you may see,
'Tis hanging to this day!

V.
If breeze or bird to this rough steep
Your kind's first seed did bear,
The breeze had better been asleep,
The bird caught in a snare:
For you and your green twigs decay
The little wiles shepherd-boy
To come and slumber in your bower;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon!
Will perish in one hour.

VI.
From me this friendly warning take'—
The Broom began to doze,
And then, 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;
Prail 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,
Wealth both great and small;
And he is the wisest man
Who is not wise at all
For me, why should I wish to roam?
This spot is my paternal home,
It is my pleasant heritage;
My father many a happy year
Spread here his careless blossoms, here
Attained a good old age.

VIII.
Even such as his may be my lot,
What cause have I to haunt
My heart with terrors? Am I not
In truth a favoured giant:
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 mephistical song, a gladsome air:
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two striped bees
To rest, or murmur there.

XI.
One night, my Children! from the north
There came a furious blast;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirled, and whirled him far away;
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little careless Broom was left
To live for many a day."

1800.

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 freiside is there.
Here, alone, before thine eyes,
Simon's sickly daughter lies,
From weakness now, and pain defended,
Whom he twenty winters tended.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

VII.

TO THE DAISY.

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

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure so high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Thee, sweet Daisy!
Thee Winter in the garland wears
Thou vainly deck'st thy few grey hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy Wight
Dost in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

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

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

* His muse.

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

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
By, thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love:
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 Theor should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lower pleasure;
The homely sympathy that feeds
The common life our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness;
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sankst, in the image of thy rest.
I hash often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going
Child of the Year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun
As ready to salute the sun,
As lark or leveret,
Thy long, long praise thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favour

1802.

VIII.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

Wrote little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes.
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:

* See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame
As to those 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;
A beggar, clad to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.
A little cygnet, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes near—and instantly
The fear is o'er,
The shape will vanish—and behold
A silver shield with loss of gold,
That spreads itself some faery bold
In flight to cover!
I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so far as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-possessed in air thou seemest to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reproach 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'd with me in sun and air,
Dost thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!
1805.

IX.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their sweet white blossoms on my head
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sedate sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And larks and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.
One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest;
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion! Thou, Linnnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here-to-day,
Doost 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,
Scented with 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 esteacuses,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.
My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flies, and from the cottage-caves
Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exciting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to seize,
While fluttering in the bushes.
1805.

* X.

TO A SKY-LARK.

Ur 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 ringring,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!
I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy lametting-place in the sky.
Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scornful;
Thou hast a heart for the love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be both
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 bearing thee, or other of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will pod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day
Is done.
1805.

XI.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.*

Pansies, lilacs, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Promises 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;

* Common Filewort.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trust.
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;
Thus hast thou, 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 Frigial:
Telling tales about the sun,
When we're little warmth, or none.

Fruits, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who sits little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unsustaining Spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moon, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But is good enough for thee.

How befal the yellow flowers,
Children of the faring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celadine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unsaid of thee art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celadine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know,
I have not a doubt but he,
Whose'er the man might be,

Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be praised)
Set the sign-board in the snow,
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 'ketchief plots of mould
All about with full-blooded 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 lovely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Then,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Bliche 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 wise,
Slip'st into thy sheltering hold;
Livelest of the wernal train
When ye are all out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious bee,
Labouring for her waxen cells,
Feastily settle upon thee,
Praised above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied.

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath our shoon:"
Let the bold Discoverer find
In his bark the polar sea;
Rear who will a prize win
Praise is enough for me,
If there be but the Then,
Who will love my little Flower.

THE SEVEN SISTRES;

OR,

THE SOLITUDE OF BENVORIE.

To the Same.

Deuthaughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother;
You could not say in one short day
What love they bore one 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 too well;
Sung, mournfully, oh! I mournfully,
The solitude of Benorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Across the wave, a Rover brave
To Blonmore is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the Leader of the land
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Blonmore.

III.
Beside a grove 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 all might
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 Blonmore.

IV.
Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and imps 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 ringletscomb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Blonmore.

V.
Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather:
They ran, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together!"
A lake was near: the shore was steep;
Then, faster foot they 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 Blonmore.

VI.
The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the gles it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little Islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair,
By fancies all are horded there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Blonmore.
1804.

XIV.
Who fancied what a pretty sight
This rock would be if edged around
With living snow-drops? circling 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 morn sage?
Or old man trying with his age?
I asked—"twas whispered: The device
To each and all might well belong:
It is the Spirit of Paradise
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,
That gives to all the self-same bent
Where life is wise and innocent.
1805.

XV.
THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.
Art thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin:
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn-winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway Doors?
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 darted sage.
Can this be the bird, to man so good,
That, after their bewilderings
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood?
What ailed thee, Robin, that thou couldst pursue
A beautiful creature,
That is gentle by nature?
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly:
"Tis all that he wishes to do.
The cheerful Thou of our in-door sadness,
He is the friend of our summer gladness:
What hinder's, then, that ye should be
Playsmates 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:
Wouldst thou be happy in thy rest,
O pious bird: whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone!
1806.

XVI.
SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.
FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG
THE PASTORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND.
Swearly turn the murmuring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from fairy power,
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;
Turn the swift wheel round and round!
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely-scatred sheep;—
Fly the pleasant labour, ply!
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Rums with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.
Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from sickle 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.
1823.

XVII.

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS
FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

"Woe but halts the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
Their ability to measure
With great enterprises;
But in man was ne'er such daring
As you Hawk exhibit, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
The stormy skies!
Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, as will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
Then, the wheels in downward masses;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and-blazes
With mingled plumes!"

ANSWER.

"Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
Which aloof thou dost discern;
No bold bird gone forth to forage
Did the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the nations
See, when public perturbations
Lift men from their native stations,
Like you Tuft of Fern;
Such it is: the aspiring creature
Soaring on undaunted wing,
(If you fancied) is by nature
A dull helpless thing,
Dry and withered, light and yellow:—
'That to be the tempest's follow!"
Wait—and you shall see how hollow
Its endeav'ring!"

1827.

XVIII.

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.
THE WORK OF E. M. E.

Fourrows 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 dignify
The uncouth profession.

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 speake, when whispered a low voice,"
"Bard! moderate your ire;
Spirits of all degrees rejoice
In presence of the lyre.

The Minstrels of Pygmyan hands,
Dwarf Genius, 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 Syphs this miniature will court,
Mads vocal by their brushing wings,
And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport
Around its polished strings;

Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,
While in her lonely bower she tries
To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,
By fanciful embroideries.

Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,
Nor think the Harp her lot deprives;
Though 'midst the stars the Lyre shine bright,
Love stops us fondly as he soar!"

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 lawes have strayed!

How they are 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 will may reach the heart
And there for gentle pleasure live;
While Fancy ranging with free scope
Shall on some lovely Allen set
A name with us endear'd to hope,
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
Some new resemblance we may trace:
A Heart's ease will perhaps be there,
A Speedwell may not want its place.
And so may we, with charmed mind
Beholding what your skill has wrought,
Another Star of Bethlehem find,
A new Forget-me-not.

1827.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet,
From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,
A holy-thistle here we meet;
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 easter breath;
Ah! that meek, that tender smile
It is but a harbinger of death;
And pointing with a feeble hand
She says, in faint words by sighs broken,
Bear me to my native land.
This precious Flower, true love's last token.

---

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homely tie;
The love 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.

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THE CONTRAST.
THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

I.
Within her gilded cage confined,
I saw a darting Belle,
A Parrot of that famous kind
Whose name is Non-parrel.
Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill.
Her plumpy mantle's living hue,
In mass opposed to mass,
Ournshines the splendour that imbues
The cope of pictured glass.
And, sooth to say, an aper 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 feets,
Or spits, if cause be given;
Arch, voluble, a sportive bird
By social glee inspired;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired!

II.
This mossy-framed shed, green, soft, and dry,
Harbours a self-contented Wren,
Not humming man's abode, though shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.
Strange places, covertas unendeared,
She never tried; the very nest
In which this Child of Spring was reared,
Is warmed, thro' winter, by her feathered breast.
To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain;
Proof that the hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.
Say, Dora! tell me, by thy placid moon,
If called to choose between the favoured pair,
Which would you be — the bird of the saloon,
By lady-fingers tended with nice care,
Cared for, applauded, upon dainties fed,
Or Nature's Darling of this mossy shed?

---

THE DANISH BOY.
A FRAGMENT.

I.
Between two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.
And in this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-striken tree;
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a lonely hut;
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

II.
In clouds above, the lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest;
Within this lonesome nook the bird
Did never build her nest.
No beast, no bird hath here his home;
Bees, wailed on the breezy air,
Pass high above those fragrant bells
To other flowers — to other dells.
Their barrenness do they placid moon,
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 hard-boy of the wood.
A regal vest of fur he wears,
In colour like a raven's wing;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue.
As budding pines in spring;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

IV.
A harp is from his shoulder strung;
Resting the harp upon his knee,
To words of a forgotten tongue,
He suits its melody.
Of rocks upon the neighbouring hill
He is the darling and the joy;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-ponies prick their ears,
— They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he 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 cave:
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.
1799.

XXIII.

SONG
FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains
Rear down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.
Clouds that love through air to hasten,
Are the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.
What, if through the frozen centre
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground:
And the Sea-horse, though the ocean
Yield him no domestic cave,
Slumbers without sense of motion,
Crouched 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 swift 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.

"—Pleasures 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 the Prisoner three,
The Miller with two Daunes, 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 blaze 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 soon as seen,
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? its theirs;
And if they had care, it has scattered their cares,
While they dance, crying, "Long as ye please!"
They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee!
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find:
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

"—The showers of the spring
Rouse the birds, and they sing;
If the wind do but stir for his proper delight,
Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss:
Each wave, one and other, speeds after his
brother;
They are happy, for that is their right!"
1806.

XXV.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;
OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
Had closed upon his weary way,
A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof;
But him the haughty Wight turned;
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,
To seek such covert as the field
Or heath besprinkled copse might yield,
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.
He paced along; and, presently,
Hailing beneath a shady tree
Whose moss-grown root might serve for couch
or seat,
Fixed on a Star his upward eye;
Then, from the tenant of the sky
He turned, and watched with kindred look,
A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook,
Apparent at his feet.
The murmur of a neighbouring stream,
Induced a soft and slumberous dream,
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds
He recognised the earth-born Star,
And 'that which glittered from afar;
And (strange to wissens!) from the frame
Of the ethereal Orb, there came
Intelligible sounds.
Much did it taunt the humble Light
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary eyes,
A very repile could presume
To show her taper in the gloom,
As if in rivalry with One
Who saves a ruler on his throne
Erected in the skies.
"Exalted Star!" the Worm replied,
"Abate this unbecoming pride,
Or with an ease unruly breathe;
'Thou shrink'st at meanest thy rays"
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

XXVI.

A WREN'S NEST.

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires;
And seldom seeks a lathed roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Imperious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful within,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbeys-walls,
A canopy in some still nook:
Others are pent-housed by a bough
That overhangs a brook.

There to the broodingbird her mate
Warples by fits his low clear song;
And by the busying streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the fittingbird'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 proves
In a green covert, where, from out
The forepart of a pollard oak,
The leafy anders sprout:
For she who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest,
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did the show
To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things; but once
Looked up for it in vain:
'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey.

Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! so seemed it; and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell
I saw, espy'd its shaded mouth;
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder best,
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young
Sparrow-flight; and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian Flower,
Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unloved grove
Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
In foresight, or in love.
1833.

---

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
Silenus by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power
Thus leant, 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 gentle breath of resignation drew;
While Venus in a passion of despair
Rents, weeping over him, her golden hair
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.
She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do:
But the more lasting far that Lover knew
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower
Did press this semblance of unpityed smart
Into the service of his constant heart,
His own affection, downcast Flower! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt ever bear.

---

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING.
Never enamished 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 her mournful habits fondly cleaves.
When rês of stateless plants have ceased to bloom,
One after one submitting to their doom,
When her coevals each and all are fed,
What keeps her thus reclined upon her lone some bed?
The old mythologists, more impressed with the
Of this late day by character in tree
Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
Or with the language of the wiseless air
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales
Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.
Nor doubtless that something of their spirit swayed
The fancy-stirred YOUTH or heart-sick Maid,
Who, while each awoke companionship and edged
This yearning Flower in crimson dyed,
Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,
A fate that has endured and will endure,
And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
Called the departed lingering, Love lies bleeding.

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RURAL ILLUSIONS.
SYLPH was it? or a Bird more bright
Than those of fabulous stock?
A second darted by,—and lo!
Another of the flock,
Through sunshine flitting from the bough
To nestle in the rock.
Transient deception! a gay freak
Of April's mimickers.
Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
Among the budding trees,
Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray
To frolic on the breeze.
Maternal Flora! show thy face,
And let thy hand be seen,
Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,
That, as they touch the green,
Take root (so seems it) and look up
In honour of their Queen.
Yet, sooth, those little busy specks,
That not in vain aspire
To be confounded with their growths,
Most dainty, most admired,
Were only blossoms disdained from twigs
Of their own offspring tired.
Not such the world's illusive shows:
/See wingless fluttering/
Her blossoms which, though shed, outlive
The floweret as it spring,
For the undeceived, smile as they may,
Are melancholy things:
But gentle Nature plays her part
With ever-varying wiles,
And transient feignings with plain truth
So well she reconciles,
That those fond Idlers are pleased
Whom oftener she beguiles.
1832.

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THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.
That way look, my Infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-shower!
See the Kitten on the wall,
Sporiting with the leaves that fall,
Whiskered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder-tree:
Through the calm and frothy air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
So softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Syph or Fawzy hither bending—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

103

In his wavering parachute.
—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then six fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none:
What intonement of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Let it go as fast, and then
Haste it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer:
Quick as he in feats of art,
For beyond in joy of heart,
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

"Tis a pretty baby-treat;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
Here, for neither praise nor me,
Other play-mate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And it was too little a place.
Multitudes are swept away
None more to breathe the day:
Some are sleeping; some in bands
Travell'd into distant lands;
Others slimk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighbourhood;
And, among the King's that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.
Where is he that giddy Sprite,
Blue-cup, with his colours bright,
Who was lastest 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;
List'd, gadged 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 flank out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain:
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy;
Is it that they have fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gaiety?
Yet, what'er enjoyments dwell
In the imperceptible cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature;
What'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
Over my little Laura's face.
Yes, the sight so stirr'd and charms
Then, baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spire 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 gladnessness.
—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 toys;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

1804.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER
DORA,
ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD THAT DAY. SEPTEMBER 16.

—Hast thou then survived—
Mild Offering of infant humanity,
Meek Infant! among all forlornest things
The most forlorn—one life of that bright star,
The second glory of the Heavens?—Thou hast;
Already hast survived that great decay,
That transformation through the wide earth felt,
And by all nations. In that Boing's sight
From whom the Race of human kind proceed,
A thousand years are but as yesterday;
And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
Not less capacious than a thousand years.
But what is time? What outward glory? neither
A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet hail to
Frail, feeble, Monthling!—by that name, me-thanks,
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Thy scanty breathing-light is portioned out
Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian birth,
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
And rudely camphored by leafy boughs,
Or to the chamber elements exposed
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the night,
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
Would, with imperious admonition, then
Have scored thine age, and punctually timed
Thine infant history, on the minds of those
Who might have wandered with thee.—
Mother's love,
Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,
Will, among us warm-clad and warmly housed,
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
Doth all too often harshly execute
For thy unblessest coveals, 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 instincts, wound about the heart,
Happier, far happier, is thy lot or ours!
Even now—to kneel in thy helpless state,
And to enlive 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 state and sister of the sky.
And first—thy sinless progress, through a
world,
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,
Age likeness bears to bear, through gathered clouds
Moving un touched in silver purity,
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain;
But thou, how leisurely thoufills thy horn
With brightness! leaving her to post along,
And range about, disquieted in change,
And still impatient of the shape she wears.
Once up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe,
That will suffice thee; and it seems that now
Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is thine;
Thou travel'st so contentedly, and sleep'st
In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon
Hast this conception, grateful to behold,
Changed countenance, like an object nullified
'Der

By breathing mist; and thine appears to be
A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope, and a renovation without end.
—That smile forbids the thought; for on thy
face
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,
To shoot and circulate; smiles have there been
seen;
Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
Thy loneliness; or shall those smiles be called
Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore
This untrod world, and to prepare thy way
Through a strait passage intricate and dim,
Such are they; and the same are tokens, rights,
Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to own.

1804.

THE WAGGONEER.

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

THOMSON.

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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

The Waggoneer was not added?"—To say the truth,—from the higher tone of imagination,
and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I apprehended, this little Piece
could not accompany it without disadvantage. In the year 1800, if I am not mistaken, The
Waggoneer was read to you in manuscript, and, as you have preserved it for so long a
while, I am the more encouraged to hope that, since the localities on which the Poem partly
depends did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being
therefore in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you must allow me the gratifica
tion of inscribing it to you; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your
Writings, and of the high esteem with which I am very truly yours,

Rydel Mount, May 30, 1819.

CANTO FIRST.

'Tis spent—this burning day of June!

Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing;—the
buzzing dor-hawks, round and round, is
wheeling.—

That weary bird
Is all that can be heard
In silence deeper far than that of deepest
moon!

Confiding Glow-worms, 'tis a sight
Propitious to your earth-born light!

CANTO SECOND.

But, where the scattered stars are seen
In hazy straits the clouds between,
Each, in his station twinkling not,
Seems changed into a pallid spot.
The mountains against heaven's grave
weight
Rise up, and grow to wondrous height
The air, as in a lion's den,
Is close and hot:—and now and then
Comes a tired and sultry breeze
With a haunting and a panting,
Like the stifling of disease.
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

But the dews alleay the heat,
And the sinesis makes it sweet.
Hush, there is some one on the stir!
*Tis Benjamin the Waggger;
Whose smooth heebled pro the toholme way,
Companion of the night and day.
That far-off tinkling’s draw’ry clear,
Mix’d with a faint yet gravity sound
In a moment lost and found,
The Wain announces—by whose side
Along the banks of Kydal More
He passes on, a trusty Gaussie,—
Listen! you can scarcely hear!
Hush he! his course is bending—
Now he leaves the lower ground,
And up the shady hill ascending
Many a stop and stay he makes,
Many a breathing-fit he takes,—
Sleep the way and wearthome,
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 glue along,
Recovering breath, and pleased to win
The praises of mild Benjamin.
Heaven shield him from mishap and spare
But why so early with this prayer?—
Is it for threatening in the sky?
Or for some other danger night?
No; none is near him yet, though he
Be one of much inimity:
For at the bottom of the brow,
Where once the Dove and Olive-Rough
Offered a greeting of good ale,
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;
And called on him who most depart
To leave it with a jovial heart.
There, where the Dove and Olive-Rough
Gather, a Poet harbours now,
A simple water-drinking Bird;
Why the poet Hero then (though fail
His best resolves; be on his guard;
He’s bounteous, open, secure and bold.
Yet while he thinks on times of old,
It seems that all looks wondrous cold;
He shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head,
And, for the honest folk within,
It is a doubt with Benjamin
Whether they be alive or dead!
Here’s 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 Lennard’s bell’s 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 over by a strong spell
As used to be that sign of love
And joined the Olive-Rough and Dove;
He knows it to his cost, good Man!

Who does not know the famous Swan?
Object uncouth! and yet our boast;
For it was painted by the Host;
His own conceit the picture painted,
’Twas coloured all by his own hand;
And that frail Child of dusty clay,
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
Could tell with self-satisfaction
Quaint stories of the bird’s contraction.
Well! that is past—and in despite
Of open door and shining light,
And now the conqueror essays
The long ascent of Dunmail-raise;
And with his team is gently care.
As when he clomb from Kydal More;
His whip they do not draw on 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 spirit yaw,
And ever more and more collection
As ye were more and more abused:
As chance would have it, passing by
I saw you in that jeopardy:
A word from me was like a charm;
Ye pulled together with one mind;
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,
Mived like a vessel in the wind!
—Yes, without me, up hills so high
’Twas vain to strive for mastery.
Then grieve not, jolly team! though tough
The road we travel, steep, and rough:
Though Kydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,
And all their fellow banks and braes,
Full often make you stretch and strain,
And halt for breath and halt again,
Yet to their stubbornness in going;
That side by side we still are going!
While Benjamin in earnest mood
His meditations thus pursued,
A storm, which had been smothered long,
Was growing inwardly more strong:
And, in its struggles to get free,
Was busily employed as he.
The thunder had begun to grow!—
He heard not, too intent of soul;
The air was now without a breath—
He marked not that * was still as death.
That soon large rain-drops on his head
Fell with the weight of drops of lead,—
He starts—and taketh, at the admonition,  
A sage survey of his condition,  
This, this is black before his eye,  
Glimmering faintly where it lies;  
Black is the sky—and every hill,  
Up to the sky, is blacker still;  
Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal gown,  
Hung round and overhang with gloom;  
Save that above a single height  
Is to be seen a lurid light,  
Above Helm-crag—* a streak half dead,  
A burning of portentous red  
And near that lurid light, full well  
The * Astrologers, * sage Sidroephol,  
Where at his desk and book he sits,  
Puzzling aloof his curious wis;  
He whose domain is held in common  
With no one but the ancient woman,  
Cowering beside her rifled cell,  
As if intent on magic spell;—  
Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,  
Still sit upon Helm-crag together!  

* The Astrologers * was not unseen  
By solitary Benjamin;  
But total darkness came anon,  
And he and every thing was gone:  
And suddenly a ruffling breeze,  
(That would have rocked the sounding trees  
Had saught of sylvan growth been there;  
Swept through the hollow long and bare:  
The rain rushed down—the road was battered,  
As with the force of billows shattered;  
The horses are dismayed, nor know  
Whether they should stand or go:  
And Benjamin is grooping near them,  
Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear him.  
He is astounded,—wonder not;—  
With such a charge in such a spot;  
And now he is in the mountain gap  
With thunder-peals, clap after clap,  
Close-treading on the silent flashes—  
And everywhere, as he thinks, by crashes  
Among the rocks; with weight of rain,  
And swiftness motions long and slow,  
That to a dreary distance go;  
Till, looking in upon the dying strain,  
A rending o’er his head begins the fray again.  

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,  
And sometimes compelled to halt,  
The horses cautiously pursue  
Their way, without mishap or fault;  
And now have reached that pile of stones,  
Heaped over brave King Dunmail’s bones;  
He who had once supreme command,  
Last king of rocky Cumberland;  
His bones, and those of all his Power,  
Slain here in a disastrous hour!  

When, passing through this narrow strait,  
Strait, dark and desolate,  
Benjamin can faintly hear  
A voice that comes from some one near,  
A female voice:—" Where’er you be,  
Stop, it exclaimed, " and pity me!  
And, less in pity than in wonder,  
Amid the darkness and the thunder,  

* The Waggoner, * with prehensile command,  
Summons his horses to a stand.  
While, with increasing agitation,  
* The Woman * urges her application,  
In rufle words, with sobs between—  
The voice of tears that fell unseen;  
There came a flash—a startling glare,  
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare!  
’Tis not a time for nice suggestion,  
And Benjamin, without a question,  
Taking her for some way-worn rover,  
Said, " Mount, and go under cover!"  

Another voice, in tone as hoarse  
As a stock brook with rugged course,  
Cried out, " Good brother, why so fast?  
I’ve had a glimpse of you—saw?  
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 thankful kisses 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, what’er betide  
MyAus and fifty things more—  
Go, and I’ll follow speedily!"  

The Waggon moves—and with its load  
Descends along the slope of stone,  
And the rough Sailor instantly  
Turns to a little tent hard by;  
For when, at closing of the day,  
The family had come that way,  
Green pasture and the higher air  
Tempted them to settle there—  
Green is the grass for beast to graze,  
Around the stones of Dunmail raise!  

The Sailor gathers up his bed,  
Takes down the canvas, and their load;  
And, after farewell to the place,  
A parting word—though not of grace,  
Pursues, with Aus and all his store,  
The way the Waggon went before.  

CANTO SECOND.  
Ir Wuthenbur’s modest House of prayer  
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,  
Had, with its belly’s humble stock,  
A little pair that hung in air,  
Blessed mistress also of a clock.  
And one, too, not in crazy plight!  
Twelve strokes that clock there had been telling  
Under the brow of old Helvellyn—  
Its bead-roll of midnight,  
Then, when the Hero of my tale  

A mountain of Grassmere, the broken sum- 
mits of which presents two figures, full as dis- 
tinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler  
near Arrochar in Scotland.  

* A mountain of Grassmere, the broken sum- 
mits of which presents two figures, full as dis- 
tinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler  

* A mountain of Grassmere, the broken sum- 

* A mountain of Grassmere, the broken sum- 

* A mountain of Grassmere, the broken sum- 

* A mountain of Grassmere, the broken sum-
Was passing by, and, down the vale
(The vale now silent, hushed I seen
As if it wept not never been)
Proceeding with a mind at ease;
While the old Familiar of the seat
Intent to use his utmost haste,
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast,
And gives another lusty cheer:
For spite of rumbling of the wheels,
A welcome greeting he can hear;
It is a fiddle in its glea.

Digging from the Gypsy Tune:

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-scene!*

Although before in no dejection,
At this unsidious resoluctation
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 towards which he's yearning
Look fairly like a lawful earning:

Nur has thought time to come and go,
To vibrate between yes and no;
For cries the Sailor, "Glorious chance
That I'm in this latitude!—let him dance
Who can or will—my honest soul
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl;"
He draws him to the door—"Come in,
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin!
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!
Gave the word—-the horses heard
And halted, though reluctantly.

"Bite to the soul and light some hearts have we,
For the Gypsy Tune;*"

This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation ;
What bustling—jostling—high and low!
A universal ovation!
What3 tenor foaming from the tap!
What store of cakes in every lap!
What thumping—stomping—overhead!
The thunder had not been more busy:
With suah a sir you would have said,
This little place may well be dirty!
To who can dance with greatest vigour—
To what can be not prompt and eager;
As if it heard the fiddle's call,
The pewter clatters on the wall;
The very bacon shows its feeling,
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!
A steaming bowl, a blazing fire,
What greater good can heart desire?
Were worth a wise men's while to try
The utmost anger of the sky:

* A term well known in the North of England, and applied to rural Festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.

To seek for thoughts of a gloomy cast,
If such the bright amends at last.
Now should you say I judge amiss,
The Cherry Tree shows proof of this;
For soon of all the happy the labour
Our Travellers are the happiest pair;
All care with Benjamin is gone—
A Caesar past the Rubicon;
He thinks not of his long, long, strife—
The Sailor, Man by nature brave,
Hath no resolves to throw away;
And he hath now forgot his Wife,
Hath quite forgotten her—or may be
Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,
Within that warm and peaceful berth,
Under cover, Terror over,
Sleeping by her sleeping baby.

With bowl that sped from hand to hand,
The gladdest of the gladness' hand,
Amid their own delight and fun,
Their cheer—when every dance is done,
When every whirling Lust is o'er—
The fiddle's apes—what— that call to kiss,
Ever followed by a kiss.
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jovial Travellers fare,
Up springs the Sailor from his chair—
Lamps (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor—
Is gone—returns—and with a prize;
With what?—A Ship of lusty size:
A gallant stately Man-of-war,
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.
Surprise to all, but most surprise
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,
Not knowing that he had befriended
A Man so gloriously attended!

"This," cries the Sailor, "a Third-rate is—
Stand back, and you shall see her graces!
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 uncouth terms of art,
Accomplished in the showman's way;
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 sun,
Burned like a fire among his men;
Let this be land, and that be sea,
Here lay the French—and thus came we!"

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,
The Dancers all were gathered round,
And, such the stillness of the house,
You might have heard a snuffling mouse;
POEMS OF THE FANCY.

While, borrowing helps where'er he may,
The Sailor through the story ran,
Of ships to ships and guns to guns;
And does his utmost to display
The dimal conflict, and the might
And terror of that marvellous night!
"A bowl, a bowl of double measure,"
Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length,
To fill, England's pride and treasure,
Her bulwark and her tower of strength!"
When Benjamin had thirsted the bowl,
The mastiff, from beneath the waggon,
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,
Ranstled his chain—"was all in vain,
For Benjamin, triumphant soul!
He heard the monitory growl—
Heard—and in opposition quaffed
A deep, determined, desperate draught!
Nor did the battered Tar forget,
Or flinch from what he deemed his debt:—
Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,
Back to her place the ship he led;
Wheel'd her back in full apparel:
And so, flag flying at mast head,
Re-yoked her to the Aas—anon,
Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."
Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,
Again beheld them on their way!

CANTO THIRD.

Right gladly had the horses stirred,
When they the wished-for greeting heard,
The whope's loud notice from the door
That they were free to move once more.
You think those things must have lived
In them dishheartening doubts and dread;
No horse of all the eight,
Although it be a moonless night,
Fears either for himself or freight;
For this they know (and let it hide
In part, the offences of their guide)
That Benjamin, with clouded brain,
Was worth the best with all their pains;
And now 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,
Through all of your late devotion!
Can aught on earth inspire delight,
Still mounting to a higher height;
And higher still—a greedy flight?
Can any low-born care pursue her,
Can any mortal clasp come to her?
No notion have they—not a thought,
That is from joyless regions brought?
And, while they coast the silent lake,
Their inspiration I partake:
Sharn their empyreal spirits—yea,
With their enraptured vision, see—
O fancy—what a jubilee!
What shifting pictures—clad in gleams
Of colour bright as feverish dreams!
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,
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 is a very shine,
He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine:
If he were tethered to the waggon,
He'd drag as well what he is dragging;
And we, as brother should with brother,
Might trudge it alongside each other!"

Forwirth, obedient to command,
The horses made a quiet stand;
And to the waggon's skirts was tied
The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,
The Mastiff wondering, and perplex'd
With dread of what will happen next;
And thinking it but sorry cheer,
To have such company so near!

This new arrangement made, the Wain
Through the still night proceeds again;
No Moon hath risen her light to lend;
But inconstantly may be kenned
The Vanguard, following close behind,
Sails spread, as if to catch the wind!

"Thy wife and child are snug and warm,
Thy ship will travel without harm;
I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and stature:
And this of mine—this bulky creature
Of which I have the history, this
Seem fairly, is not much amigo:
We want your streamers, first; you know;
But, altogether as we go,
We make a kind of handsome show!
Among these hills, from first to last,
We've weathered many a furious blast;
Hard passage forcing up with head
Against the storm, and canvas spread.
I have a booster: lust to thee
Will say't, who know'st both land and sea,
The unloos'd bulk and steed and brine
Is hardly worse beset than mine,
When cross-winds on her quarter beat;
And, fairly liffed from my feet,
I stagger onward—heaven knows how;
But not so pleasantly as we:—
Poor pilot I, by snows confounded,
And many a foundress surrounded!
Yet here we are, by night and day
Grinding through rough and smooth our way;
Through foul and fair our task fulfilling;
And long shall be so yet—God willing!
"Aye," said the Tar, "through fair and foul—
But save us from you screeching owl!"

That instant was began a fray
Which called their thoughts another way:
The mastiff, ill-conducted Carol
Must what he do but growl and snarl,
Still more and more dissatisfied
With the meek comrade at his side!
Till, not incensed through put to proof,

The Aas, uplifting a good howl,
Salutes the Mastiff on the head;
And so were better manners bred,
And all was calmed and quitted,
"Ye men, my soul," says the Sailer, turning
Back to his former cause of mourning.
"You/owl! pray God that all be well!
"Tis worse than any funeral bell!
As sure as I've the gift of sight,
We shall be meeting ghosts to-night!"
—Said Benjamin, "This whip shall lay
A thousand, if they cross our way.
I know that Wanton's noisy station,
I know him and his occupation;
The jolly bird hath learned his cheer
Upon the banks of Windermere;
Where a tribe of them make merry,
Mocking the Man that keeps the ferry;
Hallowed from an open throat,
Like travellers shouting for a boat.
—The tricks he learned at Windermere
This vagrant owl is playing here—
That is the worst of his employment;
He's at the top of his enjoyment!"
This explanation stilled the alarm,
Cured the foreboder like a charm;
This, and the manner, and the voice,
Summoned the Sailer to rejoice;
His heart is up—be fears no evil
From life or death, from man or devil;
He wheels—and, making many stops,
Branded his critic 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 he never, 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
Ragles them as they wind along;
While to the music, from on high,
The echoes make a glad reply.
But the sage Muse the revel needs
Not rather than her story needs;
Nor will she servilely attend
The hasting journey to its end.
—Blithe spirits of her own impel
The Muse, who scents the morning air,
To take of this transported pair
A brief and unproved farewell;
To quit the slow-paced waggons side,
And wander down you Hawthorn dell,
With murmuring Criesa for her guide.
—There doth she ken the awful form
Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—
Glimmering through the twilight pale:
And Glammer-crag,* his tall twin brother,
Each peering forth to meet the other;
And, while she roves through St John's Vale,
Along the smooth unpastur'd 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 betrays.
Red, green, and blue: a moment's sight!
For Skiddaw-top with rosy light
Is touched—and all the land take flight.
—Fly also, Muse! and from the dell
Mount to the ridgetop of Nathfule Fell;
Thence, look thou forth o'er wood and lawn
Hear with the front-like caws of dawn;
Across you meadowy bottom look
Where close fogs hide their parent brook;
And see, beyond that hamlet small
The ruined towers of Thrakeleth-hall,
Lurking in a double shade;
By trees and lingering twilight made!
There, at Bencathar's rugged feet,
Sir Lancelet 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 unfold,
From east to west, in ample vest
Of many gnomes and radiant hold.
—The mist, 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 in!—up Castric's naked steep
(Where, softly urged, the vapours sweep
Along—and scatter and divide,
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplying)
The stately waggons is ascending,
With faithful Benjamin attending.
Apparent now beside his team—
Now lost amid a glittering crowd;
And with him goes his Sailor-friend,
By this time near their journey's end;
And, after their high-minded rest,
Sickening into thoughtful quiet;
As if the morning's pleasant hour,
Had for their joys a killing power.
And, saith, for Benjamin a vent
Is opened of still deeper pain
As his heart by notes were stringing
From out the lowly hedge-rows flung:
As the warbler lost in light
Reproduced his soarsings of the night,
In strains of rapture pure and holy
Upbraided his distempered head.
Drooping is he, his step is dull;
But the horses stretch and pull
With increasing vigour, climbing
Eager to repair lost time;
Whether, by their own desire,
Knowing what cause there is for snare,
They are labouring to avert
As much as may be of the blame,
Which they foresee, must soon alight
Upon Air head, whom, to deserve
Of all his failings, they love best;
Whether for him they are discust,
Or, by length of fasting roused,
Are impatient to be housed:
Up against the hill they strain
Tugging at the iron chain,
Tugging all with might and main,
Last and foremost, every horse
To the utmost of his force;
And the smoke and respiration,
Rising like an exhalation,
Blends with the mist—a moving shroud
To form, an undissolving cloud:
Which, with slant ray, the merry sun
Takes delight to play upon.

Never 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
And his enemies between!

Alas! what boots it—who can hide,
When the malicious Fate is best
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 Kewick has picked forth,
Sour and surly as the north;
And, in fear of some disaster,
Comes to give what help he may,
And to hear what thou canst say:
If, as needs he must forbode,
Thou hast been loitering on the road!
His fears, his doubts, may now take flight—

The wished-for object is in sight;
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath
Stirred him up to livelier wrath;
What, canst thou not, O most moody man!
With all the patience that he can;
To the end that, at your meeting,
He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,
Till the waggon gains the top;
But, he who cannot—must advance;
Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,
Eager and instantly ready
Self-collected, posed, and steady;
And, to the better seen,
Issues from his radiant shroud,
From his close-attending cloud,
With careless air and open mien.
 Erect his port, and firm his going;
 So strict, so cool that now is crowning;
And the morning light in grace
Strays upon his lifted face.
Hurrying the pallid hue away
That might his treadspores betray;
But what can all avail to clear him,
Or what need of explanation,
Par or investigation?
For the Master sees, alas!
The hapless4 Figure near him,
Limping o'er the dewy grass,
Where the road it fringes, sweet,
Soft and cool to way-worn feet;
And, O indignity! an Asa,
By his noble Master's side.
Tethered to the waggon's tail;
And the ship, in all her pride,
Following after in full sail
Not to speak of baby and mother;
Who, coincident with each other,

And snug as birds in leafy arbour,
Find, within, a blessed harbour!
With eager eyes the Master pries;
Looks in and out, and through and through;
Says nothing—till at last he spies
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,
A wound, where plainly might be read
What feats an Asa's hoof can do!
But drop the rest,—this aggravation,
This complicated provocation,
A hoard of grievances unsealed;
All past forgiveness it repelled.
And thus, and through a disfigured breast
On both sides, Benjamin the good,
The patient, and the tender-hearted,
Was from his team and waggon parted;
When duty of that day was o'er,
Laid down his whip—and served no more.—
Nor could the waggon long survive,
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive:
It lingered on,—guide after guide
Ambitiously the office tried;
But each unmanageable hill
Called for his patience and his skill:
And sure it is, that through this night,
And what the morning brought to light,
Two horses had we to sustain.
We lost both Waggoner and Wain!

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
The gift of this adventitious song;
A record which I dared to frame,
Though timid scruples checked me long;
They checked me—and I left the theme
Untouched—in spirit, like a dream
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 their 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 familial
Returning, like a ghost uniald,
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 no such name
By which we knew them when they came.—
—Yes, 1, 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 Grammere 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 stood;
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 Wain!
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roars,
And all is dismal out of doors:
And, sitting by my fire, I see
Eight sorry carts, no less a train!
Unworthy successors of thee,
Come struggling through the wind and rain:
And oh!, as they pass slowly on,
Beneath my windows, one by one,

See, perched upon the naked height
The summit of a cumulus height,
A single traveller—and there
Another; then perhaps a pair—
The lane, the sickly, and the old;
Men, women, heartless with the cold;
And babies in wet and starving plight;
Which once, be weather as it might,
Had still a nest within a nest,
Thy shelter—and their mother’s breast!
Then most of all, then far the most,
Do I regret what we have lost!
Am grieved for that unhappy sin
Which robbed us of good Benjamin:—
And of his stately Charge, which none
Could keep alive when He was gone!
1809.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

II.

THERE WAS A BOY.

There was a Boy: he knew him well, ye clifs
And islands of Winander—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Ringing or setting; would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him. —And they would shout:
Across the watery vale, and shut again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long howls, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled: —concourse wild
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill:
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents: or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: the church-yard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school:
And, through that church-yard when my way
has led
On long even evenings, I believe, that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies!
1779.

III.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O SWEET New comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or put a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

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

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing.
A voice, a mystery;
The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to: that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.
To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou was still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.
And I can listen to thee yet:
Can he upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.
O blessed Bird! the earth we face
Again appears to be
An uneventful, merry place:
That is fit home for Thee!
1804.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

The sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and vast, all whitened by the Moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light,
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground—from rock, plant, tree,
or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the passive traveller while he reads
His lone some path, with undaunting eye
Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds are split
Asunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.
There, in a black-blue vault the sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel away,
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent:—still they roll along
Immeasurably distant, and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
Still deepen its unatmospheral depth.
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.
1798.

IV.
AIRE-FORCE VALLEY.

Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen
From the brook's margin, wide around, the tree
Are steadfast as the rocks: the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar.
Dud rather deeper 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 your dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A haze 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 loth to furnish weapons for the hands
Of the brave in Ulmsdale or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths: or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Aricourg
Perhaps at earlier Creyc, or Poynters.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But wearth stile of note
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale;
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Hugh trunks! and each particular trunk a growth
Of interwoven serpentine
Up-coiling, and inextricably convolved;
Not uniformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane,—a pillar shalred
Upon whose ghastly floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pinning unembroe tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With un rejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide; Fear and trembling
Hope,
Silence and Foresight: Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow:—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship: or in mute repos;
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Ullaramon's inmost caves.
1803.

VI.
NUTTING.

It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out)
Use of those heavenly days that cannot die;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left my cottage-threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet or my shoulders slung.
A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps
Tow'd some far distant wood, a Figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cost-off weeds
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my Frugal Dame—
Matley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and branches,—and, in truth
More rugg'd than need was? O'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickers,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Dropt with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation; but the hazel rose
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
A virginal scene!—A little while I stood,
Breathe with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet—or beneath the trees I note
Waving the flowers, and with the flowers I played:
A temper known to those who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a lower beneath whose leaves
The viollets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever: and I saw the sparkling foam,
And—with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
I heard the murmuring and the murmuring sound.
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Truly to ease; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on rocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dropt to earth both branch and bough,
With crash
And merciless ravage:—and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sulled, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past;

H
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

IX.
O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a "very heart;"—
These notes of thine—thine fierce and picturesque
Tumultuous harmony and fierce:
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despair
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.
I heard a Stock-dove sing or war
His lonely tale, this very day:
His voice was buried among trees
Yet to be come-at by the breeze;
He did not cease; he coursed—and cooed;
And somewhat positively he woosed;
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.
Twenty years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovely flower
On earth was never seen;"
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 glee and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.
She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain slope;
And hers shall be the breathing, balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate sound.
The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace shall rule in the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.
The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.
And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her Virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."
Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

VII.
THE SIMPLOON PASS.
—Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Woods thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn.
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that mattered close upon our ears,
Black dazzling crags 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,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

VIII.
Swell 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 ha'nt, 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.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XI.
A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's unwearied course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

1799.

XII.
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 bought:
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

1804.

XIII.

THE REVERENCE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung
for three years.
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has
heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.
'Tis a note of enchantment: what ails her?
She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury
glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the
Ditch
Which she so often has tripped with her
pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.
She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they
fade.
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not
rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her
eye!

1797.

XIV.

POWER OF MUSIC.

An Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may
grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of old:—
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the
same.

In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its
name.

His station is there; and he works on the
crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry and loud;
He fills with his power all their hearts to the
brim.
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him?
What an eager assembly! what an empire is
this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have
bliss.
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have
rest;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer
oppress.
As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of
the night,
So He, where he stands, is a centre of light;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed
back;
And the pulse-visaged Baker's, with basket on
back.
That errand-bound 'Trentice was passing in
house—
What matter! he's caught—and his time runs
to waste.
The Newgate is stopped, though he stops on the
free;
And the half-bleathless Lamplighter—he's in
the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which he
bore;
The Loss with her barrow wheels hinder her
store:—
If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!
He stands, backed by the wall:—he abates not
his
dim;
His hat gives him vigour, with booms 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 hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful
a
hand;
I am glad for him, blind as he is to—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 dandies the Babe in her arms to the sound.
Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a dream; Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream;
They are deaf to your murmursthey care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue! 1806.

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 boats,
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 sight, for the heavens are blue and fair:
Calm, though impatient, is the crowd; each stands ready with the fee,
And every heart's that looking,—what an insight must it be!

Yet, Show-man, 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 splendid vault?
Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here?
Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be done?
The silver moon with all her vales, and hills of mightiest fame,
Doth she betray us when they're seen? or are they but a name?
Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong,
And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do her wrong?
Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long have had
And are returned into themselves, they cannot but be sad?
Or must we be constrained to think that these Spectators rude,
Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,

Have souls which never yet have risen, and therefore prostrate lie?
No, no, this cannot be,—men thirst for power and majesty!
Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind annoy?
Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and steady joy.
That doth reject all show of pride, admits no outward sign,
Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!
Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they who pery and pore
Seem to meet with little gain, seem feebly good than before:
One after One they take their turn, nor have I one espied
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.
1806.

XVI.

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

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

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising:
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping—anon anon;
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!
1806.

XVII.

LYRIC! though such power do in thy magic live
As might from India's farthest plain
Recall the not unwilling Maid,
Assist me to detain
The lovely Fugitive:
Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.
Here let me gaze except 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 humble bliss would satisfy my heart.
Where all things are so fair,
Enough by her dears side to breathe the air
Of this Elysian weather;
And, or on in, or near, the brook, esp'y
Shade upon the sunshine lying
And downward image gaily vying
Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.
Not less the joy; on many a glance
Cast up the Stream or down at her beseeching,
Tender as a young fawn-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 race;
Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance!) In the slope-channel flooded 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.
Sore was a tall man's height or more;
Her face from summer's noon-tide 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 Bandarb's wife among the Grecian isles.
Advancing, forth she stretched her limbs
And begged an alms with doleful plea
That ceased not: on our English land
Such woes, I know, could never be;
And, as a loan 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 esp'y
A pair of little lads at play,
Gnawing a crimson apple
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 Sprightly's face.
Yet they, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For life or the sky of earth or air:
Wings let them have, and they might fit
Precursors to Azorin's ear,
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 had had alms of mine."
"That cannot be; one another—" she is dead:"—
I looked round—they saw—but neither hung his head.
"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."
"Ah, boys, if you're tellin' a lie;
It was your Mother, 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.

XIX.
SEQUEL TO THE GOING,
CONFUSED MANY YEARS AFTER.
Where are they now, those wanton Boys?
For whose free range the daddled earth
Was filled with animated toys,
And implements of frolic mirth;
With tools for ready wit to guide,
And ornaments of semicircular pride,
More fresh, more bright, than princes wear;
For what one moment flung aside
Another could require:
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 gentle hour,
With the same intent, as seen
Since parting Innocence beseech'd
Mortality to Earth!
Soft clouds, the whiteness of the year,
Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran clear:
The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;
With songs the bidden groves resounding;
And to my heart are still endear'd
The thoughts with which they then was cheery;
The faith which saw that gladness pair
Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.
Or, if such faith must needs decrease—
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?
Deceased, whate'er their early doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom!

XX.
GIPSIES.
Yet are they here, the same unbroken knot
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Men, women, children, yea the frame
Of the whole spectacle the same!
Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,
Now deep and red, the colouring of night.
That on their Gipsy-faces falls,
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.
—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone, while
Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!
The weary Sun betook himself to rest:—
Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,
Outshining like a visible God.
The glorious path in which he trod.
And now, ascending, after one dark hour
And one night's diminution of her power,
Behold the mighty Moon! this way
She looks as if at them—but they
Regard not her—oh! better wrong and strife
(By nature transient) than this torpid life;
Life which the very stars reprove
As on their silent tasks they move!
Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!
In scorn I speak not,—they are what their birth
And breeding suffer them to be;
Wild outskirts of society!

RUTH.

When Ruth was left half-desolate,
Her Father took another Mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A maid-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 five-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 Cherokee;
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 toil;
Such tales as told to any maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear;
He told of girls—a happy rout!
Who quaff 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 spoke 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 lawn.
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 spoke,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of my
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 elbow bent;
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glide!
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 woes,
On such an earth as this!
And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father's love:
"For there," said he, "are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.
Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpermate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntsman 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.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife."

E'en so they said; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
Her lot in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And, as if his dancing crest,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest rearing 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 breeze its own harmless bent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favoured bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions, linked to forms so fair
And lovely, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undecided,
These wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unwarily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had woosed the Maiden, day and night
And loved her, night and morn;
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
"I am afraid that I have been worse than dead:
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly:
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

No more of this; for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth! I more happily set free
With nobler real I burn;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return.

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

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

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully corroséd.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May—
They all were with her in her cell;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;
She from her prison fled:
But of the Vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her beer she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:
The master-current of her brain
Runs 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 is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

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

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

That osten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Here rejoices the cheering:
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quannock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Seeking her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mood
Thy corps shall buried be,
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

1799.

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 Magpie chatters,
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

II.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The woods are full of voices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops—on the

III.

The bare is running races in her milk;
And with her feet she from the phalsy earth
Rises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

IV.

I was a Traveller then upon the moon,
I saw the bare 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 minute remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melan-

V.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the night
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I know not, nor

VI.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare;
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

VII.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come un sought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, now for his needy, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

VIII.

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 defiled;
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

IX.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it is felt that, in this lonely place,
When I wish these outward thoughts had

X.

As a huge stone is礙isamed seen to lie
Conched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wondrous to all who do the earth spurn;
By what means it could thither come, and

XI.

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—on his extreme 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.

XII.

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
Movingless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heardeth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XIII.

At length, himself unsettled, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and freely did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book;
And now a stranger's privilege I took:
And, drawing to his side, him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."
A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew;
And him with further words I thus bespake,
"What occupation do you there pursue?"
"This is a loneliness place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the stable echos of his yet-vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Chosen word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men: a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor;
Employment hazardous and wearisome;
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance:
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old Man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that killed,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pale, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poes in their moody dead—
Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly I did renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.

While he was talking this, 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 courts continually;
Wandering about alone and silently.
Do I these thoughts within myself pursue,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

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 form a mind.
"God," said I, "be happy and stay secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

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 these mosses creep,
And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
So close you'd say that they are beat
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 off the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a sycbe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale:
Not five yards from the mountain path,
This Thorn you on your left spy;
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 thirty 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 waven 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 flowers,
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 site,
As like as like can be;
But never, never any where,
An infant's grave was half so fair.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

VI.

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

VII.

At all times of the day and night
This wretched Woman thither goes;
And she is known to every star,
And every wind that blows:
And there, beside the Thorn, she sits
When the blue daylight's in the sky,
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,
Thou to the dreary mountain-top
Does this poor Woman go?
And why sits she beside the Thorn
When the blue daylight's in the sky,
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And wherefore does she cry—
Oh wherefore? wherefore? tell me why
Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

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—in 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 in 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 said.
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 wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again:
And, when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

XIV.

More know I not, I wish I did,
And it should all be told to you:
For what became of this poor child?
No mortal ever knew:
Nay—if a child to her was born
No earthly tongue could ever tell;
And it 'twas born alive or dead,
Far less could this with proof be said;
But some remember well
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

XV.

And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,
The churchyard path to seek:
For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from a mountain head:
Some plainly living voices were:
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead;
I cannot think, what '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 like death, it was
A wind full ten times over.
I looked around, I thought I saw
A jutting crag,—and off I ran,  
Head-foremost, through the driving rain,  
The shelter of the crag to gain;  
And, as I am a man,  
Instead of jutting crag, I found  
A Woman seated on the ground.

XVIII.  
I did not speak—I saw her face;  
Her face—is it was enough for me;  
I turned about and heard her cry,  
"Oh misery! Oh misery!"  
And there she sits, until the moon  
Through the thin, 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!"

XX.  
"But what's the Thorn? and what the pond?  
And what the hill of moss to her?  
And what the creeping breeze that comes  
The little pond to stir?"  
"I cannot tell; but some will say  
She hanged her baby on the tree:  
Some say she drowned it in the pond,  
Which is a step beyond:  
But all and each agree,  
The little Babe was buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XXI.  
I've heard, the moss is spotted red  
With drops of that poor infant's blood;  
But told a new-born infant thus,  
I do not think she would say:  
Some say, if to the pond you go,  
And fix on it a steady view,  
The shadow of a baby you trace,  
A baby and a baby's face;  
And that it looks at you;  
Waxeth or you look on it, 'tis plain  
The baby looks at you again.

XXII.  
And some had sworn an oath that she  
Should be to public justice brought;  
And for the little infant's bones  
What they would have sought;  
But instantly the hill of moss  
Before their eyes began to stir  
And, for full fifty yards around,  
The grass—it shook upon the ground!  
Yet all do still aver  
The little Babe lies buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XXIII.  
I cannot tell how this may be,  
But plain it is the Thorn is bound  
With heavy tufts of moss that strive  
To drag it to the ground,  
And this I know, full many a time,  
When she was on the mountain high,  
By day, and in the silent night,  
When all the stars shone clear and bright,  
That I heard her cry,  
"Oh misery! oh misery!  
Oh woe is me! oh misery!"  
1798.

XXIV.  
HART-LEAF 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 vessel's door,  
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.  
"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard  
And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey;  
Sir Walter mounted him: he was the third  
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.  
Joy sparkled in the prancing courseur's eyes;  
The horse and horseman are a happy pair:  
But, though Sir Walter ride a falcon flies,  
There is a doleful silence in the air.  
A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
That as they galloped made the echoes roar:  
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;  
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain;  
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.  
The Knight halloed, he cheered and chid them on  
With sophsant gestures and uplighting stern;  
But breath and eve-night fail; and, one by one,  
The dogs are stretched among the mountains firm.

Where is the throne, the tumult of the race?  
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?  
—This chase it looks, not like an earthly chase;  
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.  
The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side;  
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
Nor will I mention by what death he died;  
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.  
Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;  
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy:  
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,  
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,  
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;  
Weak as a lamb the hour that it was yoked;  
And white with foam as if with cleaving skill.  
Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:  
His nostril touched a sterile branch of a tree.  
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
The waters of the spring were trembling still.  
And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
(Noir 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 troos too ever 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
Such night was never seen by human eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty
brow,
Down to the very fountain where he lies.
Till I'll build a place of rest for all this sport,
And a small arbour, made for rural joy;
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-LEAF
WELL.

And, gallant stag I to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised:
Three several pillars, each a roughewn 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 passion with its arbour shall endure:—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swala,
And them who dwell among the woods of Uru!"—
Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-
dead,
With countless nostrils stretched above the spring.

—Soon did the Knight perform what he had
said;
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.
Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well:
Three pillars of rute stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.
And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were inter-
twined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A lofty shelter from the sun and wind.
And thither, when the summer days were long
Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.
The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.
This moving accident is not my trade:
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
*Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pant a simple song for thinking hearts.
As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
I chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three oaks at three corners of a square:
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this import I could ill divine:
And, pulling now the cart-horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.
The trees were grey, with neither arms nor
head;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny green;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."
I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And Nature here were willing to decay.
I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired.
The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now:—the spot is curst.
You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower; and here a mansion
stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms!
The arbour does its own condition tell:
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream:
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.
There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.
Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.
What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this
last.—
O Master: it has been a cruel leap.
For thirteen hours I did the hard race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.
Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-side;
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 nought we knew, was born
Not half a furlong from that selfsame spring.
Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have said;
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are
gone."

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken
well;
FORMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:—
This Beast not observed by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.
The Beast that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverenceal care.
For the unfolding creatures whom he loves.
The pleasure-house is dust—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom:
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.
She leaves these leaves objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be
But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overthrown.
One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what she conceals.
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."—

Sioned at the Feast of Brougham Castle,
Upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Abbot, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors.

Hour in the breathless Hall the Minstrel-sage,
And Eremus's mansion mingled with the Song—
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A featal 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 reviv'd at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For though the boughs are withering:
Two roses flourish, red and white:
In love and love's 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 darting dart 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 re. bred.
They come with banner, spear, and shield;
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.
No longer, the Averno was without
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:
So George was for us, and the night
Of the unadorn'd Angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the Land hath uttered forth,
Her Joel in the faithful north:
Our fields rejoice, our mountains sing,
Our streams proclaim a welcome:
Our strong abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

Type lonely, a deserted Tower:

Knights, squires, and yeoman, page and peer;
We fare them at the feast of Brough'm.
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
Of years on her—she shall reap.
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is through, right glad I deem
Easier her little humble stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her stately Edict's course to guard:
They both are happy at this hour.
Though each is but a lonely Tower—
But here is perfect joy and pride.
For one fair House by Emmett's side,
This day, distinguished with a peer
To sober Master and to chaste—
Him, and his Lady-mother dear!
Oh! it was a time for-look
When the fatherless was born—
Give for wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die;
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.
Who will take them from the light?
—Yonder is a man in sight—

Yonder is a house—but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray is ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her Child?
Now Who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy?
No thoughts hath he but just that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be He who but now 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 Child, who so she her Bible did say:
'All things serve to glorify the name of Him that is best;

Abate! when evil men are strong.
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Ely must part from Moseholme's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged caves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings.
To Glenderramakin's lofty springs:
Must stand, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
'Give Sir Lancelot Th kernels of praise!'
Heard, good man, old in days!
Their tree of covert and of rest
For this young bird that is distressed;
Among thy branches safe be lay,
And he was free to sport and play.
When falcons were abroad for prey.
A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear.
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long.
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.
—Again he wanders forth at will,
And tempts a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; n'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mood;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Had he, a Child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To watch the flocks, to feed the sheep,
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Snapped down to pay him faulty;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through flowescal-turbid, 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 vast;
He bath leamed them taking wing;
And into caves where Fairies 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 worth of words.

—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
And manly rusting in his halls
On the blood of Cliffsed calls —
"Quod sit gloria," exclaims the lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
In the bosom of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field—
Field of death, where e'er thou be,
Fame triumphant, with our victory!

Happy day, and mighty hour,
With our Shepherd, in his power,
Nailed and hosed, with lance and sword,
To his incarnate sword,
Like a re-appearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,

"Farewell! farewell the flock of war!"

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know
How deep the Heaven's grace 'this Clifford's heart'
was framed:

How long, how long in homeless walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and turned.

Love had he found in hate where poor men lie;
His sable, but not he, who had woods and rife,
The silence that is in the stary sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead;
Not by change: but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;
The Shepherd-hold was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

1617.

XXVI.

LINES.

COMPOSED AETWELSH. ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY.
ON VISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE.
DURING TIV TOW.

JULY 13, 1798.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of 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 scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark canopy, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tuffs,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little seen
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral lanes
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 Hermits' cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These heautous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As in a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely nook, the same old sin
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations event:
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 love, too slight to count;
To them I may have owed another gift.
Of aspect more sublime;—that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heaviest and the greatest weight
Of all this unendurable world,
Is lightened:—that sense and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of that corporeal frame
And even the motion of our mortal 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 fertile air
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the bearings of my heart:
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sweet Wye! thou wanderer where the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With wan 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 some may think me too bold, from what I was
When first
I came among these hills: when like a rose
I bounded o’er the mountains, by the sides
Of deep rivers, and the lovely streams,
Whereon my mistook: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature
Then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I saw. 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
Fault, nor moult nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed: for such love, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth: but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh or grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thought: a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And round the ocean and the living air,
And in the music and all sense, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the mountains and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth: of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear.—both what they half create,
And what perceive: well pleased to recognise
In every face and language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river: thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend: and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold thee in what I was once.
My dear, dear Sister, and this prayer I make
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within.
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e’er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty moonbeams be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies: oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
Thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations? Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
Gleams
Of past existence— wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A wakener of Nature, hitherto
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
1796.

xxii
In no Spirit who from heaven hath flown,
And is descending on his errant way:
Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens to see:
'Tis Heber—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.
Most ambitious feat! an incantation 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 seemst now to do; might one day trace
Some ground not mine; and, strong her strength above.
My Soul, an Apparition in the place,
Trend there with steps that no one shall reprove: 1803.

xxvii
FRENCH REVOLUTION,
AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMFREMENT.
REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND."
Oh! I pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, we who were strong in love
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed most to assert her
rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prince Enchanter—to assist the work
Which then was going forward in her name:
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wove of promise, that which sets
(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown,
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of! The inert
Were roused, and lively natures ran away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtlety, and strength
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it—they, too, who, of gentle mood,
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more
mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves—
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
Did both find, helpers to their heart's desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in topiary, subterranean fields,
or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the world which is the world of
All of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!
180.

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 different natures?
Have we not two—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence!
Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are.
180.

XXX.
TO A SKY-LARK.
Ethereal; minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
those quivering wings composed, that music still
Leave to the ruffling'sale her shady wood;
a privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam:
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

185.

XXXI.
LAODAMIA.
"Wilt sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired—
And from the eternal Gods, 'mid shades forever
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
Covenant pity I again implore:
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore it"
So speaking, and by fervent love endow'd
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye ex-
pands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.
O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence! his corporal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—tis He!
And a God leads him, winged Victory.
Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand:
That calms all fear:—"Such grace hath crowned
thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space:
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"
Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp
Again that consummation she essay'd:
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight.
"Proteus,alo! thy guide is gone!"
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou treads'lt on will re-
oxce;
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon: and bless a sad abode.
"Great Jove, Laodamia! I doth not leave
His gifts imperfect!—Spectre though it be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringsh boundless gain.

185.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should cull the palm of fame, but me the threat could not with-hold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chari—by Hector slain.

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were de-prest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou foundst at last! I forgive thee—here thou art—
A noble vassal than my poor heart;
But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave:
And he, whose power restores thee, hath de-creed
Though shouldst elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enclosed Thessalian air.
No Speerits greets me—no vain Shadow thou;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well known couch, one nuptial kiss.

To me, this day, a second time thy bride!
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parce threw
Upon those rosecate 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—Erebos disdaineth:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.
Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Religous 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 Heracles by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Atceti, a reanimated corpse,
Given back to dwell on earth in eternal bloom?
Medes, the spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Axton 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 apony distressed,
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 face had fled:
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought joyous thoughts, though a happy place.
He spake of love, such love as Ensitil feels
In worlds in whose course it equivale and pure;
No fears to bear away—not strife to heal—
The past ungaught'd for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Reveived, with finer harmony pursued;
Of all that is most beauteous—imag'd there
In happier beauty: more pellicul streams,
An ampler ether,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams:
Chimes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthly to survey.
Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
The prize that virtue seeks—"" Il!" said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revellry
Could draw, when we had parted, gain delight.
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;
And while my youthful peers before my eyes
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chiefseins and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchain'd.
The wished-for wind was given:—I then re-
All the oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no wether 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 I shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers,
My newly-planned cities, and unfinished towers.
But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
" Behold thys trembling—haughty thy 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 fortune to seek seek.
Our best re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.
Learn, by a mortal warning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Lo—thus 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.—"

Abloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—
The hours are past—too brief had they been
And him no mortal effort can detain
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless curse she lay.
Thus, all in vain extingued and reproved,
The perished; and, as for a willful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak petty moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quest; mid unfading bowers.

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

1814.

XXXII.

D I O N.

SEEK, and fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power.
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage then did wait
On Dion's virtues! while the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell and bent him in the grove of Academia,
Softening their inbred dignity austere—
That he, not too eloate
Saw, in self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic loneliness endured,
Might in the universal hornem reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

Fifteen thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with
Spear and shield;
Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracisce advance in bright array.
Who leads them on?—The anxious people see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming, corset-clad
Pare transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
The gazers feel:—and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich golddes filled with
wine
In seemly order stand,
On tables set; as if for rites divine.
And, as the great Deliverer marces by,

*For the account of these long-lived trees,
see Pliny's Natural History, lib. xvi. cap. 44:
and for the features in the character of
Protesilaus, see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides.

He looks on festal ground with fruits be-

And flowers are on his person thrown
In boundless prodigality:
Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's totarian care,
As if a very Deity he were!

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Hellas, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, staid words 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 overwhelmed the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no
content
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes
vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plenum of despair can go—
But whence that sudden check? that fearful
start?
He hears an uncomong sound
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size.
And hideous aspect, walking round and round!
A woman's garth 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 scorches the snow
That skins the plains of Thrasyus.
Or when aloft on Marathon he stopps
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

So, but from tall less sign of profit reseling,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—rehebently sweeping—
No pause admired, no design averted!
"Avant, inexplicable Guest!—avant,"
Exclaimed the Chieftain,—"let me rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold whom vengeful Furies haunt:
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to
free,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds
have borne!"

But Shapes that come not at an earthy call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Poems of the Imagination

Lords of the visionary eye whose lid, 
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall! 
Ye Gods, thought He, that service I impair! 
Obey a mystical intent! 
Your Minister would brush away 
The spots that to my soul adhere: 
But should she labour night and day, 
They will not, cannot disappear: 
Whence angry perturbations, —and that look 
Which no Philosophy can brook!

VI.
Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built 
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name; 
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt, 
Pursue thee with their deadly aim! 
O matchless perlity! o portentous lust 
Of monstrous crime! —that horror-striking blade, 
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid 
The noble Syracusean low in dust! 
Shoulder'd the walk—the marble city wept— 
And sylvan places beaved a pensive sigh: 
But in calm peace the appointed Victor slept, 
As he had fallen in magnanimity: 
Of spirits too capacious to require 
That Destiny her course should change; too just 
To his own native greatness to desire 
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.

So were the hopeless troubles, that involved 
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved. 
Released from life and cares of princely state, 
He left this mortal gristed on his face: 
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends, 
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends, 
Worshipers are fair and spotless as his end." 
1816.

XXXIII.
The Pass of Kirkstone.

1.
Within the mind strong fancies work, 
A deep delight the bosom thrills, 
Oft as I pass along the fork 
Of these fraternal hills: 
Where, save the rugged road, we find 
No appanage of human kind, 
Nor hint of man:—if stone or rock 
Seem not his handy-work to mock 
By something cogitantly shaped: 
Mockery—or model roughly hewn, 
And left by some ancient race, 
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!

2.
Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes! 
Ye snow-white lambs that trip

Imprisoned 'mid the formal props 
Of restless ownership! 
Ye trees, that may no-morrow fall 
To feed the insatiate Prodigal! 
Lawn, hedges, leas, thicket, grot, and fields, 
All that the fertile valley shields; 
Wages of folly—hanging from the air 
Of life's uneasy game the stake, 
Playthings that keep the eyes awake 
Of drowsy, dotter'd Time; 
O care! O guilt! —O vales and plains, 
Here, 'mid his own unseen dominions, 
A Genius dwells, that can subdue 
At once all memory of You— 
Most potent when mists veil the sky, 
Mists that distort and magnify. 
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze, 
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

List to those shriller notes — that march 
Perchance was on the blast, 
When, through this Heigh's inverted arch, 
Rome's earliest legion passed! 
—They saw, auspiciously impelled, 
And older eyes than theirs beheld, 
This block — and yon, whose chuirch-like frame 
Gives to this savage Pass its name. 
Aspiring Road! that lov't to ride 
Thy daring in a visionary tour, 
Not seldom may the hour return 
When thou shalt be my guide; 
And I lay all men may find cause, 
When life is at a weary close, 
And they have paused up the hill 
Of duty with reluctant will 
Be thankful, even though grieved and faint, 
For the rich bounties of constraint; 
Whence oft invigorating transports flow 
That choice lacked courage to bestow!

My Soul was grateful for delight 
That were a threatening brow: 
A veil is lifted—can she slight 
The scene that names now? 
Though habitation none appear, 
The greenness tells, man must be there: 
The shelter—that the perspective 
Is of the elme in which we live. 
Where Tell pursues his daily round; 
Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love, 
In woodbine bower or lichen grove, 
Inflicts his tender wound. 
—Who comes not hither ne'er shall know 
How beautiful the world below 
Nor can be guess how lightly keeps 
The brook down the rock-steps. 
Farewell, thou desolate Domus! 
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain, 
Carols like a Shepherd-boy: 
And who is she?—Can that be Joy? 
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide, 
Smoothly skins the meadows wide 
While Faith, from vondge to cloud, 
To hill and vale proclaims aloud, 
"Whatever the weak may dread, the wicked dare."

The loft, O Man, is good, thy portion fair!" 
1817.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXXIV.

TO ENTERPRISE.

Keep for the Young the impassioned smile
Sheed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
High on that chalky cliff of Briton's Isle,
A slender volume grasping in thy hand—
Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe's fate;
Ah, spare the eulogizing smile,
And drop thy painting finger bright
As the first flash of beacon light;
But neither vein 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 vacant courts of Jove,
And oft in splendid doth appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter's arrow first deflected
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
These winged Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
And where the mighty Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hour!
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
And Thou, thy favourite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft would scare
From her rock-fortress in mid air,
With infant shout: and often sweep,
Paired with the ostrich, or the plain;
Tired with sport, would sink asleep
Upon the couchant lion's mane!
With rolling years thy strength increased;
And, far beyond thy native East,
To be by varying titles known
As variously thy power was shown,
And incense-bearing altars rose,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From suppliants pining for the skies!

2. What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead;
Yet, still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infidelity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall never submit to cold decay,
By thy divinity impelled,
The Stooping seeks the tending fold;
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 byway—, or a couch of rest;
Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The Ghaumus-chaser averted in vain
By chasm or diary 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 unprofitable visits,
Among the monsters of the Deep;
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
Or, adverse tides and currents beset,
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
To never-slaughtering voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow:
And, sightling sails and storming gales,
Keep faith with Time on distant shores?
—Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste;
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain head:
Thou speak'st—and lo! the polar Seas
Unobscured their last mysteries.
—But oh! what transports, what sublime reward,
Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare
For philosophic Sage: or high-souled Bard
Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,
Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,
Or calentur'd in depth of limpid floods;
Nor grieves—she'd deem'd thee silent night to bear
The domination of his glorious themes,
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

3. If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
From source still deeper, and of higher worth,
'Tis shine the quickening impulse to control,
And in due season its grand fate forth;
Thy call a prostrate nation can restore.
When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no more.

4. Dread Minister of wrath!
Who to their destined punishment dost urge
The Pharaoh of the earth, the men of hardened heart!
Not unsubdued by the flattering stars,
Thou stretch'st temptation o'er the path
When they in pomp or triumph go,
With trumping horses and regal cars—
Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge:
Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strand's;
Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—
An Army now, and now a living thing
That a brief while heaves with convulsive throes;
Then all is still;
Or, to forget their madness and their woes,
Wreap in a winding sheet of spotless snows!

v. Back flows the willing current of my Song;
If to provoke such doom the impious dare,
Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?
—Bold Goddess! range our Youth among;
Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to bear
In hearts no longer young:
Still may a veteran few have pride
In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet:
In fixed resolves by such consecrated
That to their object cleave like sleet
Whitening a pine tree's northern side,  
When ferns are naked far and wide,  
And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast  
Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest.  

But, if such homage thou disdain  
As dust with mill-wing years agree,  
One rarely absent from thy train  
More humble favours may obtain  
For thy contented lotery.  
She, who incites the frolic lambs  
In presence of their heedless dams,  
And to the solitary fawn  
Vociferates her lesson, bounteous Nymph  
That wakes the breeze, the sparkling thym  
Doth hurry to the lawn.  
She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy  
Which the sweet Bird, minstrel of the melan-choly.  
Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me:  
And vernal mornings opening bright  
With views of unconfined delight,  
And cheerful songs, and suns that shine  
On hazy days, with thankful nights, be mine.  

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle  
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,  
The wide earth's store-house fenced about  
With breakers roaring to the gates  
That stretch a thousand thousand nath)  
Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vie!—  
Thy impulse is the life of Fame;  
Glad Hope would almost cease to be  
If torn thy society:  
And Love, when worthiest of his name,  
Is proud to walk the earth with Thee!  

XXXV.  
TO——,  
ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.  
Insate of a mountain-dwelling,  
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed  
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;  
Awed, delighted, and amazed  
Potent was the spell that bound thee  
Not unwilling to obey:  
For blue Ether's arm, flung round thee,  
Stillled the paintings of dismay.  
Lo! the dwindled woods and meadowns;  
What a vast abyss is there  
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,  
And the glutamens—beautifullly fair!  
And a record of comomation  
Which a thousand ridges yield:  
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean  
Gleaming like a silver shield  
Maiden! now take flight—Inherit  
Alps or Andes—they are thine!  
With the morning's roweate Spirit,  
Swing in their length of snowy line:  
Or survey their bright dominions  
In the gorgeous colours drest  
Flush'd from off the purple pinions,  
Evening spreads throughout the west!  
These are all the coral mountains  
Wardling in each sparry vault  

Of the untrodden lunar mountains;  
Listen to their songs—or hails,  
To Nymphs' top invited,  
Whither spiritful Satan steered;  
Or descent where the ark alighted;  
When the green earth re-appeared;  
For the power of hills is on thee,  
As was witnessed through thine eye  
Then when old Helvellyn won thee  
To confess their majesty!  

1816.  

XXXVII.  
TO A YOUNG LADY,  
WHO HAD BEEN BROACHED FOR TAKING  
LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.  
Dear Child of Nature, let them raul!  
—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  
A light to young and old.  
There, healthy as a shepherd boy,  
And treading among flowers of joy  
Which at no season fails,  
Thou, while thy ladies 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.  
1809.

XXXVIII.  
WATER-FOWL.  
"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to de-  
scribe the evolutions which these visitants  
sometimes perform, on a fine day, towards  
the close of winter."—Extract from the  
Author's Book on the Lakes.  
Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood,  
With grace of motion that might scarcely seem  Inferior to angelical, prolong  
Their curious pastime! shaying in mid air  
And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars  High as the level of the mountain-tops)  
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath—  
Their own domain: but ever, while intent  
On tracing and retracing that large round,  
Their jubilant activity evolves  
Hundreds of curves and circles, to and fro,  
Upward and downward, pregress intricate  
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed  
Their indefatigable flight. "Tis done—  
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased:  
But lo! the vanished company again  
Ascending: they approach— I hear their wings,  
Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound,  
Past in a moment—and as faint again!  
They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;  
They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,  
To show them a fair image; let themselves,  
Their own fair forms, upon the glittering plain,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XVIII.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB.

This Height a ministering Angel might select:
For from the summit of Black Comb (dream

Derived from clouds and storms!) the most

unobstructed prospect may be seen

That British ground commands;—low dusky

tracts,

Where Trott is nursed, far southward! Cambrian hills

To the south-west, a multitudinous show;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde—

crowing the quarter whence the sun comes forth

Gigantic mountains rough with crags; beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base
Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale;—

And visibly engrinding Mona's lake

That, as we left the plain, before our sight
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly
(Above the convex of the watery globe)
Iron-clad view of the cultured fields that strack
Her habitable shores, but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet.—You azure ridge,

Is it a perishing 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 sea,
A revelation infinite it seems;

Display augments of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power.

Black Comb stands at the southern extremity

of Cumberland.

XXXIV.

THE HAUNTED TREE.

To—

Twelve silver clouds collected round the sun

His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming less

To overshadow than multiply his beams

By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doubt our human sense

Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy

More ample than the time-dismantled Oak

Spreads o'er this tuff of heath, which now attired

In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords

Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use

Was fashioned: whether by the hand of Art,

That eastern bounties, amid flowers enwrought

On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs

In languor; or, by Nature, far repose

Of paining Wood-symph, wearied with the chase.

O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight

Than fairest spiritual creature of the groves,

Approach—and, thus invited, crown with rest

The noon-tide hour: though truly some there are

Whose footsteps superintendently avoid

This venerable Tree;—for, when the wind

Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking sound

(Above the general roar of woods and crags)

Distinctly heard from far—a doleful note

As if (so Grecian shepherds would have deemed)

The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed

Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbelieved,

By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost

Haunts the old trunk: lameness decreas'd 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 silences, 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 partake, the while they view

Their own far-stretching arms and leafy heads

Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,

That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying stream.

XL.

THE TRIAD.

Show me the noblest Youth of present time,

Whose trembling fancy would in love give birth:

Some God or Hero, from the Olympian clime

Returned, to seek the happy vale;

Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see

The brightest star of ages yet to be.

And I will mate and match him blissfully,

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood

Pure as herself—song lacks not mighty power

Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,

Nor Sea-symph glistening from her coral bower;

Mere Mortals, boded from Mount Ida still,

Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill

The chaster covets of a British hill.

'Approach!—obey my lyre's command!

Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!

For ye, though not by birth allied,

Are Sisters in the bond of love;

Nor shall the tongue of e'enous pride

Presume those interweavings to improve

In you, which that fair progeny of Jove,

Learned from the tuneful spheres:—that glide

In endless union, earth and sea above;

—I sing in vain;—the pines have hush'd their waving:

A peerless Youth expectant at my side,

Breathless as they, with unabated craving

Looks to the stately Tree, and to the vacant air

And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,

Asks of the clouds what occupants they hide:—

But why solicit more than sight could bear,

By casting on a moment all we dare?
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

And, as if wishful to discern
Or to repay the potent charm,
She hears the strings' lute of old romance,
That thrilled the tender心'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, trustant in the wands, the lovely Euphrosyne-

But the ringlets of that head
Why are they unattended?
Why bedeck her temples less
Than the simplest shepherdess?

Is it not a brow inviting
Chosen flowers that ever breathed,
Which the myrtle would delight in
With Isaiah rose enwreathed?

But her humility is well content.
With one wild floweret (call it not forlorn)
Flowers 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 loved,
Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves;
Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
That rarest blossoms on a tree,
Turning them inside out with arch audacity.

Alas! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dawning rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!

—She stops— is fastened to that rivulet's side;
And there (while, with sedater mien,
O'er timid waters that have scarcely left
Their birthplace in the rocky cleft
She bends; at leisure may be seen
Features to old ideal prize alluded,
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—
Fit countenance for the soul's primal truth:
The bland composite of eternal youth!

What more changeable than the sea?
But over its great bales
Fidelity presides;
And this light-hearted Maiden constant as 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 the genuine law!
If from what her hand would do,
Her voice would utter, aught ensue
Untoward or unfit;
She, in benign affections pure,
In self-forgetfulness secure,
Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance
A light unknown to tutored elegance:

Invoke those bright Beings one by one;
And what was boldly promised, truly shall be done.

"Fear not a constraining measure!—
Yielding to this gentle spell,
Lucida! from dunes of pleasure,
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
Come to regions solitary,
Where the eagle builds her nest,
Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!"
—She comes!—behold
That Figure, like a ship with snow-white sail
Near'er she draws; a breeze uplifts her veil;
Upon her coming wait
As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale
As ever on her barge covering earthy mold,
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
His richest splendor—when his veering gale
And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne!
Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious beards to sit
Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown;
What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, were Thou near,
Humbling that lily-stem, thy scepter meek,
That its fair flowers may from his cheek
Brush the too happy tear?
—Queen, and handmaid lowly!
Whose skill can spend the day with lively cares,
And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or 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-root
Of our forefather's Archer, or in caves of Wallace—
Who that has seen the 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 best
To the three in thy majesty away?
—Paws onward even the glancing deer
Till we depart intrude not here
That mazy slope, o'er which the woodlands throw
A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"

Glad moment is it when the throng
Of warblers in full concert strong
Sings, and not vainly strive, to rout
The laggard shower, and force coy Phoebus out,
Me by the rainbow's form divine,
Issuing from her cloudy shrine—
So may the threnodies 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,
Submersive to the might of verse
And the dark 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 lovely elements.
Air sparks around her with a dazzling sheen;
But mark her glowing cheek, her ventures green!"
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,
But her blushes are joy-flushed;
And the fault (if fault it be)
Only ministers to quickens
Laughter-loving gaiety,
And kindle spotty 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 mouthful triumph clapping hands.

**"Last of the Three, though oldest born, Revealed thysyll, like pensive Morn Toughed by the skylark's earliest note, Ere humiliter gladness be aloft. But whether in the semblance drest Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the west, Come with each anxious hope subdued By woman's gentle fortitude, Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest. —Or I would hail thee when some high-weathered 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 urnibage of her hair; So gleams the crescent moon, that loves To be descried through shady groves. Tenderest bloom is on her cheek; Wist not for a richer streak; Nor dread the depth of meditative eye; But let thy love, upon that azure field Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield Its honour offered up in purity. What wouldst thou more? In sunny glade, Or under leaves of thickest shade, Was such a stillness e'er diffused Since earth grew calm while angels mused? Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon to melt On the flower's breast; as if she felt That flowers themselves, what's their hue, With all their fragrance, all their glistening, Call to the heart for inward listening— And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true Welcome wisely; though a growth Which the careless shepherd sleeps on As falsely springing from turf the mower weeps on— And without wrong are cropt the marble tomb to strew.

The Charm is over; the mute Phantoms gone, Nor will return—but droop not, favoured Youth; The apostrophe that before thee sate, Obeyed a summons covertous of truth, From those wild rocks thy footsteps I will guide To bowers in which thy fortune may be tried, And one of the bright Three become thy happy Bride.

1828.

XIII.

THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old high-way leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.

Horse rules a land for ever green;
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Posts she to aught?—the blue stream near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—there
Dwell fruitless days-exactless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet how far, should we depart,
Ye superstitions of the heart,
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore adorned its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your way,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic 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,
Pasting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

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

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
Reckling on this moss-grown bar,
Unknown, and unknown,
The infection of the ground's parables,
Longing for his Beloved—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic storings that are here,
The ancient faiths, the holy laws,
The local Genius e'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthless sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene,
At Nature's call, or blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loth such help to seek,
Yet, pausing, he might pause,
And thirst for insight to alloy
Musing, while the crimson day
In quiescent withdraws;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
Gathers its last step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply:

Time pressing on with stormy crest,
To fiend sleep upon the
Of dread eternity.

1808.

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 black 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.
Best is that ground, where, o'er the springs
Of history, Glory clasps her wings,
Fame sheds the exalting tear
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of, like this, a look
For modest meanings dear.
It was in sooth a happy thought
That graced, on so far a spot,
So confident a token
Of coming good—the charm is fed
Instincts startles upon a thread.
Which one harsh day has broken.
Ah! for him who gave the word:
Could he so sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;
Their very wishes aida
Which here was freely given.
Where, for the love-born maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found.

A balm of expectation?
Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall waters breathe a like sweet air
Of home-felt consolation?
And not unfelt will prove the loss
Mid trial care and petry cross
And each day's shadowy grief,
Which is the most easily baulked.
Were o'er among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.
If still the reckless change we mourn,
A reconciling thought may torn
To harm that might lurk here.
Foe judgment prompted from within
Fit aims, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.
Not Fortune's slave is Man: our state
Euphony, while form resolves await
On worlds just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heavenward enterprise.
So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All issues of time and place;
Whatever props may fail,
Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory on the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.
That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottage may part,
Ungrieved, with charm and spell;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory
Shall bid a kind farewell.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A Rock there is whose bony front
The passing traveller slight;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights.
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
Theernal 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 heavens let down! The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true,
Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall;
The earth is constant to her bond;
And God upholds them all:
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads Her annual funeral.
Here closed the imitative strain;
But air breathed soft that day,
The heavy mountain-heights were cheered,
The sunny vales looked gay.
And to the Primrose of the Rock
I gave this after-lay.
I sang.—Let myriads of bright flowers,
Like Thee, in field and grove
Revive unseen—mightier far,
Than tremblings that reprove
Our verbal tendencies to hope,
Is God's redeeming love.
That love which changed—for wan disease,
For sorrow that had bent
Or hopeless dust, for withered age—
Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.
Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasonings: Sons of Men,
From one obvious motive called
Shall rise, and lengthen again;
And in eternal summer lose
Our throescare years and ten.
To humbleness of heart descends
This presence from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die; And makes each soul a separate heaven,
A court for Deity.
1831.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XLIV.

PRESENTIMENTS

The men have lived for whom,
With dread precision, ye made clear
The hour that in a distant year
Should seal them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are
Best times when mystery is laid bare,
Truth shows a glorious face.

While on that isle where commands
The councils of ten thousand, she stands,
Sage Spirit! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
All changes of the eleventh hour.
Whose wisdom fixed the scale
Of natures, for our wants provides.

By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
When lights of reason fail.

XLV.

VERNAL ODE.

Retum Naturae tota et iniquam magis quam
in minus.—Pline, Nat. Hist.

Beneath the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freest green were light,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye
That aids or superscedes our grosser sight,
The form and rich habiliments of One
Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,
When it reposes, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pure light.
Poised like a weary cloud, in mid air
He hung—then floated with angelic ease
(Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)
Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,
Where oft the venturous hoper drinks the noon-tide breeze.

Upon the apex of that lofty cone
Alighted, there the stranger stood alone:
Fair as a gorgeous fabric of the east
Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,
Where nothing was:—as some old tower
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
Waves high, embelished by a gleaming shower!

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
Rested a golden harp—he touched the strings:
And, after prelude of unearthly sound
Poured through the echoing hills around,
He sang—

No wintry desolations,
Scorching night or anxious dew,
Affect my native habitations:
Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope
Imaged, though faintly, in the hut
Profound of night's ethereal blue:
And in the aspect of each radiant orb—
Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb:
But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,
Blended in absolute serenity,
And free from semblance of decline:
Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour,
Her darkness vespers gave, her silence power,
To testify of Love and Grace divine.

That men who lived for whom,
Who deem that ye from open light
Retire in fear of shame;
All the seerish 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,
More mine in easy days;
And now, unforced by time to part
With fancy, I obey my heart,
And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good,
Two potent over nerve and blood,
Lurk near you—and combine
To taint the health which ye inspire;
This hides not from the mortal Muse
Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers!
Comes Faith that insuspicious hour
Builds castles, not of air:
Bodings unsanctioned by the will
Flow from your visionary skill,
And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift,
Shall vanish, if ye please,
Like morning mist: and, where it lay,
The spirits at your bidding play
In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move
Through space, though calm, not raised above
Ye gild whose eye shall 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?

And in 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
Of self 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 inspirations,
The simply meek foretaste the springs
Of bitter contrast.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,
Pervade the lonely ocean far
As sail hath been unfurled:
For dangers in the festive hall
What ghastly partners hath your call
Pitched from the shadowy world?

'Tis said that warnings ye dispense,
Embodied by a keener sense;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

III.

What if those bright stars shine
Shine subject to decay,
Some happily extinguished are,
Others promise to fall away.
Like clouds before the wind,
Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand be-

Nightly, human kind,
That vision of endurance and repose,
—And though to every draught of vital breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,
To the holy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion:
Though all that fixed on neither air,
However magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and entreats
Its ruins to their kindred dust:
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreative vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unwholesome deeps;
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth.
Thus, in their stations, lifting toward the sky
The forehead of that cloud-like majesty,
The shadow-casting race of trees survive;
Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
Sweet flowers — what living eye hath viewed
Their myriads? — endlessly renewed,
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
Where'er the sable waters stray;
Where'er sportive breezes bend
Their course, or gentle showers descend
Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes to range!

IV.

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares
Of a too-sensible world, mild pastoral Muse!
That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
And to her sister Clio's lauded wreath;
Of all his years — a company
Whereas, in a fit of pleasing insolence,
While they were led on with the lath and the hoe,
To serve the sweet and virtuous Muse,
Of which, as generous were the hours,
In the light years of antiquity,
For the sweet mirth of the dear muse,
A slender sound! yet heavy Time
Both to the soul exalt it with the chime
Of ages coming, ages gone.
Nations from before them sweeping,
Regions in destruction steeping,
But every awful note in union
With that faint utterance, which tells
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
For the service of keeping of those waxen cells;
Where She — a sapphry prudent to confer
Upon her common weal: a warrior bold,
Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
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 visions? — 'er this tempting flower
Overing until the petals stay
Her flight, and take its voice away?
Observe each wing: — a tear of ancient
The structure of her laden thigh,
How fragile! yet of ancient
Mysteriously remote and high:
As high as the imperial front of man;
The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;
The soaring eagle's curl'd beak.
The white plumage 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 song was needless then, perchance un-
known.
The seeds of malice were not sown;
All creatures met in peace, from fearlessness free,
And no pride blended with their dignity.
— Tears had not broken from their source;
Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean den;
The golden years maintained a course
Not undiversified though smooth and even:
We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow
Then.
Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men;
And earth and stars composed a universal
heaven!

1817

DEVOational INCITEMENTS.

"Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven."

W 111 11111 111 who will they stop, those breathing Powers,
The Spirit 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;

Of humble violet — modest thyme—
Exhale, the essential odours climb,
As if no space below the sky
Their subtle flight could satisfy.

Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be their guide.

Roused by this kindliest of May-showers,
The spirit quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand thrones—
Here checked by no imperious haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overspread;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal
And thirst for no intensity real.
Thou, who canst admire, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral quire,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sick, to attain a lofty flight;
With incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censor, shrouds
The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill.
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
And all the transient vanities
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery—
The iterated somnous lull,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng.
Hurrying the busy streets along!

Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensue 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 victualude
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 martial harmonies;
And ground fresh-cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow:
When birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unweaned cantrips,
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 monitor 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 that all the sevens be truly Lest,
From mor to eve, with hallowed rest.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

Would'st thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,
By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
How far-off yet a glimpse of morning bright,
And if to lure the truant back be well,
Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke.
That, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour;
Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
For service hung behind thy chamber-door;
And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,
The double note, as if with living power,
Will summon thee—or make thee blithe as
Bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft in tempests howl,
Or muffling frost remind thee trees are bare,
How cattle pine, and drop the shivering fowl,
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:
I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice be-guil'd,
Thou wilt solace old memories as they throng
Into thy heart: and fancies, running wild
Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,
Will make thee happy, happy as a child:
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song.
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong.
And know—that, even for him who shuns the day
And nightly toises on a bed of pain;
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,
Must come unhoped for, if they come again:
Know—that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
Could from sad regions send him to a dear
Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,
To mock the wonder of Voice beside some haunted dream.
O bounty without measure! while the grace
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humbllest springs,
Pour pleasure forth, and solace that trace
A many course along familiar things.
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,
Steamming from founts above the starry sky,
With angels when their own untroubled home
They leave, and speed on nightly embassay
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

TO THE CLOUDS.

Army of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops
Ascending from behind the motionless brow
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,
O whither with such eagerness of speed?
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the pale
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea
Children, thus post ye over vale and bright
To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest?
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes
Beheld in your impenetrous march the likeness
Of a wide army pressing on to meet
Or overtake some unknown enemy?

But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim:
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds
Aerial, upon due migration bound
To milder climes: or rather do ye urge
In carvan your hasty pilgrimage
To pause at last on more aspiring heights
Than these, and utter your devotion there
With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubilant,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

And would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,
Be present at his setting; or the pomp
Of Persian mornings would ye fail, and stand
Paving your splendid high above the heads
Of Work-shippers, until to their upright God
Whence, hence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of
Speak, silent creatures. — They are gone, are fled,
Luned together, or you gloomy maze
That loads the middle heaven; and clear and bright
And vacant both the region which they thronged
Appear: a calm descent of sky conducting
Down the unobservable abysses,
Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose
To vanish — fleer as days and months and years,
Fleer as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself.
The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be,
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
That silently refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse — From a front of life
Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to minor eye
That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,
And in the bosom of the Bimantium
Of which they move, wherein they are con-
tained.
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny: A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced.
Work, shall we call it, of the Shepherd's foot
Or of his flock? — joint voyage of them both.
I pace it, pensive, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my work have wings.
Where is the Orphean lute, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse? The mountain laist
Shall be our hand of music; he shall sweep
The rocks, and Archer's three and bowdow like;
And search the fibre of the caves, and they
Shall answer, let our song be to the Clouds,
And the wind loves them and the gentle gales—
Which by their air re-chloe the naked lawn
With annual verdure, and reserve the woods,
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers—
Lest the air and every mile breathe of air
Bend to the favourite burren. Moon and stars
Keep their most solemn vigil when the Clouds
Watch also, shifting peacefully their place
Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,
As if some Proven at the change had wrought,
In lively soprup the ethereal deep
Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty: O yeLightnings! Ye
are their perennial offering; and the Sun—
Source inexhaustible of life and joy.
And type of man's far-distant reason, therefore
In old time worshipped as the god of verse,
A blushing intellectual deity—
Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
Upon that unchristenths brotherhood
Visions with all but beauteous light.
Enriched — too transient were they not renewed
From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
In silent rapture, credeulous desire
Nourish the hope that mortal lacks not power
To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain
thought!
Yet why refuse, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE
BIRD OF PARADISE.

The gentlest poet, with free thoughts endowed,
And a true master of the glowing strain,
Might scan the narrow province with disdain
That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.
This, the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
The daring thought, forget the name:
This the Sun's bird, whom Glendives might own
As no unworthy Partner in their flight
Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway
Of neither airs' rude billows is unknown:
Whom Nymphs, if e'er for casual pastime they
Through India's spicy regions wing their way,
Might bow to their Lord. With character,
O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee
Of all thy feathered progeny
I so unearthy, and what shape so fair?
So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow — shadowy brown,
Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended;
In intershooting, and to right
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light
Chance on the conscious plumes interlaced here
And there?
Full scratch, when with such proud gifts of life
Began the pencil's strife,
Of scintillation Art was taught in a same
A sense of seemingly pre-omnipotent wrong
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song:
First, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
A fouler judgment from a calmer view:
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
Thankfully took in effort that was meant
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love, to vie,
Or made with hope to please that inward eye
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
But to recall the truth by some faint trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace.
That in the living Creature find on earth a place.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

Gentle of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glory
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen.
Thus wouldn't forge the neighbouring Rhine,
And all his majesty —
A studious forebear to incline
O'er this poor family.
The Mother—her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these riven 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 choosing glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
The grace of parting infancy
By blushes yet unnamed:
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side:
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forsworn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scrore.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Both here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprang:
That gives this raged group to cast
Around the dell a glimm:
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

1828

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

I.

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual
functionary, in communion with sounds, individ-
ual, or combined in studied harmony.
Sources and effects of those sounds (to the
close of 6th Stanza).—The power of music,
whereas proceeding, exemplified in the idola
-Origin of music, and its effect in early-
eges—how produced (to the middle of 6th
Stanza).—The mind recalled to sound,
acting casually and severally.—With uttered
(3rd Stanza) that these could be united into
a scheme or system for moral interests and
intellectual contemplation.—Stanza 9th
The Pythagorean theory of numbers and
music, with their supposed power over the
motions of the universe—imaginations com-
mon, with such a theory.—Wish expressed
(11th Stanza) realized, in some degree, by
the representation of all sounds under the
form of thanksgiving to the Creator.—(Last

Stanza) the destruction of earth and the pla-
netary systems—the survival of audible har-
mony, and its support in the Divine Nature,
as revealed in Holy Writ.

II.

Thy functions are eternal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! And a Spirit aerial
Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blinded;
Intricate labyrinth, more dear for thought
To enter than oncursal cave;
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought.
And whispers for the heart, their slave;
And shrieks, that revel in abuse.
Of slumbering flesh: and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unclose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair;
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiem answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

The bending streams and fountains
Serve Those, invisible Spirit, with untired
powers:
Cheering the watchful tent on Syrian mountains,
They fill perchance ten thousand thousand
flowers.
That roar, the prowling lion's Here I am,
How fearful to the desert wide!
That blast, how tender! of the dam
Calling a stranger to her side.
Shout, cuckoo!—let the semi soul a
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Tell from thy loiter perch, lone bell-bird, toll!
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to man's faint thrill of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening
sea,
Or widow's cottage-kullaby.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
And Images of voice—to build and bong
Repeat the bridal symphony,
Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,
And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milk-maids, one by one.
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A crowded concert mantled by wise Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

Let the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalt the veteran's
mirth.
Unsmooth the peasant's whistling breath, that
lightens
His dusky toil of fowling the green earth,
For the tired slaver, song life, the languid car,
And bids it sply fall, with chime
FORMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
You Gilliems see—in lagging fire
They move; but soon the appoigned way
A choral, Ave Maria 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
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

When civic renovation
Dawns, and the king and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battle-scarred tower;
Then starts the sluggard, pленed to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
Who, from a martialמדו, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unexposed crowd with numless
Hear—
Even She whose Lydian air inspire
Peaceful, strong, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Not from the dancing Graces, as they move
Fanned by the plashing wings of Love.

How off along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions
O Thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of
Betray not by the coruscation of sense
Thy vapours, woefully resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better, mind;
But lead sick Fancy to a harp
That hath in noble task been tried;
And, if the virgins feel a pang too sharp,
As scathe it in patience,—stay
The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of those in firm array
Knit every thought the impending issue needs.
Lae martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

AS CONSCIENCE, TO THE CENTRE

Of being, smites with irresistible pain,
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The mouldy vaults of the droll idiot’s brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled—
Convulsed as by a jarring din:
And then aphant, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay
Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine love, where Wisdom, Beauty,
Truth
With Order dwell, in endless youth!

Oblivion may not lower
All treasures hoarded by the mine. Time,
Orphean Insight! truth’s unadorned lover,
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
When Music dwelled within this grosser sphere
Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Sofer than Nature’s self could mould.
Yet streamers were the infant
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Strung nowhere but an urgent equipage
Of rapt imagination sped her march
Through the realms of woe and weal:
Hell to the lyre bowed low—she was the arch
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
Her was disasters could dispense.

The Girt to king Amphion
That walked a city with its melody
Was for belief no dream—thy skill, Arion!
Could humanise the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves.
Leave for one chant—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o’er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Selfcast, as with a desperate course,
Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud One divide as a manged horse;
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the master rides:
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And he, with his preserver, shone star-bright
In memory, through silent night.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
Vomached in the shadow of Maenal’s pines,
Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards
That in high triumph drew the 1ed of vines,
How did they sparkle to the coyland clang?
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence,—and Silenus swung
This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.
To life, to life give back those ear
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of false, though to truth subservient, bear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffined lid;
The convict’s summons in the steed’s knell;”
The vain distress-gun,” from a leaved shore,
Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

For terror, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes:
From the hale’s first cry to voice of regal city.
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that swears
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that sky-songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempts an angel to descry,
While hovering o’er the moonlight vale.
Ye wandering Utterances, hasten to thy scheme,
No scale of moral music—to unite
The powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory!—O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As lauboured mistsleieth through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!
By one pervading spirit
Of tunes and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony:
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strings that support the seasons in their round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

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 hush 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, atune

Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the car of God, their Lord!

A Voice to Light gave Being:
To Time, and Man his earth-born chronicler:
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir:
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is Harmony, best queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slaye? No! though earth
be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Word that shall not pass away.
1828.
PETER BELL.

A TALE.

What's in a Name?

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P.L., ETC., ETC.

My Dear Friend,

The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in its Manuscript state, nearly survived its minority—for it first saw the light in the summer of 1796. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception: or, rather, to fit it for filling permanently a station, however humble, in the Literature of our Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached—and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

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

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, April 7, 1819.

PROLOGUE.

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon:
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent-moon,
And now I have a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent-moon:
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon!
The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea,
The noise of danger's in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me!
Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The painted horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast
To see how ye are all distrest,
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!
Away we go, my Boat and I—
Fraid man ne'er rate 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?

K
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
Though 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 over the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from top to toe with scars:
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
And melancholy Spectres throng them:

The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them.

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours?

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth—
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be;
I've left my heart at home.

See! there she is, the matchless Earth!
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean,
Old Andes shrugs her craggy spear
Through the grey clouds: the Alps are here.
Like waters in commotion!

Yet tawny slip in Libya's sands:
That silver thread the river Dnieper;
And look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen;
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!
And on the town where I was born!
Around those happy fields we span
In bygone gambols—I was lost.
Where I have been, but on this coast
I feel I am a man.

Nay, never did things at once
Appear so lovely, never, never;
How tunefully the forests ring!
To hear the earth's soft murmuring.
Thus could I hang for ever!

"Come on you!" cried my little Boat,
"Was ever such a homely craft,
Within a living Boat to sit,
And make no better use of it.
A Boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon!

Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet
Fluttered so faint a heart before;
Was it the music of the spheres
The propitiation of your mortal ears?
—Such sin shall trouble them no more.

These noble precincts do not lack
Charms of their own,—then come with me;
I want a comrade, and for you
There's nothing that I would not do;
Nought is there that you shall not see.

Haste! and above Silvanus snows
We'll sport amid the boreal morning;
Will mingle with her lustres gliding

Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
And now the stars adorning.
I know the secrets of the deep:
Where human foot did never stray;
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the depths it lies
Of burning Africa.

Or we'll into the realm of Faery,
Among the lovely shades of things:
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings!

Or, if you thirst with hardly seal
Less quiet regions to explore,
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
How earth and heaven are taught to feel
The might of magic love!

My little vagrant Form of light,
My gay and beautiful Canoe,
Well have you played your friendly part:
As kindly take what from my heart
Experience forces—then adieu!

Temptation lurks among your words;
But, while these pleasures you're pursuing
Without impediment or lest,
No wonder if you quite forget
What on the earth is doing.

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

Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late!)—
Take with you some ambitious Youth
For, restless Wanderer! in truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate.

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If 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 trembling ear,
But grant my wishes,—let us now
Descend from this ethereal height;
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
More daring far than Hippogripp,
And be thy own delight.

To the stope-table in my garden,
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,
The Squire is come—his daughter less Beside him in the cool recess
Sun blooming like a flower.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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 Justice."

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 Bess—
She saw me at the garden door:—
"We've waited anxiously and long,
They cried, and all around me throng,
Full none of them are 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 make with faltering voice like one
Not wholly rescued from the pale
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion:
But, straight, to cover my confusion,
Began the promised Tale.

PART FIRST.

All by the moonlight river side
Crested the poor Weas—alas! in vain;
The staff was raised to loftier height,
And the blow fell with heavier weight
As Peter struck—and struck again.

"Hold!" cried the Squire, "against the rules
Of even the sense you're surely aiming;
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 wheresoe'er he appeared,
Full forty times was Peter frisked;
For once that Peter was respected.
He, two-and thirty years or more,
Had been a wild and woodland rover;
Had heard the Atlantic surge 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 spine of Sarum;
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knoll—
A far-renowned alarum!
At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And often Carlisle had he been;
And all along the Lowland's fair,
All through the honey shire of Ayr;
And far as Aberdeen.
And he had been at Inverness;
And Peter, by the mountain-nills,

Had danced his round with Highland lasses;
And he had lain beside his axes
On lofty Cheviot Hills;
And he had trodged 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,
Disparted with the salt's foam;
Where'er a knot of houses lay
On headland, or in hollow bay:—
Sure never man like him did roam!

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor:—
He traveled here, he traveled there:—
But not the value of a hair
Was heart or head the better
He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.
In vain, through every changing year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brink
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.
Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle pannier train
With more than vulgar pleasure feeding
Where'er the tender grass was leading
His earliest green along the lane.
In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some Ayr mound
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.
At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart: he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky
On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.
Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a sion'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 ever 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 loving forms, and silent weather
And tender sounds, yet you might see
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.
A savage wilderness round him hung
As if 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 wherever risk
The cruel city breeds.
His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the Hawthorn-clene;
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 bale.
His forehead wrinkled was and furred;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his "whence" and "hence;"
And half, by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.
There was a harshness in his cheek,
There was a harshness 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 bowl!
We're drenched at last the promised tale!) One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shaming bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,
Along the river's winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone;
Whether to buy or sell, or let
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.
He trodged along through copse and brake,
He trodged along o'er hill and dale;
No harm did the moon care he be a little,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the mumuring 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
Ducking, among the boughs and leaves.
But quickly Peter's mood is changed,
And on he drives with checks that burn
In dower; to fury and in wrath--; there's little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return!
The path grows dim, and dimmer still;
Now up, now down, the Rover wends,
With all the sail that he can carry,
Till brought to a deserted quarry—
And there the pathway ends.
He paused—for shadows of strange shape,
Massy and black, before him lay;
But through the dark, and through the cold,
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way
Right through the quarry—and behold
A scene of such and lovely hue!
Where blue and grey, and tender green,
Together make as sweet a scene
As ever human eye did view.
Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow land;
But field or meadow name it not;
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 sheltering trees;
When, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary Aas.
"A prize!" cries Peter—but he first
Must spy about him far and near;
There's not a single soul 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 dead and barren; but
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 heals his shaggy side;
But still the Aas remains kept.
Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,
A jerk that from a dungeon-floor Would have pulled up an iron ring;
But still the heavy-headed thing Stood just as he had stood before!
Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,
"There is some plot against me laid;"
Geece 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 Aas, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.
Thought Peter, What can mean all this?
Some ugly witchcraft must be here!
—Once more the hoary motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.
Suspicion ripened into dread,
Yet with deliberate action slow,
His sword a taunting, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hilt,
He deaht a sturdy blow.
Thay Axe staggered with the shock;
And then, as it to take its ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees;
As gory on his side he fell:
And, by the river's brink did lie;
And, while he lay like one that mourned,
The patient beat on Peter turned,
His shining hazel eye.
'Twas but one mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eye-ball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and clear.
Upon the Beasst the sleaping rings:
His rank sides heaved, his limbs they stirred:
He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.
All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans;
And not till now hath Peter seen
How gaunt the Creature is: how lean
And sharp his staring horns!
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 wrong,
With hatred and vexation.
The meagre beast lay still as death;
And with a leaky lip 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—
What fates from the earth on which he lay
To all the echoes, south and north
And east and west, the Axe sent forth
A long and clamorous lay!—
This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
Joy at the heart of Petter knockes:—
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,
Turned 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 Axe did lengthen out
More rudely a deep-drawn shout,
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible lay!
What is there now in Peter's heart?
Or when the might of this strange sound?
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
The cloud blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
And the rocks staggered all around—
From Peter's hand the aspilg dropped!
Threat has he none to execute;

"If any one should come and see
That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,
"I am helping this poor dying brute,"
He scents the Axe from limb to limb,
And ventures not to uplift his eyes;
More steady looks the moon, and clear,
More like themselves the rocks appear
And touch more quiet skies.
His score returns—his hate revives;
He doops the Axe's neck to seize
With malicious— 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 gallowes there portrayed?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin, or a shroud?
A grisly idol beared 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 friend 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 pant:
He looks, he cannot choose but look:
Like some one reading in a look—
A book that is enchanted.
Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!
He will be turned to iron staff,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear! His hat is up— and every hair
Bristles, and whites in the moon.
He looks, he ponders, looks again;
He sees a motion—hears a groan:
His eyes will burn—his heart will break—
He gives a loud and frightful shriek;
And back he falls, as if his life were flown!

PART SECOND.
We left our Hero in a trance,
Beneath the alders, near the river;—
The Axe is by the river-side;
And, where the fertile beeches glide,
Upon the stream the moonbeams quiver.
A happy respite! but at length
He finds the glimmering of the moon;
Wakes with glareed eye, and hastily sighing—
To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,
Into a second swoon!
He lifts his head, he sees his staff;
He touches—tis to him a treasure!
Faint recollection seems to tell
That he is yet where mortals dwell—
A thought received with languid pleasure!
His head upon his elbow propped,
Becoming less and less perplexed;
Skyward he looks—to rock and wood—
And then—upon the glowing flood
His wandering eye is fixed.
Thought he, that is the face of one
In his last sleep securely bound!
So toward the stream his head he bent,
And downward thrust his staff, intent
The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest-shattered bark,
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge—
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise!

His staring bones all shake with joy,
And sight 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, within his limbs and ears,
That Peter Bell, if he had been
The verst carnal ever seen,
Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The Ass looks on—and to his work
Is Peter quietly resigned;
He touches here—he touches there—
And now among the dead man's hair
His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again;
And he whom the poor Ass had lost,
The man who had been four days dead,
Head foremost from the river's bed
Uplifts like a ghost!

And Peter draws him to dry land;
And through the brain of Peter passes
Some poignant switches, fast and faster:
"No doubt," quoth he, "he is the Master
Of this poor miserable Ass!"

The meagre Shadow that looks on—
What shall we now? what is he doing?
His sudden fit of joy is flown—
He on his knees lath laid him down,
As if he were his grief renewing;
But no—that Peter on his back
Must mount, he shows well as he can:
Though Peter then, come weal or woe,
I'll do what he would have me do,
In pity to the poor drowzed man,
With that resolve he boldly mounts
Upon the pleasure and thankful Ass;
And in, without a moment's stay,
That earnest Creature turned away,
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,
The Beast four days and nights had past;
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,
And there the Ass four days had been,
Nor ever once did break his fast;
Yet from his step, and stout his heart;
The herd is crossed—the quarry's mouth
Is closed:—but there the trusty guide
Into a thicket turns aside,
And deftly ambles towards the south.

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

'Tis not a Glover of the moors,
'Tis not a bistem of the fen;
Nor can it be a barking fox,
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks
Nor wild-cat in a wood or grove.

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

What aids you now, my little Bess?
Well may you tremble and look grave!
This cry—that rings along the wood;
This cry—that floats adown the flood,
Comes from the entrance of a cave;
I see a looming Wight—or there;
And if I had the power to say
How sorrowful the wanderer is,
Your heart would be as sad as his
Till you had kissed his tears away!

Grasping a Hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps;
Thence back into the moonlight creeps;
Whence seeks he—"thy silent dead:"
His father!—Him doth he require—
Him hath he sought with fruitless pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees;
New creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running o'er the open plains.
And hither is he come at last,
When through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distress
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest
Hoeering around with dolorous moan!
Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening Ass conjectures well;
Wild as it is, he there doth 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 charming:
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 violation worse than all
Which ever till this night belied.
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 steep
Descending slowly, till he meets
Two dogs outside the moonlight reach.
And there, along the narrow doll,
A fair smooth pathway you discover,
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 Hindoo,
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 gently his steps advance,
The mosques and spires change countenance,
And he is not in the field!

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

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

But whence this faintly-rustling sound
By which the journeying pair are chased?
A withered leaf is close behind,
Light plaything for the sportive wind
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,
It only doubled his distress;
"Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me—
So huge hath been my wickedness!"

To a close lane they now are come,
Where, as before, the enduring Ass
Moves on without a moment's stop,
Nor once turns round his head to crop
A bramble-leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,
The white dust sleeps upon the lane;
And Peter, ever and anon
Backlooking, seeks, upon a stone,
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain,—as if a drop of blood
By moonlight made more faint and wan;
Ha! why these sinkings of despair?
He knows not how the blood comes there—
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spied a bleeding wound,
Where he had struck the Ass's head;
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,
But then it quickly fled;
Of him whom sudden death had seized
He thought,—of thee, O faithful Ass!
And once again those ghastly pains
Shoot to and fro through heart and reins,
And through his brain like lightning pass.

PART THIRD.

I've heard of one, a gentle Soul,
That gave his hand to sadness and to gloom,
And for the fact will vouche,—one night
I passed that by a taper's light
This man was re-dying in his room;
Bending, as you or I might bend
At night's or any pious look,
When sudden blackness overspread
The taper's white page on which he read,
And made the good man round him look.
The chamber walls were dark all round,—
A new book he turned again:
—The light had left the lonely taper,
And formed itself upon the paper
Into large letters—bright and plain!

The godly book was in his hand—
And, on the page, more black than coal,
Appeared, set forth in striking array,
A word—which to his dying day
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.
The ghostly word, thus plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart;
But he had said, poor gentle wight!
It brought full many a sin to light
Out of the bottom of his heart.
Dread Spirits! to confound the meek
Why wander from your course so far,
Disordering colour, form, and stature!
—Let good men feel the soul of nature,
And see things as they are.

Yet, potent Spirits! I well I know,
How ye, that play with soul and sense,
Are not unused to trouble friends
Of goodness, for most gracious ends—
And this I speak in reverence.

But might I give advice to you,
Whom in my fear I love so well;
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 perceive, beneath the moonless sky,
What may be done with Peter Jell!
—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 interred long ere I began;
Ye waited then on my good pleasure;
Pour out indulgence still, in measure
As lib ral as ye can!
Our Travellers, ye remember well,
Are thridding a sequestered lane;
And Peter's many tricks is trying,
And many anomalies applying,
To ease his conscience of his 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;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocked.
Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,
Tell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The Ass turned round his head, and grinned.

Appalling process! I have marked
The like on heath, in lonely wood,
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous—yet
It suited Peter's present mood.
And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He made to dance defiance showed—
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,
A murrain, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road,
Rolled audibly! it swept along.
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!—
Twice by a troop of miners made.

Dying in a blaze, a blaze.
Flying with gunpowder their trade,
Some twenty faunsions 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:
Oy as the weakest things, if fast
Have stifled them, maintain their post;
So he, beneath the gazung moon

The Beast bestriding thus, he reached
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenery and ivy grown,
And tufted with an ivy grove;
Dying ineasy away
From human thoughts and purposes,
It seemed—wall, window, roof and tower
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

As ruinous a place it was,
Thought Peter, in the shire of Fife,
That served my turn, when following still
From land to land a reckless will
I married my sixth wife!

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found:—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
While on 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 affright into the past,
He had no solace in his course:
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compulsions at 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 shadowless.

Her dwelling was a lonely house,
A cottage in a heathy dell;
And she put on her flowery green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.
But many good and pious thoughts
Had she; and, in the Kirk to pray,
The long Scotch miles through rain or snow,
To Kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every Sabbath-Day.
And, when she followed Peter Bell,
It was to lead an honest life.
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledged his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers—but soon
She drooped and pined like one forlorn:
From Scripture she a name did borrow;
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part;
She to the very lone was born,
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
Uping, with a prevailing sense
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 assumed,
Not four yards from the broad highway:
And stretched beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other;
And hears her crying as she cried,
The very moment that he died.

"My mother! Oh my mother!
The sweet pangs pour down from Peter's face,
So grievous is his heart's distress;
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision!
Calm is the well deserving brute,
His peace hath no offence betro'ed
But now, while down that slope he wen's,
A voice to Peter's ear assuaged
Resounding from the woody glade:
The voice, though clamorous as a horn
Re-echoed by a barked rock,
Comes from this tainless—list!
Within, a fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock!

"Repent! repent!" he cries aloud,
"While yet ye may find mercy—strive
To love the Lord with all your might;
Turn to him, seek him day and night,
And save your souls alive!"
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 draped 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 passes;
Poor Peter from a thousand causes,
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow-ground;
And that her Husband now lay dead,
Beside that lackless 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—unutterable 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 rose 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 tonight,
And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,
Will help to bring the body home."
Away goes Rachel weeping loud—
An infant, waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a pityrous 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 so reft,
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,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

The Mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she rises,
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—be 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 Hr—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 clings;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times!
This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage-door;
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
"Oh! God, I can endure no more!"
—Here ends my Tale; for in a trice
Arrived a neighbour with his horse;
Peter went forth with him straightway;
And, with due care, ere break of day,
Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass,
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Lening-Lane,
Help by his labour to maintain
The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

DEDICATION.

TO——

Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape whose beauty Time shall spare
Though a breath made it like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air;
Happy the thought best likened to a stone
Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,
Vein it discovers exquisite and rare.

Which for the loss of that moist gleam alone
That temptes first to gather it. That here,
O chief of Friends! such feelings I pre-ent,
To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Were a vain notion; but the hope is dear,
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild
content!

PART I.

I.

Nurse fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contended with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maidens at the wheel, the weaver at his loom.
Six blithe and happy—besides that war for bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will mumer by the hour in forglove bells;
In truth the prison, unto which we draw
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find here solace there, as I have found.

II.

INTENTION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal of those who may have happened to be examined of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

Well may'st thou halt—and gare with brightening eye!
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook Hath stirred thee deeply: with its own dear brooks.
Its own small pasture almost its own sky!
But covet not the Abode — forbear to sigh; As many do, repining while they look;
Intenders—who would fear from Nature's book
This precious leaf, with harsh impatience.
Think what the Home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day On which it should be touched, would melt away.

III.

"Beloved Vale!" I said, "When I shall con
Those many records of my childish years,
Reminiscences of myself and of my peers
Will press me down: to think of what is gone
Will be an awful thought, if life have one."
But, when into the Vale I came, no fears
Blestress me: from mine eyes escaped no tears;
Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had I none.

By doubts and thousand petty fancies croust
I stood of simple shame the blushing Thrall;
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small:
A Juggle's balls old Time about him tossed;
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed; and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

IV.

AT APPLETHWAITNEAR KESWICK.

Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell.
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 slacks, 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.

PHELPS and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;  
And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide  
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
Shines with poetic radiance as of old.  
While not an English Mountain we behold  
By the celestial Muses glorified.  
Yet rest below, o sea—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 crest among Atlantic clouds,  
And pours forth streams more sweet than  
Castaury.

vi.

There is a little unpretending Rill  
Of impid 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 doubtful will:  
Yet to my mind this scantly Stream is brought  
Often than Ganges or the Nile: a thought  
Of private recollection sweet and still!  
Months perish with their moons: year treads  
on year.

But, faithful Emma! I thos 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.

Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat  
Longs, 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 among precious, as we float  
Gentle and sweet, regardless who shall chide  
If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,  
Happy as our breathing air remote  
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,  
Why have I crowded this small bark with you  
And with Skiddaw kind, ideal crew!

While here sits One whose brightness owes its luster  
To flesh and blood: no Goddess from above,  
No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love?

VIII.

The fairest, brightest, hues of either fade;  
The sweetest notes must terminate and die:  
O Friend! thy flute has breathed a harmony  
Softly recurred through this rocky glade:  
Such strains of rarest art the Genius played  
In his still haunt on Ingland's summits high;  
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,  
Never before to human sight betrayed.  
Let the vale, the mists of evening spread!  
The visionary Arches are not there,  
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas;  
Yet sweet is to me this Mountain's bend,  
Whence I have risen, uplifted on the breeze  
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

IX.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,  
Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.  
PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could say  
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape:  
* See the Vision of Mirza in the Spectator.  
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,  
Nor those bright sunbeams to set the day:  
Which stopped that band of travellers on their way,  
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;  
And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood  
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.  
Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noon-side,  
Do serve with all their changeable pageantry!  
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given  
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time  
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

X.

"Why, Minstrel, these untuneal murmurs—  
Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar?"  
"Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far  
From its own country, and forgive the string."  
A simple answer! but even so forth springs,  
From the Castilian fountain of the heart,  
The Poetry of Life, and all that Art  
Divine of words quickening insensate things.  
From the submissive necks of guillotineless men  
Stretched on the block, the glittering axe re-echoes  
Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils  
Of mortal sympathy: what wonder then  
That the poor Harp distempered music yields  
To its sad Lord, far from his native fields?

XI.

AERIAL ROCK—whose solitary brow  
From this low threshold, daily meets my sight:  
When I step forth to hail the morning light;  
Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell—how  
Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow?  
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest?  
By planting on thy brow the crest  
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough  
Of ruin shall not touch. Inconcent scheme!  
That doth presume no more than to supply  
A grace the sinuous vale and soaring stream  
Want, through neglect of nook Antiquity.  
Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a gleam  
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.

XII.

O GENTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee,  
These twinklest of oblivion! Thou dost love  
To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,  
A captive never wishing to be free.  
This tiresome night, O Sleep, attend art me  
A Fly, that up and down himself doth share  
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 once 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 thus hast had thy store of tenderest names:  

*
The very sweetest, Fancy cults or frames,  
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!  
Dear bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep  
In rich reward all suffering; illustrious thou art,  
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 can scarcely make  
Call thee worst Tyran by which Flesh is crost?  
Peverse, 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!  

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! I 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 wake 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!  

XV.  
THE WILD DUCK’S NEXT.  
The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king  Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell  Where sheath sheIn her feathers, and with perpiled shell  Ceiling’d and roofed: that is so far a thing  As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring.  Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell  Of the brick waves, yet here consents to dwell;  And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.  
Words cannot paint the o’ershadowing yew-tree bough,  
And dimly-glimmering Nest,—a hollow crown  Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,  Fine as the mother’s softest plumes allow;  I gazed—and, self-assured while gazing, sighed  For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous praise!  

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  Unfolded, did not fruitlessly exert  To reverend watchful of each still report  That Nature utters from her rural shrine.  
Meek, truly versed in simple discipline—  
He found the longest summer day too short,  
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,  
Or down the tempting mire of Shawford brook.  
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,  
The cowslip-bank and shabby willow-tree:  
And the fresh meads—where flown, from every nook  Of his full bosom, gladnesses Pity!  

XVII.  
TO THE POET. JOHN DRY.)  
BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made  
That work a living landscape fair and bright;  
Not hallowed less with musical delight  
Than those soft scenes through which the child-  
hood strayed,  
Those southern tracts of Cambria, “deep em-  
bayed,  
With green hills fenced, with ocean’s murmuring  
Shall;”  
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet called  
For worthless brows, while in the penive 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 blessing flock shall sway  
O’er naked Snowdon’s wide aerial waste;  
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongarr Hill  

XVIII.  
ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE  
PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM.  
See Milton’s Sonnet, beginning, “A Book was  
written late called ‘Tetrachordon.’”  
A Book came forth of late, called Peter Bell.  
Not negligent the style;—the matter!—good  
As aught that song records of Robin Hood:  
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish  
Dell;  
But some, who brook those hackneyed themes  
full well,  
Nor heat, at Tam o’ Shanter’s name, their blood!  
Waxed warm, and with foul claws, a hasty  
Brood.  
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.  
Heed not, wild Rover once through heats and  
Glen,  
Who mad’st at length the better life thy choice,  
Heed not such onset! say, if praise of men  
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,  
Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and rejoice,  
In the just tribute of thy Poet’s pen!  

XIX.  
GRIFF, thou hast lost an everready friend  
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute;  
And Care—a comforter that best could suit  
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend  
And Love—a charmer’s voice, that used to lend,  
More efficaciously than aught that flows  
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose  
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without  
end:  
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truec 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, alone  
The manning triumphs of a day too blest.  

XX.  
TO S. H.  
EXILE is needless when with love sincere  
Of occupation, not by fashion taught:  
Thou turn’st the Wheel that slept with dust  
O’erspread;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

My nerves from no such murmurs shrink,—’twas near,
Soft as the Quoebak’s to a distant ear,
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 virtue. Vestere Art,
Torn from the Poor I yet shall kind Heaven protect.
Its own: though Rulers, with undue respect,
Trust to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Need not the pillage of man’s ancient heart.

XXI.
COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY.

Wert each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Savour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame
Put on fresh raiment—fill that hour unfruit;
Domestic hands the home-breid wood had shorn,
And she who span it called the daintiest dice,
In thoughtfuI reverence to the Prince of Peace,
Whose temples bled beneath the plaited thorn.
A beast estate when petty sublime
These humble props dispained not! O green dales!
Sad may I be who heard your sabbath chime
When Art’s abused inventions were unknown;
Kind Nature’s various wealth was all your own:
And benefits were weighed in Reason’s scales!

XXII.
DECEY OF FIFTY.

Oil have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheeks
Matrons and Sires—who punctual to the call
Of God’s last-ordained Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the House of Prayer
Would seek:
By Christmas schools, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
Is ancient Piety for ever flown?
Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds,
That, struggling through the western sky, have
Their pensive light from a departed sun!

XXIII.
COMPOSED IN THE EYE OF THE MARIGROAE OF A FRIEND IN THE VALLE OF GRASMERE, 1814.

What need of clersonic bells or ribands gay,
These sublime surprizes to proclaim our grace?
Angels of love, look down upon the place;
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-blood day!
Yet no proud gladness would the bride display
Even for such promise:—serious is her face,
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts keep pace
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you: Faultless does the Maid appear;
No disproportion in her soul, no strife:

But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

XXIV.
FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes! I hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayer;
For if of our affections none finds grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But, in chaste hearts un influenced 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 hold.

Beyond the visible world she, sees to seek
For what delights the sense is false and weak
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes:—nor will be bend
His heart to anguish which doth on time depend.
’Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love better what is best,
Even here below, but more in heavens 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 unclouded heart is hallowed clay,
That of its native self can nothing ford:
Of good and pious works the sea of seed,
That quickens only where thou says it may:
Unless Thou show to us thine own true way
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlasting.

XXVII.
SUPERSISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, dear 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 sees
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Sorrows, 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.

XVIII.
I.
METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne
Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud;
Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed;
But all the steps and ground about were strown
With sights the rudest that flesh and bone
Ever put on: a miserable crowd,
Sick, pale, old, young, who cried before that closed
"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, 1816.
II.
Even so for me a Vision sanctified
The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had se
Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—
When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's Bride
No trace of pain or languor could abide
That change—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold
Was not once to unfold
A loneliness 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 heavenly assurance, visibly return:
And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power it ceased to mourn.

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

XXXI.
Where lies the Land to which you ship must go?
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropics suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe.
She cares for; let her travel where she may
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear;
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Back!

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

XXXIII.
The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a scolded boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn:
So might I, standing on this pavement bare,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his trident's horn.

XXXIV.
A Volunt'le Tribe of Hearts on earth are found,
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,
On "conges of vantage" hang their nests of clay.
How quickly from that acry bold unbound,
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground
Of nature trues the blind that holds for eye
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay
Secure foundations.
As the year runs round,
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;
While the stars shine, or white day's purple eye
Is gently closing with the flow of spring;
Where even the motion of an Angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquility
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

XXXV.
"Wax is the will of Man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
Heavy is woe—and joy, for human-kind.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!
Thus might be paint our lot of mortal days
Who waste the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination holy and sublime:
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrivel from sorrow's keenest wind.

TO THE MEMORY OF RAILLEY 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 thin when sickness did condemn
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem,
That I, if frugal and severe, might stay
Where'er I lived — and finally array
My temples with the Muse's diadem.
Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth;
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,
In my past verse: or shall be, in the lays
Of higher mood which now I meditate —
It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived, Youth!
To think how much of this will be thy praise.

PART II.

I.
Score not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small hate gave ease to Petarch's wound;
A thousand years as long as this pipe did Iasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The birch that glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypresses with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Sponser, called from Fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-ananimating strains — alas, too few!

II.
How sweet is it, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood
An old place, full of many a lovely bower,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in
Rock beds,
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like a bold Gird, who plays her agile pranks
At Wake, and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks,
When she stands cresting the Clown's head,
And mocks
The crowd beneath her. Very I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, links by
link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such dream
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

TO B. H. HAYDON.
Hugh 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
Path in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert,
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay.

Book no continuance of weak-mindedness —
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

IV.
From the dark chambers of deception freed,
Sparing the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, Gillies, rise: the gailes of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
Though bold Bellophon (so love decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guardian waits on minds that dare,
If might be in them of immortal seed,
And reason governs that audacious flight
Which heavenward they direct. — Then droop
not thou,
Erroneously presuming a sad and early
In the few dell mid Robin'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 gold
With ready sunbeams every straggling shower;
And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy's errands, — then, from fields half-sold
Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flow,
They might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power.
Unsailed by the wise, all censure stilled.
Ah! show that worthier honours are thy due;
Fair Prime of life! arouse the sleeping heart;
Confess the Spirit glowing to pursue
Some path of deep ascent and lofty aim;
And, if there be a joy that slights the claim
Of grateful memory, but that joy depart.

I watch, and long have watched, with calm heart
Yon slowly-sinking star — immortal Sire
(So might be seem) of all the glittering quire!
Blue ether still surrounds him — yet — and yet;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reached, where, février, 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 god! We struggle with our fate.
While health, power, glory, from their height
decline,
Depressed: and then extinguished: and our state
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

I heard (alas! I was only in a dream)
Strains — which, as sage Antiquity believed,
Fly waking ears have sometimes been received
Waltzed down the wind from lake or stream;
A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of sense, achieved
By a fair Swoon on drowsy bills heaved,
Of which her passions 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 ungnia
Hollow.*
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires!
Mount, tuneful bird, and join the immortal
queries!
She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to
follow.

VII.
RETIREMENT.
Is the whole weight of what we think and feel,
Save only far as thought and feeling blend
With action, were as nothing; patriot Friend!
Of thy remembrance would be no appeal;
But to promote and fortify the seal
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 biles:-
Here, with no thrst but what the scream can
stake,
And started only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the unnumbered
Mind
By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Nature, thanks not Heaven amiss.

IX.
NOT LOVE, not War nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor Duty struggling with affections strange—
Nor these alone inspire the tuneful shell;
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of cet or grange,
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
Mere aspirations please her, lone advancement,
And sage content, and placid melancholy;
She loves to gait upon a crystal river—
Diaphanous because it travels slowly;
Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

X.
MARK the concentrated hazels that enclose
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
Of noontide suns—and even the beams that play
And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows.
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye tree!
And thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness keep
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:
For more than Fancy to the influence bends
When solitary Nature contemplates
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

* See the Phaedon of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.

XI.
COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE
HAMILTON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.
Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell:
The wished-for point was reached—but at an
hour
When little could be gained from that rich
dower
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous
power
Salute us: there stood Indian cedars,
Temple of Greece, and minister with its tower
Substantially expressed—a place for bell
Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting isle,
With groves that never were imagined, lay
'Mid seas how stealthily objects all for the eye
Of silent capture: but we felt the while
We should remember them: they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

XII.
—"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 reproof to gross delight,
And his unspiritual pleasures daily woe
But now upon this thought I cannot brood;
It is untold as a dream of night;
Nor will I pause a cloud, however bright,
Dispersing Man's gifts, and proper food.
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-buiit dome,
Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home:
The immortal Mind can no objects endure;
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

XIII.
SEPTEMBER 1815.
While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigiously fair,
In brightest sunshine bask: this reping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter
wields
His icy scimitar, a foresty yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trusses
shields."—
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline
sky,
Announce a season potent to renew
Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of
song,
And noble cares than limitless summer knew.

XIV.
NOVEMBER 1.
How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effluence from yon distant mountain's
head,
Which, strown with snow smooth as the sky
can shed,
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so be might, you mountain's glittering head?

Terrestrial, but a surface, by the sight
Of sad mortality's earth-suffying wing.
Unseen, unseen!—Nor shall the aerial pow'rs
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure.
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vale with welcome flowers.

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 growl.

Impassively, unimply thunders growl;
While trees, dom-ruined, in frenzied numbers stare.
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering worlds, surprised with darkness growl.

As if the sun were not. He raised his eye,
Soul-smitting; for, that instant, did appear
Large space amid dreadful clouds of forest sky.
An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity.

Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness over nigh!

XVI. TO A SNOW-DROP.

Lone Flower, hemmed in with snowy white as they
But harder far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as it fearful to offend,
Like an unknown guest. Though day by day,
Snow-flakes falling from the mountain-tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outwits his promise! Blue-eyed May

Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jouquats, their odours insistent.
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
No more shall be the modest grace forgot.
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 Anne
Countess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar character from other Writers; transcribed by a female friend.

LADY! I railed a Parnassian Cave
(But seldom trod) of mildly-pleasing ore;
And culled, from sunny beds, a solid store
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
The azure brooks where Dian joys to live.
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore
Dun shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's shore,
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.

To female hands the treasures were resigned;
And to this Work!—a groto bright and clear
From stain or tint; in which thy blameless mind
May feed on thoughts though penive not austere.
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
To holy musings, it may enter here.

XVIII. TO LADY BRAUMONT.

LADY! the songs of Spring were in the grove.
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
While I was planting green unfading bowers,
And shrubs—to hang upon the walls above,
And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.
Yet I was the sun of life more feebly shone,
Unlocking, I trust, of solemn gloom,
Or of high ghastliness you shall hither bring;
And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

XIX. THERE IS A PLEASURE IN SOFTLY PAINS.

Whose only Poems known,—I was rightly said
Whom could the Muse's else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their light chains?
When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursued the Enthusiast to the social board,
Caused him belated on the silent plains?
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
As fresh as the star that shews the brow of morn;
Bright, speechless, as a softly-moulded tear.
And the moment it has left the virgin's eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn

XX. THE SHEPHERD, looking eastward, softly said
"Bright is the veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread,
And penetrated all with tender light.
She cast away, and showed her fullest head
Uncovered; dazzling the Belholder's sight
As if to vindicate her beauty's right.
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparag'd,
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
West floating from her, darkening as it went;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approach'd this glory of the firmament;
Who meekly yields, and is obscured—content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

XXI. When naive expectancies prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
Oft shall the lowly snee, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try;
Like these frail snow-drops that together cling,
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling use to stand.

The Matthew phalanx, nobly o’er time;
And so the bright immortal fashion hand,
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove’s command
Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not men, but hearts, are undiscerning Night;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day’s mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
He saw, as o’er him, heaving——he could not rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. Why him was seen
The selfsame Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth!

These mighty barriers, and the gulf between:
The Flood, the stars, —a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

WRIT how odd steps, O Moon, thou clim’st at the sky,
“How silently, and with how wan a face!”
Where art thou? Thus so often seen on high
Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph’s face!

Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath’s a sigh
Which they would stifle, move it at such a pace!
The northern Wind, to call thee to the chase.
Must blow to-night his lugubrious Hail! Had I
The power of Merlin, Goddess! this should be:
And all the stars, fast as the clouds were riven,
Should rally forth, to keep thee company,
Hurrying and sparkling through the clear blue heaven.

But, Cynthia! shouldst to thee the palms be given,
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

EVEN as a dragon’s eye that feels the stress
Of descending sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns on 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.

The stars are mansions built by Nature’s hand.
And, happy, 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 done, or void, or rest,
Or, fearless, reared at Nature’s sage command.

Glad thought for every season! but the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
’Twas a home to the birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year’s prolific art—

Oofad, leaf, blade, and flower— was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

DISPROVING Father! mark thralled boughs,
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dew; what more unhingly now,
Its blooms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed, Inevitable! yet Spring her genial brow
Knots not o’er that discolouring and decay
As false to expectancy, is age’s toy.
At like unlove process in the May
Of human life: — a Stripping’s graces blow,
Fade and are shed, that fall, that fall
Mislead it not a cankerous change may grow
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call;
In all men, sinist is it to be slow
To hope—in Parents, sinist above all.

CAPTIVITY.—MARTYR QUEEN OF SCOTS.

“At the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strives through the Traveler’s frame with deadly chill,
Oft as appears a grave, or obvious hill,
Tintening with unparticipated ray
Or shining slope where he must never stray;
So joys, remembered without wish or will.
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,
On the crushed heart a heavier bethren lay.
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind
To its proportion with my altered state;
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Reflected in my bosom too late!—
O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strict
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind!”

ST CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

When human touch (as monks’ books attest)
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
Broke forth in concert thund’r’d down the hills,
And upward, high as Malvern’s cloudy crest;
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blast
To capture! Malbon listened at the side
Of her loved mistress; soon the movie died,
And Catherine said, Jeth set up my hat.
Wafted 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 confirming thought; And there, a saintly Anchoret, she dwell’d
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy round.

—“Gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

THOUGH narrow be that old Man’s cares, and near
The poor old Man is greater than he seems:
For he hath waking care all day 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 pious fear.
He the seven birds hath seen, that never part,
Seems the Seven Whistlers in their nightly rounds,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

And counted them: and oftentimes will start—
For overhead are sweeping (Gabriell's Hounds)
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

XXX.

Fury fierce steeds, impiant of the rain
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 descrie,
Like a Sierra of cedarian Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
Yes, there was—-——— — for One, another sound
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
And green vales open out, with grove and field.
And the fair front of many a happy Home;
Such tempting spots as into vision come
While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
And sick at heart of strifeful Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

EXXI.

BRONTË, whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew:
And whom the curvier Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some sort of thee to view,
True, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecean Artists, give thee human cheeks;
Channels for tears; so Naïad shouldst thou be.

Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs;
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer color; than those of flesh and blood.
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES, of the snow-white fur;
Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood! Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
Press the point home, or falter and demur.
Check'd in your course by many a teasing thorn:
These natural council-seats your acrid blood
Might cool;—and, as the Genius of the Flood
Soothes willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the brain.
On yonder balls of foam, these arrowy gleams
That o'er the pavement of the surging streams
Welter and flash, a synod might obtain
With subtle speculations, hasty vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched themes.

XXIII.

THUS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE SUG-
GGESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE
CAVERNS, ETC. IN YORKSHIRE.

Pure element of waters! whose soever
Thou dost forake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing
Plants.

Rise into life and in thy train appear:
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects, shine, thy hovering pursuivants;
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pates:
And art and hunt and hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt
In man's perturbed soul thy sway benigna;
And, happily, far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs
With thine.*

XXXIV.

MALHAR COWE.

Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When giantsscapced from out the rocky ground,
Ter under ter, this santicific profound?
(Giants—the same who built in Eris's laie
That Causeway with incomparable toil)
O, had this vast theatric structure wound
With finished sweep into a perfect round,
No mightier work had gained the plausible smile
Of all-beholding Phoebo! But, alas,
Vain earth! false world! Foundations must be laid.
In Heaven: for, 'mid the wreck of and was,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadler tranists o'er thoughts of opic glass
Than nobler objects utterly decayed.

XXV.

GORDALE.

At early dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eve
Is busiest to confer and to beseech;
Then, pause Votary! let thy feet repair
To Gordale-crease, 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 easy hair
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,
Recumbant: Him thou may'st behold, who hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the doleful waters how to burn,
Or (if need be) impendiment to spurn.
And force their passage in the salt-sea tides!

XXVI.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPTEMBER 3, 1809.

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, valleys, peaks, 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!

XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

To

Ir these brief Records, by the Muse's art
Produced as lovely Nature or the stile

* Waters (as Mr Westall informs us in the letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION. 185

That animates the scenes of public life*
Inspired, may in their Suicide 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 learnt
Breathed from eternity; for as a star
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies; now every day
Is but a glistening spoke in the swift wheel
Of the revolving work. Away, away,
All falsity, all transitory zeal!
So timely Grace the immemorial wing may heal,
And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

PART III.

Though the bold wings of Poetry 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'd,
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 wish of grave intent
Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
One offering, kneeling before her modest shrine,
With brow in penitential sorrow wet.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.
Ye sacred Nunneries of blooming Youth!
In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers Expand, enjoying through their mental 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 south,
Transformed, and rising on a bold advance,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Ises leads my striding feet;
Thus the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious street—
An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.
Sware, on this faultless heart! that could allow
Such transport, though but for a moment's space
Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—
The crescent moon, with its glittering prow
The clouds, or night-bird sang from stygian bough;
But in plain daylight—She, too, at my side,
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
Must ever invocate its slightest vow!
Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;
Proof of a higher sovereignty I claim:
Take from Air how the withering flowers of
eye,

And in that bowe life's morning wreaths restore;
Let Air be comprehended in the frame
Of these illusions, or they please no more.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY EIGHTEENTH, THIRTY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.
Two imperial Statues, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me; yet do I behold
The broad full vogue, chest of deepest mould,
The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride:
And lo! a portal, as the Monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in symphony
With the keen threatenings of that fitful eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-detached;
Who trembles now at thy cupricious mood?—
Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King.
We rather think, with grateful mind selecte,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good
Which neither force shall check our time abide

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY [GEORGE THE THIRD.
WARE of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King!
Whose realm had dwindled to one solitary room;
Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
Darkness as thick as life or life could fling,
Save hope for some feeble glimmering:
Of Faith and Hope—if thou, by nature's doom,
Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we lend in grief, to sorrow cling,
When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears
In this deep knell, silent for three-score years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory.

JUNE, 1820.
FAREWells of groves—from England far away—
*Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Know'st thou enchanted, her ever-varying lay;
Such bold report I venture to gauze—
For I have heard the quire of Richmond hill
Chanting, with indefinable shrill,
Scents that recalled to mind a distant day;
When, haply under shade of that same wood,
And sadly conscious of the dashing eaves
Piled steadly between those willowy shores,
The sweet-souled Port of the Seasons stood—
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.
WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line
The turf unites, the path the paths intertwine:
And, whereas'ter the stealing footsteps tend,
Garden, and that Domain wherekindred, friends,
And neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mixed like the sound
Of many waters, or of evening blends

* This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower.
Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave;
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity.
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

VIII.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

Through shattered galleries, mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footsteps oft betrayed.
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upspring
Old Time, though he, gentlement among the Thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the plying stars,
Time loves Thee! Yet at his call the Seasons twin
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hour;
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompence, his gift, is thine!

IX.

TO THE LADY E. R. R. AND THE HON. MRS. R.

Composed in the Grounds of Plas Newiid, near Llangollen, 1824.

A Stream, to mingle with your favourite Des,
Along the Vale of Meditation's flow;
So stylish by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose;
Or hasty there some pious hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
At this late day, its sanctifying name.

Glyn Capel Lligwy, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours, the Vale of Ffynnon Dyair, let this spot
Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long;
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time!

X.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, NORTH WALES, 1824.

How art thou named? In search of what strange land
From what huge height, descending? Can such force
Of waters issue from a British source,
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band
Of Patroons soon their freedom out, with band
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks
From that young Stream, that smiles the throbbing rocks
Of Ysulaia? There I see to stand,
As in life's morn: permitted to behold,
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above
In pomp that fades not: everlastings snows;
And skies that ever relinquish their repos;
Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

* Glyn Myvyr.

XI.

IN THE WOODS OF HYDAL.

Wild Redbreast! I habrest thou at Jemmisa's lip
Pecked, at a mine, thus boldly, Love might say.
A half-done rose had tempted thee to sip,
Its glistening dew; but hollowed is the clay
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is grey.

Am not unworthy of thy fellowship:
Nor could I let one thought— one motion— slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose care
Vouchsafed no narrow faithless to the ground?
Who gives his Angels wings unsooted by fear,
And rolls the plasters through the blue profound.
Then seek or perch, find Flutterer! nor forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

XII.

WHERE PHILOCETES IN THE LEMNIA ISLE

Like a Form sculptured on a monument
Lay enshrouded: on him or his deeds low bent
Some wild herd oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transfigured smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sly gibe vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless vanquishers
From his loved home, and from heroic toil.
And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Basilie
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

XIII.

WHEN Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
In freedom, mountains, and in sea's verge;
Or that with music in the festal barge;
Reigns the proud steed, or through the dance are led;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, so some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet, sent her to fancy out /
To loved 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 vultus unsunned, unairied,
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 lornly eagle race through hoitse search
May perish; time may come when never more
The wilderness shall bear the lion roar;
But long as cock shall crow from household perch
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

To reuse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wings,
And thy errant voice be faithful to the Spring:

XV.

TO ROSETHA Q—

ROSETHA, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
When at the sacred font for thee I stood:
I 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 stream
Whose murmurs soothed thy languid Mother's ear
After her streams, 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.

XIX.

A GRAVE-STONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"MISEREBRIS!", and neither name nor date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;//
Sought but that word assigned to the unknown,
That solitary word—to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
If he chose his epitaph Himself alone:
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate;
And claims, among the dead, this awful crown;
Nor doubt that He marked also for his own
Close to these chisel strata a burial-place,
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
Trampling upon his witness. Stranger, pass
Soberly!—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

XX

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

While eag'ring Antiquarians search the ground
Uttered with curious mien, the Harrow, a Serp
Takes her—The men that have been reap
For Romans travel girt, for business gowned;
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
In festal glee; why not? For fresh and clear,
As if its hues were of the passing year.
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
Hoards may come forth of Trinjans, Maximins,
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil:
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling Twins
The unlettered roughboy pities when he wins
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

XXI.

CHASTENishments! thy stately mansion, and the pride
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a crazy rent
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters glide.
Through fields whose thirsty occupants abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment.

*T he river Rocha, that flows into Wintermere from the Laken of Grassmere and Rydal.
XXI.

A TRADITION OF OXEN HILL IN DARLEY DALE,
DERBYSHIRE.

"Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen Tree: then, eager to fulfill
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way.
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast
Of light that fond memorial:—the trees grew,
And now enwine their arms; but ne'er again
Embraced those Brothers upon Earth's wide plain:
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity.

XXII.

LILAC FERT.

(ON THE WAYSIDE BETWEEN PRESTON AND LIVERPOOL.)

Untouched through all severity of cold;
Ivied, whate'er the cottage height
Or brook, the space within or out;—the birth
Of that Pile of Turf is half a century old:
Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
Against 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 wreath. —Though crumbling with each
Breath of air.

In annual renovation thus it stands—
Ruddy, russet, but wrens nestle there,
And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

XXIII.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,
Esq., for St John's College, Cambridge.]

O, youthful Portrait! and where long hath
Knelt
Margaret, the sainthood 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
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.

What'er thy fate, those features have not grown

Unrecognized through many a household tear
More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops of dew
By morning shed around a flower half-blown;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, if, in thy truth, how dear!

XXIV.

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,
He left more desolate, more dreary cold
Then a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglandine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

XXV.

TO R. B. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE
OF NAPOLEON BONGAPORE ON THE ISLAND OF ST HELENA.

Haydon! let worshipers judge the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours:—I applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unexulted whole of blank and still,
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that laboured to enlave
The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill—
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place
With light reflected, in the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way,
And before him doth dawn perpetual run.

A PORT. —He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller slip in thy stagnant pool.
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scour should write his epitaph.
How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unselfish
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.

XXVII.

The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendour, shall we 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 guards a sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its been
Of pure delight, come whence soever it may, Peace let us seek,—to stedfast things attune Our calm expectations; leaving to the gay And voluble their love of transient bowers, The house that cannot pass away be ours.

XXII.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE SICKE OF WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand On ground yet stern with their last battle's week; Let the Steel glory while his Master's hand Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck: But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check Is given to triumph and all human pride! You trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed Elates not, brought for 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, and nod some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

XXX.

COMPOSED ON A MAP MORNING, 1838.

Life with you Lamb, like day, is just begun, Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide, Does joy approach't they meet the coming tide; And solemnness avoid, as now they shun Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied; Or gambol—each with his shade at his side, Varying its shape wherever he may run. As they from turf yet hear with sleepy dew All turn, and rear the shining and the green, Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen. Why to God's goodness cannot We be true, And joy, His gifts and promises between, Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

XXXI.

Lo! where she stands fast in a saint-like trance, One upward hand, as if she needed rest From rapture, lying sadly on her breast! Nor wants her eyeball an eternall glance; But more the less—may more—that countenance, While thus illumined, tells of painful strive For a sick heart made weary of this life By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance. —Would She were now as when she hoped to pass At God's appointed hour to them who tread Heaven's sapphire pavment; yet breathed well content, Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass, Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread, For health, and time in obvious duty spent. 

XXXII.

TO A PAINTER.

All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed; But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me, Who, yielding not to changes Time has made, By the habitual light of memory see Eyes unblemished, see bloom that cannot fade, And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall die Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be; And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead, Couldst thou go back into far-distant years, Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye, Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art The visual powers of Nature saints, Which hold, what'er common sight appears, Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

XXXIII.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Though I beheld at first with blank surprise This Work, I now have gazed on it so long I see its truth with unequallant eyes: O, my beloved! I have done thee wrong, Conscious of blessedness, but, whence is springing Ever too heedless, as I now perceive: Born into moon old pass, moon into eve, And the old day was welcome as the young, As welcome, and as beautiful,—in sooth More beautiful, as being a thing more holy: Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth Of all thy goodness, never melancholy; To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast Into one vision, future, present, past.

XXXIV.

Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest, By twilight's prematurite of cloud and rain; Nor does that roaring wind deade his strain Who carols thinking of his Love and rest, And seems, as more incited, still more blest. Thanks; thou hast snapt a fire-side Poet's chain. Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain, And in a moment charmed my cares to rest. Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast, That we may sing together, if thou wilt, So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day, Muse in her next love-chosen, if not love-built Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past, Thrilled by lone snatches of the social Lay. Ay, yed! Moonlight, 1838.

XXXV.

'Tis he whose yester-evening's high disdain Beat back the roaring storm—but how subdued His day-break note, a sad viscidious! Does the hour's drovvy weight his cheek restraint? Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein Wasted to renounce, does this dear Thrush attire His voice to suit the temper of you 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.

On what a Week! how changed in mien and speech! Yet—though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

120

Entanglements of the brain; though shadows stretch
Over the chilled heart—reflect: far, far within
Here is a holy Being, freed from Sin.
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,
But delegated Spirit in comfort feigned
To Her from heights that Reason may not win.
Like Children, She is privileged to hold
Diverse congregation; both do live and move.
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,
Ioly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
Love pitying innocence not long to last,
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.

XXXVII.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake
You buy 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 earnests: far other strife
Than will hereafter move them, if they make
Pastime their idol, give their day of life
To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.

Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?
Pains which the World inflicts can she requite?
Not for an interval however brief;
The silent thoughts that search for steadfast light.
Love from her depths, and Duty in her might,
And Faith—these only yield secure reply.

Mark 6:4, 1842.

XXXVIII.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS. MAY 1838.

Failing impartial measure to dispense
To every writer, Equity is lame:
And social Justice, script of reverence
For nature, sight, a mockery and a shame;
Law but a servile dupe of false pretense
In the exclusion of greatest things from common claim.
Now and for ever, She, to works that came
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.
"What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
For Books?" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved
That 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.

VALUABLE SONNET.

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published
in 1838.

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have here
Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered spots),
Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
And that, so placed, my Nurseries may require
Studious regard with opportune delight,
Nor be unblanked, unless I fain see.
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!

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D.
CHAPLAIN OF HARBRO SCHOOL.

After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicanus,
recently published.

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy hand
Have I received this proof of pains bestowed
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
That, in our native land, and every land,
The Church, when trusting in divine command
And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:
O may these lessons be with profit scanned
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!
So the bright faces of the young and gay
Shall look more bright—the happy, happier still;
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
Motions of thought which elevate the will
And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill
Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1843.

XI.

TO THE PLANET YENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star)
To the Earth, Jan. 1838.

WHAT strong allurement draws, what spirit guides,
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer.

Night after night? True it is Nature hides
Her treasures less and less,—Man now presides
In power, where once he trembled in his weakness.
Science advances with gigantic strides;

But are we taught enriched in love and meekness?

Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise
More than in humbler times graced human story;
That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise
With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory.

When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

XI.

WANSPELL ** this Household has a favoured lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while Morn crowns thee with her rays,
Or when along the breast severely float
Evening's anglicic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought

* The Hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside.
Of glory lavished on our quiet days,
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words attest
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shine
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found
rest.
Dec. 24, 1842.

WHILE BEAMS OF ORIENT LIGHT SHOT WIDE AND HIGH.

XLI.

Deep in some vale a little Rural Town
Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,
That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,
But, with a less ambitious sympathy,
Hangs 'er its Parent waking to the cares,
Troubles and toils that every day prepares.
So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
Endears that Lingering. And how blest her way
(like influence never may my soul reject)
If the calm Heaven, so now in its retreats decked
With glorious forms in numberless array,
To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
Gleams from a world in which the saints repose.
June 1, 1842.

IN MY MIND'S EYES A TEMPLE, LIKE A CLOUD.

XLII.

Slowly surrounding some invincible hill,
Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still;
And might of its own beauty have been proud,
But in its fashion and to God was vowed
By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human art;
Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blow loud,
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;
And love her towers of dread foundation laid
Under the grave of things: Hope had her store
Star-high, and pointing still to something higher;
Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,
"Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when we build."

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

XLIII.

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown
Must perish—how can they this blight endure?
And must he too the restless change bemoan
Who scorches a false utilitarian look
Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright Scenic, from Orresthead
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous need
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance

OF NATURE: AND, IF HUMAN HEARTS BE DEAD,

XLIV.

Speak, passing winds: ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.
October 15, 1844.

PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS, WHEN, IN TIMES OF OLD.

XLVI.

Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows: ye gloomy peaks, each scar:
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car.
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
Heard ye that Whistle? As her long-linked Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
Yes, ye were startled: and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.

AT FURNES HADLEY.

HERE, WHERE, OF HAVOC TIRED AND RASH UNDOING,

XLVII.

Man left this Structure to become Time's prey,
A nothing Spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.
See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin,
Fall to prevent or beauty decay:
And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay.
The flowers in pearly dew 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 you tall Tower
Whose crouching occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
Where, Cavendish, these seem nothing but a name!

AT FURNES HADLEY.

WELL HAVE YOU RAILWAY LABOURERS TO THIS GROUND

XLVII.

Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk
Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
Is heard: to grave demeanour all are bound:
And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound
Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire
And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.
Others lift up, and with fixed eyes admire
That wide-spread arch, wondering how it was raised,
To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace:
All seem to feel the spirit of the scene.
And by the general reverence God is praised:
Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
While thus these simple-hearted men are moved.
June 21st, 1845.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.
1853.

I.

DEPARTURE
FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE. AUGUST, 1803.

The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains
Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains;
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
 Methinks 'twould heighten joy to 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, Grassmere! 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 moor;
With prompt embrace all beauty to unfold,
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 itsome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

II.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.
1803.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold;
As vapours breathed from dangerous cold
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forehead to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear.
Alike are vain.

Off weight — nor press on weight — away
Dark thoughts — they came, but not to stay;
With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.
Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "planted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Dost glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.
The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now? —
Full soon the Asprian of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.
I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for He was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.
Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends,—
Huge Coffin's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
We might have been;
True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined,
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still,
The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thus, "poor Inhabitant below,
At this dread moment— even so—"
Might we together
Have said and talked where Gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.
What treasures would have then been placed
Within my reach; of knowledge garded
By fancy what a rich repast!
But why go on?
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown,
There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
(Not three weeks past the Stripping died,) Lies less to his Father's slot,
Soul-moving sigh!
Yet one to which is not denied
Some sad delight.
For it is safe, a quiet bed
11th early found among the dead,
Harrowed where none can be misled,
Wronged, or disturb;
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.
And oh for Thee, by plying grace
Checked oft-times in a devil race,
May He who halloweth the place
Where Man is laid
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!
Sighing I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music, that sorrow comest not near,
A rural hymn,
Haunted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

III.

THOUGHTS
SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE
RANKS OF NAUTH, NEAR THE POET’S RESIDENCE.
Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The Vison* tells us how—
With holy spray,
He faultered, deferred to and fro,
And passed away.
Well might such thoughts, dear Sister, throng
Our minds when, lingering all too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung
In social grief—
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief.
But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentile 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, wretch, and blight;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the sense, humblest of right
His course was true,
When Wisdom prospered in his sight
And virtue grew.
Yes, freely let our hearts exord,
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 trode
These pathways, you far-stretching road!
There lurks his home: in that Abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
The Ruskin state.

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 flushes of his pen
He rules mid war and tedium, and when
Been fill their hives:
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.
What need of fields in some far clime
Where Heroes, Sages, lurk 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 Ministrel 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 judgment 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;
Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are pointing 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 mellow faire
There will be need;"
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

For honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your Father’s name will make
A snare for you.
Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service sweet;
There seek the genius of your Sire,
His spirit grieve;
Or where, ‘mid “lonely heights and hows,”
He paid to nature tuneful vows;
Or wipe his honourable brows
Bedewed with toil.
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturned the soil;
His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But m’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!

V.

ELLEN IRWIN:

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle:
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.
From many knights and many squares
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.
But what are Gordon’s form and face,
His shattered hopes and crosses,
To them, ’mid Kirtle’s pleasant braes,
Recorded on flowers and mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, crooked behind a thorn,
Sees them and their carelessness:
Beholds them blest and blessing.
Dread Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And, starting up to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover,
And, falling into Bruce’s arms,
Thus died the beauteous Household maiden.
Thus, from the heart of her True-love,
The mortal spear the death-sooth make
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish crescent.
But many days and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooring,
So, coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken, upon Ellen’s grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.
Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kilmarnock 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 former rift let be!

VI.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERNSYDE, UPTON 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; the Household lawn:
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmuring near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter the light boat;
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 mine, or thine,
In which more plainly I could trace
Serenity and home-born sooe
Reposing in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidly shamefastness;
Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer;
A face with gladness overgiind!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that ways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visiting;
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of words, in the words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a stride
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I; not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of temper-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland call
For more who art so beautiful!
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some healthy dell;
Adopt thy lonely ways and stresses,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!—
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy Father,—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had: and going hence
I bear away my recollection.

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 far before me shall behold
As given near the colon small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfalls,
And Thou, the Spirit of them all!

VII.

GLEN-ALMAIN;

THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;
In a still spot, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one;
Her sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have nightly been kept at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
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 grandeur to tranquility.

Does then the bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What sin was his? — I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of his perfect rest.
A convert, 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 is
Of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead;
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race
Lies buried in this lonely place.

VIII.

STEEPING WESTWARD.

While my fellow traveller and I were walking
By the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening
After sunset, in our road to a Hut where,
In the course of our Tour, we had been
Hospitality entertained some weeks before, we
Met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary
Region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom
Said to us, by way of greeting, "What, you
Are stepping westward?"

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

"Yes?—"Would be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Wore in this place the guess of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lend him on?
The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heartily destiny.
I liked the greeting; I knew 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 entered
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

IX.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Desires her, single in the field,
You 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 hands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling never was heard
In spring-time from the Cock-crow-bird,
X

ADDRESS

TO

KILCHRANE 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 flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Crusanich, 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,—misses rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—
not the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—Extract from The Journal of my Companion.

CHILD OF loud-voiced War! the mountain stream
Roars in thy hearing: but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
Sore when the wind strives and sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor thine.
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 Necessity adopted; though, in place
And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
But a mere footstool to any sovereign Lord,
Hugene Crusanich, (a thing that meaner hills
Might blush, nor know that it had suffered)
Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
To reverence, suspends his own; submitting
All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
All that he holds in common with the stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time
Impersonated in thy calm decays
Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unapproved
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount: and rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite
To pay thee homage; and with these are joined,
In willing admiration and respect,
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called
Youthful as Spring.—Shade of departed Power,
Skele of unfeasted humanity.
The chronicle were welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infant years!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizz'ry turbulence eludes the eye.
Frowns by distance; so, majestic Pile,
To the perception of this Age, appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued
And quenched in character—the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable.
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades!"

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 pinfold-like Bural-
grounds, of neglected and desolate appear-
ance, which the traveller meets with in the
Highlands of Scotland.
A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a story of a 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 Highland King.
Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
And wondrous length and strength of arm:
Nor craved he more than his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.
Yet was Rob Roy as wise as brave:
Forgive me if the phrase be strong:—
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.
Say, then, that he was wise as brave:
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.
Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves:
They stir us up against our kind:
And worse, against ourselves.
We have a passion—make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.
And, praised, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I grieve on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in
Talesw. 
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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
Sufficed them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.
All the goodness of the race is checked,
He tamed, who foolishly aspire;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashioned 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—now, at least, have been
But through wantonness of fate;
For Polty was too strong—
He came as age too late.
Or shall we say an age too soon?
For, were the bold Man living now,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With hounds on every beak!
Then tents and farriers, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and latrins and their domains,
Would all have seemed but petty things,
Not worth a moment’s pains.
Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre Vales confined:
But thought how wide the world, the times
How lofty to his mind!
And to his Sword he would have said,
“Do thou my sovereign will enact
From high, to high, through half the earth
Judge thou of law and fact!”
’Tis fit that we should do our part,
Becoming, that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surprised
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 death the sign of life and death:
Kings shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath.”
And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As might have been, then, thought of joy!
From evil some had her present bliss,
And we our own Rob Roy!
Oh! I say not so: compare them not;
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere: least of all
Here standing by thy grave.
For though, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild Chiefain of a savage Clan!
Had this to bear of thou didst love
The liberty of man.
And, had it been thy lot to live
With who now beheld, and at sight,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the Right.
For thou were still the poor man’s stay,
The poor man’s heart, the poor man’s hand;
And all the oppressed, who in strength,
Had thine at their command.
Bears witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Vool’s heights,
And by Loch Lomond’s bases!
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.

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE.

DEGENERATIVE Douglast oh, the unworthy Lord!
Whom mere desire of heart could so far please,
And love of havock, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horse;
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient home, 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 mountain, 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, bisk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Bisk ye, bisk ye, my winnows Marrow” —)

From Stirling castle we had seen
Thee Mary Forth untravelled:
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenfod,
Then said my “winnows Marrow,”
“Whate er’ bestride, we’ll turn aside,
And see the Breas of Yarrow.”

“Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go luck to Yarrow, ’rin their own;
Each mason to her dwelling!
On Yarrow’s banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow’;
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There’s Galla Water, Leader Haugha,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The linwhites sing in chorus;
There’s pleasant Livestock, 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 a score;
My True-love sighs for sorrow:
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!
"Oh! I green," said I, "are Yarrow’s holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing?
Fair hangs the apple near the rock,"
But we will leave it growing.
Our bally path, and open Strath.
We’ll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the vale of Yarrow.
Let bees and home-bred lassie partake
The sweets of Burn-mead miller;
The swan on still St Mary’s Lake
Float double, swan and shadow by.
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 snared dreams of times long past,
We’ll keep them, wise Yarrow! For when we’re there, although too 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 in 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 KILLILCRANKY,
An invasion being expected, October 1803.
Six thousand veterans practised in war’s game,
The men, at Killilcrankie were arrayed.
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a whirling storm
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame,
And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road,
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies.—"Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.

O for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave?
Like conquer would the Men of England see;
And her foes find a like inglorious grave.

XV.
THE MATRON OF JEDBURGH AND HER HUSBAND.
At Jedburgh, my companion and I went into private lodgings for the night, and the following verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.
Ac’t twice thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
And call a train of laughing Hours;
And bid them dance, and bid them sing;
And thou, too, mingle in the ring;
Take to thy heart a new delight;
If not, make merry in despite.
That there is One who scorches thy power—
But dance! for under Jedburgh Tower
A Matron dwells who, though she bears
The weight of more than seventy years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay! start not at that Figure—there I
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.
Dear, drooping, that is now his doom;
His world is in this single room;
Is this a place for merry cheer?
Can merry-making enter here?

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that fortress estate;
He breathes a subterraneous damp;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp;
He is as mute as Jedburgh Tower;
She jouces as it was of yore,
With all its bravery in its veins;
When all alive with merry chimes,
Upon a sunny hour of May,
It roused the Vale to holiday.

I praise thee, Matron! and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise, and true;
With admiration I behold
The gladness unsubsisted and bold;
The looks, thy gestures, present all
The picture of a life well spent.
This do I see; and yet more;
A strength of thought of heretofore
Delighted am I for thy sake;
And yet a higher joy partakes;
Our Human-nature throws away
Its second twilight, and looks grey;
A load of promise and of pride;
Unfolding, 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,
Utterly dead: yet in the guise
Of little infants, when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro.
The persons that before them go,
He tracks their motions, quick or slow.
Where common cheerfulness would fail;
She strikes upon him with the heat
Of July suns; he feels it sweet;
Animal delight though dim!
In all that now remains for him.
The more I looked, I wondered more—
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
Some in fond trouble suddenly
Broke from the Marston's strong black eye—
A remnant of joy, a flash of something over-bright!
Nor long this mystery did detain
My thoughts;—she told in pensive strain
That she had borne a heavy yoke,
Been stricken by a twofold stroke;
Ill health of body; and had pined
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.
So be it!—but let praise ascend
To Him who is our Lord and friend?
Who from disease and suffering
Hath called for thee a second spring;
Repaid thee for that sore distress
By so untimely joysomess;
Which makes of thine a blissful state;
And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

XVI.
Fly, some kind Harlington, to Grassmere-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 bear the tale;
There burneth a mystery of joy profound,
The kitten frolic, like a gnomes sprite,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-uppounding good that shall not fail:
And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
Yet that same child (a 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 Easterly joy,
Have romped enough, my little Boy!
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest;
Her corner is your own.
There I take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly;
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure, which befell
A poor blind Highland Boy.
A Highland Boy!—why call him so?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know
That, as the hills which rise like towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
A Highland Boy, who, in his birth had lived;
He never 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.
But yet he neither dropped 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 him, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day,
Went hand in hand with her.
A dog, too, had he: not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.
And then the bagpipes he could blow—
And thus from house to house would go:
And all were pleased to hear and see,
For none made sweeter melody.
Than did the poor blind Boy.
Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the wave beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood.
Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size, and strange;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.
For to this lake, by night and day
The great Sea-waves fire the sky
Through long, long windings of the hills
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong:
Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns, on errand still the same;
This did it when the earth was new;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.
And, with the coming of the tide,
Come boats and ships that safely ride
Between the woods and rocky rocks;
And to the shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.
And of those tales, what'ere they were,
The blind Boy always had his share;
Whether of mighty towns, or vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.
Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shooting, and the jolly cheers;
The battle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.
But what do his desires avail?
For He must never handle sail;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,
Upon the rocking waves.
His Mother often thought, and said, What sin would be upon her head If she should suffer this; " My Son, Whate'er you do, leave this undone; The danger is so great." Thus lived he by Loch-Leven's side Still sounding with the sounding tide, And heard the billows leap and dance, Without a shadow of mischance, Till he was ten years old. When one day (and now mark me well, Ye good, I shall now show how this befell) He in a vessel of his own, On the swift flood is hurrying down, Down to the mighty Sea. In such a vessel never more May human creature leave the shore! If this or that way he should stir, Woe to the poor blind Mariner! For death will be his doom. But say what bears him?—Ye have seen The Indian's bow, his arrows keen, Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright; Gifts which, for wonder or delight, Are brought in ships from far. Such gifts had those seafaring men Spread round that haven in the glen; Each hut, perchance, might have its own; And to the Boy they all were known— He knew and praised them all. The rarest was a Turtle-shell Which he, poor Child, had studied well; A shell of ample size, and light As the pearly car of Amphitrite, That sportive dolphins drew. And, as a Coracle that braves On Vaga's breast the fierceful waves, The shell upon the deep would swim, And gaily lift its fearless trim Above the tossing surge. And this the little blind Boy knew: And be a story strange yet true He heard, how in a shell like this An English Boy, O thought of bliss! Had stoutly launched from shore; Lifted from the margin of a bay Among the Indian isles, where lay His father's ship, and had sailed far— To join that gallant ship of war, In his delightful shell. Our Highland Boy of yesthood The house that held this prize; and, and by Choice or chance, did thither come One day when no one was at home, And found the door unbarred. While there he sat, alone and blind, That story flashed upon his mind:— A bold thought roused him, and he took The shell from out its secret nook, And bore it on his head. He launched his vessel,—and in pride Of spirit, from Loch-Leven's side, Sung into it—his thoughts all free As the light breezes that with glee Sang through the adventurer's hair. A voice he stood upon his feet; He felt the motion—took his seat; Still better pleased as more and more The tide retreated from the shore, And sucked, and sucked him in. And there he is in face of Heaven. How rapidly the Child is driven! The fourth part of a mile, I ween, He thus had gone, ere he was seen By any human eye. But when he was first seen, oh me, What shrieking and what misery! For many was; among the rest, His Mother, she who loved him best, She saw her poor blind Boy. But for the child, the sightless Boy, It is the triumph of his joy! The bravest traveller in heaven, Mounting as it to reach the moon, Was never half so blessed. And let him, let him go his way, Alone, and innocent, and gay! For, if good Angels love to wait On the forlorn unfortunate, This Child will take no harm, But now the passionate lament, Which from the crowd on shore was sent, The cries which broke from old and young In Gaelic, or the English tongue, Are stilled—all is still. And quickly with a silent crew A boat is ready to pursue; And from the shore their course they take, And swiftly down the deep they sail. They follow the blind Boy. But soon they move with softer pace; So have ye seen the follower chase On Grammer's clear unrelent breast A youngling of the wild-duck's nest With deftly-lifted oar; Or as the wily sailors crept To sease (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. "Leigha—Leigha"—he then cried out, "Leigha—Leigha"—with eager shout; Thus did he cry, and thus did pray, And what he meant was for me away, And leave me to myself!" Alas! and when he felt their hands— You've often heard of many ends, That with a motion overthrow A palace of the prestes 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
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Have watched the event, and now can see
That he is safe at last.
And then, when he was brought to land,
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which, gathering round, did on the banks
Of that great Water give God thanks,
And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little dog took part;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
She who had fainted with her fear,
Rejoiced when wakening she espies
The Child: when she can trust her eyes,
And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept again,
When he was in the house again:
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes,
She kissed him—how could she chastise?
She was too happy far.

"Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perils Deep, the Boy was saved;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell
Still do they keep the Turtle-shell;
And long the story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

Note.—It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages,
that a boy, son of the captain of a Man-of-War,
seated himself in a Turtle-shell, and floated in
it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay
at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In
deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have
substituted such a shell for the less elegant ves-
sel in which my blind Voyager did actually en-
trust himself to the dangerous current of Loch
Leven, as was related to me by an eye-wit-
ness.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

I.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen, Or depth of labyrinthine glen; Or into trackless forest set With trees, whose lofty umbrage met; World-weary Men withdrew of yore; (Penance their trust, and prayer their store;) And in the wilderness were found To such apartments as they found; Or with a new ambition raised; That God might suitably be praised.

II.

High lodged the Warrior, like a bird of prey; Or where broad waters round him lay; But this wild Ruin is no ghost Of his devices—buried, lost! Within this little lonely isle There stood a consecrated Pile; Where tapers burned, and mass was sung, For them whose timid Spirits hung To mortal succour, though the tomb Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

III.

Upon those servants of another world When maddening power her lialts had hurled, Their habitation shook—it fell, And vanished, save one narrow cell; Whither, at length, a Wretch retired Who neither grovelled nor aspired: He, struggling in the set of pride, The future scorned, the past defied; Still tempting, from the ungodly forge Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

IV.

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race, Who stood and flourished face to face With their perennial hills—but Crime, Haunting the stern decrees of Time, Brought low a Power, which from its home Burst, when repose grew wearisome; And, taking impulse from the sword, And, mockery of its own plighted word, Had found, in anguish widely dealt, Its warfare's bane, its travel's belt!

V.

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile Shot lightning through this lonely isle! No right had he but what he made To this small spot, his leafy shade; But the ground lay within that ring To which he only dared to cling; Renouncing here, as worse than dead, The craven few who bowed the head Beneath the change; who heard a claim How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went (So seemed it) down a strange descent: Till they who saw his outward frame Fixed on him an unshackled name; Him, free from all malicious taint, And guiding, like the Patmos Saint, A pen unw ear ted—to indite, In his lone isle, the dreams of night: Impassioned dreams, that strove to span The faded glories of his Clan!

VII.

Sure that through blood their western harbours sought, And stars that in their courses fought; Towers rent, woods combated with woods, Lands deluged by unbridled floods; And beast and bird that felt the spell Of sleep took import terrible; These types mysterious (if the show Of battle and the room for foe Had failed) would furnish an array Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII.

How disappeared He?—ask the newt and toad, Inheritors of his abode; The stier crouching undisturbed, In her dark cleft—but be thou curbed, O forward Fancy! mild 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 thunders Stormer—when he throws
His soul into the briar-rose;
Or calls the lily from her sleep
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless sun
Is warbling near the Brownie's den.

ⅩⅠ.
Wild Religion! beauteous as the chosen spot
In Nysa's vale, the embellished grot;
Whence, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rheas eye;
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
Close-crowding round the infant-god;
All colours,—and the liveliest streak
A fail to his celestial check !

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."—MRS.
Lawn of the vale! astounding Flood;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power
To look on thee—delight to move
Where they thy voice can hear:
And, to the patriot-wrinnor's Shadoe
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,
Afoot, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the stream,
You grey tower's living cleft!
But clouds and evident darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully described:—
That consistent missoner,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy?
To what untrodden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show:
That never will they degiug to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.
The man of object soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom
That stili invests the guardian Pass
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.
And let no Slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Ut's lake, where Tel
Leapt, from his storm-vest boat, to land,
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.

Ⅲ.
EFFUSION,
IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF
THE DREA, NEAR DUNKELD.

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned
us when we must expect it. We were first,
however, conducted into a small apartment,
where the Gardener desired us to look at a
picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling
the history of the young Artist who executed
the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—
A flying assander as by the touch of magic—and
lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment,
which was almost dizzy and alive with
waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the
great cascade, opposite the window, which faced
us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon
the ceiling and against the walls." —Extract
from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.

Ways—He, who, mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Dost yet frequent the hill and
Muse figure on a stucco wall;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art:
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing;
One loud cascade in front, and lo!
A thousand like it, white as snow—
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataclasts of their tears
Not stopped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood.
What pains to dazzle and confound!
What strife of colour, shape, and sound
In this quaint mediety, that might seem
Devised out of a sick man's dream?
Strange scene, fantastic and unessay
As ever made a malicious ditty,
When disenchanched from the mood
That loves on sultry thoughts to brood!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

O Nature—in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
Ever averse to pantomime,
Thou neither do they know nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle thus:
Else verify the sober powers
Of earth the frowns, and stream that roars,
Excited by congenial sway
Of spirits, and the undying Lay,
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured spot;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The bond 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—stern sentinel
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;
As if in memory of the affray
Far distant, when, as legends say,
The Monks of Fountains' thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's cords,
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 turn him from his loved retreat,
Where altar-stone and rock-beam seat
Still hint that quiet beast is found,
Ev'rywhere by the Longet, under ground;
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
Defying, put the Monks to shame,
There where you see his Image stand
High on a rock, with threatening brand
Which lingering Nin is proud to show
Reflected in the pool below*.

This, like the men of earliest days,
Our sires set forth their grateful praise:
Unswath the workmanship, and rude!
But, nursed in mountain solitude,
Might some aspiring artist dare
To seize what'er, through misty air,
A ghost, by glimpes, may present
Of theable limenent,
And give the phantom an array.
That be should scorn the abandoned clay;
Then let him bow with patient stroke
An Ossian out of murlc rock,
And leave the figurative Man—
Upon thy margin, roaring Brass—!
Placed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With moral sanctities in trust,
More precious than a hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which did idolatry bosed.
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-ick 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 affections interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deceived man applauds;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern
The freshnes, the everlasting youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart?
Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
With labours of theatric taste,
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
On many bands of alien flowers
In stuff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mus'd; and, thirsting for redress,
Recalled into the wilderness.

IV.

YARROW VISITED,
SEPTEMBER, 1814.
(See page 339.)

Are you 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 glades at Mary Lake,
Is visibly delighted.
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.
A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise that excludes
All preludes depression,
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.
Where was it that the famous Flow'r
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was you smooth mound
On which the herb is fastening;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, useful Yarrow!
But thou, that didst appear so fair
To feed imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.
That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature:
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark’s Towers,
Renowned in Border story.
Fair scenes for childhood’s opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in:
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in:

Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection,
How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love’s forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather:
And what if I enwreathed my own?
’Twere no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.
I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee:
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure:
And glad some 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 hastest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crec
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and
shouldst it wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, dread
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 heart-felt 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?
Leads, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low de-
gree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,
Post-forward all, like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee.
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seeming reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never shown
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 ARDOISE, 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:

* 14th July, 1790.

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, Citizens!" a hollow word,
As if a dead man spoke it! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pervasive as a bird
Whose vernal covert 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 be
gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good.
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business; these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

V.
CALAIS, AUGUST 13, 1802.

Festivals have I seen that were not names:
This is young Buonaparte's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established sway—
Consul for life. With worship France pro-
claims
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.
Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!
Calais is not: and I have best my way
To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
His business as he likes. Far other show
My youth here witnessed, in a broader tone;
The senselessness of joy was then sublime!
Happy be he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.
ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous east in fee: 
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a main City, light, bright and free:
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must expose the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay?
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her life's delight had reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

The Voice of song from distant lands shall call.
To that great King: shall hail the crowned Youth.
Who, taking counsel of unbounding Truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand: or fall,
If all they must. Now, whom doth it tend?
And what to him and his shall be the end?
That thought is one which neither can appeal
Nor cheer him: for the illustrious Swede hath done
The thing which ought to be: is raised above
All consequences: work he hath begun
Of fortune, and pitty, and love,
Which all his glorious ancestors approve:
The heroes bless him, him their rightful son.

TO TOUCHEAINT L'OUEVERTE.

TOUCHEAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling gale tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy heart be now
Followed in some deep dungeon's earliest den:
Misirable Chief lain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen, yet, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies:
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that dis-
gressed those times, was the chasing of all
Negroes from France by decree of the
government: we had a Fellow-passenger
who was one of the expelled.
We had a female Passenger who came
From town to town in a watchless array,—
A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman wearing fear:
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She rare 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 remained their tractile 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!

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
The cock that crowed, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of her life which reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

VII.

IX.

X.

X.

XI.

XII.

The Voice of song from distant lands shall call
To that great King: shall hail the crowned Youth.
Who, taking counsel of unbounding Truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
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From town to town in a watchless array,—
A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman wearing fear:
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She rare 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 remained their tractile 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!

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
The cock that crowed, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of her life which reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

VII.

IX.

X.

X.

XI.

XII.

The Voice of song from distant lands shall call
To that great King: shall hail the crowned Youth.
Who, taking counsel of unbounding Truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand: or fall,
If all they must. Now, whom doth it tend?
And what to him and his shall be the end?
That thought is one which neither can appeal
Nor cheer him: for the illustrious Swede hath done
The thing which ought to be: is raised above
All consequences: work he hath begun
Of fortune, and pitty, and love,
Which all his glorious ancestors approve:
The heroes bless him, him their rightful son.

TO TOUCHEAINT L'OUEVERTE.

TOUCHEAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling gale tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy heart be now
Followed in some deep dungeon's earliest den:
Misirable Chief lain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen, yet, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies:
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that dis-
gress...
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XII.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1809.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed,
To think that now our life is only drear
For show; mean hand-y-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a bee
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest.
The wealthiest man among us is the best;
No man is now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

LONDON, 1809.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of half and bower,
Have forfitted their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again:
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In spierdour; what strength was that would bend.
But in magnificent meekness, France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwith-
stood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which surges the cheek of solitary bands,
That this must famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should derth; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are strong
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

XVII.

When I have borne in memory what has named
Great Nations, how enrolling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears un-
named
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Vertly, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfailing fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee: who who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

OCTOBER, 1809.

One might believe that natural miseries
Had blasted France, and made of it a land
Unfit for men; and that in one great band
Her sons were burning forth, to dwell at ease.
But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze
Shed gentle favours: rural works are there,
And ordinary business without care:
Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please!
How pitious then that there should be such dearth
Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite
To work against themselves such foil despite:
Should come in plague and in drunken mirth,
Impatient to put out the only light
Of Liberty that yet remains on earth!

XIX.

There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall.

Penn in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their souls. For who can be, who,
Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach, that he must share
With human nature? Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble feelings, many powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and lose:
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
Fade, and participate in man's decline.

OCTOBER, 1809.

These times strike monied worldlings with dis-
may:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair:
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

While tens of thousands, thinking on the airry,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stunted or untitled are given,
Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,
Are cheerful as the spring sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed 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
Wean
Thy heart from its enmasculating food;
The truth should now be better understood;
Old things have been unseated; we have seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
But for thy trepassers: and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou wouldst't between.

England! all nations in this charge agree:
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
Far—far more object, 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.

When, looking on the present face of things,
I see one Man, of men the meanest too;
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty Nations for his underlings,
The world to see with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow: I find nothing great;
Nothing in left which I can venerate;
So that a doubt almost within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great
God!
I measure back the steps which I have trod;
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

XXIII.

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 hardiness!
To France be words of invitation sent;
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the guttering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore.
Did from the Norman win a gallant wrest;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before.

No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are wish you now from shore to shore—
Ye men of Kent, its victory or death!

XXIV.

What if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of hubs, must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befouled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terre, bear us to Speed, our cause, to guard?
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?
Yield any thing to which the heart objects?
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.

XXV.

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
Braves at comity with regal sway.
And, like the Fyfma and Miltons of that day,
Think that a State would live in sounder health
If Kingship bowed its head to Common-
wealth—
Ye too—whom no credible fear
Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless
text,
Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
And ye—who might mistake for sober sense
And wise reserve the plea of indulgence—
Come ye—what'er your creed—O waken all,
What'er your temper, at your Country's call;
Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
Or save this honoured Land from every Lord
But British reason and the British sword,

XXVI.

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

Shout, for a mighty Victory is won!
The British ground the Invaders be laid low;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like
snow
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again!—the work is done.
Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show
And greet your sons I drums beat and trumpets
may blow!
Make merry, wives! I ye little children, stun
Your grandame's ears with pleasure of your
noise!
Clap, infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
Hast something in it which the heart objects—
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone:
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be
wrought;
That we must stand upreared, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such fortitude doth not cheer!
We shall exist, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear!
Wise, upright, valiant: not a servile hand,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear
And honour which they do not understand.

XXVIII.

ODE.

I.
Who rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her men!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath?

But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;

And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
And calls a look of love into her face,
And spreads her arms, as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.

—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!
But She through many a change of form hath gone,
And stands amidst you now an armed creature,
Whose paraply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having forced its way from birth to birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven a terror to the Earth!

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a thoughtless vision bowed
Before the omnious aspect of her spear;
Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,
Seemed to bias her orb'd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!
And, whereas'er she spread her sovereignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not to call!
That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?
Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast.
Her stores, and sighd to find them insecure
And Hope was maetherd by the drops that fell
From shades, her chosen place of short'ned rest.

Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe.
Is this the only change that time can show?
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heaven, how long?

—Infirn ejaculatio! from the tongue
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong.
Up to the measure of accorded mights,
And daring not to feel the majesty of right?

IV.

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;

Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glide,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lowly flowers,
Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid—
That Man may be accomplished for a task
Which his own nature hath enjoined;—and why?
If, when that interference hath relieved him,
He must sink down to languish
In worse than former helplessness—and lie
Till the caves roar,—and, insobriety
Again engendering anguish,
The same weak wish returns that had before deceived him.

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not
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 Grecean ground,
And to the people at the Isthmian Games
Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:—the words re-bound

Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and still that voice
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear;
Ah! that a Conqueror's words should be so dear!
Ah! that a bow 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 Mattian smiles with bitter scorn.
"Tis known," cried they, "that he who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brawn.—Yet so ye prop,
Some 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 Pelus's top."
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

III.

TO THOMAS CLARKE, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

March, 1806.

CLARKE! it was an obstinate hill to climb;
How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee
Is known: by none, perhaps, so feelingly:
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's circular seat,
First rose thou.——O true yoke-fellow of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and 'tis all Nations shall be sworn;
The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn;
And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm.

A great man's happiness: thy real shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!

1806.

A PROPHETY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

High deeds, O German, are to come from you!
Thus in your books the record shall be found,
"A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound.
ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked like dew
Stirred by the breeze; they rose, a Nation, true.
True to herself—the mighty German,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw,
All power was given her in the dreadful trance:
Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame."

—Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and shame
To that Heliopolitan who could first advance
His banner in accursed league with France,
First open traitor to the German name!

1807.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE.

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 rosy cred of Mars
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage inconstant wars.
It is a mirror—of 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 reed.

"Be thankful, thou: for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

1807.

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
The gardens, and the character and word
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the world's audacious vanities!—do back,
To the base of Iliad rise;
The pyramid extend its monstros base,

For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an early time to immortalize,
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—
To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
For his field-pastime high and absolute,
While, to dissemble his game, cities are sacked!

1808.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A TROY OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

Not 'mid the World's vain objects that enslave
The free-born Soul—that World whose vaunted Skill
In selfish interest pervets the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave—
Not there: but in dark wood and rocky cave,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With compeers' murmurs as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall be still;
Here, mighty Nature; in this school sublime
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain:
For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my way;
And look and listen—gathering, whence I may,
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

1808.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I dropped my pen: and listened to the Wind
That sang of trees up-torn and vessels lost—
A midnight harmony; and wholly lost.
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure; or resigned
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
Like reception from the World will find.
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrow's past;
And to the attendant promise will give heed—
The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrill,
Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.

1808.

HOPPER

Of mortal parents is the Hero born
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
Returned to animate an age forlorn?
He comes like Phoebus through the gates of scorn.
When dreary darkness is discomfirmed,
Yet mark his modest state; upon his head,
That simple crest, a hereditary name, is worn.
O Liberty! they stagger at the shock
From war to rear—and with one mind would rise.

But half their host is buried—rock on rock Descends:—beneath this Godlike Warrior, see!
Hills, torrents, woods, embossed to benomk
The Tyrran, and confound his cruelty.

1808.

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul untamed;
Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named!
Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound
And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound;
Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
Have roused her from her sleep: and forest-lawns,
Cliffs, woods and caves, her viewless steps reound.
And babble of her pastime!—Oh, dread Power!
With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
Through the green vales and through the
hardman's bower—
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

Feeling of the Tyrolese.
Tax Land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die:
This is our maxim, this our piety:
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we would perform in arms—we must!
We read the dictate in the infant's eye:
In the wife's smile: and in the placid sky:
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart:
Give, birds and flocks, your voices to the wind;
While we go forth, a self-devoted crew,
With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

Ali! what boots the long labours quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;—
Or paint the shrub—to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the sway attest
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What in it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the hardman of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind in this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought:

And is it among rude unstudied Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is true?
And, right to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?—
Ah no! though Nature's dread protection falls,
There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
Dartian Burgher when the sword they drew
In Zaraune, nacked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
By Pagan, and many a brave compeer,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
By ladies, sex-eyed women without fear;
And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find.

Of the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
A Godhead, like the universal Pan;
But more exalted, with a brighter train;
And shall his bounty be dispens'd in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, afraid it, Heaven!
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and the unconqu'ring flame,
Even to the death—else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?

The Final Submission of the Tyrolese.
It was a moral end for which they fought;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an arm?
A resolution, or enhancing thought?
Nor hath that moral good been widely sought;
For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills repose:
We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul;
And when, impatient of her guilt and woe,
Europe breaks forth: then, Shepherds shall rise.

For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

Half, Zaraune! If thou unsee eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pulseless nor cold;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse.
Disease consumed thy vital: 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.

Say, what is Honour?—Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking fraud from display,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Kenlin, no peace holds in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armes fail,
Honour is hopeful elevation.—Woe once
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—
A Fox a most favourite purpose to fulfill:
Happy occasions off by self-intrest
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

The martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle roar,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Arms or kingdoms: We have heard a strain
Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
A weight of hostile corsés: drenched with gore
Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.
Yet one (the mighty tumult overpast)
Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!
And her Tyrants: Champion we behold
Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
To think that such assurance can stand fast!

XIX.

DRAKE. Schiff! by death delivered, take thy flight
From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Iliss,
Or in the fields of empyrean light.
A seafarer was thou crossing a dark night:
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.
Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives
A Judge who, as man claims by merit, gives;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

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 perch'd him by his choice, and not his fate!

Hence lives He, to his inner self endowed;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered.
He sits a more exalted Potentate,
Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain
That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to entice,
Yet may a sympathizing spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain
In thankful joy and gratulation pure.

XXI.

Look now on that adventurous who hath paid
His vows to Fortune: who, in cruel sight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
By the blind Goddesse—ruthless, unmyrled:
And so hath gained at length a prosperous height.
Round which the elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid;
O joyless power that stands by lawless force!
Corse are his dire portion, scorn, and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath.
And, in holiest judgments keep their sacred course,
From that height shall Heaven precipitate
By violent and ignominious death.

XXII.

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
The captive chafin, by a tyrant's doom,
Forced to descend into his destined tomb—
A dungeon dark: where he must waste the year,
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear;
What time his injured country is a stage
Wherein deliberate Valour and the rage
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
With deeds of hope and elevating praise—
Say can he think of this with mind serene
And silent fetters? Yes, if visions bright
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
When he himself was tried in open light.

XXIII.

Are! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen
Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!
Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave?
Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
Of pitying human nature? once again
Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave.
Redeemed to lattice that imperial Slave,
And through all Europe cheer despoothing men
With new-born hope. Unwound is the might
Of martyrdom, and fortune, and right.
Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smilingly
The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,
Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

XXIV.

In due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Iciscayans, when their children lie
Dead in the useless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corpse in vestments white;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
They bind the unoffending creature's brow
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 Most High mourns, as she needs must mourn:
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued:
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

XXV.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE ICSICAYAN AT ONE OF
THOSE FUNERALS.

XXVI.

Yet, yet, Iciscayans! we must meet our Foes
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
Our ancient freedom: else were worse than vain
To gather round the leer these festal shows.
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose father is a slave:
Oh, hear the infant sorrow 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 brow:
And guilt and shame, from which is no deliverance,
Descend on all that issuing from our blood.

THX.

TH' OAK OF GUEINCA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Iciscay, is a most venerable
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Iliacayans to maintain their suzerainty (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following:

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME. 1850.

Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enthrone
(No fair too fondly deemed) a voice divine
Heard from the depths of its aerial bower—
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour?
What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If never more within thy shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Iliac's ancient liberty.

XXVII.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD,

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of hands
Which will break for us his daring to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway:

Then, the straining heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks de-

That he has power to inflict what we lack
strength to bear.

XXVIII.

AVANT all specious pleniy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence I
I better like a blunt indifference,
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight: and be there joined
Patient and temperance with this high reserve.
Honour that knows the path and will not
Swerp:
Affectious, which, if put to proof, are kind:
And piety towards God. Such men of old
Were England's native growth; and, through-
out Spain,
(Thanks to high God!) forests of such remain;
Then for that Country let our hopes be held;
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

XXIX.

S E N N I N G Statesmen have full long relied
On feats and armies, and external wealth:
But from within proceeds a Nation's health;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave
With pride
To the paternal floor; or turn aside,
In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.

These 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,
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven.

XXX.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and sipping blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height—
These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam: but as a flight
Of scattered quails by signs do resume,
So those,—and, heard of once again, are chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope:—but they are fled—
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead:
Where now?—Their sword is at the Foeman's heart!

And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

XXXI.

SPANISH GUERRILLA.

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-suggested 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
Redoubled Viratius breathes again;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader's vie, who, sick of strife
And bloomed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.

XXXII.

THE POWER of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom unalloyed
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful save.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce for and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,

* Sertorius.
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

XXXII.
1811.
HERE pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
The ravenous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not slink from hope.
In the moment of these evil days:
From hope, the paramount duty that Heaven demands.
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart—
That an accused thing it is to gare
On prosperous tyrants with a darled eye:
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of their guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is split.
And justice labours in extremity—
Forget thy weakness, upon which it is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

XXXIV.
THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.
1812-13.
HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the wintry day:
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness was disturbed by pain:
Or, if a jester fancy should allow
As unpolite symbol of o-man, the
declining sceptre was a weatherd bough,
Indemnly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.
For he it was—dread Winter! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth:
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold:
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs:
For why—unless for liberty enrolled
And saved home—ah! why should hoary Age
Be left?
Fleet the Tartar's relentless steed,
But fleeter far the pliancy of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrums of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bearable,
And to the battle ride:
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault:
Injurious, spiritless, humbled, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and desery,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

XXXV.
ON THE SAME OCCASION.
Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King
And ye mild Seasons—o a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing;
Sing ye, with blossoms crown'd, and fruits,
And flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleet showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Kneel the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain:
Whisper it to the lillows 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 sight with desperate hardihood;
The unbending Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure.
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small voice—to spell that Host
Gathered his power, a manifest ally
Hie, whose heated waves confounded the proud boast
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
"Finish the strife by deadliest victory!"

XXXVII.
THE GERMAN ON THE HEIGHTS OF HICK HUM.
ABRuptly paused the strife—the field through-out
Reposing upon his arms each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
O Silence! thou went my father's shout
That through the texture of ye azure dome
Cleaves its blud way, a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Aframe hath flashed, through battle-smoke
On men who gave heart-woven by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
—Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew
Who have seen—theirselves now casting off
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

XXXVIII.
NOVEMBER, 1813.
Now that all hearts are gled, 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 wrapped in twilight,—whom
Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose mind
Ensued.
Through perilous war, with regal fortune,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.
Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine
To his forlorn conductor! 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 Towards

XXIX.
ODE.
1814.

Carmina proemium
Donare, et pretiosim dicere muneri,
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Purque Spiritus et vita redit bonus;
Post mortem dixit

Clarissimo indicant
Lautes, quam

Priesides: neque,
Si chartae silens quod bene feceris

Mercedem tuleris.


I.

Wiren the soft hand of sleep had closed the last
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping unresolute watch,
Was free her choices favours to dispense:
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer rove;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright;
And there and there, between the pastoral downs,
The azure sea upswept upon the sight.
Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!
But not a living creature could be seen
Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,
And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
Lay hushed; till—through a portal in the sky
Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm,
Opening before the sun's triumphant eye—
Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!
Earthward it glided with a swift descent;
Saint George himself this Visitant must be;
And, ere a thought could ask on what intent
He sought the regions of humanity.
A thrilling voice was heard, that vibrated
City and field and flood:—aloud it cried—
"Though from my celestial home,
Like a Champion, armed I come;
On my helm the dragon crest,
And the red cross on my breast;
I, the Guardian of this Land,
Speak not now of toilsome duty;
Well obeyed was that command;
Whence bright days of festive beauty
Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which sum-
mer gave
Have perished in the field:
But the greenuckers plentifully shall yield
Fit garlands for the brave,
That will be welcome, if by you entwined;
Haste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye Muses

Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
And gather what can请你 to
Of newly laurel and wild holly boughs:
To deck your storm Defenestrer's nearest brows;
Such simple gifts prepare,
Though they have gained a worthier seed;
And in due time shall share
Those palms and arcamitious wreaths
Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
In realms where everlasting freshness breathes!

I. Anon before my sight a palace rose
Built of all precious substances,—to pure
And expatiate that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendid to acquire;
Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The heaven of sable night.
With savour lastre—power to throw
Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below.
While the vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some symph-phantastic groat beneath the roaring sea.
—No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
Of exultation hung a droll idee,
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of agonised affections:
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion—ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content

IV.

But garlands wither:
Festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves; and sweetest sound
(Albeit of effect profound).
It was—and it is gone!
Victorion England! but the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hoes that shall not fade,
Those high achievements: even as she arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls;
So may she labour for thy civic halls:
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places
Of nobly grated by Sculpture's patient toil;
And let imperishable Columns rise
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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 which, for pleasure of all eyes,
The morning sun may shine
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

And ye, Pierian Sirens, springing from Jove
And sage Memnonyse,—fall long deferred
From your immortal missions, exiled all too long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now (for, though Truth descending from above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
Your kindred Delites, 'tis live and move,
Spared for obsequies 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 Maidens! 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 themes 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,
Owes—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 fortune had held
Its own 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 DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS
OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
Vieusin—to lodge among ancestral kings;
And to inflect shame's satirical stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
In a blind worship: men perversely bold
Even to this hour:—yet, some shall now forsake
Their monstrous idol if the dead e'er speak,
To warn the living: 'tis true were ever told
By might redressing 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 bands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

XLI.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTERRED sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despoiled; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is true:
Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true:—
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war:
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.

Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent
'Mid direst showers 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 SOKIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

O, rive a kindling touch from that pure flame
Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
In words like these:—"Up, Voice of song! pro-
claim
Thy saintly 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 evergreen!
The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim;
He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,
He conquering through God, and God by him."

XLIII.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe,
Fervid, yet conformant with holy fear,
As recognising one Almighty sway;
He—whose experienced eye can pierce the way
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 rehearse the hideous rout:
The triumph hall, which from their peaceful clime
Angels might welcome with a chorale shout!

* "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assuage."
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XLIV

Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's name.

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 chang'd!

Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is sprung.

In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye, Powers, from duty fear to swerve.

Be just to grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpield hearts to bleed.

XLV

O DEE,

1815.

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
But aye ascending, reckless in her pride
From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present—
Swooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field,
Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace was satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of Fame,
With every help that ye from earth and heaven
may claim!

Bear through the world these tidings of delight!
—Hours, Days, and Months, now borne them
in the sight
Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
That land-ward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendors to devour;
But this swift travel scarce the company
Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power.

—The shock is given—the Adversaries bleed.

La Justice triomphe! Earth is freed!
Joyful announcement!—it went forth—
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North—
It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its bridge—
The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
Across her burning breast.
For this refreshing incense from the West!—
—Where snakes and lions breed,
Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,
Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er
The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed—
While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night—
The uncared arrow hath pursued its flight!
The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed:
Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty hosts are done;

Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders
This messenger of good was launched in air.
France, humbled France, amid her wild dis;
orders,
Feels, and heretofore shall the truth declare,
That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
And utter England's name with sadly-pleasing voice.

O genuine glory, pure renown!
And well might it beseen that mighty Town
Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,
To whom all persecuted men retreat;
If a new Temple lift his temple
High on the shore of silver Thames—to greet
The peaceful guest advancing from afar.

Bright be the Falsehood of the boasted age.
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.

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;
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 glories;
While the white-robed choir attendant,
Under moulderimg banners pendent,
Provoke all potent sympathy to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
For them who bravely stood unshorn, 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!

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove,
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath;
The region that it lighted was plunged
His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
Darkest the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns; and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—'tis Thine—the work is Thine!
The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts—
He hears the word—he flies
And navies perish in their ports;
For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
For these, and mourning for our errors,
And sins, that point their terror.
We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But man is thy most awful instrument,
That doth not believe the pure intent;
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And for thy righteous purpose they prevail;
Three arms from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight.
Thy presence will subdue the scale of doubtful fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

Forbear—
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 pitty 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 Lord her hopes shall rest,
And all the Nations labour to fulfill
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good will.

XLV.

O D E.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A
GENERAL THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 16, 1816.

Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
Thou saw'st the earth's last bliss of light
On hearts bow'd unresisting or rude;

Whether thy personal visitations smile
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell?
Not unpersuaded I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
While I in deep't winter totality
Thy power and majesty,
Darling the vision that presumes to gaze.
—Well does this aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
Submitted to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God ordains,
That thou shalt trace.
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,
(Whose transistor pomp and spotless purity
Report of storms gone by)
To us who tread below.
Do with the service of this Day accord,
—Divine Object which the uplifted eye
Of presence turns his fared to behold;
Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights hast reared
Mleck baste, nor forget'st the humble Vale;
Those who inst warth Earth's universal mould,
And for thy bounty wert not unadored

By pius men of old;
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!
I might be thy course-day, let not this promise fail!

Mist the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak;
My feelings urged that do not vainly seek
Any language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in blithe succession from the throats
Of birds, in leafy bower.
Washing a farewell to a vernal shower.
—There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,
That burns for Poets in the dwelling east;
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
But he who fixed immovably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,
A solid refuge for distress;
The towers of righteousness;
He knows that from a holier altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
Knows that the source is holier whence both rise
The current of this main song;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught depends upon the fickle skies.

Have we not conquered—by the vengeful sword?
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;
That curbed the lower passions, and left free
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord
Clear-sighted Honour, and his star! Companions.
Along a track of most unnatural years;
In execution of heroic deeds
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads
Of morning dew upon the untroubled meads,
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
He, who in concert with an earthy string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell;
Of One that mud the falling never failed—
Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed;
Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity;
Shall show her clothed with strength and skill,
All martial duties to fulfill;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Force as a flood gate burst and mad night
To raise the wicked from their giddy dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

An thus is missed the sole true glory
That can belong to human story
At which they only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness dive.
The very humblest are too proud of heart;
And one brief day is nightly set apart
For Him who lifeth up and layeth low;
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
Say not that we have accomplished—but that we survive.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!
Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
That less than power unbounded could not tame
That soul of Evil—which, from hell let loose,
Had filled the astonished world with such abuse
As boundless patience only could endure!
—and wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in flame—
Who sees, may lift a streaming eye
To Heaven—who never saw, may heave a sigh:
But the foundation of our natures shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
When desolated countries, towns on fire,
Are but the sword's oblique
Of war,-searing, waging with desperate mind
Against the life of virtue in mankind;
And with it
The citadels of truth;
While the fair gardens of civility,
By ignorance defaced,
By violence laid waste.
Perish without reprieve for flower or tree!

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
Opposed to hope that battened upon scorn,
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Nor all the light of earthly power could fill;
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
And to colerants of lawless force;
Which, surping God, had flung away remorse—
What could they gain but shadows of redress?
—So had proceeded propagating worse;
And disciplines wax passion's dire excess.
Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
When will your truths teach you to be wise?
—O prostrate Lands, consult your agones!

No more—the guilt is banish'd,
And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanish'd.

Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!—
—To these lingering traces of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
What robe can Gratitude employ
So far as the radiant vest of Joy?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt the obsequies to spontaneous measures
Of glory, and felicity, and love,
Sustaining the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,
If one there be
Of all thy progeny
Who can forget thy prowess, never more
Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.
As springs the lion from his den,
As from a forest brake
Starts a glistering snake.
The bold Arch-despot re-appeared:—again
Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
With all her armid Powers,
On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thousand shores.
The trumpet blew a universal blast!
But Thou art foremost in the field:—there
Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!
All States have glorified themselves:—their claims
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
Exalted office, worthy sustained!

Preserve, O Lord! in our hearts
The memory of thy favour,
That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour!
Lodge it within us!—as the power of light
Lives incausably; people shall kneel down in prayer,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!
What offering, what transcendent monument
Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
—Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.
Yet will not heaven distain nor earth gain
The outward service of this day:
Whether the worshippers entreat
Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat;
Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend
That He has brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory!—
Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see:
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible;
But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,
Before whom all things are that were,
All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be;
Linda is in the chain of bliss that
Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,
Breath Thou, this day, a vital undulation
Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of thy moving spirit.
Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight;
Bless Thou the hour, or e'er the hour arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
And, at one moment, in one rupture, strive
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
For thy protecting care,
Their solemn joy—prays to Eternal Lord
For tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

But bark—the summons!—down the placid lake
Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells;
Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake
The tender insects sleeping in their cells;
Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake
The drops that tip the melting icecles.
O, enter now into temple gate
Inviting words—perchance already flung
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
Of some old Minister's venerable pile)
From voices into rapturous passion sung.
While the tuned engine feels the inspiring blast,
And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
forth towards empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.
Us, humbler ceremonies now await;
But in the bosom, with devout respect
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall elevate:
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim;
Awake! the majesty of God reveres!
Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice aloud—
The Holy One will hear!
And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate—
(Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,
Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed;
And of more arduous duties thence imposed
Upon the future advocates of right;
Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed,
Of earthly revolution,
And final retribution—
To his omniscience will appear
An offering not unworthy to find place,
On this high Day of Thanks, before the
Throne of Grace! 
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

DEDICATION.

Dear Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse,
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereof would gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of Enviable Nature — no — though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days —
Rydal Mount, Nov. 1821.

Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confines
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to Your love and vivid memory:
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to pierce!"

W. Wordsworth.

I.

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen:
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their folded caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent — Fear it not:
For they Earth’s fairest daughters do excel;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell.
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs well

II.

BRUGES.

Bruges I saw attire with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power:
The splendid hour: and now the sunless hour,
That, slowly making way for peaceful night,
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober grace, left her for defence
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future war. Advance not — spare to hide,

O gentle Power of darkness! these mild hues:
Observe not yet these silent avenues
Of stately architecture, where the Forms
Of sun-like females, with soft motion, glide!

III.

BRUGES.

The Spirit of Antiquity — enthralled
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 motion, 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 forbearance 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, halting in the shade
Flung from a Convent-tower,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.
The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay strong;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet,—for English words
Had fallen upon the ear.
It was a weary hour of eve;
And passionate and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
Twist through an iron grate.
Not always is the heart unwis,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing Stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whose 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.

To tend their silent boats and ringing waifs,
Or strip the bow whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn—erected in mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect on the watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade.
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

VII.

AIR-LA-CHAPELLE.

Was it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charlemagne?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may renew!
Why does this pious Church present to view
Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair?
This sword that one of our weak times might wear?
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!
If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Branch
That Roland clave with huge two-handed swipe.
And to the enormous labour left his name,
Where sunburnt fruits the rocky crescent beach.

VIII.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O run the help of Angels to complete
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by Man;
Study that /Ye might not disdain the stade
Who dwells in heavens!
But that aspiring heat
Hath failed: and now, ye Flowers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect ye embellishments
But family picture, Cowper an office meet
For you on these unfolded shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harvest
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Straits that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

IX.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

Amid this dance of objects sadness steals
Over the defunct heart—while sweeping by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reeks:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pagentry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
And what the Jew unwillingly reveals
Of lurking coelestial arch, through trees espyed
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repose
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
Such sweet way-faring—of life's spring the pride,
Her summer's faithful joy—That still is mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.
X.

HYMN.

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

Jesus! bless our slender Boat,
   By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings—let them not
   Drown the music of a song
Beastly the mercy to implore,
   Where these troubled waters roar!
Saviour, for our warning, seen
   Bleeding on that precious Reed;
If, while through the meadows green
   Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forget Thee, do not Thou
   Disregard thy Suppliant's soul.
Hither, like you ancient Tower,
   Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
   Else we sleep among the dead;
Those who trod'd the billowy sea,
   Shield us in our jeopardy!
Guide our Bark among the waves;
   Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
   Let thy love its anger soothe;
All our hope is placed in Thee;
   Miseree Domine!

XI.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

Not, like his great Competer, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life! The wandering Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
    Lifts on a willing breast) with infant glee
Sips from his prison walls; and, fancy, free
   To follow in his track of silver form,
Mounts on rap'st wing, and with a moment's flight
Hath reached the encirclement of that gloomy sea
Whose waves are the Orphean lyre forbad to meet
Intoxicft; whose rough winds forget their jaws
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece.

Here, sealed for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH, LAUTER-BRUNNEN.

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 allure the wind Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—More thrilling melodies; Witch answering Witch.

To chant a love-spell, never intertwin'd Notes shrill and wild with art more musical: Alas! that from the lips of absent Want Or idleness in utter mendicant
The strain should flow—free Fancy to enthrall, And with regret and useless pity haunt This bold, this bright, this sky-born WATER-FALL!

XII.

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC.

From the fierce aspect of this River, throwing His giant body over the steep rock's brink, Back in astonishment and fear we shrink: But, gradually a calmer look bestowing, Flowers we spy beside the torrent growing; Flowers that peep forth from many a cliff and chink, And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink Hues ever fresh, in rocky fountains flowing: They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy Is more beneficent than the dewy eve— Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy: Nor doubt but He to whom you pine-trees nod Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God, These humble adorations will receive.

XIV.

MEMORIAL.

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway treading.
We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys,
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 CANTONS.

Doomed as we are to our native dest To wet with many a bitter shower, It ill befits us to disdain The altar, to derrive the fame, Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust To win a happier hour. I love, where spreads the village lawn, Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze: Hall to the form removing cross, Abbot, where pines their branches toss! And to the chapel for withdrawn, That lurks by lonely ways!
Where'er we roam—along the brink Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po, Through Alpine vale, or champain wide, Where'er we look on, at our side
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XVI.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

Our 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 boat;
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 BRIENZ.

"What know we of the flet above
But that they sing and that they love?"
Yet, if they ever did inquire
A mortal hymn, or shape the choir,
Now, where those harvest Harmaus float
Homeward in that rugged boat.

(While all the rolling winds are fled—
Each slumbering on some mountain's head)
Now, surely, hath that gracious god
Been felt, that influence is displayed.
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
The rustic Madoc, every hand
Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—
To chant, as asides the boat along
A simple, but a touching song;
To chant, as Angels do above,
The melodies of Peace in love!

XVIII.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
The work of fancy from her willing hands;
And such a beautiful creation makes
As readers needless spells and magic wands,
And for the boldest tale belief commands.

Then first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill
The sacred Engelberg, celestial Bands,
With intermingling motions soft and still,
Hung round its top, on wings that changed
their hues at will.

Clouds do not name those Visitants;—they were
The very Angels whose authentic lays,
Song from that heavenly ground in middle air,
Made known the spot where piety should raise
A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.

Repleat Antonine! if in vain
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
And watch the slow departure of the train,
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thristed to detain.

XIX.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Mercy Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star, upon the height
Of thy own mountain,* set to keep
Lone vigil through the hours of sleep.

* Mount Righi.

What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?
These crowded offerings as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despair,
Of many a deep and curseless pang
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aerial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferers that no more rely
On mortal succour—all who sigh
And pine, of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
Our Lady of the Snow.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irrigous valley flee,
Thy very name, O Lady! brings
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor fall that intermingling shade
To summer-gladdening unknot!
It chastens only to require
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, AT ALTORF.

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew
The Linden Tree against which his Son is said
To have been placed, when the Father's archery
was put to proof under circumstances
so famous in Swiss Story.

What though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this godly show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burgher, peasant, warrior 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 Spectress from on high
Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazed but to beastly,
And snow-led torrents, which the blaze of noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tone
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalce;

How might the passing Monk receive a beacon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warelike groups, the meowing
luster falls.

Be Charity!—to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?
How blest the souls who when their trials close
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet slov'ry their mortal doom,
Whose head the rosy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree;
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles—the hastiating shall to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYZT.
Brantusk. fancy trimm'd—though lowly, bred
To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYZT! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equality by Prudence governed,
Of jealous Nature ruling in her stead:
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic BERN, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command.
Might well be styled this noble body's Head:
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
In HEART, and ever may the heroic Land
Thev name, O SCHWYZT, in happy freedom keep!

NO HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES" ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST GOTHARD.
I listen—but no faculty of mine
Averts those modalitations to detect,
Whose, band in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
(So far apart) and die,—his sweet breath'd kind.
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures tracked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous—Here while I recline,
Mindful how others by this simple Strain
Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Vivid to the Music's touching influence;
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

FORT FUENTES.
The Ruins of Fuentés form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the lake of Como, commanding views up the Val d'Intelvi, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterized by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—catterings from heaven. The ruin is interesting both in

Nearly 190 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.

mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort has been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes; near the rains were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pite, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.—Extract from Journal.

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's pollublous blast,
This sweet-visaged Cherub of Pariam stone
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
To crouch in this thick of brambles alone;
To rest where the lizzard may bask in the palm
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm
Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck;
Where haply (kind service to Pity due!) When winter the grove of its mantle beseaves,
Some bird (like our own honoured roodleas) may swre;
The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves,
Fuentes once harboured the good and the brave.
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown,
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
While the thrill of her fife throu' the moun-
tains was blown
Now grazs the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent—
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our strife's passed away!

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SHOWN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.
This Church was almost destroyed by light-
ing a few years ago, but the altar and the
image of the Patron Saint were untouched.

The bell, upon the summit of which the
Church is built, stands amid all the traceries of the
Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred
points of view, its principal ornament, rising
to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one
side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is
tolerable; but the traveller who performs it
will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility,
rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion
and remoteness of view contrasted with sea-
like extent of plain falling into the sky; and
this again, in an opposite quarter, with an
horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps— unite
in composing a prospect more diversified by
majesticness, beauty, and sublimity, than
perhaps any other point in Europe, of so
inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

Two sacred Pile whose turrets rise
From your steep mountain’s loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Such if thou must: as heretofore,
To sulphurous holms a sacrifice,
But near to human rage!

On Hermit’s top, on Sinai, designated
To rest the universal Lord;
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?—
That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And Fancy—o’er of sense the thrill,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Poms of this fair "spot
Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,
Are joined with the calmly meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hollow grove.

Theater, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wiles,
Laid mighty Tell repair of old—
A Hero cast in Nature’s mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills!

Its, too, of battle martyrs chief
Whoe, to recit his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a shaft
Of fatal Austrian spears."

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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 pose a show
Of Images in seamy row;
The graceful form of milk-white Steed,
Or lily that soared with Gamine;
Or through our humble thus with bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespeare at his side alight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who loves the seaport bright.
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime:
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Though rolled of many a cherished dream,
And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty!
Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recall a Sister’s last embrace,
Her 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 scribbles not
To propulse a golden lot
Due recompense, and safe return
To Cosmo’s steps—his happy bourne!
Where he, aloft in garden guise,
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the lusty fig;
Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
With purple of the trolley-roof.
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadetabba’s penchant grapes;
—Oh might he tempt that Gratitude-child
To share his wanderings! his whole look
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled—
As with a rupture caught from heaven—
For unmasked ams in pity given.

PART II.

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest
Like forestors in leafy gowns,
The Helvetic Mountaineers, on ground
For Tell’s dread archery renowned,
Before the target stood—
The guardian of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the ride-guns’ roar—
A startling thunder quick and short—
But, flying through the latticed arched,
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound.

PART I.

Now that the farewell tear is dript,
Heaven’s proper thee, be thy guide thy guide!

* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sem-
pach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this
manner.
Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard!"
And, if there be a favoured hour
When Heroes are allowed to quit
The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding grace—
This was the hour, and that the place.

But Truth inspired the Braes 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 endured,
But seemingly a Thing despised);
Even by the sun and air unpurged;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appeared upon his tender cheek;
Heart-dead to those rebounding notes,
Apart, beside his silent gaze,
Safe watching in a forest shed,
Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head;
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the saint he prays to, still.
Ah, what avails heroic deed?
What liberty if no defence
Be won for Fidelia Innocence.
Father of all I though wily Manhood read
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the more of life its natural blessed-
ness.

XXVI.
THE LAST SUFFER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN
THE REFEREYORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA GRADIA—MILAN.
'Tis searching damps and many an eaves-
And have marred this Work; the calm ethereal
grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to sue
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder—and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disordered passion to the primal law.
The announcement of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve survives: lip, forehead,
cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utter, while the uncleeky seek
Unquestionable meanings—'till he break
A labour worthy of eternal youth!

XXVII.
THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.
High on her speculative tower
Solemn science waiting for the hour
When Sol was destined to endure
The moment's dimming of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile, with rites impure.
Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions far as Paradise
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change,
That checked the levity range
Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling eye,
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, though of altered hue,
Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noonmid from unimposing walls
That screen the morning dew,
No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shadow;
The sky an arure field displayed;
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid,—
Or something light and day between,
Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curving shore;
Where gazed the peasant from his door
And on the mountain's head
It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,
Legano! on thy ample lay;
The solenmizing veil was drawn
O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
To Albegasio's olive bower,
Portezza's verdant lawn.
But Fancy with the speed of fire
Hath past to Milan's loftiest spires,
And there alights 'mid that aerial host
Of Figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Appenine
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—
See long-drawn files, concentric rings
Each narrowing above as the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign might—
All stepped in this portentious light!
All suffering dim eclipse!
Thus after Man had fallen (if taught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throughs of celestial visages,
'Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.
Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad delivery 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 sudden mist hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view?
Or was it given you to behold
Like vision, penetrative not cold.
From the smooth breast of gay Winander-
mer?
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Spread over Grammer's lovely dale,
Helvetia's brow severe?
I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
Sad hints of things I dared not prove
Our faith in Heaven's unsailing love
And all-controlling power.

XXVIII.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

I.
How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
From Love's unwise sovereignty—
Beats with a fancy running high,
Her simple cares to magnify:
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
Hath cherished on a healthful soil;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not self;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty self.
Reflected in some crystal brook;
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

Such (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where looks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be achieved,
Another's, and then her own!)
Such, happily, you ITALIAN Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votress,
Hailing beneath the crape-mantled shade
To accomplish there her loftiness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A Soul of steel but weaker hand.
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

II.
How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves
In her light drapery the tossing waves,
And quite the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep—
—Say whereon that modulated shout!
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throne!
Or does the greeting to a roost
Of giddy Bacchanaal belong?
Joissiant outcry! rock and gale.
Resounded—but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetic Maid.

IV.
Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood.
Her steps the elastic green-ward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice.
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art—for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou break the chains
That, for the virtuous, Life preparrs;
The fetters which the Matron wears;
The patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares!

V.

"Sweet Highland Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower;"
When thou didst fit before mine eyes,
Gay Vision under sunder skies.
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough falls of Inverness I
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 desire still bless
Thy going—of the cheerfulness
Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?
But from our course why turn—to tread
A way with shadows overspread;
Where what we gladiolus 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 that shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votress by Logando's side;
And that intrepid Nymp on Uri's steep
desired—

XXX.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR
A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING
BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPSON PASS.

AMBITIOUS—following down this far-famed slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While glorious pride of kingdoms to be won—
Forthcast, in future ages, here may stop;
Taught to mistrust her fluttering hope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone!
Memento unsector of Pride o'erthrown;
Vanity's hieroglyphic: a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric.
Underneath the Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine!
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand pro-
voke,
Hears commands whirling o'er the ensanguined
heath:
What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in
death?

XXX.

STANZA,

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPSON PASS.

YALLEMONDA!
I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
To listen to Antio's precipitous flood;
When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar;
To range through the Temples of Fstmum, to muse.
In Pumbar preserved by her burial in earth;
On pictures to gaze where they drank in their huts;
And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their birth!

* See address to a Highland Girl, p. 176.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to the
With a hope (and so much more) for a season to come,
Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent
Thou fortunate Region! whose Greatness in-
Awake to new life from its ashes and dust;
Two-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.
Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded
With snow,
Towards the mists that hang over the land of
my Sires,
From the climate of myrrhsets contented I go.
My thoughts become bright like you edging of
gold.
On the steep's lofty verge: how it blacken'd
the air!
But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now
shines
With threads that seem part of his own silver
hair.
Though the toll of the way with dear Friends
we divide,
Though by the same sepulchre our temples be
smeared
As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
A yearning survives which few hearts shall
withstand:
Each step hath its value while homeward we
move—
O joy when the girdle of England appears!
What wonder in life is so conscious of love,
Of love in the heart made more happy by tears?

XXXI.

ECHO UPON THE JEWEL.

What beast of chase hath broken from the
cover?
Stern Gemmi lists to as full a try
As multitudinous a harmony
Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,
Where on the soft couch of her sleeping
Lover
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain:
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
dream
Of airy voices locked in union.—
Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sub-
literate
So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts
proceeded!

XXXII.

PROCESSIONS.

Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the
Vale of Chamouny.
To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield;
Or some unknown knowledge of events,
Which in her breast Futurity concealed;
And that the past might have its true intents
Feelingly told by living monuments—
Masked of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her casked walls, solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.
The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
Thick bows of palm, and willows from the brook,
Marched round the altar—to commemorate
How, when their course they through the desert
took,
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;
Green boughs were borne, while, for the blast
that shook
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted
trumpets blow!
And thus, in order, "hid the sacred grove
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
The priests and damasies of Ammonian Jove
Provoked responses with shrill cymbals;
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his altar bore the honored God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
Alot, yet in a titling vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.
Why speak of Roman Pomp's; the haughty
claims
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
The feat of Neptune—and the Cereal Games,
With images, and crowns, and empty cars;
The dancing Salii—the shields of Mars
Smiling with fury; and a deeper dread
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
Of Cyprianian cymbals, while the head
Of Cybele was seen, sublimely turreted!
At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
Appeared—to govern Christian pageantries;
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
Moved to the chant of sacred note,
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
Embrapt—and winding, between Alpine trees
Spry and dark, around their House of prayer,
Below the icy bed of bright Argentiere,
Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!
Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living
Stream.
The glacial Pullars join in solemn guise
For the same service, by mysterious tides;
Numbers exceeding credible account;
Of number, pure and silent Votaries
Issuing or issued from a wintry house;
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 vats of everlasting snow;
Not virgin ilises marshalled in bright row,
Not awash descending with the stealthy tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft
descended.
Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that incisious craving in the mind
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
And mark not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed to play or in wrath assuaged;
Such insolent temptations would then miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

XXXIII.

ELIGIAC STANZAS.

The lamented Youth whose untimely death
gave rise to these elegiac verses was Fre-
drick William Goddard, from Boston in North
America. He was in his twentieth year, and
had resided for some time with a clergyman in
the neighbourhood of Geneva for the comple-
tion of his education. Accompanied by a fel-
low-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set
out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune
to fall in with a friend of mine who was hasten-
ing to join our party. The travellers, after
spending a day together on the road from
Bern to Geneva, took leave of each other at
night, the young men having intended to pro-
ceed directly to Zurich. But early in the
morning my friend found his new acquaintances,
who were informed of the object of his journey,
and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped
to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the
succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-
student became in consequence our travelling
companions for a couple of days. We ascended
the Pilatus together; and, after contemplating
the sunrise from that noble mountain, we sepa-
rated at an hour and on a spot well suited to
the parting of those who were to meet no more.
Our party descended through the valley of our
Lady of the Snow, and our late companion, to
Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at
Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on
the rest of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being
enraged in a boat while crossing the lake of
Zurich. His companion saved himself by swim-
ning, and was hospitably received in the man-
ship of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated
on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of
poor Goddard was cast a shore on the estate
of the same gentleman, who generously per-
formed all the rites of hospitality which could
be rendered to the dead as well as to the living.
He caused a handsome mural monument to be
erected in the church of Kuschon, which re-
cords the premature fate of the young American,
and on the shores too of the lake the traveller
may read an inscription pointing out the spot
where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen* Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells "Our Lady of the Snow."
The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the bowers;
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The额nal spot had ever shown.* Mount Rigi—Regina MOUNTER.

A countenance that as sweetly smiled—
The face of summer hours.
And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed: all we knew of care—
Our path that winded—land and sea;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze;
Of Winter—but a name.
If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and sweet are we.
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on Zurich's shores
Oh GODDARD! what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for, on that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise!
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.
We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enamished slave,
A sea-green river, proud to love,
With current swift and unfeigned,
The towers of old Lucerne.
We parted upon solemn ground
Enlivened, towards the setting sky;
But all our thoughts were then of North,
That gives to common pleasures birth;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That promised even a sigh.
Fell, sympathising Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er sea and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
A most unwilling shower.
Whose turf may never know the care
Of kindred human hands!
Beloved by every gentle Muse
He left his Transatlantic home:
Europe, a realised romance,
Had open'd on his eager glance;
What present bliss!—what future views!
What stories for years to come!
Though lodged within no vigorous frame
His soul her daily tasks renewed;
Ridie as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised—or as the steep sails
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.
Not vain is eulogy's sweet praise;
The words of truth's memorial warn
Are sweet as morning fragrant shed
From flowers mild GODDARD's rains bred;
As evening's fondly lingering rays,
On RIGI's silent brow.
Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
And pity shall guard the Stone
Which hith not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their prey—
And that which marks thy bed.
And, when thy Mother shall repel Thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unworthy aid may lend
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising sun to smother.

* Mount Rigi—Regina Montium.
Ocean's overpowering murmurs have set free
Thy sense from pressure of life's common din;
As the dead Voice that spake from out the sea
Of God's eternal Word—the Voice of Time
Both deadly, shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,
The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin.

DESULTORY STANZAS,
UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS.
Is then the final page before me spread
Nor further doubt lest on the trailing stone
Presumptuous book! too forward to be read,
How can I give thee licence to depart?
One tribute more: unbidden feelings start
Forth from their covert: slighted objects rise;
My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parmassus rules, when lightning flies,
Vainly aiming on the thunder's harmonies.
All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with unmany fear
Recalled—and wings alone could travel—there
I move at ease; and meet contending themes
That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and mighty streams.
Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew
Who triumphed o'er diluvial power—and yet
What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to stand,
To which sad course, these wretched Sons of Time
Labour their proper greatness to subdue;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rupture flow in plenteous subline.
Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across the long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
Arch that rises upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—there on the tertian stone
Of secondary birth, the Jungfrau's cone;
And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale
The aspect I behold on every side
A sea of foliage, toning with the gale,
Blistie Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!
Far as Saint Maurice, from you eastern forges,
Thence down the main avenue my sight can range;
And all its branny vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hill, and grove,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange:
Snows, torrents—is to the region utmost sound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange—
But list! the avalanche—the hush profound
That follows—yet more awful than that awful sound!
Is not the chamois suited to his place?
The eagle worthy of her ancestry?
Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall ye disgrace
Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,

* At the head of the Vallis.
On Sarmont's Mount, there judge of fit and
right.
In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—the
might
And purity of nature spread before your sight!
From this appropriate Court, renowned

LUCERNE
Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge—that
cheer;
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and
stern,
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years,
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the
lake
Just at the point of issue, where it fear
The form and motion of a stream to take;
Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as a
snake.
Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,
One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing, Once 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 Helvetic skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold:
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the
just!
No more; Time halts not in his noiseless
march—
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like that arc
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neigh-
bourhood.
Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good;
Not be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet unto shed, 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 happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1826," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE,

April, 1837.

Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds.

Inherited,—presumptuous thought!—it fed
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness

You—white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air.
Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lobed site
Its neighbour and its namesake,—town, and flood.

Forth flashing out of its own glossy chasm
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn
Swept with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
O'er interlentue waste, through glimmering haze.

Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill

With fractured summit, no indifferent sight
To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
Blank Radiocanto! I escaped with joy—
These are before me; and the varied scene
May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat
Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower
Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
Her sisters, soon like her to be adorned
With golden blooms opening at the feet
Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting given,
Given with a voice and by a look returned
Of old companionship. Time counts not minutes
Fire, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
The local Genius hurries me abroad,
Transported over that cloud-woofing hill,
Sent Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,
With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top.
There to alight upon crisp moss, and range
Obtaining emblem boon, at every step,
Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous,
[Not Apennine can boast of fairer] hills
Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
And prospect right below of deep coves shaped
By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk
Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
The shepherd struggles with them. Oward
And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,
And down the valleys, and the low Llenocops,
Places forsaken now, though loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border ballads—
But here am I fast bound: and let it pass,
The simple captive—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 back his general climate, when disease
Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spoke of bards and minstrels; and his
spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.
Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
Of his last going from Tweedside, thought
turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To wish him gone, I think—my God, I wish -
Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrow'd
words
To sadness not their own, when, with faint
smile
Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow."—Prophecy
More than fulfilled, as gay Cambrian shores
Soon witnessed, and the city of seven
hills,
Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering
tombs;
And more than all, that Eminence which showed
Her splendours, seen, not felt, while he stood
A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's Convert-haven, and retired grave.
Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
To move in sunshine!—Utter thanks, my Soul!
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by com-
mon understanding.
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell
That I—so near the term to human life
Appointed by man's common heritage,
Frait as the frailest, one wishful (if that
Deserve a thought) but little known to fame—
Am free to move where Nature's loveliest looks,
And noblest relics, history's rich bequest,
Failed to reanimate and but faintly cheered
The world's wide Darling—free to move at will
O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
Rest from enjoyment only.
Thanks peurred forth
For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings,
Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
With thankfulness I offer—let me guard
Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
Already gathered in this favoured Land
Lushdits within its core. The fait 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 bear through
life,
Else it deserts him, surely as he lives,
Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels
frown
If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
In a frail bark urged by two slender oars
Over waves rough and deep, that, when they broke,
Dashed their white foam against the palace
walls
Of Geneva the superb—should there be led
To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
However humble in themselves, with thoughts
Raised and sustained by memory of Him.
Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's
strength.
And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
To lay a new world open.
Nor less prized
Be those impressions which incline the heart
To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
Bend that way her desires. The dew, the
stems—
The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
On the small byssop destined to become,
By Hebrew ordnance devoutly kept,
A purifying instrument—the stern
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 track there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged,
and Old,
From century on to century, must have known
The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
The bluest tranquillity that sunk to deep
Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Paol'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, the temple spaply delved
In precipices nearer to the Saviour's tomb,
By hands of men, humble as brave, who sought
For its deliverance—a capacious field;
That to descendants of the dead it holds
And to all living mute momentous breathes,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

More winning than the might which on the

These potent charms of light and sound ap

Dwell in the poetry of old things. Their

Form in the language of the painter. Their

Shades are their own. Their clouds their own.

More winning than the might which on the

These potent charms of light and sound ap

Dwell in the poetry of old things. Their

Form in the language of the painter. Their

Shades are their own. Their clouds their own.

Shade, with all who were not still to expire.

Dwell in the poetry of old things. Their

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Shades are their own. Their clouds their own.

Shade, with all who were not still to expire.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

II.

THE FIRE 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,
Flaved from the world 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 sight.

Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome,
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Heights)
rowned with St Peter’s everlasting Home.

AT ROME.

Is it, ye Gods, the Capitolis Hill?
You petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Expression of your power, and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
The Traveller’s expectation?—Could our Will
Destroy the ideal Power within, ’were done
Thro’ what men see and touch,—slaves
wandering on,
Impelled by thirst of all but heaven-taught skill.

Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
Yet not unaccomplished 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.

IV.

AT HOME.—REMARKS.—IN ALLUSION TO MIEBUR AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS.

Twice old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, stript naked as a rock
Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?

If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
Which, in the gildness 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 chesnut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary fountains.
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
Due homage: nor shall you truly have sinned
By love of beauty moved, to erdriose in verse
Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed
Influence, at least among a scattered few,
So solemnity of mind and peace of heart
Friendly: as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom’s dear neighbourhood, the light
And musing issuing from your pendent flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,
Her morning splendour vanishes, and their place
Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
With those bright beams yet hid it not, must cease,
Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and low:
One solitary remnant for who we came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we know
How, for excelling 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.
No' er could the boldest Eulogist have dared
Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style:
Not in like sort the Runic Scalid was moved;
He, nursed' in those savage passions that define
Humanity, sang verse that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Halls.

VI.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBAS to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungodful, or untouched by season's rhymes,
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazing 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 me,
A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
All-ruling Jove, what'er the theme might be
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
Should animate, but not mislead, the muse.

VII.

AT ROME.

They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
When the black day is over, garnished
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the decoursed floors are worn
By feet of proud-stroud strangers; they—who have read
In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
They—who have heard some learned Patriot treat
Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme
From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright dream
Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

VIII.

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST PETER'S.

Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
One man and beast a not unwelcome friend
Is she, the language of approaching noon;
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,
Save insect-swarms that hum in air aloof,
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
Startling and shrill as that which roused the Dawn.
—Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the serve
Shrieks from the note as from a mis-timed thing,
Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
Charged with remembrance of his sudden sting,
His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
And you resplendent Church are proud to bear.

IX.

AT ALBANO.

Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear
His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through
Albano's dripping Felix avenue,
My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer;
Our yesterday's procession did not sue
In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,
But not in scorn—the Matron's Faith may lack
The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track
Steps not at this low point, nor wants the lure
Of Rovers the Virgin without fear may own;
For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
"Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
While all things present told of joy and love.
But restless Fancy left that olive grove
To hail the exploratory Tirrel renewing
Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing
On the great flood were spared to live and move
O boundless Heaven; signs true as dove and bough
Brought to the ark are coming evermore.
Given though we seek them not, but, while we slumber
This sea of life without a visible shore,
Do neither promise nor grace implore
In what alone in ours, the living Now;

X.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, Illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills be-thrown
With monuments decayed or overthrown,
For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
Ruins perceived for keener sympathies;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.
Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen
Power,
Thy forlorn twins exalted, might provoke
Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
When thou, upstart, shalt break thy double yoke,
And enter with prompt aid from the Most High,
On the third stage of thy great destiny.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground did rock.
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
Save in this Roll that took from blood the name*
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
So may all trace and sign of deeds afooth
From the true guidance of humanity,
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
Their spirit; or, unless they reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

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 personal images to pain allold.
What wonder if at midnight, by the side
Of Sangüinetto or broad Thrasyumene,
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen:
And all things else, O vanquished Chief! whose curse,
Unburden, thy soul heaped on heaps of slain:
But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would he forget
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.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVENA.

May 24th, 1837.

List—twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight
Heard thou, voice! and catch it now, though faint,
Far off, with hint, and melting into air.
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
These louder cries give notice that the Bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheezing hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature.

Sanguinetti.

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 kindred beloved,
For old remembrance sake. And oft—where Spring
Displayed her richest blossoms among flies
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit,
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
Blending as in a common English grove
Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,
What'er assemblages of new and old,
Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
A gratulation from that vocal Voice
Was wanting—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! I 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 joy.

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 you House,
Have ceased
To bind his spiritual Prophecy, with rules
Strident as flesh can tolerate and live.
His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
That made us) over those severe restraints
Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
Both sometimes here predominate, and works
By unsearched means for greater good:
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by
Changeling 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 nearer elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections; and with heart and bird
(Stilled from afar—such marvelous story tells—
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or grove
Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He went to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
As to be liked in his Followers' minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.
Then question not that, 'mid the austere
Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where
He stood,
Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Distantly survey, and, with those gentle hearts
Counted, Others, in the power, the faith,
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature's humble 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
Upon a pine-tree's storm-oppressed trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead skyward raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
By the joint pressure of his missing mind
And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, alight
Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover like he was—
If they received into a conscious ear
The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
My heart—may have been moved like me to think,
Ab not like me who walk in the world's ways,
On the great Prophet, styled the Voice of One
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
Now that their voices must melt, their herbs and flowers
Receive their obdurate winter pass away,
That awful name to Thee, then, simple Cuckoo,
Wandering in solitude, and evermore
Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
To find thy glad tildings over heights
Still lofty, and to climes more near the pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well! sweet Bird!
If that substantial title please thee more,
Forego—thou go thy way, no need hast thou
Of a good wish sent after thee: from bower
to bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
Three gentle breezes waft—or airs that meet
By course and spirit about thee softly fan—
Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
And folds thy pinions up in last repose.

XV.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDO.

Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft,
And seeking consolation from above;
Nor grieve the loss that skill to him was left
to paint this picture of his lady-love;
Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?
And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
Doth in pity, or with care remove.
That (those)—those eyes—can they assist to
years?
Thoughts that would stray from Heaven? The

To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
Else will the enfeebled 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 forsakes, all its busy cares
And stirring interests softened with desperate flight.
All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive
How weakly works man's weakness, sighs may be heard.
For such a One best with choliastic staves.
Father of Mercy! rectify his view;
If with his vices this object ill agree:
Shed over it thy grace, and that subtle
Impious 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 SEMITA OR UPPER CONVENT OF
CAMALDO.

What aim had they, the Prete of Modena, in size
Inexpressive, dragged, while side by side they went,
By panting steers up to this convent gate?
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampred eyes,
Dare they confront the lean sufferers
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humble flesh and mortifies?
Strange contrast!—verily the world of dreams,
Where 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 aird ground of waking life.

XVIII.

AT VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etruscan shades
High over-arch'd embower.—PARADISE LOST.

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood,
Toumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!"
Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
That filled me asleep, bids me listen once more.
In murmurs how soft I as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell—yone sequacious 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

dramm must close
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

In the flower-bespangled meadows his genius we
Turned to humble 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 his life lengthened out came a desolate
time,
And darkness and danger had compassed him
round,
With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his
prince,
And here once again a kind shelter be found.
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
Drew him to Sion, the gloriéd hill,
Here also, on some favoured height, he would
choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at will
Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
Of that holiest of Bard's, 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! I under you
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,
While your leaves I behold and the brooks
they will swear,
And the realised vision is clasped to my heart.
Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day
When the Being of Beings shall summon her
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 Pile,
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
Hence, not heeding to aught that passed the
Pine,
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
The laurel'd Dante's favourite seat. A throne,
In just esteem, it rival'd; though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of greatness
flown.
As a true man, who long had served the lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more.
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate
down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne,

XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTISM,
BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

The Baptist might have been ordained to cry
From thence, the towers of that huge Pile,
whereas
His Father served Jehovah; but how win
Due audience, how for aught be more than a
false
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
And folly, if they with unity and
shame
Drowned not at once mandate and prophecy?
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert,
thence
To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To Her and to all lands its warning sent,
Crying with earnestness that it not cease,
"Make straight a highway for the Lord—re
pent!"

XXI.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
With Him who made the Work that Work
accords
So well, that by its help and through his grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and
words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace.
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and guide;
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines for
aye.

XXII.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM M. ANGELO.

Eternal Lord! endless of a cumbersome load,
And lonelier from the world, I turn to Thee;
Shun, like a shivered bark, the storm, and flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the
tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;
Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto incline
More readily the more my years consume
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE
APENNINES.

Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine
Altars that piety neglects;
Whose infant arms enfold the shrine
Which no devotion flow respects;
If not a stranger from the land,
Here ruminate, nor shrouded lid,
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
In aught that ye would grace or hide—
How sadly is your love misplaced,
Fair Trees, your beauty run to waste!
Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heed,
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
From fractured arch and mouldering wall—
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

DE BOUT MORE TOUCHINGLY RECALL
MAN'S HEYSTRONG VIOLENCE AND TIME'S SWEETNESS
MAKING THE PRECINCTS YE ADORN
APPEAR TO NIGHT STILL MORE FORBUM

IN LOMBARDY,
SAXE, WHERE HIS DIFFICULT WAY THAT OLD MAN WISJ
BEST BY A LOAD OF MULBERRY LEAVES—MOST HARD
APPEARS AT LAST, TO THE SMAL WORM'S COMPARED,
WHICH FOR WHOM HIS TAIL WITH EARLY DAY BEGINS.
ACKNOWLEDGING NO TASK-MASTER, AT WILL
(AS IF HER LABOUR AND HER CASE WERE TWICE)
SHE SEEMS TO WORK, AT PLEASURE TO LIE STILL—
AND SOFTLY SLEEPS WITHIN THE THREAD SHE SPINS.
SO FARE THEY—THE MAN SERVING AS HER SLAVE.
ERE LONG THEIR FATES DO EACH TO EACH CONSORM;
BOTH PASS INTO NEW BEING, BUT THE WORM,
TRANSFIGURED, SINKS INTO A HOPELESS GRAVE;
HER VOLANT SPIRIT WILL, HER TRUSTS, ACCEDE
TO BLISS UNBOUND, GLORY WITHOUT END.

AFTER LEAVING ITALY.
FAIR LAND! THEE ALL MEN GREET WITH JOY; HOW FEW,
WHOSE SOULS TAKE PRIDE IN FREEDOM, VIRTUE, VIRTUE.
PART FROM THEE WITHOUT PITY DYED IN SHAME:
I COULD NOT—WHILE FROM VENICE WE RETREW;
LED ON TO ALPINE STRAIT CONFINED OUR VIEW
WITHIN ITS DEPTHS, AND TO THE SHORE WE CAME OF
LAGO MORTO, DREAMY SIGHT AND NAME,
WHICH OF SORE AND THOUGHT SADDER COLOURING,
SHARES THE LIFE OF THY SPIRIT.
ITALIA! ON THE SURFACE OF THY SPIRIT,
(THE MOUNTAINS EMERGED FROM THE TURBID LAKE)
SHALL A FEW PARTIAL BREESES ONLY CREEP?
BE ITS DEPTHS QUICKENED; WHAT THOU DUST INHERIT
OF THE WORLD'S HOPES, DARE TO FULL;
AWAKE, MOTHER OF HEROES, FROM THY DEATH-LIKE SLEEP!

COMPOSED AS INDIGNATION MASTERED GRIEF, MY TONGUE
SPOKE LATTER WORDS; WORDS THAT DID NOT AGREE
WITH THOSE RICH STORIES OF NATURE'S IMAGERY,
AND DIVINE ART, THAT FAST TO MEMORY CLING—
THY GLORIES, MAGNIFICENT REGION, EVER YOUNG
IN THE SUN'S EYE, AND IN HIS SISTER'S SIGHT
HOW THEY WERE SEEN, HOW LOVELY TO BE SEEN
IN STRAINS OF RAPTURE, AND SUBDUED DELIGHT.
I SIGNOR! WITNESSES THAT SEA WEWOME SHOCK
THAT FOLLOWED THE FIRST SOUND OF GERMAN SPEECH,
CAUGHT THE FAVOURING HARKER 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.

COMPOSED AT SYDHALM ON MAY MORNING, 1818.
IT WITH OLD LOVE OF YOU, DEAR HILLS! I SHARE
NEW LOVE OF MANY A RIVULAR IMAGE Brought
FROM FAR, FORGOTTEN THE WANDERINGS OF MY THOUGHT;
Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! WHEN I
TO TAP THE FOUNTAIN, TRICKLING, WITH MY DOVE
THY PRESENT BIRTH-MORN WITH THY LAST, SO FAIR,
SO RICH TO ME IN FAVOURS. FOR MY LOT
THEN WAS, WITHIN THE FAME ETERNAL GROT
TO SIT AND MUSE, FANNED BY ITS DEWY AIR

MINGLING WITH THY SOFT BREATH! THAT SLEEPING,
WALTERS I HEARD THEIR JOY UNBOUNDING
AMID THE SUNNY, SHADOWY, COLUMNS,
HEARD THEM, UNCHECKED BY VIGHT OF SADDENING HOPE.
FOR VICTORIES THERE WON BY FLOWER-CROWNED SPRING,
CHANT IN full CHORUS THEIR INNOCENT DEUM.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.
WHERE TOWERS ARE CRUSHED, AND UNFORBIDDEN WINDS
OF ERRANT ARCEHS SHED THEIR SEEDS;
AND TEMPLES, DOOMED TO MOLDER CHANCE, UNFOLD
A NEW MAGNIFICENCE THAT WIES WITH OLD;
FIRM IN ITS PRISTINE MAJESTY HATH STOOD
A VOTIVE COLUMN, SPARED BY FIRE AND FLOOD—
AND, THOUGH THE PASSIONS OF MAN'S FERTILE SCALE
HAVE NEVER CEASED TO EDIFY ROUND ITS BASE,
NOT INJURED MORE BY TOUCH OF MENDING HANDS
THAN A LONE OBELISK, 'MID NUBIAN SANDS,
OR SEEN IN SYRIAN DESERTS LEFT TO SABO
FROM DEATH THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD AND BRAVE.
HISTORIC FIGURE ROUND THE SHAFT EMBRACE,
THREE, WITH LINEMENTS IN AIR NOT LOST:
STILL AS HE TURNS, THE CHARMED ANTECITOR SEES
GROUP WINNING AFTER GROUP WITH DREAM-LIKE EASE;
TRUMPS IN SUNLIGHT GRACEFUL DISPLAYED,
OR SOFTLY STANIS SINGING MODERN SENSE.
SO, PLEASED WITH PURPLE CLOTHES TO ENTHRAL
SOME SOFT ALM STREET, MOUNTS THE DARING VINE;
THE WOODLINE, WITH SPIRAL GRACE, AND BREATHES
WIDE—SPREADING COLOURS FROM HER FLOWERY WIDTHS.
Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds' ears
MURMURING BUT ONE SMOOTH STORY FOR ALL YEARS,
GLADLY COMMUNICATE WITH THE MIND AND HEART
OF HIM WHO SURVIVES BY CLASSIC ART;
HIS ACTIONS WITNESS, VENERATE HIS MEN,
AND STUDY TRAJAN AS BY PULSAR SEEN:
REPHOLD HOW Fought THE CHIEF WHOSE CONQUERING SWORN
STRETCHED FAR AS EARTH MIGHT OWN SINGLE LED;
IN THE DELIGHT OF MORAL PRUDENCE SCHOOL;
HOW FEELingly AT HOME THE SOVEREIGN RULED;
BEST OF THE GOOD—IN PAGAN FAITH ALLIED
TO MORE THAN MAN, BY VIRTUE OF THE GOD;
MEMORIAL PILLAR! "BE THE BLESSINGS OF TIME
PRESERVE UNHARMED: UNHEALTHY OF CONFERENCE SUBLIME—
THE EXULTATIONS, RUMPS, AND CARES OF ROME,
WHENCE HALF THE BREATHING WORLD RECEIVED ITS
DOOM;
THINGS THAT TELL FROM LANGUAGE: THAT, IF SHOWN
BY SONG, FROM THE LIGTH THAT FLOWS.
A PONTIFF, TRAJAN, RISES IN THE GODS IMPLORER,
THREE SPEAKS AN EMBASSY FROM INDIAN SHORES:
LO! HE HARMIONS HIS COHORS—STORM OF
THE STORM OF THE LEAVE WITH A TRUE FORM!
UNHARMED, NAKED, TROOPS OF MOONISH BIRD
SLEEP IN THE GRAVE; MORE HIGH, THE DACIAN
FORCE.
To BEND AND HAND FINGER MOLLIFIED—YET, HIGH OR LOW;
NONE BLEED, AND NONE LIVE PROPHET BUT THE FOE;
IN EVERY ROMAN, THROUGH ALL TURNS OF FATE,
IN ROMAN DIGNITY INVOICE;
SPIRIT IN HIM PRE-EMINENT, WHO GUIDES.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Supports, adore, and over all presides; Distinguished only by inherent state From honoured instruments that round him roll: Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest On aught by which another is deprest. —Alas! that One thus disciplined could toil To enslave whole nations on their native soil: So emulous of Macedonian fame, That, when his age was measured with his aim, He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories, And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs: O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise! Where now the haughty Empire that was spread With such fond hope? her very speech is dead; Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies, And Trajan still, through various enterprise, Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies; Still are we present with the imperial Chief, Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined, Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.
THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

(For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.)

While Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air,
Yet was she work of mortal hands,
And took from men her name—The Water Lily.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant
Grews from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this Fimnace bright
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this wing'd Shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,
Grave Merlin (and belleke the more)
For practicing occult and perilous lore
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
An altered look upon the advancing Stranger
Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,
"My Art shall help to tame her pride—"
Anon the breeze became a blast,
And the waves rose, and sky portended danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign
Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges;

The cloues in blacker clouds are lost,
Like spivellous Friends that vanish, crossed
By Fiends of aspect more malign;
And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley;
Supreme in loveliness and grace
Of motion, whether in the embrace
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
The main flood roughened into hill and valley.

Behold, how wanly 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 beams,
And cannot spare the Thing he cherished:
Ah! what avail's 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 bony brain;
Though loved, she could not love again;
Though pitied, felt her own distress;
Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of Nature.
Yet is there cause for gushing tears,
So richly was this Galley laden;
A fairer than herself she bore.
And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
A lovely One, who nothing heary
Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless Maiden.
Into a cave had Merlin fled
From mischief, caused by spells himself had muttered;

And while, repentant all too late,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

In moody posture there he sat,
He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised
A Visitant by whom these words were uttered:
"On Christian service this frail bark
Sailed—nay, more, Merlin—under high
Protection, that on her prow a sign of heathen power
Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily flower,
The old Egyptian emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.
Her course was for the British strand;
Her steersman, in a Grampus' breech;
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 cheerless.
And to Cæleos'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 Strange's bridal hour,
For whom the sea was made navigable.
Shame! should a Child of royal line
Die through the blindness of thy malice!"
Thus the Necromancer spoke
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
Who ne'er embittered any good man'sxhrice.
"What boasts," continued she, "to mourn?
To expatiate thy sin unavance?
From the bleak isle where she is laid,
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid
May yet to Arthur's court be borne
Calm as she is, ere life be fled for ever,
My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
That brought me down that sunless river,
Will bear me on from wave to wave,
And back with her to this sea-cave.
Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
Through air, to thee my Charge will I deliver
The very swiftest of thy cars
Not when my part is done, be ready;
Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
Into thy own prophetick book;
And, if that fail, consult the Stars.
To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt and
This scarcely spoken, she again
Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
That, o'er the yet-dismustered Deep,
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
Or like a steed, without a rein,
Urg'd o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.
Soon did the gentle Nina reach
That isle without a house or haven;
Landing, she found not what she sought,
Nor saw of wreck or ruin fought.
But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble grave.
Sad relicque, but how fair the while!
F'ring gently each from each retreatting
With backward curve, the leaves revealed
The bloom half, and half concealed,
Of a Dove, 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,
Unarmed, unstript, all grace, all allure,
But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom forewarned.
Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
With tenderness and mild emotion,
The Damsel, and the装甲m dearest
And, while she raised her from the ground,
And in the pearly shallops placed,
Sleep fell upon the air, and stillled the ocean.
The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
Of music open, and the anthem blending
Oflfrra
grance, undervied from earth,
With gleams that owed not to the sun their
birth,
And that soft rustling of invisible wings
Which Angels make, on works of love descending.
And Nina heard a sweeter voice
Than if the Goddess of the flower had spoken:
"Thus hast achieved, fair Dame! what none
Less pure in spirit could have done;
Go, in thy enterprise rejoiced!
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success be
blessed!"
So cheered, she left that Island bleak,
A rare rock of the Scilly cluster,
The self-illumined Brigandine
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek
And pallid brow, a melancholy laurel.
Fleet was their course, and when they came
To the dim cavern, whence the river
Issued into the salt-sea flood,
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
Was thus accosted by the Dame:
"Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver!
But where attend thy chariot—where?"
"Oswath Merlin!, " Even as I was hidden,
So have I done; as trusty as thy barge
My vehicle shall prove. -0 precious Charge! If this be sleep, how soft, how fair!
Much have my books disclosed, but the end is
hidden."
He spoke; and gazing into view
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
Came two prime Swans, whose plumes of
 dusky white
Changed, as the pair approached the light,
Drawing an elven car, their hue
(Like clouds of sunset) into vivid amber.
Once more did gentle Nina sit
The Priapus, passive to all changes;
The car received her;—then up-went
Into the ethereal element
The birds with progress smooth and swift
As thought, when through bright regions mem-
oryranges,
Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
Instructs the Swans their way to measure;
And o'er Cæleos's towers appeared,
And notes of minstrelsy were heard
From rich pavilions spreading wide;
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.
Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames
Ere on from ground the car alighted;
Edifice astoundement was past,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

For in that face they saw the last,
Last lingering look of clay, that tames
All pride, by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,
Away with feast and tilt and tourney!
Ye saw, throughout this royal House,
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
Vesper, and a clash of swords

Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

Lo! by a destiny well known
To their delight, joy is turned to sorrow;
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
She is but a vision, 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 lost how hard!
Is this her pious reward?

Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek!

O winds without remorse! O shore ungrateful!
Rich robes are fretted by the moth;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
A Father's sorrow for her fate?
He will repent of him his troth:
His brain will burn, his stout heart split aunder.

Alas! and I have caused this woe;
For, when my process 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 labour.

Her breath was heathen; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered:
A voice added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense.

For his kingdoms by my word 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 corpse; then put aside
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 forward to thy sovereign will
Sever me, Liege! if, 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 Bridgework was for her ordained by Heaven;
And in my glassy signification are
Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping;
For this, approaching One by One,
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of the Virgin;"

So, for the favoured One, the Flower may bloom
Once more: but, if unchangeable her doom,
If life departed be for ever gone,
Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,
May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises
And melts; but grief devout that shall endure,
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no fair thought shall cross.
A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises."

"So be it," said the King: "anon,
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial;
Knights, each in order as ye stand
Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand
Sir Agrawale advanced; no sign he won
From Heaven or earth;—Sir Kaye had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinis turned away;
Even for Sir Perisval no disclosure;
Though he, devourest of all Champions, ere
He reached that ebon car, the her
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composition.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)
How in still air the balance trembled—
The wishes, peradventure the despairs;
That overcame some not generous Knights;
And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
And there how many bosoms painted
While drawing toward the car Sir Gawaine,
For tournament, his beaver vailed,
And softly touched; but, to his princely cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of harp,
Sir Tristan, dear to thousands as a brother,
Came to the proof, nor grievous that there ensued
No change;—the fair Isoud he had wooed
With love too true, a love with parches too sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread another.
Not so Sir Launcelot;—from Heaven's grace
A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition;
The royal Guinever looked passing glad
When his touch failed. Next came Sir Galad
He pressed, and stood entranced by that still face
Whose features he had seen in nocturne light.

For late, as near a murmuring stream
He rested, 'mid an armour green and shady,
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed.
And, at her call, a waking dream
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.
Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
And stood, far-kneed by mantle furled with emprise,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

As o'er the insentient Body hung
The vacant, the beautiful, the young,
Belief sank deep into the crowd.

That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nay deem it strange: the Youth had worn
That very mantle in a day of glory,
The day when he achieved that matchless feat.

The marvel of the Perilous Seat,
Which whose approach of strength was stern,
Though King or Knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand—
And lo! those birds, far-famed through Love's dominions,
The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;
And their necks play, involved in rings,
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land:

"Mine is she," cried the Knight:—again they clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,
And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow:"

Whereat, a tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the sea, the rapine high,
Of love embroiled, hope with dread entwining.

When, to the mouth, relenting Death Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
Precursor to a timid sigh,
To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze
Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;
In silence watched the gentle strife
Of Nature leading back to life;
Then eased his soul at length by praise.

Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—she blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,
Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,

Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
Through mortal change and immortality;
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
And saga tradition still rehearsed
The pomp, the glory of that hour
When toward the altar from her bower
King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,

And Angels caroled these far-echoed verses—

Who shrieks not from alliance
Of evil with good Powers
To God proclaims defiance,
And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
From the Land of Nile did go;
Alas! the bright Ship floated,
An idol at her prow.

By magic domination,
The Heavens-permitted vent
Of purblind mortal passion,
Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,
What served thee in her need?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more;
But gently, gently blame her—
She cast a foul aspersion.

The Maid to Jesus hearkened,
And kept to him her faith,
Till serve in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a watchless bower;
And, billow favouring billow,
She reached the desired strand.

Rent Pair! what'er befal you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love.

138a.
THE RIVER DUDDON.
A SERIES OF SONNETS.

The River Dudden rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire: and, having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millom.

TO THE REV. DR WORDSWORTH.

(With the Sonnets to the River Dudden, and Other Poems in this Collection, 1830)

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-sight beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listed—till wax was paid
Respect to every lamiate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played,
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care fail often stills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,
Hasten heard this never-failing rite
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours.

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the uncelebrate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
-To hear—and sink again to sleep!

Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw
A grateful coolness round that crystal Spring,
Blind depression; prattling as when long ago

Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness lingering o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serene face
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With sable streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,

Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manors! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;

Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambert's venerable towers,

To humbler streams, and greener bowers
Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,

And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy statuate ear,

A pleased attention I may win
To agitation less severe,

That neither overwhelm nor clay,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing;
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow

Round the moist marge of Persian fountains
cling;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow,
I seek the birthplace of a native Stream—
All hall, ye mountains I hail, thou morning light!
Better to breathe at large on this clear height
Than sail in wretched sleep from dream to dream:
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

Child of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast:
Those 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 meeter Poet than the whispering Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair
Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green;
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
My seat, while I give way to such intent:
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning sought that droll present
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
So sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
Yet thou hast round thee shed a gleam
Of brilliant moss, inextinct with fire-born rare;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

Tall, cradled Nurtling of the mountain, take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu!
A Trojan change seems wrought while I pursue
The curves, a loosely scattered chain doth make;
Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,
Silent, and to the gazier's eye untrue;
Thridding with siousos lapse the rushes, through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill
Rooded instantly in garb of snow-white foam;
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
So high, a rival purpose to fulfill:
Else let the distant backward wend, and roam.
Seeking less bold achievement, where he will!

Sulk listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
With the clear voice, I caught the sifid sound
Wafted o'er solemn moss and crappy mound—
Unfruitful solitude, that seemed to outbrand
The sun in heaven—but now, to form a shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
And birch-trees rise in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
Mid sheltering pines, the Cottage made grey;
Where stubby children by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
Thy pleasant associates:—light as endless May
On infant bosoms lovely Nature lies.

Flowers.

Yet our course was graced with social trees
It lacked not old remains of hathorn bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their paramours;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vague breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilder nest
The trembling eyelight showed her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
And if the breath of some to no care
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

"Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"
The love-sick Stripedling fancifully sighs,
The eviscled flower beholding, as it lies
On Laurent's breast, in exquisit repose;
Or he would pass into her bird, that throws
The darts of song out of its wiry cage;
Enrapured—could he for himself engage
The thousandth part of what the Nymph receives,
And what the little careless innocent
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!
There are whose calmer mind it would content
To be an unruled flower of the glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling purpose
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slumber voice.

What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellicid Current staked his thighs?
What hopes came with him! what designs were spread
Along his path?—his unprotected bed
To be an unruled flower of the glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling purpose
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That tunes on Duddon's banks her slumber voice.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

When the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
And the solitudes of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust—
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide
Shall find such toys of fantasy thickly set:
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we must;
And, if thou canst, leave them without regret!

OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled over,
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 score us. But while bleak winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the grots that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unwitten—then would I
Turn into port; and, reckless of the gale, Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

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 bright and busy plot
Of village-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine—thou hast tossed
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
Fly fits and starts, yet this content thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Uterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, sawe when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue!

From this deep chasm, where quivering sun-beams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold;
A concave free from shrubs and modest grey;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!
Was it by mortals sculptured—wary 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

AMERICAN TRADITION.

Such fruitless questions may not long beguile
The plague the fancy madly sculptured shows
Conspicuous yet where Oronooko flows;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

There would the Indian answer with a smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the while,
Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,
Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose,
Mounted through every intricate divide,
Triumphant — foundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
And carried on an inland's unvisited side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey.

Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or defied!

XVII.

RETURN.

A DREK plume fetch me from your blasted yew,
Preceded on whose top the Danish Raven croaks,
Abelf, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks;
And into silence hush the tempestous flocks
That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
Moisten each fibre, beneath the twinkling stars.

Slept amid that lone Camp on Harthouk's height,
Whose guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars;--

Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame
Tantalizing by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast
It came!}

XVIII.

SWEETWATER CHAPEL.

Sacred Religion! "mother of form and fear,"
Dread arbiter of mutable respect;
In rites explaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
Mother of Love! (that name less suits thee here)

Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low Pile a Gospel Teacher knew
Whose good works formed an endless retina;--
A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays:
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herici drew
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise!

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with delight
When hope presented some far-distant good,
That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood
Of you pure waters, from their airy height
Hurrying, we, lonely Hudson to unite;
Who, 'mid a world of images imprest
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
Appears to cherish most that Torrent while,
The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all?

* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

And seldom hath ear listened to a tone
More hailing than the buoy hom of Noon,
Sworn by that voice—whose mumur musical
Announces to the very soul, in tow
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

The old inventive Past, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the enchantment that detains
Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains;
The still repose, the liquid tape serene,
Transferred to bowers imperceptibly green,
Had beautified Elysium! But these chains
Will soon be broken,—a rough course remains,
Rough as the past: where Thou, of placid mien,
Innocuous as a breathing of the flock,
And countenance'd like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper; and, with many a shock
Given and received in mutual jealousy,
'Thata like a Flaccidant, from rock to rock,
Tussing her frantic thyrus wide and high!

XXI.

WHEREF that low voice!—A whisper from the breast;
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 afterward
By Duddon's side: once more do we unite,
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light;
And soothed joy in new being start,
From her unworthy seat; the cloudless sky
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Herglistening tresses bound, yet light and free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gaily to recall
The fading year's insensibility!

XXII.

TRADITION.

A LOVING MOTHER, at some far-distant time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass
In crystal cleanness Diana's leaking glass;
And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime
Derives its name, reflected as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
The starry treasure from the blue profound
She longed to ravish,—shall she plunge, or climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
Desperate alternative! what fond could dare
To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep
Rock's breast.

The lonely Primrose yet revives its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII.

SLEEP-WASHING.

Sad thoughts, avast!—partake we their little cheer
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock
To wash the fleece, where happy bands of rock,
Checking the stream, make a pool smooth and clear
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

As this we look on, Distant Mountains hear, 
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites 
Clamour of boys with innocent demeans 
Of barking dogs, and blemishes from strange fear.
And what if Duddon's spotted flood receive 
Unwelcome mixtures at the utmost noise 
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive 
Such wrong; nor need we blame the licensed joys.
They rise in the harmony of quiet equinoxe; 
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV. 

THE RESTING-PLACE.

Mid-day is past,—upon the sultry mend 
No asphyx breathes, no cloud its shadow throws; 
If we advance unstrengthened by repose, 
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!
This Noon,—with woodbine hung and straggling weed, 
Tempest excess as ever pilgrim chose, 
Half grov', half air—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 stately prospect, that may tempt 
Loose Idles to forego her wily mask.

XXV.

MIRTHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat 
Should some benignant Minister of air 
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair, 
The One for whom my heart shall ever beat 
With tenderest love,—or, if a safer seat 
Arose the way I saw himistlebed, there 
Would lodge her; and the cherished burden bear 
O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat.
Rough ways my steps have trod,—too rough and long 
For her companionship; here dwells soft ease: 
With sweets that she partakes not some distaste 
Minglers, and lurking consciousness of wrong; 
Languish the flowers: the waters seem to waste 
Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease to please.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued, 
Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen; 
Through tangled woods, impending rocks between; 
Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed 
The nature reservours whence their bold beard— 
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen, 
Greeted on the salt and billowy, white and green; 
Pour'd down the hills, a choral multitude! 
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains; 
They taught me random cares and trusty joys, 
That shield from mischief and preserve from stains. 
Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys; 
Mature fancy owes to their rough noisy 
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffus'd into a shapeless heap, 
Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould, 
Is that embellish'd House, whose massy Keep 
Flung from you cliff a shadow large and cold, 
There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold; 
Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep 
Of winds—though winds were silent—smack a deep 
And lasting terror through that ancient Hold. 
Its line of Warriors fled,—they shrunk when tried 
By ghastly power,—but Time's unsparring hand 
Had pucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land; 
And now, if men with men in peace abide, 
All other strength the weakest may withstand, 
All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

I rose while yet the cattle, heat-oppress, 
CROWded together under rustling trees 
Brushed by the current of the water-creases; 
And for their sakes, and love of all that rest, 
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering seat; 
For all the startled scaly tribes that sink 
Into his covert, and each fearless link 
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast; 
For these, and hopes and recollections worn 
Close to the vital seat of human clay; 
Glad meetings, tender partings, that at last 
The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn 
In his pure presence near the trysting them— 
I thanked the Leader of our onward way.

XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance, 
Horse charging horse, and these retired 
Tells that their turf drunk purple from the veins 
Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance 
Till doubtful combat strow'd in a trance 
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins 
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains, 
And lighten'd o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet to the loyal and the brave, who lie 
In the bleak earth, neglected and forlorn, 
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay; 
The Torrens chant their praise, inspiring scorn

Of power usurped; with proclamation high, 
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

XXX.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce 
To that serene companion—a good name, 
Recovers not his loss: but walks with shame. 
With doubt, with fear, and hope with remorse: 
And oft-times he—who, yielding to the force 
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end 
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend— 
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse. 
Not so with such as loo deste wear the chain 
That binds them, placid Riv'rt to by-side: 
Through the rough cope wheel thou with hasty stride; 
I choose to saunter o'er the green plain, 
Sure, when the separation has been tried, 
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXXI.

The Kirk of Uislen to the pilgrim’s eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rest
Of a black cloud diffus’d o’er half the sky;
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
Or 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 graves extracting thoughts divine;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits soar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River’s gentle roar.

XXXII.

Not hurled precipitously from steep to steep;
Linger ing no more ‘mid flower-enamelled lands
And blooming thickets; nor by rocky banks
Heil’d; but in radiant progress toward the Deep.
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink and forget their nature—now expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath an opalescent 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.

Concluding.

But here no cannon thunders to the gale;
Upon the wave no haughty pendents 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 Watcher seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his ambitious functions fail.
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free—
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance—to advance like Thee;
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

XXXIV.

After-Thought.

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away—I vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide:
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith’s transcendent power
We feel that we are greater than we knew.
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;
OR,
THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.
During the Summer of 1819, I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of the White Doe, founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION.
In trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, Mary! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, and of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Beloved! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Mourn as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she shed,—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a fairy shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free Fancy prised each splendid 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 passion ceased to flow;
For us the voice of melody was mute.
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's benignant influence failed not to bestow
A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
April 30, 1819.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And grief whose sappy motion comes not near
The pens that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low down 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
Alike ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior kinds; whose forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds—fair Creatures! to whom
Heaven
A calm and useless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose;
And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
A bright, encouraging, example shows;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks;
Needful amid life's ordinary woes—
Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.
He serves the Muses erringly and ill.
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive;
O, that my mind were equal to fulfill
The comprehensive mandate which they give—
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Beloved Wife! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.
"Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a moment—this way or that—
*Tis done; and in the after-vacancy
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity
Yet that darkness: infinite though it seem
And irremovable; gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—though patient steps of thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and though from the mortal
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."

"They that deny a God destroy Man's nobility; and certainly Man is of kin to the Beast by his Body; and if he be not of kin to God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature: for take an example of a Dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura. Which courage is manifestly such, as that Creature without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assures himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith in such human Nature in itself could not obtain."

CANTO FIRST.
From Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun shines bright; the fields are gay
With people in their best array.

Of doughty, bowd, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharfe,
Through the ovine retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy,
And, up among the mountains, see
What sprinkling of blithe company! Of lassos and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the biddled brooks; Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's musing Priory.

What world 'e they there!?—Fall fifty years
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too hastily hath been doomed to last.
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which went to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remained one protected part;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Close to the tower and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills—soon
Look again, and they all are gone.
The cloister round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak
And scarcely have they disappeared
The prelatical hymns is heard—
With one convert 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 days.
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.
And though you gazing, 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 serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
When she is as Lily of June,
And beameth 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 below
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 fires; Ye multitude, pursue your prayers; And blame not me of my heart and sight Are occupied with one delight Th' is a work for salutary hours. If I wish this bright Creator go: Whether she be of forest bowers, From the bowerers of earth below, Or a Spirit for one day given, A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes Wait upon her as she ranges Round and through this Pile of state Overthrown and desolate! Now a step or two her way Leads through space of open day, Where the embers shone with light Brightened her that was so bright; Now doth a delicate shade 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 morns— High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell, With perfect cunning framed as well Of stone, and ivy, and the spread 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 sainiely show;
And, reappearing, she is less
Sheeds 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 if she, in her garb shears 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 houses where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;
For old magnificence 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 birth
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cheering humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might:
If she were doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere,
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
No head to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Bore her to the ridge of a grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gorges, as a weary wave
Sink, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
The lingering motion bound.
Like the crystal stream now flowing
With its softest summer sound:
So the halmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Crouched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with dovescast.
—But now again the people raise
With awful cheer a voice of praise:
It is the last, the parting song;
And from the temple forth they throng,
And quickly spread themselves abroad,
While each pursues his several road.
But some—a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung—
With mute obeisance gladly paid
Turn towards the spot, where, full in view,
The white Doe, to her service true,
Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;
Which two speck length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide:
As if in some respect of level
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood;
Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my Child! I draw near;
She fears not, where should we fear?
She means no harm!"—but still the lily,
To whom the words were softly said.
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,
A shamé-faced blush of glowing red!
Again the Mother whispered low,
"Now you have seen the famous Doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath day;
Her work, whatever it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
Her sabbath morning, foul or fair.

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
The Boy had seen her, yes, more bright;
But is she truly what she seems?
He asks with sincere delight,
Asks of himself, and double,—and still
The doubt return against his will:
Though he, and all the standers-by,
Could tell a tragic history
Of facts divulged, wherein appear
Substantial motive, reason clear,
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
Couchant beside the lordly mound;
And why she duly loves to pace
The circuit of this hallowed place.
Nor to the Child's inquiring mind
Is such perplexity confound:
For, spite of sober Truth who sees
A world of fixed remembrances
Which to this mystery belong,
If, undeserved, my skill can trace
The characters of every one,
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 oft 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 espouse
The spectacle, is mounting high
To days of dim antiquity.
When Lady Alixus morned
Her Son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unavailing prayer;
Her Son in Whart's abysses crowned,
The noble Boy of Egremont.
From which affliction—when the grace
Of God had in her heart found place
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up, the worthy 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,
Its spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright.
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, you chaste dove,
And through the chink in the fretted door
Look down, and see a grievous sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Maulsevers stand;
And in their place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A desperate man, and a name of dread.
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Lambury church
And smeared off his head on the stones of the porch!

Look down among them, if you dare;
Or does the White Doe lesser there,
Frying 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 frouseted 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 descent:
It is, he thinks, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary;
Wild notes in his hearing sang,
A song of Nature's hidden powers;
That whistled like the wind, and rang.
Among the rocks and rocky bowers,
Two years she stayed; she all shapes could wear,
And oftentimes before him stood.
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In the embrace of a lady fair;
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
In Croot's den, on Cumbrian heights.
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A cavalier clad in homely grey;
Nor left him at his later day.
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow;
The fatal end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrow.

But not in wars did he delight,
The Clifford wished for worldly might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state:
His own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bollton's dear fraternity,
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Pensive, with him, the starry sky;
Or, in their walks, with him did pray.
For other lore,—by keen desire
Upburs to close coil 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 dishevelled.
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 gravity heaped.
Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet?
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning;
Yea, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright;
Which yet do unto some impact
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.

Harps! we have been full long beguiled
By vague thoughts, tired by fancy wild;
To which, with no reluctant strings
Thou hast attended thy murmuring.
And now before this Pile we stand
In solitude, and utter peace;
But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease—
A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
In soft and breeze-like visiting,
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 whispering Friend;
The Friend who stood before her sight,
Her only unextinguished light;
Her last companion in a death
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.
For She it was—this Maid, who wrought
Mereley, with foreboding thought,
In vermilion 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
Emblazon'd (such her Sire's command)
The sacred Cross: and figured there
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;
Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's Queen
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dread:
Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturbed upon her virgin head;
But now the inky-working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage, to fight
In Perry's and in Newcastle bright,
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes none to rest;
And boldly urged a general plea,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

The ruts of ancient piety
To be triumphantly restored,
By the stern justice of the sword!
And that same Banner, on whose breast
The blameless Lady had exprest
Memorials chosen to give life
And sunshine to a dangerous strife;
That Banner, waiting for the Call,
Stood quietly in Kyline-hall.

It came; and Francis Norton said—
"O Father! rise not in this fray—
The hairs are white upon your head;
Dear Father, hear me when I say
It is for you, too late a day!
Rebuke you of your own good name;
A just and gracious Queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.—
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn;
I am your son, your eldest born;
But not for lordship or for land,
My Father, do I clasp your knees?
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
That multitude of mere dishonour,
And live at home in blameless ease;
For these my brethren's sake, for me;
And, most of all, for Emily!"

Tumultuous noises filled the hall;
And scarcely could the Father hear
That name—pronounced with a dying fall—
The name of his only Daughter dear,
As on the banner which stood near
He glanced a look of holy pride,
And his moist eyes were gladdened;
Then did he seize the staff, and say;
"Thou, Richard, hearst thy father's name:
Keep this ensign till the day
When I of thee require the same.
Thy place be on my better hand;—
And seven as true as thou, I see,
Will clave to this good cause and me."
He spoke, and eight brave sons straightway
All followed him, a gallant band!

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came,
The sight was hailed with loud acclamation
And the songs of arms and minstrelsy,
From all his warlike tenantry,
All hasted and harried with him to ride,—
A voice which the hills replied!—
But Francis, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under dreary weight,
A phantasm, in which roof and wall
Shook, tottered, swayed before his sight;
A dream, like a dream of night!
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He folded 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 sense 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 sat beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter grief.
"Might ever soul 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 spoke;
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
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;
Uniting our brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved;
And now their faithfulness is proved;
For faithful we must call the bearing
That soul of conscientious daring,
—There were they all in number—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in bearing; and
And those bright Twins were side by side,
And there, by fresh hopes braved.
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 the scorn,
And meet their pity face to face:—
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
I to my Father knelt and prayed;
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
Methought, was yielding inwardly.
And would have laid his purpose by,
But for a glance of his Father's eye,
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

Then be ye, each and all, forgiven! Thou, churlish thou, my Sister dear,
Whose gongs are registered in heaven—
The Stilied sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their place,
Mere filial smiles, upon;
As that unhallowed Banner grew
Beneath a loving old Maid's view.
Thy part is done—thy painful part;
Be thou then satisfied in heart;
A further, though far easier, task
Than thine hath been, my duties ask:
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
I cannot for such cause contend;
Their aims I utterly forswear;  
But I may live there.  
Unaimed and naked will I go,  
Be accosted, come weal or woe;  
On kind occasions I may wait,  
See, hear, abstract, or mitigate.  
Here may I find an empty hand."--"  
Thereby the wave away the lance,  
The month did grasp that stormy trance;  
Spasmed it, like something that would stand  
Between them and the pure intent  
Of love on which his soul was bent.  
"For thee, for thee, is left the sense  
Of our past without offence  
To God or man; such innocence,  
Such consolation, and the excess  
Of an unrioted distress;  
In that thy very strength must lie.  
"O Sister, I could propitiate!  
The time is come that rings the bell  
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;  
To 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 to me for when I am gone,  
And be no farther wrought upon  
Forbid all wishes, all debate.  
All prayers for this cause, or for that!  
Weep, if that aide thee: but depend  
Upon the help ofthine own friend;  
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave  
To its discipline without revulsion.  
For we must fall, both we and ours—  
The Mansion and these pleasant bowers,  
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall—  
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all.  
The young and old must forsake his mansion,  
And learn to glory in a Stranger;  
The person to whose peril  
Be parted from his ancient ground;  
The blast will sweep us all away.  
One dream is 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  
Retreat, and to her murmuring flood,  
And be in heart and soul the same.  
She was before she hunger came;  
Ere she had learned to love us all,  
Heart and soul in Rybstone-hall.  
But thou, my Sister, doomed to be  
The last leaf on a blasted tree;  
If not in vain we breathed the breath  
Together of a purer faith;  
If not in heart we have been led,  
And thus, "O happy thought this day!"  
Not so much in the way:  
On one thought our minds have fed,  
And we have in one meaning read;  
If, where our home private 

"* See the Old Ballad,—"The Rising of the North."

Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,  
Together we have learned  
Forbearance and self-sacrifice;  
If we like consummats have fared,  
And for this issue been prepared;  
If thou art beautiful, and youth  
And thought endure thee with all truth—  
Be strong;—be worthy of the grace  
Of God, and fill thy destined place;  
A Soul, by force of sorrows high,  
Uplifted to the parent sky  
Of undis turbed humanity!"

He ended,—or she heard no more;  
He led her from the yew-tree shade,  
And at the mansion’s silent door,  
He kissed the consecrated Maid;  
And down the valley then pursued,  
Along, the armed Multitude.

CANTO THIRD.

Now joy for you who from the towers  
Of Brancenepeth look in doubt and fear,  
Telling melancholy hours!  
Proclaim it, let your Masters hear  
That Norton with his band is near!  
The watchmen from their station high  
 Pronounced the word,—and the Earl descry,  
Well-pleased, the armed Company  
Marching down the banks of Were.  
Said fearless Norton to the pair  
Gone forth to greet him on the plain—  
"This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair;  
I bring with me a goodly train;  
Their hearts are with you: and shall I  
Have helped us? Ure we crossed, and Swale,  
And horse and harriers follow me—see  
The best part of their Yeomanry!  
—Stand forth, my Sons! these eight are  
Whom to this service I commend;  
Which way so’er you far march,  
These will be faithful to the end;  
They are my all—voice faced him here—  
"My all save one, a Daughter dear!  
Whom I have left, Love’s mildest bower,  
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  
I lo! how the people are flocking in,—  
Like hungry fowl to the feeder’s hand  
When snow lies heavy upon the land."  
He spake bare truth; for far and near  
From every side came noisy swarms  
Of Peasants in their homely gear;  
And, mixed with these, to Brancenepeth came  
Grave Gentry of estate and name,  
And Captains known for worth in arms;  
And prayed the Earls in self-defence  
To rise, and prove their innocence—  
"Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might  
For holy Church, and the People’s Right!"

The Norton faced, at this demand,  
His eye upon Northumberland,  
And said; "The Minds of Men will own  
No loyal rest while England’s Crown  
Remains without an Heir, the hall  
Of smile and faction desperate  
Who, paying deadly hate in kind
Though all things else, in this can find
A mutual hope, a common mind;
And plot to blend, in love to overwhelm
All ancient honour in the realm.
—Brave Earl! to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,
To you a suffering State complains,
And ye must raise her from the dust.
With wishes of still bolder scope
On you we look, with dearest hope;
Even for our Altars—for the prize
In Heaven, of life that never dies;
For the old and holy Church we mourn,
And must in joy to her return.
Behold!—and from his Son whose stand
Was on his right, from that guardian hand
He took the Banner, and unfurled
The precious folds—" behold," said he,
"The ransom of a sinful world;
Let this your preservation be;
The wounds of hands and feet and side
And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died
—This bring I from an ancient heart;
These Records wrought in pledge of love
By hands of no ignoble birth,
A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
While she the holy work pursued.
"Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
And the a thoughtfiillmorse around;
"Uplift it!" said Northumberland—
Whereas from all the multitude
Whose banners did the Banner rear'd on high
In all its dreadful embell'ry,
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
The transport was rolled down the river
Of Wear,
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 Wear, and all the little rills
Concealed among the forked hills—
Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
Of Neville, at their Master's call
HadLate together in Rugby Hall!
Such strength that Earlism held of yore;
Nor wanted at this time rich store
Of well-appointed chivalry.
—Not lost the sleepy lance to wield,
And great the old paternal shield;
They heard the summons:—and, furthermore,
Honor and Foot of each degree,
Unbound by pledge of fealty,
Appointed, with free and open hate
Of novelties in Church and State;
Knights, burgheers, yeoman, and esquire;
And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
Proceeding under Jos'ah's command,
To Durham first their course they bear;
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer.
And trod the tide beneath their feet.

Then marching southward smooth and free

They encountered their host at Wetherby,
Full sixteen thousand fair to see.

The Choicest Warriors of the North! But none for beauty and for fame.
Like those eight sons—who, in a ring,
(Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
Each with a lance, erect and tall,
A fashion, 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 steel will he
Henceforth bestride—triumphantly,
He stands upon the gracious soil,
Trust'ing 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 godly Pendragon;
A stature undeceived in age,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to the assault;
Magnificent limbs of withered state;
A face to fear and venerata,
Eyes dark and strong: and on his head
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
Which a brown morion did enclose,
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, foaming Paganry.
Who sees him!—thousands see, and One
With unparched oat of pride;
Who 'mong those thousands, friend hath none
And roars in solitary ways.
He, following where'er he might,
Hast 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, yet low and down
He takes alone his far-off stand,
With breast unsailed, and weapon'd hand.
Bold is his aspect: but his eye
In pregnant with another thought
While, like a tutelar power,
He there stands fixed from hour to hour
Yet sometimes in more humble guise,
Upon the turf-clad height he lies
Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
In sunshine were his only task.

* From the old ballad.
FORMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Or by his mantle's help to find
A shelter from the nipping wind:
And thus, with short oblivion lost,
His weary spirits gather rest.
Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
That agens glancing to and fro:
And hope is wakened by the sight,
He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
Which way the tide is doomed to flow.
To London were the Chieftains sent;
But what is this the bold intent?
A Royal army is gone forth
To quell the King or the North;
They march with Dudley at their head,
And, in seven days' space, will to York be led!
Can such a mighty Host be raised?
Thus suddenly, and brought so near!
The Earl upon each other gazed,
And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;
For, with a high and valiant name,
He bore a heart of timid frame;
And bold if both had been, yet they
"Against so many may not stay."* Back therefore will they sue to sue
A strong Hold on the banks of Tees;
There wait a favourable hour,
Until Lord Dacre with his power
From Nuthorn come; and Howard's aid
Be with them openly displayed.
While through the Host, from man to man,
A rumour of this purpose run,
The Standard trusted to the care
Of him who heretofore did bear
That charge, impatient Norton sought
The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
And thus abruptly spoke: "We yield
(And can it be?) an unfought field—
How death strength, the strength of heaven,
To few triumphantly been given!
Sell do our very children boast
Of meted Thornton—what a Host
He conquered!—Saw we not the Plain
(And flying shall behold again)
Where faith was proved!—while to battle
The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
That bore it, compass round by a bold
Fraternity of Barons old:
And with those grey-haired champions stood,
Under the saintly ensign there,
The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—
The crest of victory—
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?
Must Westminster be asked with shame
Whose numbers 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 George's Relic—far and near
Knocked on the point of a lofty spear;
While the Monks prayed in Madder's Dower
To God descending to his power.
Less would not at our need be due
To us, who war against the Unite—
The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Conspire to change their countenance;
We, we, the sanctities of old

Would re-establish and uphold:
Be warned—"His seal the Chieftains 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 poverty,
By those dread symbols sanctified;
Thus to become at once the source
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 unsaid 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
Dependancy unfruit before;
A shock of intimations vain,
Dissipay, and superstitious pain,
Fall 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, disdain,
But her Faith leaned another way,
Ill tears she wept; I saw them fall,
I overheard her as she spake
Sad words to that mute Animal,
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
She steeped, but not for Jesus' sake,
This Cross in tears: by her, and One
Unworshier far we are undone—
Her recreant Brother—he would build
Over that tender Spirit—assailed
Too oft, alas! by her whose heart
In the cold grave hath long been laid;
She first in reason's dawn beguiled
Her docile, unsuspecting Child;
Far back—far lack my mind must go
To reach the well-springs 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 Fathers, Francis stood,
And speak in firm and earnest mood.
"Though here I bend a suppliant knee
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
In your ingrant 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—they shrink, nor dare oppose
In open field their gathering foes,
(And fast, from this decisive day)

* From the old Ballad.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Von multitude must melt away)
If now I ask a grace not claimed
While ground was left to hope; unclaimed
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 wild 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 base and blight!
Oh! hold to fight the coward's fight
Against all good"—but why declare
So length, the issue of a prayer
Which love had prompted, yielding scope
Too free to give bright moment's hope?
Suffice it that the Son, who crime
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 'er a kindlier time cause.

CANTO FOURTH.

'Tis night: in silence looking down,
The Moon, from cloudless ether, sees
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
A Castle like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees:—
And southward far, with more between,
Hill-top, and flood, and forest green.
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Kylistone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
On the brow to the neighbouring fields;
While from one pinnled chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wafts.
—The courts are hushed:—for timely sleep
The grey-bounds to their kennel creep;
The clock in the broad ash tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,
He whose renown prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the daylight;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perch'd, from you lone Tower
The half-clock in the clear moonlight
With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness here
 Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?
A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of storm in the insensible by day;
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
By the night insects in their play,
Breaks into dimples small and bright;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and dodipear
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 breeding,
When Francis, uttering to the Maid
His last words in the yew-tree shade,
Involved whatever by love was brought
Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,
Or chance presented to his eye,
In one sad sweep of destiny, like—
The same fair Creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground;
Where now—within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With laws and seeds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And circle and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and bowery mountains gay,
And terraces in trim array—
Beneath you cypress spring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Ran'ge unrestricted as the wind,
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid
Emerging from a cedar shade
To open moonshine, where the Doe
Beneath the cypress-spires is laid
Like a patch of April snow—
Upon a bed of huckleberrys green,
Linger'ng in a woody glade
Or behind a rocky screen—
Lonely relic! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an insatiable eye,
Nor more regard doth she bestow
Upon the uncomplaining Doe
Now couched at ease, though oft this day
Not unperplexed nor from pain
When she had tried, and tried in vain,
Approaching in her gentle way,
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play;
Attempts which the patient heart of the Maid
Rejected, or with slight repaid.
Yet Emily is soothe'd—the breeze
Came fraught with blythe sympathies.
As she approached you rustic Shed
Hung with late-flow'ring woodbine, spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revived a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendant woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious Mother strive
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years;
Yes, she is soothe'd:—an Image faint,
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her—that beloved Sain;
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,
While yet a practitioner 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,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

That stood before my eyes, more clear
Than ghosts are fleded to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear;
As though the presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
Descend on Francis: nor forbear
To greet him with a voice, and say—
"If hope be a rejected stay,
Be 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 the issues. She will go!
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her Father's knees:—ah, no!
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her Brother laid;
His parting charge—but ill obeyed—
That interdicted all debate,
All prayer for this cause or for that;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate:
Her duty is to stand and wait;
In resignation to abide
The shock, and finally secure
Our 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
Exhaced,
Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake:
"Ah tempest me not!" she faintly sighed—
"An old man's privilege I take—
Dusk is the time—a woeful day!
Dear daughter of affliction, say
Hast thou no wish that I may point the way?"

"Rights have you, and may well be bold:
You with my Father have grown old
And wish to maintain—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woes:
This world I beg; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
Be you, if room for mortal aid
Be taken for your benefit.
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine."

"Hope," said the old Man, "must abide
With all of us, what'er betide.
In Crevant's Wilis 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!"

"I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my conditions satisfied:
But you, at least, may make report
Of what betides—be this your task—
This may be done—tis all I ask!"

She spake—and from the Lady's sight
The unconscious of his age,
Departed promptiy 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 conceald,
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
From showers, or when the praise was won,
They to the Tower withdrew, and there
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
And the old Lord of Kyme-stone-hall,
Was happiest, proudest, of them all!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
Upon the height wait to and fro;
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,
Revolving the bitterness of woe;
For she had hoped, had hoped and feared,
Such rights did feeble nature claim;
And oft her steps had hither steered,
Though not unconscious of self-blame;
For she her brother's charge revered,
In loyalty, in friendship true;
And fellow warriors in their day;
To Kyme-stone he the tidings brought;
Then on this height the Maid had sought,
And, gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned: "You said
That Francis lives, he is not dead!"

"Your noble brother hath been spared;
To take his life they have not dared;
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever!
Nor did he such Heaven's will in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Nor was he, in truth, stricken in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was his comfort in the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

I witnessed when to York they came—
What, Lady, if their feet were tied;
They might deserve a good Man's blame;
But marks of infancy and shame;
These were their triumph, these their pride;
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
For her sister, that found utterance loud
"Lo, Francis comes," there were who cried,
A Prisoner once, but now set free!
'Tis well, for he the worst deposed
Through force of natural pietie;
He rose not in this quarter, he,
For corded's sake said England's good,
Such to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed—
And when he had in vain sought
Their purpose—then did he divest,
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity.
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!

And so in Prison were they laid—
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your distress,
Of a redeeming happiness.
He did a reverent pitty 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 restored;
He was commanding and entreatful,
And said—'We need not stop, my Son!'
Thoughts great, and time is hurrying on—'
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.
'Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green:
The darksome allures would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been unprised
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 in her her power arrayed—
This Banner (for such now I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest:
I would myself have hung it high,
Fits 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 bid all
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.
Hear then," said he, 'while I impat,
My Son, the last wight ere beguiled,
The Banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
Bear it to—whom to not thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign?—
Bear it to Bolton Priory, and
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine;
To wither in the sun and freeze
'Mid those decay ing sanctities,
There let at least the Fire be laid,
The testimony there displayed;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and saint's dear name,
I helmedeth a brow though white.
And took a place in all men's sight;
Yea offered up this noble Brood,
This fair untwisted Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son!
And left—but be the rest unseen,
The same untouched, the treasured—
My wish is known, and I have done:
New 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 know each other's worth,
And reverently the hand went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Flared there—that he might go before
And, with that resolute Banner borne
Afoth in sign of triumph scorn,
Committing them to their punishment:
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command,
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier's hand;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath;
Together died, a happy death—
But Francis, soon as he had braved
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Atebawr the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away.
“The things which thus had in the sight
And bearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Wash-tower height,
In Rylston's woeful neighbourhood,
He told— and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice;
For deepest sorrows that aspire
Go high, no transport ever higher.
“Yes—God is rich in mercy,” said
The Man to the silent Maid
“Yet, Lady! shunes, through this black night,
One star of aspect heavenly bright;
Your Brother lives—he lives—is come
Expecting already to his home;
Then let us leave this dreary place.”
She stirred, and went with gentle pace,
Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylston-hall her way she took.

CANTO SIXTH.

Wax not comes not Francis?—From the doleful City
He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell:
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity
To Ambrose that and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower!
For—all—dying in one hour?
—Why comes not Francis? Thoughts of
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove;
Yea, like a heavenly messenger.
Of saving—should he appear
Why comes he not—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past;
Passed, as of impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on:—nor heed
The sorrow, through the Villages,
Spread by triumphant cruelties
Of woful military force,
And punishment without remorse.
He marked not, heard not, as he fled;
All but the suffering heart was dead;
For him abandoned to blank awe,
To vacancy, and horror strong;
And the first object which he saw,
With conscious sight, as he swept along—
It was the Banner in his hand;
He felt—and made a sudden stand,
He looked about like one betrayed:
What hath he done? what promise made?
Oh weak, weak moment to what end
Can such a vain edict tend,
And be the Bearer?—Can he go
Carrying this instrument of woe,
And find, find anywhere, a right
To excite him in his Country's sight?
No; will not all men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here it is:—but how? when must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this piteous object see?
Such conflict long did he maintain,
Nor liberty nor rest could gain;
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought,
Exciting self-suspicion strong,
Swayed the brave man to his wrong,
And how—unless it were the sense
Of all disposing Providence,
Its unquestionably shows—
How has the Banner clung so fast
To a palsied and unconscious hand;
Clung to the hand to which it passed
Without impediment? And why
But that Heaven's purpose might be known
Doth now no hindrance in his eye,
No interposition, so withstood
Fulfillment of a Father's prayer
Dresteth to a Son forgiven, and blest
When all resentment were at rest,
And life in death laid the heart bare—
Then, like a speere sweeping by,
Rushed through his mind the prophecy
Of utter desolation made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting will and power
To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.
"No choice is left, the decree—
Dead are they, dead! and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come, and woe,
Will lay the Relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill:
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued:—and, at the dawn of day,
Attained a summit whence his eyes
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment's space
Made halt—but hark! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace;
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
"Tis Sir George Bowes and the Band!
They come, by cruel Sussex sent;
Who, when the Nortons from the hand
Of death had drank their punishment,
Begot him, angry and ashamed,
How Francis, with the Banner claimed
As his own charge, had disappeared,
By all the standers-by revered.
His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
All censure, enterprise so bright
That even bad men had vanity striven
Against that overcoming light)
When they reviewed, and prompt word given,
That to what place soever fed
He should be seated, alive or dead.
The troop of horse have gained the height
Where Francis stood in open sight.
Till deposed him round,—"Behold the proof,"
They cried, "the Ensign in his hand!
He did not arm, he walked aloof!
For why?—to save his Father's land:—
Worst Traitor of them all is he,
A Traitor dark and cowardly!"
"I am no Traitor," Francis said,
"Though this unhappy freight I bear;
And must not part with. But beware;—
Err not, by hasty zeal misled,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
Whose self-reproaches are too strong;—
At this be from the beaten road
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
That like a place of vantage showed;
And there stood bravely, though forlorn,
In self-defence with warlike brow
He stood,—nor weaponless was now;
He from a Soldier's hand had matched
A spear,—and, so protected, watched
The Assailants, turning round and round;
But from behind with treacherous wond
A Spearman brought him to the ground.
The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
Dropped from him; but his other hand
The Banner clenched; till, from out the band,
One, the most eager for the prize,
Reckoned in;—while, O grief to tell!—
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay;
Séized it, as hunters seize their prey;
But not before the warm life-blood
Flowed more deeply, as it flowed.
The wounds the brodered Banner showed,
Thy soul's work, O Maiden, innocent as good!—
Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay
There was he left alone, unwept.
A two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewildering fear
Possessed the country, far and near;
But, on the third day, passing by,
One of the Norton Tenantry
Saw the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrunk as he recognised the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!—
This was the instant thought of all;
And if the Lovely 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.
A part, some little space, was made
The grave where Francis must be laid.
In no confusion or neglect
This did they,—but with respect
That he was born of gentle blood;
And that there was no neighbourhood
Of kinship for him in that ground:
So to the Church-yard they are bound,
Beating the holy sound and
A psalm they sing—a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear.
But Emily hath raised her head,
And is again disquieted;
She must behold,—so many gone,
Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
To seek her Brother forth she went,
And tremblingly her course she bent
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot—
And daring like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground received the rest,—
The consummation, the whole rite
And sorrow of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH.
"Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of."

TINT Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp but a responsive string,
Called the sublimine strings to weal
In glory for this Maiden's sake,
Say, Spirit! what is that of Earth
To hide her poor afflicted head?
What mighty form doth clothe her gloom
Enfolds her,—is a rifed tomb
Within the wilderness no more
Some island which the wild waves beat—
Is that the Sufferer's last retreat
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its pious front in mists and clouds?
High-climbing rock, low solemn 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
Of 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
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the glories of the spring!
And, with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being,
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.
Upon a primrose bank, her throat
Of quietness, she sits alone;
Among the ruins of a wood,
Erewhile a sweet bright and green,
And where full many a brave tree stood,
That mightily spread its budding, and ring
With the sweet bird's carolling.
Behold her, like a virgin Queen,
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying toward a serene
And perfect way, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been brought
To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face,
There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
Of shadow by no native right
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams,
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving kindness ever bright:
Such is her sovereign mien—her dress
(A vest with woolen cincture tied,
A hood of mountain-wood undyed)
Is homely—launched to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.
And she hath wandered, long and far,
Beneath the light of sun and star;
Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
Driven forward like a withered leaf,
Yea like a sleep at random blown
To distant places and unknown.
But now she dares to seek a haven
Among her native wilds of Craven;
Hath seen again her Father's roof,
And put her fortitude to proof;
That roof hath long been torn
And she is thoroughly forlorn;
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Sustained in every part of the past
And strength of Reason; held above
The solemnities of mortal love;
Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
And awfully imperceptible.
And so—beneath a moulder tree,
A self-sufficing leafless oak
By unregarded age from stroke
Of ravage saved—sate Emily;
There sits she, the vest, 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,
Singling on the gladsome earth.
When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of deer came sweeping by;
And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
For One, among those rushing deer,
A single One, in mid career
Had stopped, and fixed her large full eye
Upon the Lady Emily:
A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant creature, silver-bright!
Thus stopped, a little while it stayed;
A little thoughtful pause it made:
And then advanced with stealthy pace
Drew slowly 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 uncloaked memory.
It is, thought Emily, the Doe,
The very Doe of other years!—
The pleading look the Lady viewed,
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears,
A flood of tears, that flowed space,
Upon the happy Creature's face.
Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
This was for you a precious greeting;
And may it prove a fruitful meeting!
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can the depart? can she forget
The Lady, once her playful peer,
And now her painted Mistress dear?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely chronicle of things
Long pass, delights and sorrowings?
Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face;
And welcome, as a gift of grace,
The saddest thought the Creature brings?
That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of lovely 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 pastoral ground,
A habitation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord;
A hut, by tufted trees defended.
Where Kystone brook with Wharfs 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 too dear?
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground;
And therefore now she dreads it good
Once more this restless neighbourhood
To leave.—Unwieldy, yet unforgotten,
The White Doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Amsdale;
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
—Why tell of money rock, or tree,
By lurking Demonskirk'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 retreat—
From looks conceiving her desire;
From look, deportment, voice, or miem,
That vary to the heart wishing,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

If she too passionately wreathed
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Waked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindliest intercourse ensue.
—Oh! surely 'twas a gentle rousing
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide!
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank!
How wroth, when in thick litter enclosed,
They, like a nested 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 enlived
The hour of moonlight solitude.
With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Ryiston back she came
And, ranging through the wasted groves,
Received the memory of old loves,
Undisturbed and unidistrest,
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy
Mild, and grateful, melancholy:
Not sunless gloom or unlighted,
But by tender fancies brightened.
When the bells of Ryiston played
The thanksgiving music—"But us right!
That was the sound they seemed to speak,
Inscriptive legend which I Seen
May on those holy bells be seen,
That legend and her Grandise's name;
And loves the Lady meek
Had in her childhood read the same;
Whose cheek which she slighted at that day;
But now, when such sad change was wrought,
And of that lonely name she thought,
The bells of Ryiston seemed to say,
While she sat listening in the shade,
With this musical: "But us right!
And all the hills were glad to bear
Their part in this effectual prayer.
Nor lacked she Reason's freest 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 farthest there measuring;—all is still,—
The weak One hath subdued her heart;
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part;
But here her Brother's words have failed;
Here hath a milder doom prevailed;
That she, of him and all, benefit
Hath yet this faithful Partner left
This incipient that disproves
His words, remain for, and loves.
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For loss of him—for one, or all;
Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;
A few tears down her cheek descend
For this her last and living Friend.
Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
And bless for both this savage spot;
Which Emily doth sacred hold.
For reasons dear and manifold—
Here hath she, here before her sight,
Close to the summit of this height,
The grassy rock-encircled Pund
In which the Creature first was found.
So beautiful the timid Thrall
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)
Her youngest Brother brought it home;
The youngest, then a lusty boy
Bore it, or led, to Ryleston-hall
With heart brimful of pride and joy!
But most to Bolton's sacred File,
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
Forlorn, but not disconsolate.
And, when she from the abyss returned
Of thought, she neither shrieked nor murmured;
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 lone File
Beamed from that gracious countenance;
Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the 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, no while
We stood before this ruined pile.
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
Diastase and desolation,
Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
Dead—but to live again on earth,
A second and yet nobler birth;
Dire overthrow, and yet how high
The re-ascent in sanctity.
From fair to fairer: day by day
A more divine and lovely way.
Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,
By sorrow lifted towards her God;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality,
Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend
A dear look to her lowly Friend;
There stopped; her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied;
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood apart from human cares:
But to the world returned no more,
Although with no unwilling mind
Help did she give at need, and joined
The Wharfside peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus family, family tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.
Thy soul, excised Emily,
Maid of the blasted family,
Rose to the God from whom it came !
---In Kylstone 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 deat:
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 hills,
Finds entrance through your arch, where way
Lies open on the sabbath-day:
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And doors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low:
Faces softly, or makes halt,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault;
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave:
But cherish by that single grave,
That one sequester'd hillock green,
The passer-by visitant is seen.
There doth the gentle Creature lie
With those adversaries unmoved:
Calm spectator, by earth and sky
In whose benignity approved
And eyes, 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 PAPAL DOMINION.

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies Profounder Tracts, and by a Soot surprise Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I, who accompanied with faithful pace 
Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,
And loved with spirit ruled by his true song
Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's grace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plashing string
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
Now seek upon the heights of time the source
Of a Holy River, on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And, for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II.

CONJECTURES.

Is there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, can they tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through the west,
Did holy Paul a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unharmed?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores
Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their Master, stationed here to guard
The precious Current they had taught to flow?

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druide's brow the sea-

*mew* — white

*This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the

As Menis's foam; and toward the mystic ring
Where Angius stand, the Future questioning,
Slowly the excentric soma her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each belated rite
That, in the lap of ages, harsh crept o'er
Dhivian truths, and astratulcor love.
Haughty the bard! can these meek doctrines light!
His transports? wisher his heroic strains?
But all shall be fulfilled— the Julian spee.
A way first opened; and, with Roman chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified:
They come—they spread—the sure, the suffering hear;
Receive the truth, and in the hope abide.

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,
Those wretched Outcast, from the gift of thee
And food cut off by sacred altar ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed!
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole found whose wisdom flowed,
Justice, and order. Twingly escaped
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstition form
That fills the Soul with unavailing rash.

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us: seeking: we are lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Tripsitian coves;
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sermon, by the ghost
Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries.
The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION. 251

IX. DISSENSIONS.
That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Le ! Discard at the altar dares to stand
Upholding toward high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized !
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are supplicant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced well-
For she returns not.—Awed by her own knell,
She casts the irritions upon strange Allies,
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X. STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE HARRIANS.
Rise!—they Aenea risen : of brave Aenean ask
How they have scourged old foes, perilous friends.
The Spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task:
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:
Stretched in the sunny light of victory back
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
Over heaps of slain:—; from Cambrian wood and mom
Dracons deduced, auxiliars of the Cross:
Paris, nursed on blue Pleiades's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to hark prefereing swords,
And everlastings deeds to burning words!

XI. SAXON CONQUEST.
Nor wants the cause the panic-stricking aid
Of hallejahs too 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.

XII. MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.
Tax oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—
The tribulation—and the gleaming blade—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin:—Ours shall mourn
The unworried Host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman love,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things
From their known course, or vanish like a
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only pursue some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

CASUAL INCITEMENT.
A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber’s stream the immortal City laves:
Angli by name; and not an Angel waves
His wing who could seem lovelier to man’s eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory:
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest
Sire,
His questions urging, feels, in slender tire
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies;
Of their own—be would save them from God’s
Subjects of Saxon Ella—they shall sing
God Hallæ, and to the eternal King!

XIV.
GLAD TIDINGS.
For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconsuming shore on which ye
read,
And best 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 icl,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Charity in her bosom ears a tenebrous prayer—
Sung for themselves, and those whom they
would see live!
Rich conquest waits them—the tempestuous
Ica
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
Thus noble stag were made by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God’s divinity.

XV.
PAULINE.
Buy, to remote Northumbria’s royal Hall,
Where thoughtfuI Edwin, tutored in the school
Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Woes comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle’s beak:
A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The Monarch leant
Toward the pure truths this Delegation propounds,
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Councillors—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

XVI.
PERSEPOLIS.
"Man’s life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!
That—while at banquet with your Chiefs you
sit
Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to fit
Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
But whence it came we know not, nor behold
Whither it goes. Even such, that transient
Thing.
The human Soul; not utterly unknown
While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;
But from what world she came, what woe or
weal
On her departure waits, no tongue hath
shown.
This mystery if the Stranger can reveal!
His be a welcomecordially bestowed !"

XVII.
CONVERSION.
Prompt transformation works the novel Lore;
The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woven falls, and Thor
Is overturned: the mace, in battle heaved
So might they dream; till victory was achieved,
Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds.
"O come to me,
Ye heavy laden ;" such the inviting voice
 Heard near fresh streams; and thousands, who
rejoice
In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

XVIII.
APOLLO.
Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul’s eternal interests to promote.
Death, darkness, danger;—be the natural lot;
And evil Spirits may our walk attend
For aught the wise know or comprehend;
Then be good Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation; let their odours float
Around these Converts; and their glories blend,
The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the voices, raise
The Soul to purer worlds: and make the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect faith to man affords?

XIX.
PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.
How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! who not a thought will share
With the vain world: who, outwardly as bare
As winter trees, yet not a 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 sainly Image from its shrine
Desecred,—are the eyes that meet
The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and love-bonds embrace 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
cling
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope?—From this sad source have sprung
Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
Which ill can break more rational relief?
Hence, prayers are shaped aniam, and dirges
For South whose doom is fixed! The way is
For Power that travels with the human heart:
Confession ministers the pang to soothe
Is him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware!

XXII.

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
A bead-roller, in his hand a clasped book,
Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In clustered 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 struggle, a fair growth they bring,
For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXIII.

CONTINUED.

METHinks that some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn to—some dry nook
Scop'd 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;
Theence, creeping under sylvan arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would deck my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooping owl
My night-watch; nor should e'er the crested fowl
From th'coop or will his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIV.

REFRAIN.

But what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shape, O venerable Fede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a ballow'd seat
Of learning, where thou hast set the lillows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The regnant soul, that dares to shut the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unwearied use
Of a long life: and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath!*

XXV.

SAXON MONASTRIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES
OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbothered pain,
The people work like congregated bees;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Ficty, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a general blessing: timely rains
Or needful sunshine: prosperous enterprises,
Justice and peace—bold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave;
If penance be redeemable, then chance
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if fall off the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXVI.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Not sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;
Or quit with martial step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general mart of Christendom;
Wherever 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 Ura? Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aild the sigh
That would lament her:—Memphis, Tyre, are gone;
With all their Arts,—but classic lure glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVII.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear
Lord of the harp and discriminating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent and bare
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to its deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And saves like night with mercy-tempered frown.
Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrow not his cares.
Though small his kingdom as a spurt or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVIII.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
Darling of England! many a bitter shower
Fall on thy tomb: but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through undeclineable veins.
The Race of Alfred coveted glorious pains

* He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!
But mainly and dreary is its hold retains;
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
With the force tempest, while, within the round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive:
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground.
While as the oak extends its dewy bloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

P. E. OF THE IMAGINATION.

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P. E. OF THE IMAGINATION.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
All Christendom—she weep along [was never
So huge a host!]—to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXV.

RICHARD L.

EXCELSIUS

Gold, of courage112.

1 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 vikings decline
Her blushing chart, love-verses upon her lip,
And set love-emblems streaming from thy ship.
As thee, 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—now, finding in the path distress
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
To gild the heights hath climbed the Papal sway.

XXXVI.

AN INTRODUCT.

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbiter of grace.
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Crosses the gates of every sacred place,
Swept from the sun and tainted air's embrace
All sacred things are covered: cheerful morn
Grows and as night—no seemingly gach is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting. Bulls are dumb;
Ditches are graves—funeral rites denied;
And in the church-yard he must take his bride
Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly come
Into the pensive heart: Mill toiled;
And comfortless despair the soul bemoans.

XXXVII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident;
Uncouth proximities of old and new;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic offers to the view.

Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine?
Yes! John self-stripped of his insignia—crown,
Scooped and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that line
Barbaral halls the opprobrious insult feel;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demon he, - o'er his mitred head,
To Caesar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
"Ere I absolve thee, steep that on thy neck
Leveled with earth this foot of mine may tread!"
Then he, who to the altar had been led,
He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
He, who had held the Saxon at his beck,
Stood, of all glory disinherit,
And even the common dignity of man—
Amazement strikes the crowd; while many turn
Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature; but the sense of most
In accord sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX.

PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the invisible wind
Must come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it be for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Beasts to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind;
Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff
Shall be thy recompence! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand;
And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—
By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
Prescribed to duty;—woeful forfeiture
He made by wilful breach of law divine.
With like perseverance did the Church abjure
Obedience to his Lord, and hate to twine,
Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for eye endure.
Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.
O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
If good can smooth the way to evil choice,
From all rash censure be the mind kept free;
He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And, in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

II.

From false assumption rose, and fondly half'd
By superstition, spread the Papal power;
Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevail'd
Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.
She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual tower
Irate rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
Justice and Peace through Her uphold their claims:
And Charity finds many a sheltering bower.
Reign there is none that, if control'd or sway'd
By her commands parleys not, in degree,
Of good, o'er manners, arts, and arms, diffused:
Yes, to thy domination, Rock of Ages
Thou mercifully, oft monstrously, alwed
By blind ambition, be that tribute paid.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

III.

CISTERCIAN MONASTERY.

"Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall."

More promptly rise, walks with stricter herd,
More safely rest, dies happier, is freed
Earliest from cleansing fires, and gains without a
A brighter crown."—On you Cistercian wall
That clement assurance may be read:
And, as to shelter, from the world have fled
Increasingly contriv'd. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires;
Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant joints
Vows to reap Fancy humble fealty,
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
And dry heath crowns the fertile lea.

IV.

DISPENSABLE 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 serf or bound;
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
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs, abate
These legalized oppressions! Man—whose name
And nature God disdained not; Man—whose soul
Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

V.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many boasted Cendoles there are,
Whose private guests have yet a care
Of public quiet: unambitious Men,
Concerned not 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,
Heard they who in the yoke of thought they bear
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Of spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With many boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle gods the starry throng.

VI.

OTHER BENEFITS.

And, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;
From the collegiate pomp on Windsor's height
Down to the humbler ailer, which the Knight
And his Retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic courtesy small;
For prayer in stillness, or the chantéd rite:
Then chiefly dear, when fears are planted round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place—
Hourly exposed to death, with flame worn,
And suffering under many a pittious 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 heart-felt fragrance mingleth with the gale
That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
For where, but on that 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 blazon unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
And meekness tempering honourable pride;
The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
And near the same yule stag sits the dove.

VIII.

CRUSADES.

First, we the sailors, 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 life,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? Or is in their request chantéd
By voices never mute when Heaven unites
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice un
Dunted;
When she would tell how Brave, and Good,
And Wise,
For their high guardian not in vain have planted

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 attain
By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame
Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame
That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
Hail countless Temples! that so well befit
Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take
Form, spirit, and character, from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wherever o'er we wake,
Flusions of high and higher as we go, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X.

Where long and deeply bath been fixed the root
In the latest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect
Drear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
Her base, heretical energies recruit.
Insensible, do not hopelessly repine
When such good work is doomed to be undone,
The conquest lost that were so hardly won:
All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine
In light confirmed while years their course shall run,
Confirmed alike in progress and decline.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XI.
TRANSUBSTANTIATION.
ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
The taper burns; the ominous 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 breaks not. On the banks of Rhone
He taught, till persecution chased him thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence;
Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's crooky throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

XII.
THE VAUDOS.
But whence came they who for the Saviour's Lord
Have long horse witness as the Scriptures teach?—
Agree ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the undisguised Word,
Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure Church survives, though summer bears
Open a passage to the Romish sword,
To as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And feuillage gathered from the chestnut wood
Nourish the sufferers then; and mixs, that brood.
Per chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown
Protect them; and the eternal snows that daunts
Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

XIII
PRAISED be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"
To the brave Plathy, "Dismay thy fear,
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"
Nor be unhallowed their final fingerings—
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear—
Mid reedy lens wide-spread and marshes dream
Their own creation. Such glad wellcomings
As Po was heard to give where Venice rose
Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine
Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,
Yet came prepared as glorious lights to shine;
Should that be needed for their sacred Charge:
Best Prisoners They, whose spirits are so large!

XIV.
WALDENSEE.
Torre had given earliest notice, as the dark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate;
Or rather rose the day to antecitate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was
Then followed the Waldesian bands, whom
In vain endeavours to exterminate,
Whom Oldscopy pursues with hideous bark;
But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,
Rekindled thus, from lens and savage woods
Moves, hand on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through squares, of o'er liminary floods
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV.
ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V.
"What beast in wilderness or cultured field
The lovely beauty of the leopard shows?
What flower in meadow or garden grows
That to the towering lily doth not yield?
Let both meet only on thy royal shield!
Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows:
Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
Dare to usurp;—thus hast a sword to wield,
And Heaven will crown the right."—The mirror Sire
Thus spake—and lo a Fleet, for Gaul address,
Thought her bold course across the wondering seas:
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
But one that leaps to meet the flaming breeze.

XVI.
WARS OF YORK AND LANCASHIRE.
This is the storm alighted by the craft
Of a shrivelled Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
Whose monastrous riches threatened. So the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Creswy and Pickering,—
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
Maintains the endued gift of life;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
And, under cover of this woeful strife,
Gathers unblest strength from hour to hour.

XVII.
WICLIFFE.
Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disarmed:
Yea, his dry bones are ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near;
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind)—
"As thou these ashes, little Brook, wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main Ocean they, this deed accurs
An emblem yields to frieze and column:
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world
dispersed."
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XVII.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.
"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
Andacios' wealth—the shame of your estate;
You, on whose progress dazzling toys await
Of pompous horses, whom vain titles please;
Who will be served by others on their knees,
Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
Pastors who neither take nor point the way
To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
And speak the word—" Alas! of fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of justice armed, and Praise 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 instituted with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And rob the people of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?
Invention strange ! that, unto One who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;
That to a Monk allots, both in the esteeem
Of God and man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own:

XX.

MONASTIC VOLLETPOUNESS.
Yet more,—round many a Convent blaining fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus six disguised as a Nun,—
While Bacchus, cloathed 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 maddie Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a chordal strain,
Whose violet burthen is—'Our Kingdom's Here!'

XXI.

DISOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.
Threats come which no submission may assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the bellies mute,
And 'mid the choir unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling worm shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
And the green lizard and the glazed newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
The owa of evening and the woodland fox
For their abide the shrines of Waltham choose;
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stump her head before these desperate shocks—
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arthurem Joseph's wasteful cella.

XXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.
The lovely Nun submissive, but more meek
Through saintly habit than from effort due
To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak;
Goes forth—unveiling timidity a cheek
Suftiened with blushes of celestial hues,
While through the Convent's gate to open view
Softly she glides, another home to seek.
Not Iris, borne from her cloudy shrine,
An Apparition more divinely bright!
Not more attractive to the dastard sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while sunny suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light I

XXIII.

CONTINUED.
Yet many a novice of the cloistered shade,
And many chained by vows, with eager glee
The warrant hail, exciting to be free;
Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
In polar ice, precipitous winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea;
Their liquid world, for told discovery
In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
Hope guides the young; but when the old must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
The hospitality—the alma mater?
Aims may be needed, which that House bestowed?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
To keep this new and questionable road?

XXIV.

EY, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
All 's if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land:
Her adoration was not your ground,
The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St George, whose flaming brand
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret
Whose rivial sword a like Opponent slew;
And trust Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the pestiferous desert met
Cates sweet as those that over Eden blew.

XXV.

THE VIRGIN.
Mothers! whose virgin bosom was unclouded
With the least shade of thought to sin aliend;
Worthy to reign, ye women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast:
Purer than foam on central ocean strown
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strown
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

With faceted roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wave begins on heaven's blue coast;
The Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee may bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrestrial!

XVII.

APeLOgy.

Nor utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Astral keystones haughtily secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold
some—
Like saintly Fisher, and unbinding More.

"Lightly for both the soon's lord did sit
Upon his throne;": unsofthened, unsorrowsed
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

Choice

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

Drear is the lamentation! Not alone
From Sages justly honoured by mankind;
But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
Demos and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issued for that dominion overthrown:
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, land
As his gods worshippers; and Nile, reclined
Upon his monosour urn, the farewell moan
Keeps. Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past
Hang o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste;
Where once his airy helpers scented and
Mad spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men;
And standing pillars built of holy sand.

XXVIII.

REFlections.

Grant that by this unsparing hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;
Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to
Detain,
With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain.
The "trumpetry" that ascends in bare display—
Bulls, pardons, relics, cows black, white, and
Upwielded, and flying o'er the ethereal plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bonds are hardest to dissolve:
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty trans
ferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
Of reckless mastery, hintedro unknown.

XXIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
And he who guides the plough, or wields the
crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song;
And lift her laws—much wondering that the
wrong
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly
brook.
Transcendent boon I naughtest that earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
With ligery shall tend the Offering
Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXX.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

For what content 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 thrusting to trans
gress
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 VII.

"Sweet is the holiness of Youth"—so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that
Lay
By which the Priorex beguiled the way
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
Hadst thou, loved Edward, whose spirit sate
devout
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, child, and scrup, blended in the mien
Of pure 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
(� great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Purging the Papal darkness from air!

XXXII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE
EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

The tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources: gently overflow
From blissful transport some—coursed of woe
Some with unceasing impulse rush:
And some, coerced with the utmost blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows
crush
The sympathetic heart.

Nor these, nor yet
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
Claim Heaven in wrath—like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
To pen the mandates nature doth disdain.

XXIII.

REVIVAL OF PEPYS.
The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discarded
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always
green!
Reloicing did they cast upon the ground
Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the hand
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen?)
Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give:
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Run through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

XXIV.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.
How fast the Marian death-list is unravelled!
See Latimer and Ridley in the might
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old,
Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold
A torch of incalculable light;
The Other gains a confidence as bold;
And thus they foil their enemy's despio.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
Are glorified while this once-mim'd pair
Of mainly Friends the "murderer's chain" partake,
Corded, and burning at the social stake;—
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXV.

CRAWLEY.
OUTSTRETCHING flame—ward his upbraved hand
(?) God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!
And lo, the shuddering through that Cramer stand:
Firm as the stake to which with iron hand
His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head. The victory is complete;
The shrouded Bolyo to the Soul's command
Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her nerves with finer sense endowed,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration;
Then, "mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attesta-
tion!

XXVI.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.
Arms, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven's decrees
arrive:
Which few can hold committed to a fight
That show; ev'n on its better side, the might
Of proud self-will, Kapacity, and Lust,
Mid clouds enveloped of potassic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
From both sides; veteran thinkers (the brute test
Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
Fortune's flags are caught at, and unfurled—
Friends strike at friends—the flying skal pursuit
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

XXVII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.
SCATTERING, like birds escaped the Fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
Ere hope declines—their union is the best
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds;
Their forms are broken staves; their passionate, steeds
That master them. How envably blest
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthroned
The peace of God within his single breast!

XXVIII.

ELIZABETH.
HAILE, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar
Triumphant, snatched from many a trenched wise!
All hail, say Lady, whom a grateful Isle
Hath blest, resuming from that dismal war
Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar
Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;
And alien storms with home-born ferments claim
Portentous fellowship. Her silver ear,
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright;
Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,
By men and angels blest, the glorious light?

XXIX.

Eminent Reformers.
METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
Light as a buoyant back from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty staff that Jewell gave
To youthful Hooker, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile:
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
The Donor's farewell blessing, he can be dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil?—
More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spacy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers
whereas they rest.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE SAME.

Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are,
Spotten in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they rise
Their Church reform'd! labou'ring with earnest care
To baffle all that may her strength impair;
That Church, the unperturbation's seat;
In their afflictions a divine retreat;
Source of their liveliest hope and tenderest prayer—
The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have sought
Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
And propely to ears that will not hear.

DISTRACTIONS.

Mew, who have caesed to reverence, soon defy
These forefathers; lo! seas are formed, and split
With mortal restlessness—the ecstatic fit
Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply
The Saints must govern, is their common cry:
And so they labour, denning Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults: fresh hope he draws
From the confusion, craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad—
To heap disgust upon the worher Cause;
Totters the Throne: the new-born Church is said
For every wave against her peace unites.

GUNPOWDER FLOW.

Fare hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plauge her beating heart; and there is one
(Not least that I!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were meant to be.
Aglow within the gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Comes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Trenchon's darkling power—
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that diemal night,
When gusting, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Parisstreamed.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNGFRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RUINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds rain from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation, smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow.
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Prettiny and whitening, keener and more keen;
Till madmen seizes on the whole wide Flood,

THE Jungfrau.

Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he tries
To his.binds himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment whirle,
Deafening the region in his awful mood.

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 mood
Recalls the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name,
And scourges England struggling to be free:
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame.

LAUD.

PREJUDICE by foes determined not to spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,
Like a poor bird enshrined in a snare.
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear
To stir in useless struggle; hath relied
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,
O Death! thy ensanguined yet triumphant wheel,
Which thou preparest, full often, to convey
(What time a State with madding faction reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbation doth alloy?

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

Hark! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string,
The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it pass'd
Over Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
Early awake, by Siloam's brook, to sing
Of dread Jehovah: then, should wood and waste
Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
Off to the mountains, like a covering,
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh weep;

Weep, with the good, beholding King and Priest
Deposed by that stern God to whom they raise
Their suppliant hands: but holy is the feast
He keeps; like the forenoon his way:
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
No spirit was she: but my heart betrayed,
For she was one I loved exceedingly;
But while I gazed in tender reverse
(Or was it sleep that with my fancy played?)
The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist—at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping view
Each with the other in a lingering face
Of dissolution, meted into air.

II.

Patriotic Sympathies.

Last night, without a voice, that Visión spoke
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem
Wholly discover'd from our present theme:
Yet, my beloved country! I partake
Of kindred agitation for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore
With just love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III.

Charles the Second.

Who comes—wilt rapture greeted, and careless'd
With fratic love—his kingdom to regain?
Him Fortune's Nurse, Adversity, in vain Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardest and of least,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness.—Away, Circum reveals him
But for what gain? if England soon must sink
Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
That bigotry may swallow the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians shrink!

IV.

Lattitudinarianism.

Yea Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonick Fire confine
To the sole temple of the inward mind;
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind;
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—'tis he may see and tell
Of things 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 Stateman, Priest, and humble Citizen;
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessed ease to die!
Methodists their very names shine still and bright;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they Ring
A guiding ray: or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

VI.

Clerical Integrity.

No 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 disgrace,
And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked
On a wild coast; how destitute I did They
Feel not that Unscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their altars they forsake, their houses 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 we
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VII.

Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.

When Alpine Yeats threw forth a suppliant cry
The majesty of England interposed
And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed;
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify.
For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant.
Slain by Companions protestants that drew
From councils senseless as insatiate
Their warrant, Bodies fall by wild sword's law;
But who would force the Soul tills with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VIII.

Acquittal of the Bishops.

A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent,
Shatters the air, and troubles earth and skies:
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 vast
Till the whole City rings like one vast quake.
The Fathers urge the People to be still,
With outstretched hands and earnest speech—
in vain!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

X.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Calm as an under-current, strong to draw
Millions of waves into itself, and run,
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
Swerves not, how blister if by religious awe
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world’s commotions) from its end
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.

Had mortal action ever a colder scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with steadfast hope,
Conquer believed! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope,
Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e’er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russell’s bloodier blood the scaffold wet;
But these had fallen for profane regret
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspired
The star of Liberty to rise.

Nor yet
(Grant this within thy heart): if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shall thou thy humble brothers support,
However hardly won or justly dear:
What came from heavens to heaven by nature springs.
And, if deceived thence, its course is short.

X.

SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
In Liberty’s behalf. Fears, true or forged,
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the bentino
Who loudest rang his pupil’s larum bell
Stands at the bar, absoluted by female eyes
Mingling their glances with grave frowners.
Lavish of language, he said, that England may yield
Against her ancient virtue: high and low,
Watch words of Party, on all tongues are rife;
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven,
Must owe
To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XII.

DOWN a swift Stream, thus ar, a bold design
Have we pursued, with furler stir of heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
The living land-eyes greet him, and depart;
See with spirit for sinking,—up again to start!
And strives the towers to mount, that recline
Over the deep steep, or on the horizon line
Streching with shatteret crest the eye afar.
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
We, nothing lath a lingering course to measure.
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at length
How widely spread the interests of our theme.

XIII.

AFFECTS 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 forsaking,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
Then to the new-found World explored their way.
That so a Church, unfenced, unkalled to brook
Rudiment restraints, within some sheltering nook
Her Lord might worship and his word obey
In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;
Silent Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
Silent while their Spirits from the woods ascended
Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
But in His glory who for Sinners died.

XIV.

II. CONTINUED.

From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
To Wilds where both were utterly unknown;
But not to them had Providence foreshown
What benefits were missed, what evils bred,
In worship neither raised nor limited
Save by Self-will. Lot from that distant shore,
For Rite and Ordinance, Folly is loc
Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,
Led by her own free choice. So Truth and Love
By Conscience governed do their steps retrace.

Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of grace,
Their spirit, in your Children, thus approved.
Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
Concord and Charity in circles move.

XV.

III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

Patriots informed with Apostolic light
Were they, who, when their Country had been freed,
Flourish with reverence to the ancient creed,
Fixed on the frame of England’s Church their weight;
And strive in filial love to reunite
What force had severed. Thence they fetched the seed.
Of Christian unity, and won a medd
Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O sainctly
Whitby,
Patriarch of a wide-spreadings family,
Remote lands and untold times shall turn,
Whether they would restore or build—to Thee, As one who rightly taught how real should burn.
As one who drew from out Faith’s holiest urn
The purest stream of patient Energy.

XVI.

Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep
(As yours above all offices is high)
Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep
From wolves your portion of his chosen sheep;
Labouring as ever in your Master’s light,
Making your hardest task your best delight.
What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap—
But, in the solemn Office which ye sought
And undertook premonished, if unsound
Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,
Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound
Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught.
Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned.

XXVII.

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 afar;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
Of roving tired or desultory war—
Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred service.
Her Spires, her Steeples-towers with glittering vanes
Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XXVIII.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL heath, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the next mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
They have been wont to recline 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 each afford
Such genuine state, pre-emience so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ’s authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

XXIX.

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 rodic, moves the ritual year
Of England’s Church; suspended mysteries!
Whose closed temples, in her bosom lies,
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.

XXX.

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 woods—
Fiercest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration: while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descends from above.
As the high service plumes new, now pleads
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of fatal mirth,
The toms—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.

XXXI.

SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
A bolder name! I then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
He duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against dishonouring custom, that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom, in foreign and pure
This Ordinance, whether lost it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXXII.

CATCHING.

From Little down to Least, in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
We stood, a trembling, earnest Company
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;
And some a bold unerring answer made:
How fluttered then the anxious heart for me,
Beloved Mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful i.e.
Sweet flowers! I at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth appear!
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

XXXIII.

CONFIRMATION.

This Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow;
’Tis passed away: far other thoughts prevail;
For they are taking the baptismal Vow
Upon their conscious selves—then their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Stronger sinews fail,
And many a blooming; many a lovely cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
While on each head his laws-robbed Servant says
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble Souls; and bear with air regrets.
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXIV.
CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Marion trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint:
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint!
Tell what rushed in, from what she was revere-
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch re-
cieved,
And such vibration through the Mother went
That tears burst forth again. Did thoughts
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite? For there she knelt, and ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

XXV.
SACRMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
The Offspring, happy at the Parent's side;
But not till They, with all that do beside
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to tend
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fontain of grace, whose Son for sinners died:
Ye, who have daily weighed the sumous,
Pass no longer: ye, whom to the saving rise
The Altar calls; come early under law;
That can.seem for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (not dread
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXVI.
THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
Of God and chosen friends, your truth to plight
With the symbolic ring, and willing hands;
Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands,
O Father!—to theEspoused the blessing give
That mutually assisted they may live
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands;
So prays the Church, to consecrate a Yow
To which would endless matrimony make;
Union that shadows forth and doth partake
A mystery potent human love to endow
With heavenly, each more prized for the other
Sake;
Weep not, my friends! Blest not split thy timid brow.

XXVII.
THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILD-BIRTH.

WOMAN! the Power who left his throne on high,
And destined to wear the robe of flesh we wear,
The Power that tho' the stripte of Instancy
Did pass dependent on maternal care,
His own humanity with Thee will share,
Pleased with the thanks that in his People's eye
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
From Childhood's perilous thrones. And should

Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
To courses fit to make a mother rue
That ever he be lessed by the hand
Cast upon this observance may renew
A better will; and, in the imagined view
Of thee then kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII.
VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Our Sabbath bells renew the inviting gleam;
Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain
And sickness, listen where they long have lain,
In address listen. With maternal zeal
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel
Beneath the afflicted: to sustain with prayer,
And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare—
That p Larison, from God's throne, may we attain
On a true Penitent. When breath departs
From one disconsolate, so, comconcler,
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
Honor he will gain a fomer mind, to cope
With a bad world, and feel the Tempter's arts.

XXIX.
THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

Sure not this Rite, neglected, era abhorred,
By some of unreducing mind, as calling
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and
appalling.)
Go thou and hear the threatenings of the Lord;
Listening within his Temple see his sword
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's
head.
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
Guilt unpunished, pardon unfulfilled.
Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation;
Who knows not that—yet would this delicate
eye
Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:
Let light and dark duty our thoughts employ:
So shall the fearful words of Communion
Yield utmost fruit of peace and love and joy.

XXX.
POEMS OF TRAVEL AT SEA.

To kneeling worshippers no earthly floor
Given holier gratitude than the deed
Of a storm-shuttered Vessel saved from Wreck
When all that Man could do avail no more;
By him who raised the Tempest and restrains
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
Forth for his mercy, as the Church ordains.
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will they unlearn
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath
To words the Church prescribes sailing the Ipp
For the heart's sake, bee ship with hostile ship
Encounters, armed for work of pain and deade
Suppliants: the God to whom your cause ye
trust
Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI.
FUNERAL SERVICE.

From the Bapistical hour, then weal and worm,
The Church extends her care to thought mused:
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
When these for them who know no futility. * I know if
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each word
That follows—stirring on some kindred chord
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears will flow.
Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
Grows green, and is cut down and withereth
Ever nightfall—truth that well may claim a sigh,
Its natural echo; but hope comes rebound
At Jesus's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death
Where is thy Sting?—O Grave where is thy
Victory?"

XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY.

Closing, the sacred Book which long has fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay:
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still church-yard, each with gar-land gay,
That, carrying sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
For decorum in the Pulpit time,
The innocent Procession softly moves—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure
Pride,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

XXXIII.

RECEITS.

Would that our scruptulous Sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A truer reverence, than natural to deceive;—
Giving to Memory help when she would weave
A lasting garland on the poet's brow,
I found the boated 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 instinct or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
Stains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXXIV.

MUTABILITY.

From low to high do 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 rain.
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more: drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

OLD ABBEY.

MONASTIC Domes! following my downward sound,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!

Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past sciences 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;
Evermore curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
Once ye were holy, are you 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-sealed
From alien threatenings, levelled, or defined,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or conscientious
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the ignorance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity—dilfrest
They come,—and, while the moral tempest roars
Throughout the Country they have left, our
sheers,
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place

XXXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

Thus all things lead to Charity, secured
By those who blessed the soft and happy gap
That landward urged the great Deliveral's sail,
Till in the sunny bay his feet was moored!
Propitious hour! how to them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension, with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreadly worse designed,
From month to month trembling and unassured,
How had we then rejoiced, if 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 deal;
A State—which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laurelled armies, not to be withheld—
What serve they if, in tranquility good
Intent, and sedulity of object gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)—
Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian Plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
Is conscious of her want; through England's bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!
I hear their sabbath bell's harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavens of all sounds
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.
Be it the chosen site; the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear, and ghostly earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to God.

You reverence hawthorns, hardened to the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, happy, 'mid this band
Of daisies, shepherds' toil of yore and wove
May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand
For kneeling adoration; while—above—above,
Beneath a vault of clouds, the mystic Dove,
That shall protect from blasphemy the Lamb.

X.

CONTINUED.

MINE eye has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd.
When each pale brow to dread heaviness bowed
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the roof,
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed: the Sun with his first smile
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:
And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
Shall wondrously embrace it; and green moss
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XII.

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 cots their gambols played,
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade
Unsearched as when by merry Outlaw driven.

Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and eve
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's sound
Shall wound the tender sod. Encirclement small,
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe;
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow;
The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust;
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the cross
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

XIII.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

Open your gates, ye everlasting Pile! 
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared:

Not lodge the newly-hallowed sword
And humble altar, 'mid your symphonic aisles To kneel, or third 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
Indict—to rose the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.

Upon your gates, ye Monumental windows, 
Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill! 
Thou, stately York! and 1e, whose splendid cheer
Isa and Cam, to patient Science dear!

XXIII.

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 scored into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingered—and wandering on as loft to die:
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yields the proof
That they were born for immortality.

XLIV.

THE SAME.

What awful perspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the last to disappear
Their Fortresses, their stone-work glimmers, dried
In the soft cheesecravings of a sleepy light.

Martyr, or King, or sainted Fermite,
Where or ye lie, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-balls with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night—
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!

The music burgeons into second life:
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in merry strife;
Heart-stringing strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV.

CONTINUED.

Thus dreamt not of a perishable home
Who that could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here:

In the aisles of Westminster; Where bubbles burn, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the breath
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 entrance: whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with memorable satisfaction with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.
XLVI.

JACULATION.

Glory to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
That made his human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues, far kenned at morn and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether region’s rugged frame!
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
Studios of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant bow’rs 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.

XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the Worm yields, if with unprepossessing faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that Stream behold,
That Stream upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul
(Not 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,

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RUDAL MOUNT, DEC. 11, 1834.

1.

[The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples. The title 'Yarrow Revisited' will stand in no need of explanation, for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.]

The gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a wander,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity instilling
In gentle bosoms, while aye leaves
Were on the bough, or falling:
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden;
Radden the fairy huts, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In fitful agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private care
The free-born mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy:
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
ily cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unalterd 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 Scott! I compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesusio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy, basking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!
O! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

With Strength her venturous brother; And Tiber, and each brook and rill Remain'd 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, unclouded truth, Hast shed the power of Yarroc; And streams unknown, hills yet unseen, Wherever they invite Thee, At parent Nature's grateful call, A gracious welcome shall be thine, Such looks of love and honour As thy own Yarroc gave to me When first I gazed upon her; Behold what I had feared to see, Unwilling to surrender Exes measured 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? Yet, what were mighty Nature's self? Her features, could they win us, Unhelped by the poet's voice That hourly speaks within us? Nor deem that localised Romance Plays false with our affections: Unsuccincts our tears—made sport For fanciful dejections: n, n, o the visions of the past As death the heart in feeling. Life as she is—our changeful Life, With friends and kindred dealing. Dear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day In Yarroc's groves were centred; Who peep'd through the silent portal arch Of moulderings Newark enter'd; And clomb the winding stair that once Too timely was mounted By the “last Minstrel,” (not the last!) With gladness re-combined. Flow on for ever, Yarroc Stream! Fullest thy pensive duty Well pleased that future bards should chant For simple hearts thy beauty; To dream-light dear while yet unseen, Dear to the common sunshine, And dearer still, as now I feel, To memory's shadowy moonshine!

II.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
FROM ABROTHSFOOD, FOR NAPLES.

A Trumpet, not of clouds, or weeping rain, Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light Engendered, hangs o'er Elidon's triple height; Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain For kindred Power departing from their sight. While Tessed, best pleased in chanting a bilble stile, Saddens his voice again, and yet again. Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;

Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue Than scripted King or laurelled conqueror knows. Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true, Ye winds of ocean, and the midland seas, Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope! I.

III.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep That curbs a foaming brook, a grave-yard lies; The bare's best couching-place for fearless sleep; Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes, Enter in dance. Of church, or abbatial ties, No vestige now remains; yet chirper creep Berere, ones, and in lowly anguish weep. Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies. Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights, By humble choice of plain old times, are seen Level with earth, among the hillocks green: Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smiles The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring With warbles from the choirs of spring!

IV.

ON THE SITE OF A MANSION IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills— Among the happiest-looking homes of men Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glens, On airy upland, and by forest rills, And o'er wide plains cheated by the lark that trills His sky-born warblings—does our sight meet your ken More fit to animate the Poet's pen, Aught that more surely by its aspect fills Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode Of the good Priest! who, faithful through all hours To his high charge, and truly serving God, Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers, Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod, Nor covets ivy-clad rights in lands and towers, V.

 assures the fair organist—a clerk. We know not where to find ministers for a ball To mark some change of season. As the swell Of music reached its height, and even when sank The notes in prelude, Roslin! to a blank Of silence, how it thrilled th' somnous roof, Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-proof, Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bung Came those live herbas? by what hand were they sown? Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown! Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown, Copy their beauty more and more, and trench, Though mute, of all things blending into one.
VI.
THE TROGACH.
There's not a nook within this solemn Pass
But were an apt confession for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eye
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth looks more clear
Than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy guest
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(Octobere's workmanship to rival May)
The passive warrior of the russet breast
That mortal sweetness by a heaven-taught lyre,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

VII.
The pleasant note, disemmanated 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
should range
Among the conquests of civilty,
Survives imagination—to the change
Superior? Help to virtue does she give?
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

VIII.
COMPOSED AT THE GLEN OF LOCH EIVY.
"This Land of Rainbows spanning glens
Whose walls,- built, are hung with rainbow-coloured cushions—
Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never meets
Of tumbling Caves and playful Waterfalls—
Of Mountains varying momently their crests—
Proud be the Land! whose poorest huts must be
Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;
While native song the heroic Past recalls.
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
The Voice 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.
PAEGAN.
COMPOSED AT DUNHILL CASTLE IN THE BAY
OF ORAN.
Descending Rock and Ruin! I that, by law
Tragic, keen the third of five embraced
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Veiled is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort paired,
From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard.
Flung high across Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prower 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 freeline creatures that live free.
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

X.
IN THE SOUND OF MULL.
Traditions, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stumped by the ancient tongue.
On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show
What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung:
From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong;
What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed
By civil arts and labours of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,
Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed
For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Eire's Glen"?

XI.
SUGGESTED AT TYNDURM IN A STORM.
Environ of garlands, of the Ardenvan crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtles groves among
(Chryse couch on naked rocks,—will cross a brook
Swain with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what they learn? Up, hardy Mountainer!
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art
On cloud-scrupured 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 ERRARDANE'S RUINED MAN-
SION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KIL- 
LIN.
WELL sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house." No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting: nor cheat, where he deems
The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked remains
Of a once warm Abode, and that new Pile.

* In Gaelic, "Cnoc aille Eile."
The the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp! Yet here they stand
Together,—mid trim walks and artful bowers,
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills
The

"REST AND BE THANKFUL!
AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE.

Doubting and doubting with laborious walk,
Who, in this home, has gained at length the wished-for Height,
This brief this simple way-side Call can slight,
And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
Will we forget that, as the fowls can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep—
So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that
Angels share.

HIGHLAND HUT.

See what gay wild flowers deck this earth
With crimson and with gold,
Whose smoke, forth issuing whence and how it may,
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;
And why shouldst thou—If rightly trained and bred,
Humility is humble, finds no spot
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart
Wrong-proof,
Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,
Delike less happy.—Stand no more aloof!

THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

The exact resemblance which the old Broach
Still in use, though rarely met with, among
The Highlanders bears to the Roman Fibula
Must like every one, and concurs, with the普及 and kit, to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country.
In to Tradition faith be due,
And echoes from old verse speak true,
Ere the meek Saint, Columbia, bore
Glad tidings to Iona's shore.
No common light of nature blessed
The mountain region of the west
A land where gentle manners ruled
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,
That raised, for centuries, a bar
Impeccuous to the tide of war;
Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
Where hostile Force had striven in vain;
And, mid the works of skilful hands,
By wonders brought from foreign lands
And various climes, was not unknown
The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;
The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
The silver Broach of many frames,
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
On road or path, or at the door
Of fen-shattered hut on heathy moor:
But delicate of yore its mould,
And the material finest gold;
As might be seem the fairest Fair,
Whether she grasped a royal chair,
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
No fancied surcease on the wall,
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
While Fingal heard what Osian sung.
The heroic Age expired—it slept
Deep in its tombs—the brambled crept
O'er Fingal's heart; the grassy sod
Grew on the floors his sons had trod:
Malvinia! where art thou?
Their state
The noblest-born must abdicate;
The fairest, while with fire and sword
Come Spillers—horde impelling horde,
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
By ruder hands in homelier vest.
Yet still the female bosom lest,
And loved to borrow, ornament;
Still was its inner wealth once
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;
Still pay to this last retreat
Clove fondly; to his favourite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massive Hill Broach,
When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age;
And feud, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man;
For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffled prayer,
One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer bipart
To meet such need as might befal—
Roof, raiment, bread, or broth.
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.
As generations came and go
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow
Fortune, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay;
What poor abodes the hearth-horn hide,
In which the castle order 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 war.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland broach.
But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread;
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shalt yield no light of love or pray:
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
I will write them, in what their might
Entombs, or forces into light;
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriended Antiquity,
And cloaked Ossian from reproach.
May render back the Highland broach.

XV.

THE BROWNS.

Upon a small island not far from the head of
Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient
building, which was for several years the
abode of a solitary individual, one of the last
survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once
powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing
along the shore opposite this island in the
year 1814, the Author learned these particu-
lars, and that this person then living there
had acquired the appellation of "The Brow-
ne." See "The Brownie's Cell," p. 180, to
which the following is a sequel.

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and
frog:
Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell
How he was found, cold as an icicle,
Under an arch of that forest abode;
Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering
flood
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared
Pvation's worst extremities, and die
With no one near save the omnipresent God.
Verily to live was an awful choice—
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;
But in the cloud of mercy all is cast
For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
And this forgotten Taper to the last
Drove from itself, the trust, all frightful gloom.

XVII.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

Though joy attend Thee 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 splendid list
And splendour slowly maturing. Since the Sun,
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
Relinquished half his empire to the host
Embodied by thy guidance, holy Star,
Holy as a prince, who that looks on thee
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this world of care,
Can question that thy countenance is bright,
Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

XVIII.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(PASSED UNSEEN, 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 steeps / roamed at large, and have
In mind the landscape, as it still in sight;
The river glides, the woods before me wave;
Then why repine that now in vain I crave
Needless renewal of an old delight?
Better to thank a dear and long-past day
For joy its sunny hours were free to give
Than blame the present, that our wish hath
cress
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams
deceive.
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!

XIX.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN, AT
HAMILTON PALACE.

Amid a fertile region green with wood
And fresh with rivers, well did it become
The dcual Owner, in his palace home:
To naturalize this tawny Lion brood;
Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood
(Coached in their den) with those that roam at large.
Over the burning wilderness, and charge
The wind with terror while they roar for food.
Saturate are these; and stilled to eye and ear.
Hence, while we gaze, a more endearing fear!
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
Daunt him—his Companions, now be-drowned,
Outstretched and listless, were by hunger round;
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can
save.

XX.

THE AVON.

(A FRAGMENT OF THE ANNAH.)

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
Like this unheard-of, in whose channels wear
Like this contested, though unknown to Fame:
For great and sacred is the modest claim
Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow:
And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,
Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.
But Prunie can waste her voice on work of tears, Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent
blood
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:
Never did distinction may the good
Shine up from thy name, pure Rill, with un
pleased ears.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

The forest huge of ancient Caledon
Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:
On her last thorn the nightly moon has stone;
Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none.
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might reign
With Clym o’ the C lough, were they alive again,
To kill for mercy their venison.

Nor wants the holy Abbot’s gliding Shade
His church with monumental wreck bestrews;
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unaided,
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
That he may watch by night, and lessons con
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

XXII.

HART’S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed
To his huge trunk, on, with more whole art,
Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart.
Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part
Each desperately sustaining, till at last
Both sank and died, the life-wins of the chased
And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.

Thus every victory, mutual the defeat!
High was the trophy hung with silent pride;
Say, rather, with that generous sympathy,
That wants not, even in modest bosoms, a seat;
And, for this feeling’s sake, let no one chide
Verse that would guard thy memory, Hart’s-Horn

XXIII.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

The Lovers took within this ancient grove
Their last embrace; beside those crystal springs,
The Morn saw the Angel spread his wings
For instant flight: the Sage in yon alcorce
Sat magnificently that hill the Bard would rove,
Not mute, where now the linnet only sings:
Thus every where to truth Tradition cling’s,
Or Fancy localises Powers we love.

Were only History licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments
Would ill suffice for persons and events;
There is an ample page for man to quote,
A reader book of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIV.

COUNTRYS’ PILAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby,
there stands a pillar with the following in
scription:—]

This pillar was erected, in the year 1656,
by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke,
&c, for a memorial of her last parting with
her pipes mother, Margaret Countess Dow-
ager of Cumberland, on the 9d of April, 1666;
in memory whereof she hath left an annuity
of 4l, to be distributed to the poor of the
parish of Brougham, every 20th day of April
for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by.

[From the Roman Station at Old Penrith.]

How profuse the relics that we cult,
Praying to the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chastens fancies that presume
Too high, or idle aspirations full!

Of the world’s blemishes the brain if bare,
To have no seat for thought were better doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyelids skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.

Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
Our food regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The Sage’s theory! The Poet’s lay?
Mere EBULLI without a robe to clasp;
Obscure lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Ums without ashes, tearsacries laments!

XXV.

APOLOGY.

FOR THE PREVIOUS POEMS.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
Abrupt—as without personal design Was the beginning: yet the several Lay’s
Have moved in order to their end bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent—like those Shapes dis-
tinct
That yet survive encrustled on the walls
Of palaces, or temples, mid the wreck
Of famed Persépolis; each following each,
As might be seen a stately embassy,
In set array: these bearing in their hands
Resign of civil power, weapon of war,
E’er gift to be presented at the throne
Of the Great King: and others, as they go
In pettiest 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 ministration humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by every Muse
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
From kindred sources: while around us sighed
[Life's three first seasons having passed away]
Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprinklings fell
(Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights;
And every day brought with it tidings new
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.
Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
Which may itself be cherished and carressed
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 both to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling
glew.
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,
Waddle a while with fainter 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 drown;
Nine beats distinctly to each other round.
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
On female listeners, doubting what they bear!
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, hard forth with trees the lane-o'-shade,
Fits and rellis along the close arcade;
The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
With burning note, which Industry and Sith
Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.
A stream is heard—I see it not, but know
By its soft music whereon the waters flow;
Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more:
One boat there was, but it will touch the shore
With the next dipping of its slackened oar;
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
Might give to serious thought a moment's sway.

As a last token of man's toilsome day!
1834.

II.
ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.
Easter Sunday, April 7.
The Author's Sixty-Third Birthday.
The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,
Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.
Look round:—of all the clouds not one is moving:
'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.
Silent, and stedfast as the vaunted sky
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie;
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?
No; 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he can be!
Thou Power supreme! who, arming to rebuke
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look
And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood
Of oceans routed into his fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
For the brief course that must for me remain;
Teach me with quick-earred spirit to rejoice
In admonitions of thy softest voice!
What'er the path these mortal feet may trace,
Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,
Glad to expand; and, for a season, free
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!
1833.

III.
(BY THE SEASHORE.)
The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest;
Air-drummers—wave with wave no longer strives,
Only a bearing of the deep survivors,
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,
And by the tide alone the water sway'd.
Stealthy withdrawals, intermingling mild
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
The soothing recompense, the welcome change.
Where now the ships that drove before the blast,
Threatened by angry breakers as they passed;
And by a train of flying clouds bemocked;
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked.
As on a bed of death!

Sav'd by His care who bards the tempest cease;
And some, too heedless of past danger, court
Fresh gates of sin, unless restrained by fear.

While near, or hanging sea and sky between,
Not one of all those wagg'd powers is seen,
But in her course, our mind this quiet heard;
Yet e't! how gladly would the air be stilled
By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays.

Song to the Virgin while accordant oars
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;
A sea-born service through the mountains felt
Till into one loved vision all things melt:
Or like those hymns that sooth with graver sound.

The gullies of Norway iron-bound;
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.

Hush, not a voice in here! but why repine,
Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine
On British waters with that look benign?
Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
May silent thanks at least to God be given
With a full heart; "Our thoughts are heard in heaven!"—

1833.

iv.

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 rose garland by;
Not in the breathing-tymes of poor slav
Who dar' not gaze up wealth in Monsoon's cave—
Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
From the warm breast that bears them on, allight
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chord;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Jennys, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's bent.

Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.
But who is innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo—
Care may be resipted, but not repealed:
No perfect cure grows on that bounted field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace.
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,
Our virtuous hopes without reperve advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To the degenerate! Insolent refuse
His gracious help, or give us what we abuse.

1834.

vi.

(OF THE SIDE OF EVIL MERE.)

The limet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Holds to the thorn its time for their repos;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse
Lie left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Kee some commanding the dominion first;
The throne of rouch, that now, from twig or tree

[After a steady flight on nomb-round wings,
A last game of many hovering
Around their ancient grove with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong
That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where wood or stream by thine was never greet'd,
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 says 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 flow
Flashing the mountains, but an overflow
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-warried ear;
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!
From the warm breast that bears thee on, allight
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 Lorn.
Is with that whilesome offer of repose,
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

1834.

vii.

Sort as a cloud is you blue Ridge—the Mere
Seems form as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unfathomable sky.
But, from the process in that still retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;
Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green,
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath
their drooping sheen.

—An emblem this of what the sober Hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power.
Thus oft, when we in vain have wiled away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Muck eve shuts up the whole unspiring bost.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

(Ush Bashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity.
'Tis well—but what are helps of time and place?
When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace;
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
Like angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend?
If yet To-morrow, unbelief, may say,
"I come to open out, for fresh display,
The elastic vanities of yesterday!"
1834.

VII.

That leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;
Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower
Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power.
On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;
Sound is there none at which the faintest heart
Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start.
Save when the Owlet's unexpected scream
Pierces the ethereal vault; and (mid the gleam
Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,
From the hushed vale's realities, transferred
To the still lake) the imaginative bird
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.
Grave Creature!—whether, while the moon shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
The silent discovered in a roofless tower.
Rising from what may once have been a lady's life;
Or spied where thou slipt'st moping in thy new
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
Or, from a rified crag or ivy sod
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
Those glee's, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout
A putting notice of thy whereabouts—
May the night never come, nor day be seen,
When I shall sorn thy voice, or mock thy mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul
Of aspicence in thy aspect, headless Owl!
Thee Athens reverenced in the studious grove;
And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,
His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sat
The Chorus, revolving the decrees of Fate,
Those, too, wait present at Minerva's side—
Hark to that second Harum—is far and wide
The echoes have heard, and rock and cave replied.
1836.

[VIII.

This Imprison'd, many years ago,
Among the Author's poems, from which, in subsequent editions, it was excluded. It is reprinted, at the request of the Friend in whose presence the lines were thrown off.]

IX.

The sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and trees;
There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
And a far-off wind that rushes,
And a sound of water that gushes,
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
Fills all the hollows of the sky.
Who would "go parading"
In London, "and masquerading."
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses?
On such a night as this is
1854.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPIRITUAL AND BEAUTY.

I.

Had this effulgence disappeared,
With heavenly haste, I might have sent,
In the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis ended with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day.
That fruit Mortality may see—
What is it—ah no, but what can be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angeles sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warsálido, 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
Sublimar 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 beamsy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glissening antlers are described;
And gilded rocks appear.
This is the tranquil huescorporeal Eve
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread
And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
You hazy ridges of their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To the record that told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend!
——Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heavenward rise
Their practiseable way.

Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what far countries ye are bound!
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Had slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,

Ye Gods, ye Deities, o'er me extend speed;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may guide his soul to meet the slumber
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

Such hues from their celestial urn
Went 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, in a vestige of those gleams
Survived, was only in my dreams.

Dread Power! whose peace and calmness
Save no less than Nature's threatening voice,
If sought unworthy be my choice,
From Time I would secede;
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Faint 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 splendid fades;
And night approaches with her shades.


X.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE.

What mischiefs cleaves to unsubdued regret,
How fancy sinks by vague hopes beset;
How kindred projects on the spirit stray,
And fruitless wishes eat the heart away.
The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is cast
On the relentless sea that holds him fast
On chance dependent, and the fickle star
Of power, through long and melancholy war.
O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
Daily to think on old familiar doors.
Hearts loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;
Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
To ruminate on that delightful home
Which with the dear Hermit's nest to come:
Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye
Never to place the world of memory;
Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range

* 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 water-t.Day jets, or sunny haze,—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled "Imitations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem.

Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,
And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep
A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.
Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;
And welcome glory won in battles fought
As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.
But to each gallant Captain and his crew
A less imperious sympathy is due,
Such as my verse now yields, while moon-beams play
On the mute sea in this unpolluted bay;
Such as will promptly flow from every breast,
Where good men, disappointed in the quest
Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest.
Or, having known the splendours of success,
Sigh for the obsolescence of happiness.

XI.

THE CRESCENT-MOON, THE STAR OF LOVE,

Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between
Speak one of you, my doubts dissolve,
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

XII.

TO THE MOON.

(Written by the Sea-Side, on the Coast of Cumberland.)

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and com' st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lovest with Night and Silence to partake,
So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;
And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolizing dreamer as of yore! —
I slight them all; and, on this sea-bright shore
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
That lid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
By confidence supplied and mercy shown.
When not a twinkling star or horned light
Abates the pangs of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
Both for the adventurer staring in life's prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
Long-falled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains;

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams;

Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams:
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's immost shades;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Thou, chequering peacockly the master's gloom,—
Guid'st at the heart, Mourner to the lost one's tomb;
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell—
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
Enthroned afloat in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vaporous streaks and clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part repose—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the gay!—
Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
For healing and compose. —Hot, as least
And mightiest illos you have confess'd
Thy dominion: as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
So shines that countenance with especial grace
On them who urge the keel her plains to trace
Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
Cut off from home and country, may have
Even till long gazing had bedimmed his eye,
Or the mate capture ended in a sigh—
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
With some celestial lights to memory dear,
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,
Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though they may yet with tears the hardest cheek.
And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave,
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Pauses the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing save the moving ship's own light
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR's friend—
1835.

XIII.

TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the stars! so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping d'er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forsake,
Alternate empire in the shades below—
A Hard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, locked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy raising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudless interludes, will 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 frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Sparest thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chase as when thy praise
Was sung by Virgil choros in fateful 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—swayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains:
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
To love and promote and purity and peace;
And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.
Then, silent Moontress! let us—not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind—
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory: and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge: let us—without offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
"To look on tempests, and be never shaken:"
To keep with faithful step the appointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with sober scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gildedome hope
1835.
POEMS,
COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1833, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-shire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

I.
Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
And spread a smile ye knew that days might come;
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poem of your own,
One who never ventured for a Delphic crown.
To sur the God; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to lead
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship,
self sown.
Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp new strong
For summer wandering quit their household bower;
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crozes lonely moors,
Or musing sits forlorn halls among.

II.
Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through
this Isle
Repine as if his hour were come too late?
Not unprotected in her moulderign state,
Antiquity abhates him with a smile;
Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
And pleasure grounds where Taste, refined
Co-mates.
Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature’s style.
Fair Land! by Time’s parental love made free,
By Social Order’s watchful arms embraced;
With unexamined union meet in thee.
For eye and mind, the present and the past;
With golden prospects for futurity,
If that be reverenced which ought to last.

III.
They called Thee Merry England, in old time;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime;
And, spite of change, for me thou keepest the same
Endearing titles, a responsive chime
To the heart’s fond belief; though some there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
For inattentive fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with.
Can I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime?
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
Forbid it, Heaven! — and Merry England still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

IV.
TO THE RIVER GERTA, MISK KEBRICK.
GERTA, 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 Cocythus from the moans
Heard on his happy margin) becossed were named
The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
And the habitual murmurs that atones
For thy worst rage, forgotton. Of as Spring
Deck’d, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
Seats of glad instinct and love’s carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peaks of birth-day harmony;
To a grieved heart, the notes are bensions.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.
Among the mountains were we nursed, loved
Stream! Thou near the eagle’s nest—within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale.
Where thy deep voice could tell me! Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam Of thy soft breath—I—less vivid wreath en-

twined Nemesis' victor's brow; less bright was worn, Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph borne With motives chained; and shredding from his car The saturn splendours of a finished war Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH. (Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid.)

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust, And yours, my buried Little-ones! I am I; And to those graves looking haltingly In kindred quiet I repose my trust. Death to the innocent is more than just, And, to the sinner, mercifully best; So may I hope, if truly I repent And meekly bear the ill which bear I must: And You, my Offspring! that do still remain Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race, If, ere, 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. "Thuslook unto me, and dost fondly think, Poet! that, stricken as both are by years, We, differing once so much, are now Compeers, Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink In infinite dust. Erewhile a servant link United us; when thou, in boyish play, Enterst my dungeon, daft became 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 went chancing the wing'd butterfly Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold notor. 

-Up to the flowers whose golden progeny Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave."

VIII.

NOW'S WELL, BRIGHAM. The cattle crowding round this beverage clear To sloke their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod The encircling turf into a barren cloth; 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 berefted Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

IX.

TO A FRIEND. (On the Banks of the Derwent, Paston 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 prescriptive sights. Threatens, which the unthinking only can despise, Perseus the Church; but be thou firm,—be true To thy first hope, and this good work pursue, Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice. Doth 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 fends of air receive a yoke, And straightway cease to aspire, to God dis- fain.

This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. (Landing at the Mouth of the Derwent, Workington.) Dear to the Lovers, and to the Graces vowed, The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed! And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts, When a soft summer gale at evening parts The gloom that did its loneliness enshroud) She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer, Sighed on the wing at her feet passed the strand, With step precarious to a long array Of woes and degradations hand in hand— Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear. Suled by the anguished block of Fotheringay!

XI.

STANZA SUGGESTED IN A STEAM-BOAT OFF SAINT BERT'S HEADS, ON THE COAST OF CU- MBERLAND. If Life were slumber on a bed of down, Too unimposed, vices cute unknown, Sad were the lot; no hunter of the hare Exults like him whose javelin from the hair Has roused the lion: no one plucks the rose, Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries, With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees, For some rare plant, yon Headland of St. Bees. This independence upon ear and sail, This new indifference to breeze or gale, This straight-lined progress, surmounting a flat sea, And regular as if locked in certainty— Depress the hours, Up, Spirit of the storm! That Courage may find something to perform; That Fortune, whose blood declines to freeze At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas, Firm as the towering Headlands of St. Bees.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Dread cliff of Baruth! that wild wish may sleep,
Bold and fiendish, and creatures of the Deep
Breathed the same element; too many weeks
Have shook thy sides; too many ghastly decks
Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
Should here be welcome, and in verse en-

With thy grim aspect better far agrees
Uterance of thanks that we have past with ease.
As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,
What boots the gain if Nature should lose more—
And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place
In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbric coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crook'd:
She knelt in prayer—she waves their wrath
appease:
And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of St.

"Cruel of heart were they, blowly of hand,"
Who in those Wilds then struggled for com-

The strong were merciless, without hope the weak;
Till this bright Stranger came, fair as day-

And as a crested true that darts its length
Of leamy listen from a tower of strength;
Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
And cheer'd the peaceful voyage.

Like the fixed Light that crowns you Headland of St.

To aid the Votaries, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved;
So pitey took root; and Song might tell
What harmonious virtues near her cell
Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide.

If how savage booms melted at the sound
Of gospel-truth enchain'd in harmonies
Wailed e'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
From her religious Mansion of St.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place, above
The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chasity blazed with sacrificial fire,
And perish'd utterly; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot, that witnessed them, with

Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo! a statelier pile, the Abbey of St.

There are the naked clothes, the hungry fed;
And Chastity extenu'd to the dead
Her intercessions made for the walt's rest
Of earthly remants; or for the lost
Among the good (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.

Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial feet,
Keep watch before the altars of St.

Are not, in sooth, their Requiem sacred ties
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies.
Saluted, composed, and formalized by art,
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
The prayer for them whose hour is past away
Says to the Living, profit while ye may!
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that prayer, most cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of St.

Conscience, the timid being's immost light,
Hope of the dawn and soul of the night.
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.
Ah! I scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;

Consume with zeal, in winged exultations
Of prayer and praise forget their roses,
Nor bear the leastest surges of St.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sail wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoes
Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chiselling sharp,
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp.

It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,
It charms a fast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of reverent St.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Ibrew'en's voice,
Imprinting, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feeds aside,

And under one bliss ought serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, ignignant Sword! Flinging till thou from Pasyon hands release
That tomb, dread centre of sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St.

But look we now to them whose minds from far
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
While in Judæa Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-hand at home;
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights:

And wedded Life, through scriptural mysteries,
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hoarded Cibelles of St.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill
With love of God, throughout the Land were

Ridues on whose symbolic beauty guarded
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;
As at this day men seeing what they saw,
Or the bare wreck of fading solemnities,

Aspirè to more than earthily destinies;
Witness you File that greets us from St.

Yet more; around those Churches, gathered

Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns;
Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold
Her scales with even hand, and Social would

The heart to pity, train the mind in care
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear;
Nor dost thou fail, thro' object love of ease,
Or hindrance raised by worldly purposes,
To bear thy part in this good work, St Bees;
Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,
And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?
Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful grange
Made room where wolf and boar were used to range?
Who turned and showed by deeds, that gentler chains
Should bind the vassal to his lord's domain?
The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies
Pour'd from the bosom of thy Church, St Bees!
But all availed not; by a mandate given
Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven
Forth from their cells; their ancient House laid low
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
But now once more the local Heart revives,
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.
Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy sea,
And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
Prosper the new-born College of St Bees!
Alas! the Genius of our age from Schools
Less humble draws her lessons, aim, and rules.
To Prowess guided by her insight keen
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;
Boastful idolatry of formal skill
She in her own would merge the eternal will.
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,
Her fight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St Bees.* 1839.

XII
IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.
Ranging the heights of Scarfell and Blackcomb,
In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,
And to his flock the cluster of mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom, On Mountain side, 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,
Reply the untaught Philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Best in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with Sages undevoutly feet.

XIII
AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.
Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong
And doubts and scruples seldom teased the brain.
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong:
For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
O Fancy, what an age was wait for song!
That age, when not by love arrant,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses held;
But element and orb on acta did wait
Of Powers endued with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

XIV
Drear topic we past illusions to recall?
To reanimate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside.
No,—let this Age, high as she may, install
In her esteem the thistle 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, whose thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne
Of Power whose ministers the records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flat to exalt than prove their unsingleness.

XV
ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.
"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."
The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
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,
Spares, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die
No; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
And they are led by noble Hillary.

XVI
BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.
Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brint,
With wonder smit by its transparency
And all-enraptured with its purity—
Because the unstained, clear casement, the crystal-line,
Have ever in them something of benign?
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, oh, not divine,
Scarce the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well,
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle

* See Excursion, seventh part: and Ecclesiastical Sketches, second part, near the beginning.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea 1,
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-symphons (and
With sighs
Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank,
Utterly in himself devoid of guile:
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile:
Nor sought that makes men’s promises a blank,
Or deadly snare: and he survives to blest
The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

XVIII.
ISLE OF MAN.
Droop pangs of grief for longest time too keen,
Grief that devouring waves had caused—or
guilt
Which they had witnessed, sway the man who
built
This Homestead, placed where nothing could be
seen,
Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene;
A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land;
That o’er the channel holds august command,
The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.
He, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring
sea.
To shun the memory of a listless life
That hung between two callings. May no strife
More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,
Self-doomed to woe inaction, till his eye
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky!

XIX.
BY A RETIRED MARINER.
(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)
From early youth I plunged the restless Main,
My mind as restless and as apt to change;
Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length a competence to gain;
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
And hardships manifold did I endure.
For Fortune on me never deign’d to smile;
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
With just enough life’s comforts to procure,
In a snug Cove on this our favourd Isle,
A peaceful spot where Nature’s gifts abound;
Then sure I have no reason to complain,
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

XX.
AT SAIL-SAIL, ISLE OF MAN.
(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.)
Broken in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose

* The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of
Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

Where ancient trees this convest-pile enclose,*
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Inures on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Grace to these cells youthshaded. And when I note
The old Tower’s brow yellowed as with the
beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy, weather-stain’d semblance
brought
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
“Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the
day!”

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, enrolled and crowned;
While, compassing the little mount around,
Degrees and Orisors stood, each under each:
Now, like to things within fate’s easiest reach,
The power is merged, the pomp a grave has
found.
Of with yon cloud, old Staffell! 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 miniture of sovereignty.

XXII.
DESPAIR who will— I heard a voice exclain,
“Though force the assault, and shatter’d the
defence
It cannot be that Britain’s social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flem’s season’s rash presence;
Should fall: that She, whose virtue put to shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror’s aim,
Should perish, self-subversted. 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 Saxo Alfred shone;
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams,
Sweep on,
Nor let one hillow of our heaven-haunt’d Isle
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume.”

XXIII.
IN THE FRIETH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.
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 wreathet with mist his forehead high;
Now, faintly darkening with the sun’s eclipse,
Still is he, in lone sublimity,
Toweret above the sea and little ships;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven: with her freight of Care,

* Rushen Abbey.
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fate;
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owns
For her noted Powers, fixed Forms, or transient Shows.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

ARRAY! a single-crested Teazerife,
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,
Varying her crowned peaks and ridges blue;
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
And, as a God, light on thy upmost cliff.
Imminent 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.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

(The former series, p. 271.)
The capricious Bird was gone,—to cliff or nook
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
Or he had paced, and sunk to feed the worm:—
Him found we not; but, climbing a tall tower,
There saw, impinged with rude fidelity
Art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
An Eagle that could neither wall nor soar.
Edify of the Vanished—(ah! I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
And of the towering courage which past times
Rejected in—take, what'er thou be, a share,
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where'er I leads!

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
Came and delivered him, alone he sped
Into the castle-dungeon's darkest maw.
Now, in his master's house in open view
He dwells, and hears indignant temper howl,
Knellled, and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,
Fleet as the west wind, is for him no quarry;
Balanced in either he will neverorry,
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.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

O'er have I caught, upon a fillful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not covering the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul;
While a dark storm in my sight
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapours have I watched, that won
Prismatic colours from the sun;
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
The image of its perfect form
What need, then, of those finished Strains
Away with counterfeitKLains!
An abbey in its lone recess,
A temple of the wilderness,
Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling
The majesty of honest dealing.
Spirit of Ossian! if imbued
In language thou may'st yet be found,
If aught intrusted to the pen
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Albeit shattered and impaired
Substant thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old grey stone, and high-born name
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
Let Truth, stern arbiter of all
Interpret that Original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone—
Authentic words be given, or none!
Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars,
Hath prayed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poetical ecstasy
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Oorhap, in Oorhap verse;
Museus, stationed with his lyre
Supreme among the Elyssian quire;
Is, for the dwellers upon earth
Mute at a lark ere morning's birth.
Why grive for these? the music is past away
The music, and extinct the lay?
When thousands, by reverent doom,
Full early to the silent tomb
Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
The garland withering on their brows;
Stung with remorse the broken vows;
Franic—she might they rejoice?
And friendless, by their own and choice!
Hall, Bards of mighty grasp! I on you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few;
Who can not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
Whose lofty genius still survive
Privation, under sorrow thrive;
In whom the fiery Muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard,
Bedewed with meditative tears
Dropped from the tempest cloud of years.
Brothers in soul! though distant times
Produced you nursed in various climes,
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
A plentiful of love retained:
Hence, while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,
Ye lingered among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind;
Departing sunbeams, both to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill top.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Such to the tender-hearted maid
Even ere her joys begin to fade;
Such, haply, to the rugged chief
By fortune crushed, or tasted by grief;
Appears, on Mornen's lonely shore,
Dim-glancing through imperfect air,
The Son of Fingal; such was blind
Mœnseid of smaller mind;
Such Milton, to the fountain head
Of glory by Urala led!

XXXVII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

We saw, but little, in the motley crowd,
Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight;
How could we feel it? each the other's light,
Harried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O for those motions only that invite
The Ghost of Fingal to his tenebrous Cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
Softly embossing the timid light!
And by one Votary who at will might stand
Gazing and taking into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the almighty hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,
Has designed to work as if with human Art!

XXX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED.

Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would aspire
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestible,
Expanding yet pristine, the roof embossed,
 Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Now bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base;
And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,
One, two, three, and upwards, its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his height
Of softest music some responsive place.

XXXI.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,
And, by your men and bearing, knew your name,
And they could hear Ais ghostly song who trod
Earth, till the sheb lay on him like a load,
While he struck his deasolate harp without hopes or aim.
Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
Why keep we now the instincts whose dread law
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
Not by black arts but magic natural?
If eyes be still woe, useless of belief,
You light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Hell opens and the heavens in vengeance crack
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To Saint, or Friend, or to the Godhead whom
He had insulted—Pagan, 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.

HOMeward we turn. Isle of Columbia’s Cell,
Where Christian piety’s soul-cheering spark
(Kindest from Heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shines like the morning star, farewell—
And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
Remote St Kilda, love and loved sea-mark
For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-bright waves, a liquid veil,
That thickness, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold
Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

GREENOCK.
Per me si va nella Città delgata,
We’s have not passed into a delightful City,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named “the Jaws of Hell.”
Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?
These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty—
As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded: and that chef,
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
And an busy Rival of old Tyre,
Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones;
Soon may the punctual sea in vain aspire
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde.
Where current brawls o’er money stones,
The poor, the lonely, herdman’s joy and pride.

"There!" said a Striling, pointing with meet
Towards a low roof with green trees half con-cealed,
"Is Monzie Farm; and that’s the very field
Where Lurns ploughed up the Daisy.” Far
and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while, described
Above cloud-cloudb, the Peaks of Arran rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was riveted.
Beneath “the random shiel of cloid or stone”
Myriads of deities have shone before in flower.
Near the lark’s next, and in their natural hour
Have passed away, less happy than the One
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

Down! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, what’er its varying mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name;
Yet fetched from Paradise that honour came,
Rightfully borne: for Nature gives thee flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
Measuring thy course, fair Stream! I length I pay
To thy life’s neighbour dus of neighbourhood;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained;
For things far off we toll, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained.

MONUMENT OF MRS HOWARD,
(by Noldeker),
IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.

STretched on the dying Mother’s lap, lies dead
Her new-born Babe; dire ending of bright hope!
But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head
So patiently; and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensitive Child—
(Earth’s lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fed)—
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered:
Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife
Is low to be lamented than revered;
And own that Art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.
TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert thou
In heaven’s schools of philosophic love;
Heart-stricken by stem destiny of yore
The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow
And what of hope Ellyum could allow
Was fondly seared by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the Mourner. But when He who wore
The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
Warmed our sad being with celestial light,
The Arts which still had drawn a soothing grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that Idea face to face;
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

RUHE.

This floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;
Down from the Pennine Alps * how fiercely sweeps
Craggie, the steady 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 soy.

* The chain of Cragsfell.
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I.-at voice which soothed the Nuns while on the steepes
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased; then, cleaving easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious Taste; and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunney Dell.
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell !

XIII.
STRAEMBOATS, 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 amis !
Nor shall your presence, howsoever it is mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind’s gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disclose
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 cheery sublune.

XIII.
THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG Meg AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.
A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fall suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bow of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overshadow the circle vast—
Speak Grant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbersome shades of Night;
Let the Morn hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the in-
finite,
The inviolable God, that times the proud !

XIV.
LOWTHE.
LOWTHE. In thy majestic Pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the Haramol castle’s sterner mien;
UNISIGNIFICANT OF God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the sword
Of ancient honour; whence that godly state
Of poity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford,
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking thoughts is
scorned.
Full if ye must, ye Towers and Piers, ye
With what ye symbolise: authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England’s Glory:

XIV.
TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.
"Magnificent individualism.
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 interest,
Yet be unmoved by his words to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame agree Fortitude, and that Christish of Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.
And if the Motto on thy ‘soothean teach
With truth,” “The Magnificence 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 Env’y reach.

XV.
THE SOMNAMBULIST.
LIFT, ye, who pass by Lulph’s Tower * At eve; how softly then
Doch Air-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody gleam!
Fit music for a solemn vale !
And hoister 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 wherein
The Pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days
A stern-brow’d horse appeared;
Fit to a Jewl rich in light
There set, and guarded well;
Curbs 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 Glen their own,
Came Baron lomb, with store of gold,
And Knights of high renown;
But one She prized, and only one:
Sir Egamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—
Known chiefly, Airs! to the glen,
Thy brook, and bower of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
That all but love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play;
Ducks came not, nor regal To trouble hours that winged their way,
As inl an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.
But in old times Love dwelt not long
Sequester’d with repose to attest
Best throw the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of love.
"A conquering lance is beauty’s test,

* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of the Usk. Waterfall is the word used in the Lake District for Waterfall.
And proves the Lover true;
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
The sleeping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared;
Through wide-spread regions errest;
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 pain, compared with spear and shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
Her Champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,
And high her blushes mounted;
Or when a bold heroic lay
She wallowed from full heart;
Delighted blossoms for the May
Of absence! but they will not stay,
Borne only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
Whatever path he chooses;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
Received the light hers loosed.
He comes not back: an ample space
Requires for nobler deeds;
He ranges on from place to place,
Till of his diaries is no trace;
But what her fancy breeds.
Her fame may spread, but in the past
Her spirit finds its centre;
Close, but she has of what he was,
And that would now content her.
"Still is he my devoted Knight?"
Is answer in her breast;
Month falls on month with heavier weight;
Day sickness round her, and the night
Is empty of repose.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,
With quick words blending, like
That pale Queen whose hands are seen
With fancied spots contending;
But she is innocent of blood,
The moon is not more pure
That shines aloft, while through the wood
She thunders her way, the sounding Flood
Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
And owls alone are waking,
In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
The downward pathway taking,
That leads her to the torrent's side
And to a holly bower;
By whom on this still night deceived?
By whom in that lone place expied?
By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering Ghost, so think the Knight,
His coming step has thwartered,
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
Within whose shade they parted.
Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!
Perplexed her fingers seem,
As if they from the holy tree
Great steps would pluck, as rapidly
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
To violate the Tree,
Thought Eglamore, of which I swore
Unfailing constancy?
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
To her I left, shall prove
That bliss is n't or so surely won
When a circuit has been rent
Of valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot wherein he stood,
He moved with stealthy pace;
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
He recognised the face;
And whispers caught, and speeches small,
Some to the green-leaved tree.
Some muttered to the torrent-fall—
"Bower on, and bring him with thy call;
I hear, and so may he!"

Soult-haunted 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 whom shall tell? The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
And the Stream whirled her down the dell
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight—when on firm ground
The rescued Maiden lay,
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
Confusion passed away;
She heard, vie to the throne of grace
Her faithful Spirit flew.
His voice—bellow his speaking face;
And, dying, from his 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 bower:
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 pitty.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Ner fear memorial bower,
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 whatev' even;
And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow! 1833.

XLVII.

TO CORDELIA BIO—,
HALSTRADE, ELLSWATER.

Not in the mists beyond the western main,
You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
Which a fine skill of Indian growth, has

Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
Not is it silver of romantic Spain
But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

[End of Document]
FORMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought
Mix strangely: trifles light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being:
Yes, Lädi, while about your neck is wound
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,
For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

Most sweet it is with unsniffed eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whatever the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

I.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"Way, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, art thou thus alone,
And dream your time away?
Where are your books—that light bequeathed
To bring it from the 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 thou, by Cathcart lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spoke,
And thus I spoke reply.
"The eye—it cannot choose but see:
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.
Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feel this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.
Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking!
—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Converting as I may.
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away."—
1798.

II.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.
And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.
She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of mortal evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.
Sweet is the lore which Nature brings:
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things—:
We murder to dissect.
Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.
1798.

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 and thoughts to the mind.
To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it groved my heart to think
What man has made of man.
Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreathes;
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.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?
1798.

IV.

A CHARACTER.

I marv'el how Nature could ever find space
For so many strange contrasts in one human face;
There's thought and no thought, and there's
Patience and bloom.
And bustling and singleness, pleasure and pain;
There's weakness, and strength both redundant and vain;
So much strength as, if ever affliction and pain
Could pierce through a temper that's soft to disease,
Would be rational ease—a philosopher's ease.
There's indiff'rence, alike when he fails or succeeds,
And attention full ten times as much as there needs.
And pride where there's no envy, there's so much joy,
And mildness, and spirit both forward and coy.
There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident stare
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that she's there.
There's virtue, the title it surely may claim,
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy the name.
This picture from nature may seem to depart,
Yet the man would at once run away with your heart.
And I for five centuries right gladly would be
Such an odd, such a kind happy creature as he.

TO MY SISTER.

V.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before.
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountain bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister! [tis a wish of mine]
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to earth, from man to man:
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.
Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.
And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.
Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

VI.

SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN;

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old man dwelt, 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 cheeks
Is red as a ripe cherrie.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee.
When Echo answered, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.

In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or village;
To bidder tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He would, 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!—here!
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see!

Old Simon to the world is left
In lowered poverty;
His Master's dead,—and so one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor.
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.
And he is lean, and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and davy,
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 be from the heath En-touce when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

And, though you wish your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
"Tis little, very little—all
And they can do between them.
Few months of life he has 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're 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,
An lump 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.
O Reader! I give you the task,
Good Simon Lee,
Give me your toil," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffer'd 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 unhind, kind deeds
With coldness still retaining;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

VI.
WRITTEN IN GERMANY,
ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.
The Reader must be apprised, that the Stores
in North Germany generally have the im-
pression of a galloping horse upon them, this
being part of the Brunswick Arms.
A FLAUGE ON your languages, German and Norse!
Let me have the song of the kettle;
And the tongues and the pokers, 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 I perhaps
A child of the field or the grove;
And, sorrow for him! the dull tremendous heat
Has seduced the poor fool from his winter re-

And he creeps to the edge of my store.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!
He cannot find out in what task 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 be-

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

His eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death his blood freezes and

And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.
No brother, no mate has he near him—while I
Can draw warmth from the check of my Love;
As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,
As if green summer grass were the floor of my

And woodbine were hanging above.

Yet, God, is my witness, thou small helpless

Thy life I would gladly sustain
Till summer come up from the south, and with

Of thy brethren a march thou should'st sound
Through the clouds,
And back to the forests again!

VIII.
A POET'S Epitaph.
Art thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?
First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.
A Lawyer art thou,—draw not night
Go, carry in 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's fingered slave.
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Wraapt closely in thy sensual breeze,
O Heaven!—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!
A Moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;
One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all!
 Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.
 But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in humbly russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.
He is a retired noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.
In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That reads and sleeps on his own heart.
But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.
—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as in 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 heir
Of joy or sorrow—
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
Thy. 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,
Uncared’st by one or scrupulous doubt
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing;
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:
"Yes clouded 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 so other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I used the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short
Before 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 ever had loved before.

And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A bloomimg GirL, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she have;
Her brow was smooth and white;
To give a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight

No fountain from its rocky cave
Ever 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 not confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
And did not wish her mine!"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Matthew, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilting 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.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" I said, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon;"
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like forms with
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, with a dream, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettie whispering its faint undertow.

il.
"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And its of sparsely malice do but strike
The languid mind into activity
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and

Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even he is so: yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worl'dlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful: their world
More justly balanced: partly at their feet,
And part far from them—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more
sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a Slave; the nearest can we meet!

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Elm, 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
thoughts;
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peacefully,
Blessings 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.

x.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND.

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING TO-
GETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND.

Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his
lands,
And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's
side.
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with
pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know;
Long hast Thou served a man to reason true;
Whose life combines the best of high and low,
The labouring many and the resting few;

Health, meekness, arduous, quietness secure,
And industry of body and of mind;
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
As nature is,—too pure to be refined.

Here oft hast Thou heard the Poet sing
In concord with his river murmuring by;
Or in some silent field, while timid spring
Is yet uncheered by other mistsimpl.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid
Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord?
That man will have a trophy, humble Spade!
A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.
If he be one that feels, with skill to part
False praise from true, or greater from the less,
Thou will be welcome to his hand and heart,
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome day—
Thee his honored servant, his inspiring mate!
And, when thou art past service, worn away,
No dull oblivious snail shall hide thy fate.
His thity unclesness will never scorn;
An Aesc-lamn in his cottage with thou be —
High will he hang thee up, well pleased to
adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

1804.

xv.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy deign;
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds sudender fly
How bright her mien!

Far different we—a rowdral race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursuer,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
The whole year through.

If kindred honours e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven.
XVI.

INCIDENT.

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURED DOG.

On his morning rounds the Master
Goes to learn how all things fare;
Searches pasture after pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care:
Any for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk;
Four legs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

Sealing hare before him started!
—Off they fly in earnest chase;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race:
And the hare whom they pursue
Knows from instinct what to do;
Her hope is near; no turn she makes;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.
Deep the river was, and trusted
Thusty by a Une night’s frost;
But theumble Hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crossed;
She hath crossed, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the greyhound, Darty, is over head.

Better fate have FRENCH 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,
Here is now another part;
A loving creature she, and brave!
And many a time she struggles friend to save.
From the brink her paws she stretches,
Your hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts with complaining; nor gives o’er
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.

1805.

XVII.

TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

Lex here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth.
It is not from unkindness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;
Most was of deepest; 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 yearly stand a monument of thee.
We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past;
And would we had laid thee here at last:
For thou hadst lived till every thing that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weights of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feelble were thy knees,—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentle 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 we share,
Old household thoughts, in which thou hast thy share;
But for some precious noon vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely any in like degree!
For love, that comes wherever life and sense
Are given by God, in its 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-brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love, love’s intellectual law—
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured man
1805.

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 distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.
The Dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are less intense;
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 cave, a hole in the rock;
That keeps, till June, December’s snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent torrent below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human hand.
There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lovely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven’s croak,
In symphony auster.
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—and
Mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.
Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The Shepherd stood; then makes his way
O’er rocks and stones, following the Dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.
From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the Shepherd's mind
It burst, a light all clear;
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the Traveller passed this way.
But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell
And the result of man's degenerate
This wonder merits well.
The Dog, which still was hov'ring nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog, had been through three months' time
A dweller in that savage place.
Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated Traveller died,
The Dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that life sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!

Ode to Duty.

"Fair, non consilio beneo, sed more eò perduetis, ut non tautum recidi facere posseam, sed mai recidi facere non possum." (Strenuus Daughter of the Voice of God! O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light, a guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reproue;
With power to save or destroy and law
When empty terrors overawe;
For wisdom's sagacity doth set thee free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no dissimulation, is, rely
Upon the genual sense of youth;
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

So be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed:
Yet seek the firm support, according to their need.
1. loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
That thing of which I have repose;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred.
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-decree;
My hope no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.
Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
Are fresh and strong.
To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

xx.

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 glass that pleased his loved thoughts;
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct, discerns
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 Bleakness, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest power;
Controls them and subdues, transmute, reverses
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to slake
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure
As more exposed to sufferings 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 evi 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 owns
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 event to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover: and retired
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, it is equal to the need:
He who, though thus ensued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homely pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wherever'er he be,
Are in his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love—
"This, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or felt unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toread or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Perplexed 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-sufficent,
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth;
Or be he fallen, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unpraisable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mental mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER;*

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

"What is good for a hot-tempered heart,\nWith these dark words begins my Tale;\nAnd their meaning is, whence can comfort spring.\nWhen Prayer is of no avail,\nWhat is good for a hot-tempered heart?\n"The Falconer to the Lady said:\n
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

And she made answer: "Endless Sorrow!"
For she knew that her Son was dead.
She knew it by the Falconer's words,
And from the look of the Falconer's eye;
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.
Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
Andholds a greyhound on her leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe.
The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to hesitate!
For lordly Wharf is there peat in
With rocks on either side.
This striding-place is called Trai Strand,
A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.
And hisser is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across Trai Strand?
He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.
The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strained by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corpse.
Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking, sorrow:
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.
If for a lover the Lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death:—
Old Wharf might comfort hope,
She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.
He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!
Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the side of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Not failed at even-song.
And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief;\nBut slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.
Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!"
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

XXII.
A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION; OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEA-SHORE.

The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair, Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty, To add a covert purpose, cried—"O ye Approaching Waters of the deep, that share With this green isle my fortunes, come not where Your Master's throne is set."—Deaf was the Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree Less than they heed a breath of wanton air. Then Canute, rising from the invaded throne, Said to his servile Courtiers, —"Poor the reach, The undistinguished extent of mortal sway! He only is a King, and he alone Deserves the name (this truth the billows preach) Whose overlaiding laws, sea, earth, and heaven, obey."

This just reproach the prosperous Dane Drew from the influx of the main, For some whose rugged northern mouths would strain, At oriental battle; And Canute (fact more worthy to be known) From that time forth did for his brows display The ostentation of a symbol; to esteem earthly royalty Contemptible as vain. Now hear what one of elder days, Rich theme of England's fondest praise, Her darling Alfred, might have spoken; To cheer the remnant of his host When he was driven from coast to coast, Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken: "My faithful followers, lo! the tide is spent There, 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 steep base of many an isolated hill, In placid beauty and sublime content! Such the repose that sage and hero find; Such measured rest the sedulous and good Of humbler name; whose souls do, like the flood Of Ocean, press right on: or gently wind, Neither to be diverted nor withstood, Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned." 1816.

XXIII.

"A LITTLE REMIND ME OF THE GUIDING HAND: TO THESE DARK STEPS, A LITTLE FURTHER ON!" —What trick of memory to my voice hath sent 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, haste enrolled ye yet, Though not unmusical, among those who lean Upon a living staff, with borrow'd wings. —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 Impassion to conduct thee, not as erst A tottering infant, with compliant stoop From flower to flower supported; but to curb Thy symphonic step swift-bounding o'er the law Along the base 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 front precipice kindles intense desire for powers withheld From this corporeal frame; whereas who stands Is seized with strong inclination to push forth His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge— dreaded thought, For pastime plunge into the "abrupt abyss," Where ravens spread their plumy vanes, 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, to 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? Have we not recall To mind the living presences of suns? A gentle, pensive, white rebuke, Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve, To Christ, the Son of righteousness, exalted. 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 unrolled, passage clear shall yield To heights more glorious still, and into shades More awful, where, advancing hand in hand, We may be taught, O Darling of my care! To calm the affections, elevate the soul, And consecrate our lives to truth and love. 1816.

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 frost in self-defence.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Who then, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed,
While on the wing the Urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade?
Enough for one soft even day,
If I, a bard of ebbing time,
And nurtured in a tickle clime
May haunt this hallowed bay:
Whose amorous water multiplies
The fishing halibut's void eyes;
And smooths her liquid breast—to show
These swans like specks of mountain snow,
While 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 own't wing:
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
And Summer to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess.
Of too familiar happiness.
Lycoris (if such name befit
Then, thee my life's celestial sign!)
When Nature marks the year's decline,
Be ours to welcome it;
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder sons;
Pleased while the sylvan world displays
Its repose to the feeling gaze;
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell
Of the resplendent miracle.

But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris' life requires an end,
To which our souls must bend:
A skill—to balance and supply;
All must be dry,
As soon it must, a sense to tip,
Or else, with no fantastic lip,
Then welcome, above all, the Guest
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
Seem to recall the Heav'ry
Of youth into the breast;
May pensive Autumn ne'er present
A claim to her disparagement!
While blossoms and the budding spray
Inspire us in our own decay;
Still, as we scarce draw to life's dark goal,
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

TO THE SANK.

Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treadeth
Here, as 'mid shriller scenes, ground steep and rough.
Or all, or none to peril! and each step,
As we for most uncertain recom pense
Mourn toward the empire of the tickle clouds,
Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,
Induces, for its old familiar sights,
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied,
In anxious bondage, to such nice array
And formal fellowship of petty things!
—Oh! 'tis the Aeon that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of her own;
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,
And gorging rills, ascending in the work
More efficaciously than realms outspread,
As in a map, before the inhabitants gone—
Oceans and Earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left—how far
Beautif!
But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth
Of your wild cave, whose jagged brows are fringed
With fancied threads of joy, in the still
And sultry air, depending motionless
Yet cool the space within, and not uneared
(As whose enters shall ere long perceive)
By stealthy influce of the timid day
Mingling with night, such twilight to compose
As Numa loved; when, in the Egyptian grot,
From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,
He gained whatever a regal mind might ask.
Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave
Protect us, there deciphering as we may
Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth
Interpreting; or counting for old Time
His minutes, by reiterated drops.
Audible tears, from some invisible source
That deepens upon fancy—more and more
Drawn toward the centre whences those sage
Crevet forth.
To save the lightness of humanity.
Or, shutting up within myself,
There let me see thee sink into a mood
Of gentler thought, protractor still thine eye
Be calm as water when the hills are green,
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend! We too have known such happy hours together
That, were a power granted to replace them
(Fetched
From out the pensive shadows where they lie)
In the first warmth of their original sunshine,
Louth should I be to use it: passing sweet
Are the domains of tender memory! 1837.

XCV.

SEPTMBER, 1819.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.
And, sooth to say, you vocal grove,
Albeit unspirited by love,
By love untaught to ring
May well afford to marvel ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.
For they from turbulence and heat
Proceed, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life:
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

This, this is holy—while I hear
These vesper 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 listen!—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 charters are confided.

XVIII.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illum'd,
The gentlest look of spring;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfolded, 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 rare,
And yellow on the bough—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed.
Around a younger brow!

Yet well I temperately rejoice:
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of discordant themes;
Which, happily, 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 Muse's smile;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptest framed
To excite 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 love chords Alcman smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong;
Woe! was to Tyrants! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparks dire
Of fierce vindictive song.
And not unshallowed was the page
By winged Love inscribed, to august
The pans of wise pursuiv;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With nearest touch of passion swayed
Her own Zolian lure.
O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Thessian fragment, or unroll

One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simoniales.
That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poetry; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust.
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Mars loved, shall we unfold?
Can haughty Time be just?

1819.

XXVIII.

MEMORY.

A PEN—to register; a key—
That winds through secret wards;
Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric birds.
As aptly, also, might be given
A Pencil to her hand—
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand;
That smooths foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues;
Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.
Or 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 steals to his allotted book
Contented and serene;
With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistering;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep.
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

1823.

XXIX.

This Lawn, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves—to strive
In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
Of Worldlings reveling in the fields
Of strenuous idleness;
Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
Encounter, and to narrow seas
Forbid a moment's rest;
The melancholy loss when Solitary Lights
Glance to and fro, like airy Sprites
To feats of arms addressed!
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
Unheed'd, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breezing flowers.

1830.
XXX.

HUMANITY.

[The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the be-
ginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own

appeal,

To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,
Or at a doubting Judge’s stern command,
Before the Stones or Power no longer stand—

To this his innocence from the balanced Block.

As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;

Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more

The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore;

Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees

Do still perform mysterious offices!

And functions dwell in heart and head that sway

The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,

Inviting, at all seasons, ear and eye.

To watch for undelusive auguries—

Not uninspired appear their simplest ways;

Their voices mount symbolic of praise—

To mix with hymns that Spirit's make and bear;

And to fell man their innocence is dear.

Enaptured Art draws from those sacred springs

A stream that reflect the poetry of things!

Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues trau-

ayed,

That, might a wish avail, would never fade,

Borne in their hands the lily and the palm

Shed round the altar a celestial calm;

There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove

Prey in the tenderness of virgin love,

To sain'ly banks!—Glorious is the blending

Of light affections climbing or descending

And in a scale of light and life, with cares

Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers

Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;

Descending to the worm in charity;

Like those good Angels whom a dream of night

Gave, in the field of Lour, to Jacob's sight—

All, while & slept, treading the pendent stairs

That climb towards nor downward, radiant messengers,

That, with a perfect will in one accord

Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord;

And with unsnared humility forbore

To shed their errand by the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,

If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!

Opinion bow before the naked sense

Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence:

Merciful over all his creatures, just

The least particle of sentient dust;

But, fixed by immutable decrees

Seetimne and harvest for his purposes!

Then would be closed the restless oblique eye

That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;

Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds

That into breeze sink; impetuous minds

By discipline endeavour to grow meek

As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.

Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,

Would teach his golden locks at Wisdom's side

Love and flow untroubled by caprice;

And not alone Aarâk tyranny would cease,

But unoffending creatures find release

From qualified oppression, whose defence

Rests on a hollow plea of recompence;

Thought-tempered wrongs, for such humane respect

Oft worn to bear, or deadline in effect.

Witness those glances of indignant scorn

From some high-minded Slave, impelled to speak.

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 Ida,

Whose day departeth a prisoner made, 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 is but a mockery!

When from coast to coast,

Though Jittered slave be none, her floors and gold

Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,

For the poor Many, measured out by rules

Fetched with cupidity from schools,

That to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth Of Nations," sacrificed 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 token we fasten, as may suit

Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,

"I adore in life and death great, to praise,

Least Fancy trite with eternal laws.

Not from his fellows only may man 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 lowest flower possesses in its place; Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive, Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

XXXI.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape

From every hurtful blast,

Spring takes its rise in May! thy shape, Her loveliest and her last.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

LESS FAIR IS SUMMER RIDING HIGH
In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a leaunent sky
Brings on her parting hour.
When earth repays with golden sheaves
The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
Are laid on the bough:
What pensive beauty autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of winter coming in, to close
The emblematic round!
Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
Sometimes our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
Through heaven-born hope, her end! 1829.

II.

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD,
MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut navis projectus ab undis
Navis, nodus humi jacet," — Lucretius.
Lax a shipwreck'd Sailor tossed
By rough waves on a perilous coast,
Lies the Babe, in helplessness
And tenderest nakedness,
Flung by labouring nature forth
Upon the mercies of the earth,
Can its eyes beseech — no more
Than the hands are free to implore:
Voice but serves for one brief cry;
Flint wax't of prophecy
Of sorrow that will surely come!
Omen of man's grievous doom!
But, O Mother! by the close
Duly granted to thy throne;
By the silent thanks, now tending
In one-like to Heaven, descending
Now to mingle and to move
With the gust of earthly love,
As a debt to that frail Creature,
Instrument of struggling Nature
For the blissful calm, the peace
Kiss'd but to this our release—
Can the pitying spirit doubt
That for human-kind springs out
From the penalty a sense
Of more than mortal recompense?
As a floating summer cloud,
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
To the sun-burnt traveller,
Or the steoping labourer,
Often times makes its beauty known
By its shadow round him thrown;
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,
Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
Of their presence tell — too bright
Hasty for corporeal sight!
Musical of divine
Feelingly their brows incline
O'er this seeming Costaway
Breathing, in the light of day,
Something like the faintest breath
That has power to baffle death—

BEAUTIFUL, while very weakness
Captivates like passive meekness.
And, sweet Mother! under warrant
Of the universal Parent.
Who repays in season due
Those who have, like thee, been true
To the filial chain let down
From his everlasting throne,
Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their sweetest whispers touch,
That — whatever grief may rest,
Cares entangle, sins beget,
Thy thy First-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years—
Heavenly succour, not denied
To the babe, whate'er betide,
Will to the woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
Blest the starry promises,—
And the immortal benign
Hallowed be't, where they shine!
Yes, for them whose souls have scope
Ample for a winged hope,
And can earthward bend an ear
For needful listening, pledges is here,
That, if thy new-born Child shall tread
In thy footsteps, and be led
By that other Guide, whose light
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
Gave him first the wished-for part
In thy gentle virgin heart;
Then, amid the storms of life
Prestigmified by that dread strife
Whence ye have escaped together,
She may look for serene weather;
In all trials sure to find
Comfort for a faithful mind;
Kindlier issues, holier rest;
Then even now await her press,
Conscious Nursing, to thy breast!

III.

THE WARNING.
A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

List, the winds of March are blowing;
Her ground-dwars shirkt, afraid of show-
ing
Their meek heads to the nipping air,
Which ye feel not, happy pair!
Sunk into a kindly sleep.
We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;
And if Time leagued with adverse Change
(Too busy fear) shall cross its range,
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, win a livelier course;
Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,
Are in the experienced Grandure's slow to fail;
And if the harp pleased his heart, it sings
To his grave touch with no unresting strings,
While thoughts press on, and feelings over-
flow.
And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.

U
POEMS ON SENTIMENT AND RECEPTION.

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
And have renewed the tinted Lay.
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
And Fancy妄然 with them in a fond embrace;
Swift as the rays sun his beams extends
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;
Their gifts she hail’d (deemed precious, as they prove
For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!)
But from this peaceful centre of delight
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight:
Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
That sucks from mountain hearth her honey bee;
Or, like the warbling lark intent to spread
His head in sunshine or a bowery cloud,
She soars—and here and there her pinions rest
On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest
With a new visitant, an infant guest—
Towers where red streamers trust the breezy sky.

In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
When feats shall crowd the hall, and steeples bell.
Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells
Catch the bliche music as it sinks and swells,
And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,
Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,
Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who though neither reckoning ill as wise
By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
That which 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 reproued?
Not He, whose last faint memory will come.

The truth that Britain was his native land;
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;

Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
With rupture thrilled; whose Youth revered the crown
Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore.
Adieu to dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!—
—Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew
His social sense of just, and fair, and true;
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
Rash Pity begin her madcap dance,
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
Nor grieved to see himself not unseguled:—
Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,
And saw 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 guile had urged them on with ceaseless sound,
Proofs thickening round her that on public ends,
Domestic virtue vitally depends,
That civic strife can turn the happiest heart
Into a grieved sore of self-conterminating earth.

Can such a one, dear Babe! though glad and proud
To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
Into his English breast, and spare to quell
Less for his own sake than for thy innocent sake.
Too late—or, should the providence of God
Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,
Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou comest 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-bell?
It, in the aims of men, the surest test
Of good or bad (what’er be sought for or prized)
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
For compassing the end, else never gained;
Yet governors 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 incumbrance Now.
If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who would not condescend;
Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
For domination at some ripen day;
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle treason, in his mark of law,
Or with braved insolence and hard,
Provoking punishment, to win reward;
Or, lack the facsimile to conspire,
And they who should extinguish the fire—
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
So loosely, like the thistle’s crest of down;
To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it
In cunning patience, from the head that wars it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud!
Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!
Bewildered whether ye, by sordid tongues
Deceived, mistake cause for wrongs,
And ever fancied usurpations brood.
Oh, weeping at revenge in sullen mood;
Or, from long stress of real injuries fly
To desperation for a remedy
In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,
And to your wrath cry out, “Be thou our guide”;
Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth’s floor
In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor.
With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
Of boundless suffrages, whose sage behest
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress’d,
And every man sit down as Pleasy’s Guest!—
—O for a bridge built with remorse
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course! Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
Iby paths no human wisdom can foresee!
May He pour round you, from worlds far above
Man’s feverish passions, his pure light of love,
That quietly restores the natural men
To hope, and makes true willing to be seen!
FORMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Elze shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap.
Fields daily sown when promises were cheap.—
Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so false a part.
Among a people famed for strength of mind,
Foremost in freemen, noblest of mankind?
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
Nought for her changes. Thus, ungrateful
Nation:
If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,
Spread for thyself the stores of tribulation,
Whom, then, when shall meekness guard? What saving skill
Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?
—Soon shall the widow (for the speed of Time
Nought equals when the hours are winged with crime)
Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee;
From him who judged her lord, a like decree;
The skies will weep o’er old men desolate;
Ye little ones! Earth shoulders at your fate,
Outcasts and homeless orphans—
But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair
Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!
Lie strong in faith, but anxious thoughts lie still:
Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
Opposen, or bear with a submissive will.

XXXIV.
Is this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track?
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back:
With to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day’s care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

XXXV.
THE LABOURER’S NOON-DAY HYMN.
Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And be the punctual hymn
Song as the light of day grows dim.
Nor will be turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noonside.
Then here posing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.
What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The repose of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature’s power.
Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are in a truly heart’s blessing?
Upon the service of our God!
Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar in each man’s cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.
Look up to heaven! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirit may.
Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love’s abundant source,
What yet remains of this day’s course:
Help with thy grace, through life’s short day.
Our upward and our downward way;
And glory for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

XXXVI.
Odie,
COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.
Whiles from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a refreshing glee,
Foresees the expected Power
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
Shakes off that pearly bowler.
All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
Temper’s the year’s extremes;
Who stately saith thee o’er noon-day,
Like morning’s dewy gleams;
While mellow wafers, sprightly trill,
The tremulous heart excite;
And huns the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.
Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize.
Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Ustouched the hawthorn bow;
Thy Spirit triumphs o’er the light;
Man changes, but not Thou!
Thy feathered Lirts kiss and wings
In love’s disport employ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
Awake to silent joy.
Queen art thou still for each gay plant
Where the slim wild deer roves;
And served in depths where fishes haunt
Their own mysterious groves.
Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
Protective homage pay;
New wants the dim little cave a wreath
To honour them, sweet May!
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
Behold a smokeless sky.
Their pleasant flower-grown nursery dares
To open a bright eye.
And if, on this thy natal morn
The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
Of song and dance and game;
Still from the village-green a vow
Aspires to thee addrest,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

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Vest! where Love nestled thou canst teach
The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
That never loved before,
Sips is the haughty one of pride,
The faithful freed from fear,
While rising, like the ocean-tide.
In flows the joyous year.
Hush, feebler lyre! weak words refuse
The service to prolong;
To you exulting through the Muse
Estranged 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.
1826.

XXXVII.

TO MAY.

Through many sons have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wast born,
And birds, who hailed thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty score;
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 on ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too.
The innermost heart of man if glad
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many war 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 food fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Pierces in its sheath,
His Mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweets e'en in the breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No clod can harry on its steep
Thy Favours may be found;
But most on some precipice rock
That our own hands have drest;
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, "Come!"
Choose from the loveliest of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread.

From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
For lilies that once fade,
Or "the rose pris insect as it dies
Forgotten" in the shade!

Vernal fruits and desires
Are linked in endless chase;
While, as one kindly growth retires,
Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
Mishap by worm and blight;
If expectations newly blown
Have perished in thy sight;
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
Were caught as in a snare;
Such is the lot of all the young,
However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool.
By thee, thee only, could be seat
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
Through which pure beams of God
Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale
By few but shepherd trod!
And lovely sights, near beaten ways,
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreath, than they for praise
Pep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
Permit not for one day
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower.
Keep, lovely May, as by touch
Of self-restraining hand
This modest charm of so much too,
Part seen, imagined part!
1819–1834.

XXXVIII.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL
OF F. STONE.

Beclouded into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature's prodigality displayed
Before my window, afternoon and long
I gazed upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
Of beauty never ceases to enrich
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,
Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
With emblematic purity attired
In a white vest, while 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
And through the very atmosphere he breathes,
Beaded, and tuned harmoniously, with skill
That might from nature have been learnt in the hour
When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread.

Upon the mountains. Look at her, whose'er
Thou be the singer, with a poet's soul,
Hast loved the painter's true Prometheus craft
Intensely—from Imagination take
The treasures;—what mine eyes beheld, see thou,
Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
And in the middle parts the breasted 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 confident slave, whence derived that where.

Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought
Be with, some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of double faith?
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
Crescent in simple loneliness serene,
Has but the gates of womanhood
Not entered them; her heart is yet unperierced
By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free;
The fount of feeling; if unsought elsewhere,
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
Across the slender wrist of the left arm
Upon her lap repose, holds—but mark
How slackly, for the absent mind permits
No former grasp—a little wild-flowers, joined
As in a poy, 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 thirsty husbanman a weed;
But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
That ornament, unblamed. The floweret,
held

In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows
(For her father told her so in youth's gray dawn)
Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,
Loves it, while 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 perceiving air
Of calm abstraction through the face diffused
And the whole person.

Words have something told
More than the pencil can, and verify
More than is needed, but the precious Art
Forgives their interference—Art divine.
That both creates andfixes, 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 fillai love
Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
Dearly united, might be swept away.
From this fair portrait's shell-like Archetype,
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest fluke
Shattered, nor ever, hãy, be restored
To their lost place, or meet in harmony
So exquisite: but here do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is it not then the Art
Goddike, a humile branch of the Divine,
In visible ghost of immortality,
Stretched forth with trembling hope!—in every realm.
From high Gihblet to Siberian plain,
Thoughts, 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 Excrucial palace.
He—Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
A British Painter (blessed 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 holy Father in the stranger's ear
Breathed out these words: "Here daily do we sit,
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here
Fondling the musehiefs of these restless times,
And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,
Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
Upon the solemn Company unmoved
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,
Until I cannot but believe that they—
They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows."
So spake the mild Jeronimite, his griefs
Melting away within him like a dream
For he had ceased to gare, perhaps to speak:
And I, grown old, but in a happen land,
Domestic Portrait I have to verse consigned
In thy calm presence those heart-moving words:
Words that can soothe, more than they agitate;
Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
Informs the fountain in the human breast
Which by the violation was disturbed.
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

—But why this stealing tear? Companion must. On thee, I look, not sorrowing; far thee well. My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell! —

1834.

XXXIX.
THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

AMONG a grave fraymnery of Monks, For One, but surely not for One alone, Triumph'd in that great work, the Painter's skill, Humbling the body, to exalt the soul: Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong And dissolution and decay, the warm And breathing life of flesh, as if already Clothed with impassive majesty, and grace With no mean cognizance of a heritage Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too, With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture! From whose serene companionship I passed Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also— Though but a simple object, into light Called forth by those affections that endear The private hearts; though keeping thy sole pace In singleness, and little tried by time, Creation, as it were, of yesterday— With a con gelant function art endured For each and all of us, together joined In common; of nature under a low roof By charities and duties that proceed Out of the bason of a wiser now, To a like salutary sense of awe Or sacred wonder, growing with the power Of meditation that attempts to weigh, In faithful scales, things and their opposites, Can thy enduring quiet zenith rest A household small and sensitive,— whose love, Dependent as in part its blessings are Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved On earth, will be revis'd, we trust, in heaven. —

1834.

* The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the Escurial, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wikke is the painter alluded to.

† In the class entitled "Musings," in Mr. Southey's Minor Poems, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible, that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetical sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.

—XL—

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive, Would that the little Flowers were born to live, Conscious of half the pleasure which they give; That to this mountain-dainy's self were known The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown On the smooth surface of this naked stone! And what if hence a bold desire should mount High as the Sun, that he could take account Of all that issues from his glorious fost? So might he ken how by his sovereign aid These delicate companionships are made; And how he rules the pomp of light and shade; And were the Sister-power that shines by night So privileged, what a countenance of delight Would through the clouds break forth on human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky, Converse with Nature in pure sympathy, All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled, Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled, Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

—XL—
UPON BEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Who rashly strives thy Image to portray? Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air: How could he think of the live creature—? 

With a divinity of colours, drest In all her brightness, from the dancing creast Far as the last gleam of the filmy train Extended and extending to sustain The motions that it graces—and forbear To drop his pencil ! Flowers of every clime Depicted on these pages smile at time; And gorgeous insects copied with nice care Are here, and likenesses of many a shell Tossed ashore by restless waves, Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves Where sea-nympha might be proud to dwell; But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,

*Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows, To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose; Could imitate for indolent survey, Perhaps for touch profane, Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain, And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loveliest, share The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray! 

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes Where'er her course; mysterious died! To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred, Eastern Islanders have given
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seem'st performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-wearied search of Paradise—
Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for us—for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like him
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities!  
1835.
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

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,
Best 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 threats I see.
For, if than other rash ones thou know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

II.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

March, 1838.

Reluctant call it was: the rite delayed;
And in the Senate some there were who scoffed
The last of their humanity, and scoffed
At providential judgments, undismayed
By their own daring. But the People prayed
As with one voice: their flinty heart grew soft
With penitential sorrow, and aloof.
Their spirit mounted, crying, "God do us aid!
Oh that with aspirations more intense,
Chastened by self-abasement more profound,
Thus 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,
Fainthearted and Treachery, in close council met,
Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
"The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed;"

Hooded the open brow that overawed
Our schemes; the faith and honour, never yet
By us with hope encountered, be upset:—
For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!"

Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out its
They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night
Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks:
All Powers and Places that abhor the light
Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,
Hurras for ——, hugging his ballot-box!"

IV.

BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts:
Whose eye
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not: nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
Resolve, at all hazards, to fulfill
Its duties:—prompt to move, but firm to wait.—
Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found;
That, for the functions of an ancient State—
Strong by her charters, free because insubordinate,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
Periplus is sweeping change, all chance un-

v.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES
AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
PORTENTOUS change when History can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device;
Reckless audacity extol, and teem
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!
They who bewail not must abhor the more
Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vanity Cowardice,
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear
Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man
Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,
Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from on High,
Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

CONTINUED.

What ponder's National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

X.

AT SOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

At why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit.
With life’s best sinews more and more unknot;
Here, there, a banded few who loath the Chain
May rise to break it: effort’s work is vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy scope
Lie one fixed mind for all: thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

CONTINUED.

XII.

HARD task! I exclaim the undisciplined, to lead
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour
That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
Perish the gnawing few, who, great, pretend
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would waste
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—
What, is there then no voice for golden 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 fairer flowers gives birth;
Think not that Prudentie dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

CONCLUDED.

III.

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 seal
And woe;
Thoughts 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.
Ail! with most who watch for truth
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
Toasted on the bosom of a stormy sea.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of Old,
Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,
Dead to the very name?—Pretension fed
On empty air! That name will keep its hold
In the true child of boom’s imminent fold.
For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred at the head
Of all who for her rights watch’d, told’d and bled
Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
What—how I shall she submit in will and deed
To Bearded Boys—an insatiable race,
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

The sorrows secret of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother! if thou must thy steps retrace,
Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
Let Babes and Suchings be thy oracles.

XIV.

First, for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unbrooded lies;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs

And meanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow:—feel for all, as brother Men,
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boon and formal charities;
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalise:
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice
SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.
IN SERIES.

I.
SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE [ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH].
This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon gray towers that still
Rise up as if to lend it over air—
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory: yet, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed;
Why bear it then the name of "Weeping Hill"?
Thousands, as toward you old Lancastrian Towers,
A pris'ns crown, along this way they past
For lingering distance or quick death with shame.
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains; and hence that doteful name.

II.
TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
Is often thought, for Him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw
Lost wretch, a horrid 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
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died
Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er his grave,
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III.
The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
Who had betrayed their country. The stern word
Afforded (may it through all time afford)
A theme for praise and admiration high.
Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
He felt: but his parental bow's lord
Was Duty—Duty calmed his agony.
And some, we know, when they by wilful act
A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV.
Is Death, when evil against good has fought
With such full mastery that a man may dare
Lay 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 emitting till ye spare
The murderere, ye, by sanction to that thought
Seemingly given, delute the general mind;
Tempe the rogue will tried standards to disown,
Nor only pitiable 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,
How'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind;
As all Authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,
Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.
Untaught by processes in show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the State;
If the, 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—
Friends 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 bounty that could not but impair
Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.
And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
The adage on all tongues, "Murder will out,"
SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

How shall your ancient warnings work for good
In the full might they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate shelter of man's blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his own?

Before the world had past her time of youth
While pietie and discipline were weak,
The prescat eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
Came forth—a light, though but as of day—he.

Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
Prescribed 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 inflict 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 terror in the read
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far oftener then, had unheeding 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.

Through to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
What is a State? The wise 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
Endues her conscience with external life
And being, to preclude or quell the shriek
Of individual will, to elevate
The governing mind, the erring to recall,
And ordain 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 nift
Deed and intent, should turn the being a drift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear.
A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time," They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights
Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights." Even so: but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI.

Art, think how one compelled for life to abide
Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart
Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares provide:
And, should a less unnatural doom confide
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
Sanctions the forfeit that Law demands,
Leaving the final issue in its hands
Whose goodness knows no change, whose love
Is sure.

Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss,
And waits at will the contrite soul to blash.

XII.

See the Condemned alone within his cell
And prostrate at some moment when remorse
Stings to the quick, and, with restess force,
Assails the pride she strove in vain to quell.
Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven
Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;
While yet the solemn bane the State hath given
Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice
In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII.

Conclusion.

Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound
Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
In death; though Listeners shudder all around,
They know the dread requital's source profound:

Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice proposed
For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound
The social rights of man breathe purer air;
Religion deepens her preventive care;
Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use.
Oh, spend the blessed hour, Almighty God!

XIV.

APOLOGY.

The formal World relieves her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers: ampliter scope
His utterance finds: and, conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with kinder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain:
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats
Against all barriers which his labour meets
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.

Enough:—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in dutifull love
From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
Patience, with trust that, whatsoever the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may move
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

1840.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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 Cumberland's shore
We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar:
While, day by day, grim neighbour! huge Black Combe
Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom,
Unless, perchance rejecting in dispute
What on the Plain we have of warmth and light,
In his own storms he hides himself from sight.
Rough is the time; and thoughts, that would be free
From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to thee;
Turn from a spot where neither sheltered road
Nor hedge, nor screen invites my steps abroad:
Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it might
Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,
Hopeless of further growth, and brown and sere.

Through half the summer, stands with top cut sheer,
Like an unshifting weathercock which proves
How cold the quarter that the wind best loves,
Or like a sentinel, 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 inmates more than three
Weeks' space
And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,
—I—of whose touch the fiddle would complain,
Whose breath would labour at the flute in vain,
In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill
A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,
Tired of my books, a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous sea—
Face between door and window muttering rhyme,
An old resource to cheat a froward time!

Though these dull hours (mine is it, or their shame?)
Would tempt me to renounce that humble aim,
—But if there be a Muse who, free to take
Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsook
Those heights (like Phoebus when his golden locks
He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)
And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail
Trips down the pathway of some winding dale;
O'er, like a Mermaid, waites on the shores
To fishers mending nets beside their doors;
Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,
Gives plaintive ditties to the heathen wind,
Or listen 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 deck this day to smile on me
And aid my verse, content with local bounds
Of natural beauty and life's daily sounds,
Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which we tell
Without reserve to those whom we love well—
Then apply, Beaumont! words in current clear
Will flow, and on a welcome page appear
Duly before thy sight, unless they perish here.

What shall I treat of? News from Mona's Isle?
Such have we, but unvaried in its style:
No tales of Ruin gates fresh landed, whence
And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence;
Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the wind
Most restlessly alive when most confined.
Ask not of me, whose tongue can best appease
The mighty tumults of the House of Kers;
The last year's cap whose Ram or Heifer gained
What slopes are planted, or what mosses drained.

An eye of dash only can I cast
On that proud pageant now at hand or past,
When full five hundred boats in trim array
With nets and sails outspread and streamers gay,
And chanted hymns and stiller voice of prayer,
For the old Mann-harvest to the Deep repair,
 Soon as the herring-shaals at distance shine
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.
Monas from our Abode is daily seen,
But with a wilderness of waves between;
And by conjecture only can we speak
Of aught transacted there in bay or creek;
No tidings reach us thence from town or field,
Only faint news her mountain sunbeams yield,
And some we gather from the misty air,
And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph, declare.
But the rest poetic mysteries I withhold;
For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,
And should the colder fit with You be on
When you might read, my credit would be gone.
Let more substantial themes the pen engage,
And nearer interests culled from the opening stage
Of our narration.—Ere the welcome dawn
Had from the east her silver star withdrawn,
The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-door,
Though fully fraught with a various store;
And long grew ere the uprising of the Sun
O'er dew-damp dust our journey was begun,
A needful journey, under favouring skies,
Through populous vales; yet something in the guise
Of those old Patriarchs when from well to well
They roamed through Wastes where now the tanted Arazis dwell.
Say first, to whom did we the charge confide,
Who promptly undertook the Wain to guide
Up many a sharply-turning road and down,
And over many a wide hill's craggy crown,
Through the quick turns of many a hollow nook,
And the rough bed of many an unbridged brook
A blooming Lara—who in her better hand
Bore a light switch, her sceptre of command.
When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,
Skilful and bold, the horse and hurthidden side*
From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowland's head.

What could go wrong with such a charioteer
For good or chattels, or those Infants dear,
A Fine who smilingly gate side by side,
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea side,
Whose free embrace we were bound to seek,
Would their lost strength restore and freshen
the pale cheek?
Such hopes did either Parent entertain
Facing behind along the silnet lane.
Blithe hopes and happy musings soon took flight,
For an unknown melancholy sight—
On a green bank a creature stood forlorn
Just half protruded to the light of mourn,
Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row thorn.
The Figure cried to mind a beast of prey
Stirring its frightful powers by slow dozy,
And, though no longer upon rapine bent,
Emerge in keeping of its old intent,
We started, locked again with anxious eyes,
And in that grievly object recognise
The Curate's Dog—his long-tried friend, for they,
As well we knew, together had grown grey,
The Master died, his drooping servant's grief
Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief;
Yet still he lived in pinning discontent.

* A local word for Sedge.

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 soul!—
Espied him on his legs sustained, blank, mute,
And of all visible motion destitute,
So that the very heaving of his breath
Seemed stopp'd, though by some other power than death.
Long as we gazed upon the form and face,
A mild domestic with purple, grave and stately eyes,
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 crust
By spectral shapes of gulf, 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 lighsome Fanny had then early shown,
Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues;
Some notes preclusive, from the round of songs
With which, more realious than the liveliest bird
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,
Her work and her work's partners she can chear,
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 Laughing-tarn, round clear and bright as heaven
Such name Italian fancy would have given,
Ere on its banks the camellias grew!
That yet disturb not its concealed reposite
More than the feeblest wind that tily 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—
Sky streaked with white,* clouds of grandeur
And the smooth green of many a pleasant field,
And, quieted and subdued, a torrent small,
A little dawning would be waterfall,
Our chimney smoking and its air 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,
What 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 the lovely Thoe
Deceived to rise in humble privacy,
A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread,
Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful head
Half hid in native trees. Alias '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.

* A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Of unexperienced joys that might have been; Of neglected food and intermingling arts; And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts. Just time, irrevocable time, is flown, And so must utter thanks for blessings won And recap—what hath been, and what is, in our

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee, Starting us all, dispersed my reverie. Such a gay and evocative spot might hospitably meet, Or times from Alpine chalets sent a greeting. Whence the glad call? Shall a Peasant stand On high, a kerchief waving in her hand! Not until evening should by early day

Our little Band would stir this mountain way, Before her cottage on the bright side hill She had advanced with hope to be desired, 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—

I luminous region, fair as if the prime Were tempting all to rise to look aloft or climb; Only the centre of the shining cot
With door left open makes a gloomy spot. Emblem of those dark corners sometimes found Within the happiest breast on earthly ground. Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale, And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale; Descend and reach, in Wewatle’s depths, a plain With haycocks studded, striped with yellowing grain— An area level as a Lake and spread Under a rock too steep for man to tread, Where sheltered from the north and bleak northwest Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest, Fearless of all assaults that would her brood molest.

Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale; but last, At our approach, a jealous watch-dog’s bark, Noise that brings forth no received Page of state, But the whole household, that our coming wait. With Young and Old warm greetings we ex— change, And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly Grange Press forward by the teaing dogs unscared. Entering, we find the morning meal prepared; So down we sit, though not till each had caat Pleased looks around the delicate repast— Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest.

With amber honey from the mountain’s breast; Strawberries, from lane or woodland, offering wild Of children’s industry, in hillocks piled; Cakes for the nonce, and better fit to be Upon a febrile dish: frank hospitality. Where simple art with haunts nature vied, And cottage comfort slumber not sedulously.

Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of the feast, If thou be lovelier than the kindling East, Words by thy presence unconfined may speak Of pertness as many from brow and cheek. Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies, Never to bathe, in this large dark eye, Dark but to every gentle feeling true.

Ask unanswer’d by the friend from other’s parent blue. Let me not ask what tears may have been wept

Fly those bright eyes, what weary vigils kept, Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved For fortitude and patience, and the grace Of heaven in paying the visit. Place. Not unexpectedly those secret springs I leave unsearched: enough that memory clings, Else where as elsewhere, to notices that make Their own significance for hearts awake To rural incidents, whose genial hues Filled with delight three summer morning hours.

More could my pen report of grave or gay That through our jovial travel cheered the way; But, bursting forth above the waves, the Sun Laughs at my pains, and seems to say, "Be done."

Yet, Chausson, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove This humble offering made by Truth to Love, Nor chide the Muse that stept to break a spell Which might have else been on me yet—

FAREWELL.

UPON PERSUING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE. THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION.

Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest Take those dear young ones to a fearless seat; And in Death’s arms has long reposèd the Friend For whom this simple Register was penned. Thanks to the moth that scarèd it for our eyes; And strangers even the slighted Scroll may prize. Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies. For—save the calm, reposeful slumber-like sky, Raised by reminiscences of missed life, The light from past endearments willed And by Heaven’s favour happily fulfilled; Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may share The joy of the Departed—what so fair As harmless pleasure, not without some eam. Reviewed through Love’s transparent veil of years?

LOUGHBRIG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or Speculum Tiberis as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the scenery of Laughale Fikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Lochbrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the filling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Tsku," from the abundance of that tree which grew there. It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Hamilton did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how build—

ings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without
GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE.

The snarling lack is blest as proud
When at heaven's gate she sings;
The roaring bee proclaims aloud
Her flight by vocal wings:
While Ye, in lasting durance pent,
Your silent lives employ
For something more than dull content,
Though haply less than joy.
Yet might your glassy prison seem
A place where joy is known,
Where golden flash and silver gleam
Have meanings of their own;
While, high and low, and all about,
Your motions, glittering Elves?
Ye weave—no danger from without,
And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast
Is your transparent cell;
Where Fear is but a transient guest,
No sullen Humours dwell;
Where, sensitive of every ray
That smiles 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,
Clustered like constellated eyes
In wings of Cherubim,
When the fierce orbs shake their glares;—
Whate'er your forms express,
Whate'er ye seem, what 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 in the essential Forms of light,
Ye mingle, or divide.
For day-dreams soft as e'r 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 adorations raise
Delight resembling love.

injuring their native character. The design
was not abandoned from failure of inclination
on his part, but in consequence of local onto-
wardinesses which need not be particularised.

LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

[Addressed to a Friend; The Gold and Silver Fishes Having Been Removed to a Pool in the Pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.]

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse."—Cowley.

Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard,
(Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard;—
Not soon does ought to which mild fascin-
cring
In lonely spots, become a slighted thing:)
Those silent Inmates now no longer share
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
Removed in kindness from their Glassy Cell
To the fresh waters of a living Well—
An extra 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 blazoned sun and paling shower
Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden Power,
That from his balmy prison used to cast
Glances by the richest jewel unsurpass'd;
And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,
The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;
Discovered both from all the mysteries
Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.

Alan I they gazed, they languished while they chose:
And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no dis-
grance?
But if the change restore his birthright, then,
Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain;—
Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lack, within a town-shade,
From his poor inch or two of disdained soil?
O yield him back his privilege!—No sea
Swells like the boom of a man set free;
A wilderness is rich with liberty.
Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep
Your independence in the fathomless Deep!
Spread, tiny Nanties, the living sail
Dive, at the choice, or brave the freshening gale!

If unproved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
Stays, gulf, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,
Till the world perishes, a field for thee!

While muses here I sit in shadow cool,
And watch these mute Companions, in the pool
(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
By glimpses caught—dispersing at their ease,
Enlivened, braced, by hardly luxuries,
I ask what work I find 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 football
marréd;
On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred.
And whether could they dart, if steered with fear?
No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.
When fire of nature forced to cheer the room,
They wore away the night in staring gloom;
And, when the sun first dawned upon the stream,
How faint their portion of his vital beams!
Thus, and unable to complain, they fixed,
While not one joy of ours by them was shared.
Is there a cherished bird (I venture now
To match a spire from Chaucer's revered brow?)
Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,
Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
But gladly would escape: and, if need were,
Scatter the colours from the plumage that bear
The emancipated captive through his life air
Into strange woods, where he at large may live
On best or worst which they and Nature give?
The bee, loves his unperturbed track,
The snail the house he carries on his back;
The far-detached worm with pleasure would disown
The self-made hut, 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 barrier outward show
For the least has known that freedom can bestow?
But most the Bard is true to inborn right.
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
Fruits in freedom, can with rapture woe
For the dear blessings of a lovely couch.
A natural meal—days, months, from Nature's hand.
Time, place, and business, all at his command
Who bends to happier duties, who more wise
Than the famous Virgil, Poet, taught to prize.
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed.
By cares in which simplicity is lost?
That life—the flowery path that winds by stealth—
While yet no need for his spirit's health.
Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,
And the vain splendour of Imperial Rome?—
Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
And fiction animate his sporting lyre.
Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress With wreaths and laurels, let her into happiness:
Give me the humblest note of those sad strains
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;

Or when the praise of Hengistus's spring
Haunted his ear—he only listening—
He proud to please, above all rivals, fit
To win the palm of gainst and good;
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
Shrinking from such new favour to be shed,
By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head!

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Such earnest longings and regrets as keen
Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
Under a fancied weed's luckless shade;
A doleful bowler for perpetuent wrong,
Where Man and Muse complained of mutual
wrong;
While Cam's ideal current glided by,
And antique towers soared their foreheads high,
Citizens dear to studious privacy.
But Fortune, who had long been used to sport
With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,
Relenting met his wishes; and to you
The remnant of his days at least was true;
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best;
You, Muses, books,fields, liberty, and rest!

Far happier they who, fixing hope and aim
On the humanities of peaceful fame,
Enter betimes with more than martial fire
The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;
Upheld by warnings heeded not too late
Still the contradictions of their fate,
And to one purpose cleave, their Being's god-
like mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow
That woman o'er should forget, keep the vow:
With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind
The inebriate eyes, crush the winged mind,
Then, with a blessing great and marvellous;
To every act, word, thought, and look of love,
Life's book for Thee may lie unclose, till age
Shall with a thankful tear bid epibios latest page.*

IV.

POOR ROBIN.†

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilacs face the March-winds in full blow;
* There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realized: mankind, as heretofore 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 Bombay to London, deeply lamented by all who knew her.
† The small wild Geranium known by that name.

X
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 prettyancies that would round him play
When all the world acknowledged enslav’d away
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 asked hill
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill.
Cheers! cheer alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his bow:
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where’er they chance to try
This child of Nature’s own humility,
What recompense is kept in store or left
For all that seem neglected or bereft;
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

March, 1840.

V.

THE GLEANER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

That happy gleam of vernal eyes,
That beard from summer’s golden skies,
That o’er thy brow are shed;
That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rosebud from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,
Of bliss that grows without a care.
And happiness that never flies—
(How can it where love never dies?)
Whispering of promise, where no blight
Can reach the innocent delight;
Where pity, to the mind conveyed
In pleasure, is the darkest shade.
That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what worldly face
Left to the pencil, lines to trace,
And mingled colours, that should herd
Such rapture, nor want power to feed;
For had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair Daniel I ever my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
‘Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours...

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born
Life’s daily tasks with them to share
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Ponder the blessing they entertain
From Heaven, and feel what they repeat,
While they give utterance to the prayer
That asks for daily bread.

1841.

VI.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS).

Stay, little cheerful Robin I stay,
And at my casement sing
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And that our parting spring.
Though I, alas! may never enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, that thought can not destroy,
Doubt 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 requital sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.

S. H.

VII.

FLOATING ISLAND.

These lines are by the Author of the Address to the Wind, &c., published heretofore along with my Poems. The above to a Redbreast are by a deceased female Relative.

HARMONIOUS PONDS with Nature work
On sky, earth, river, lake, and sea;
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
(By trembling waves long undermined)
Loos’d from its hold; how, no one knew,
But all might see it float, obedient to the wind;

Might see it, from the moisty shore
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
Float with its crest of trees adorned
On which the warbling birds their pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
There berries ripen, flowers bloom;
There insects live their lives, and die;
A peopled world it is; it has a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons space
This little Island may survive;
But Nature, though we mark her not,
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant sunny day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn—then the Isle is passed away;
Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilize some other ground.

D. W.

VIII.

"Late, late yeastren I saw the new moone
Wi' the aik bower in hir armes."—
The Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
Frey's Reliques.

Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,
No faculty yet given me to spy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,
That thin new Flower of effulgence lost
Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,
Nought I perceived within it dull or dim;
All that appeared was suitable to one
Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;
To expectations spreading with wild growth,
And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood;
A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw
Its brilliant splendour round a leafy wood;
But not a hunt from under-ground, no sign
Fit for the glittering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move,
Before me nothing blemished the fair sight;
On her I looked whom Jove and Fairies love,
Cynthia, who puts the little stars to flight,
And by that shining magnifies the great,
For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;
Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,
To see or not to see, as best may please
A boyeant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dashing Stranger! when thou meet'st my sire,
Thy dark Associate ever I discern;
I'm not too eager too advance
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern;
Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain
Their fill of promised laurer, wait in vain.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years;
A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring
The timely insight that can temper fears,
And from vicissitude remove its sting.

While Faith aspires to seats in that domain
Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor wane;
Ist. 1860.

IX.

TO THE LADY FLEMING,
ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERICTION OF RYDAL CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

BLUYT is that Isle—our native Land;
Where b everlasting and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of busy Time to decorate;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
No ramant's stern defence;
Nought but the heaven-directed styre,
And sceptre tower (with pealing bells
Far heard)—our only city.

O Lady! from a noble line
Of chevalains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell
Of Nightshade * haply yet may tell;)—
Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care
Lifting her front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair;
And to exalt the passing hour,
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose!

Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred shrug,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of time's pathetic sanctity;
Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
At evening, when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;
Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity.

Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Hardening a heart that loathes or slimits
What every natural heart enjoys?
Who never caught a noon-tide dream
From murmur of a running stream;
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To him, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun his setting shrouds.

A soul so pitiably forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride;

* Bekins Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—
in which stands St Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.


MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And still be not obscure—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.
Also, that such perverted real
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground!
That public order, private weal
Should ever have felt or feared a wound,
From champions of the desperate law
Which from their own blind hearts they draw;
Who tempt their reason to deny
God, whom their passions dare defy,
And boast that they alone are free
Who reach this dire extremity!

IX.
But turn we from these "bald bad" men;
The way, mild Lady! that hath led
Down to their "dark approposie dem,"
Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapours glide,
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
Should move the tenor of Ais song
Who means to charity no wrong;
Whose offering gladly would accord
With this day's work, in thought and word.

x.
Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,
And hope, and consolation, fall
Through its meek influence, from above,
And penetrate the hearts of all;
All who, around the hallowed Panes,
Shall appeal in this fair domain;
Gracious to Thee, while service pure,
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
For opportunity bestowed
To kneel together, and adore their God!

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

Ere the Brothers through the gateway
Issued forth with old and young,
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed
Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as righted Heir
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.
Heirs from times of earliest record
Had the House of Lucie born,
Who of right had held the Lordship
Claimed by proof upon the Horn;
Each at the appointed hour
Trod the Horn,—it owned his power;
He was acknowledged: and the blast
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed
And to Hubert the soul demand.
"What speak this Horn shall witness
For thy better memory.
Hear, then, and neglect me not!
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.
On good service we are going
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand.
Hisber come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day;
Then, 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.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valour famed)
And where'er their strokes alighted,
There they were wont to stand.
Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
By what a deuce brought?
Oh! can a brave Man wish to take
His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's sake?

"Sir," the Ruffians said to Hubert,
"Deep trouble in Jordan stood;
Stricken by this ill-accouchement,
Fell and trembling Hubert stood.
"His nose full of bloods."—"Oh! that I
Could have seen my Brother die!
It was a pang that vexed him then;
And off returned, again, and yet again.
Month by month passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard.
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steered.
To his Castle Hubert sped;
Nothing has he now to dread:
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.
None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the Horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.
Likewise he had sons and daughters;
And, as good men do, he sate
At table, 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,
Whereby 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.
He cannot, though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone;
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodged, and thou be Lord.
Sir Eustace cannot
And, if power to speak he had, All are daunted, all the household
Smitten to the heart, and sad.
"Tis Sir Eustace: if it be Living man, it must be he!
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he shuck 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 saints in heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiven;
Then in a convent went to hide His mendicant 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 his
A long posterity renowned,
Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.

1806.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What's that ails you, Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter, Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
Of wistnata Harry has no lack,
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine; He has a blanket on his back
And coats enough to smother nine.
In March, December, and in July,
"Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly, His teeth they chatter, chatter still!
Young Harry was a lusty drover, And who so stout of limb as he? His cheeks were red as ruby clover; His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor; Ill fed she was, and thinny clad; And any man who passed her door Might see how poor a house she had.
All day she spun in her poor dwelling; And then her three hours' work at night, Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling, It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltered village-green, On a hill's northern side she dwell'd, Where from sea-blaze the hawthorn lean, And hoary dewes are slow to melt.
By the same fire to boil their potage, Two poor old Dames, as I have known, Will often live in one small cottage; But she, poor Woman I housed above.
"Twas well enough when summer came, The long, warm, litsome summer-day, Then at her door the country Dame Would sit, as any lass, gay.
But when the ice our streams did fetter, Oh then how her old bones would shakel You would have said, if you had met her, "Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead: Sad case it was, as you may think. For very cold to go to bed; And then for cold not sleep a wink.
O joy for her! when'er in winter The winds at night had made a rout; And scattered many a lusty splinter And many a rotten bough about. Yet never had she, well or sick, As every man who knew her says, A pile beforehand, turf or stick. Enough to warm her for three days.
Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected—
That he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to see old Goody Blake.
And once, behind a sick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again!—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—in Goody Blake;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Sick after stick did Goody pull;
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take,
He started forward, with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.
And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried out, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

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

He explained all the sorrow
That he was cold and very chill;
He told how 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 all the wealth he had there.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose cæsarean in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away:
And all who see him say; 'tis plain
That, live at 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."
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Kindly emotion tending to console
And comfort: and both with young and old
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
For benedictions that still survive, by faith.
In progress, under law divine, maintained,


XIV.

TO A CHILD.

Writtien in her album.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creatures! I can not one;
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

XV.

LINES

Writtien in the album of the Countess of Londsdale, Nov. 5, 1834.

Lady I 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 blindest idol is the Theme itself.
Flowers are there many that delight to strive
With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower.
Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not: and some,
Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:
Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High Augustus!

Witness Towers, and Groves!

And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name
Of Lovetor to this ancient Line, bear witness
From thy most secret haunts; and ye Par-terres,
Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,
Witness now, on my noble Friend,
Mate offerings, tribute from an inward sense
Of admiration and respectful love.
Have waited—still the affections could no more
Endure that silence, and broke out in song
Snatches of music taken up and dropped.
Like those self-saluting, those under, notes
Toll'd by the reclining, when autumnal leaves
Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,
The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise.
Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked
And repressed, by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it forth.
Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's need;
Thus, Lady, is retirement a veil
That, while it only spreads the rosy charm
Of her features looked at by discerning eyes,
Hides half their beauty from the common gaze?
And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill
Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
When side by side with lunar gentleness,
As to a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
(Such the immunities of low estate,
Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
Her sacred recom pense for many wants)!
Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out
All that they think and feel, with tears of joy,
And benedictions not unheard in heaven;
And friends in the ear of friend, where speech is free
To follow truth, is eloquent as they,
Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines
A just memorial: and thine eyes consent
To read that they who mark thy course behold
A life declining with the golden light
Of summer, in the season of ore leaves;
See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;
See studied kind ness flow with easy stream,
Illustrated with inborn courtesy;
And an habitual disregard of self
Balanced by vigilance for others weal.
And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts
With these environing attributes conjoined
And blended, in peculiar harmony,
By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!
A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
Beheld with wonder: whether floor or path
Thou tread: or sweep along the managed steed—
Fleet as the shadow, over down or field,
Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.
Yet one word more—one farwell word—a wish
Which came, but it has passed into a prayer—
That, as thy sun in bright declining,
So, at an hour yet distant for their sakes
Whose tender love, here seen in glowing the way
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
So may it set in peace, to rise again
For everlasting glory won by faith.

XVI.

GRACE DARLING.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public way
And crowded street resound with balled strains
Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks
Favour divine, existing human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumberland'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 spirit
Of the world's freeing cares—\to generous Youth.
To Infancy, that likes 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.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has 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 Maid with grace, yet as duty's call,
Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared
On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or like the invisible Rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
And shattered, and holy Cadboll fell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor passed,
When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,
Expire far off a Week, 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 rather thrown for refuge. With quick glance
Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
Creatures—how precious is the Maid's a sight!
For whom, belike, the old Man grooves still more
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.

"But courage, Father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved." The Daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they lack
The men-minded Mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer
Together they put forth, Father and Child!
Each grasp an oar, and struggling on they go—
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
How to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And chafing, and re-gathering their might;
As if the tumult, by the Almigh'ty's will
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and pro-
longed;
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
May brighten more and more! True to the mark,
They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart.
Though danger, as the Week is near'd, be comes
More imminent. Not unseen do they app-
roach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that desultless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the Violent 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 hand 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 over 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,
Exit 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 Maidens grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so
resolute.
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial Chorus, Grace Darling's
name!

STILL.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

PART I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes
Like harlequins bathed in dew,
Of cheek that with carnation vies
And veins of violet.
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
A liking to frail flowers; Yea, 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 light;
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
As doth the hunted fawn,
Nor stopped, till in the deeping east
Appeared unwelcome dawn.
Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
Seven nights her course renewed,
Sustained by what her spirit 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 glittering fire,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Eighth 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 repos'd,
Now rests her weary head.
When she, whose couch had been the sod,
Whose curtain, pine or thorn,
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
Who comforts the forlorn;
While, by her the mastro bent
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
And trouble from the soul.

Refeshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
To face the task then set;
In those unworthy vestments worn
Through long and perilous flight;
And "O beloved Nurse," she said,
"My thanks with silent tears
Have unto Heaven and You been paid:
Now listen to my fears!"

"Have you forgot" — and here she smiled —
"The babbling flatteries
You lavished on me when a child
Disporting round your knees?
I was your lambkin, and your bird,
Your star, your gem, your flower;
Light words, that were more lightly heard
In many a cloudless hour!

"The blossom you so fondly praised
Is come to bitter fruit;
A mighty One upon me gaz'd;
I spurned his lawless suit,
And must be hidden from his wrath:
You, Foster-father dear.
Will guide me in my forward path;
I may not tarry here!

"I cannot bring to utter woe
A proved fidelity;
Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!
For you we both would die;
I, too, come with semblance feigned
And check embrowned by art;
Yet, being inwardly unstained,
With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you flee?
Your Master's counsel take;
The Holy Virgin gives to me
A thought for your dear sake;
Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,
And soon shall you be led
Forth to a safe abiding-place,
Where never foot doth tread." PART II.

Tears dwelling of this faithful pair
In a struggling village stood,
For One who breathed unquiet air
A dangerous neighbourhood;
But wide around by forest ground
With thickest rough and blind;
And pine-trees made the heavy shade
Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
Was spread a treacherous swamp,
On which the moonday sun shed light
As from a lonely lamp;

And midway in the unsafe morass,
A single island rose
Of firm dry ground, with wealshful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs.
The Woodman knew, for such the craft
This Russian vessel plied,
That never fowler's gun, nor shaf
Of archery, 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-sedding den
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
The swain ere break of day
Creep forth, and through the forest wind
Their solitary way;
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
Their pace from mile to mile,
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
And reached the lonely isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
A bright and cheerful face;
And Ina looked for her abode,
The promised hiding-place;
She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;
No threes were, could be seen,
Nor roof, nor window; — all seemed wild
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
The front with such nice care
Is marded, "if house be it or bower,"
But in they entered are;
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof,
And delicately lined;
And hearth was there, and maple dish,
And cups in seemly rows,
And couch — all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose;
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
That here she may abide
In solitude, with every want
By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,
Led on in bridal state.
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
Enter her palace gate;
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
No saintly anchoress
E'er took possession of her cell
With deeper thankfulness.
"Father of all, meet thou canst
And mercy am I shown;
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!
MISCELLANEous POEMS.

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
Their Dixon through form and foot,
Resolves devoutly serene;
That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
That Reason should control;
And shows in the trembling frame
A statue of the soul.

Part III.
'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
Thrice Phaethon went 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 meager 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 felting Time
So far runs back the praise
Of beauty, that disdain to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That avara temptation; power despies
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
Wit and life would be a blot.
To this fair Votaries, a fate
More mild doth Heaven ordain
Upon her island deolate;
And words, not breathed in vain,
Might tell what intercourse she found,
Her silence to endure;
What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground
Sent forth her peace to cheer.
To one mute Presence, above all,
They soothed affections strong,
A picture on the cabin wall
By Russian usage hung—
The Ever-maid, whose countenance bright
With love abridged the day;
And communed with by taper light,
Chased spectral fears away.
And oft, as either Guardian came,
That joy in that retreat
Might any common friendship shame,
Throughout their hearts would beat;
And to the lone Recluse, what'er
They brought, each visiting
Was like the crowding of the year
With a new burst of spring.
But, when she of her Parents thought,
The pang was hard to bear;
And, if with all things not enwrought,
That trouble still is near.
Before her flight she had not dared
Their constancy to prove,
Too much the heroic Daughter feared
The weakness of their love.
Dark is the path to them, and dark
The future still must be,
Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
Into a safer sea—
Or gentle Nature close her eyes
And set her Spirit free.
From the altar of this sacrifice,
In restless purity.
Yet, when above the forest glooms
The white swans southward passed,
High as the pitch of their swift plumes
Her fancy rode the blast;
And bore her toward the fields of France
Her Father's native land;
To mingle in the rustic dance,
The happiest of the band!
Of those beloved fields she oft
Had heard her Father tell
In phrase that now with echoes soft
Haunted her lonely cell;
She saw the hereditary bowers,
She heard the ancestral stream;
The Kremlin and its haughty towers
Forgotten like a dream.

Part IV.
The ever-changing moon had traced
Twelve times her monthly round;
When through the unfrequented Waste
Was heard a startling sound;
A shout thrice sent from one who chased
At speed a wounded deer.
Bounding through branches interlaced,
And where the wood was clear.
The fainting creature took the march,
And toward the Island fled,
While plovers screamed with tumult harsh
Above his startled head;
This, Ina saw: and, pale with fear,
Shrunk to her citadel;
The desperate deer rushed on, and near
The tangled covert fell.
Across the marsh, the game in view,
The Hunter followed fast,
For 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 revealed to-day,
You would in mystery hide;
But I will not deifie 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;
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Nor yet of trouble and alarms:
High Heaven is my defence;
And every season has soft arms
For injured innocence.

"From Moscow to the Wilderness
It was my choice to come,
Lest virtue should be harbourless,
And honour want a home;"

And happy were 1, if the Czar
Retain his lawless will,
To end life here like this poor deer,
Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,
"From Gallic parents sprung,
Whose vanishing was rumoured wide
Sad theme for every tongue:

Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?
You, Lady, forced to wear
These rude habiliments, and rest
Your head in this dark hair!"

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 amid 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.

"Let me come to 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 form Fugitive
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give,
O more than mighty change! If e'er
Amusement rose to pain,
And joy's excess produced a fear
Of something void and vain;
'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned
So long the lost as dead,
Beheld their only Child returned,
The household floor to tread.
Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast;
Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridal garments drest
Mek 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 feast
Was held with costly state;
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
The Foster-parents sat;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,
They drank not as to shade;
Great was their bliss, the honour high
To them and nature paid!

1830.
INSCRIPTIONS.

II.
IN THE GROUNDS OF COLKORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.
1808.
The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine
Will not unwillingly their place resign;
If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,
Planted by Beaumont’s and by Wordsworth’s hands.
One wooed the silent Art with studious pains:
These groves have heard the Other’s pensive strains;
Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
By interchange of knowledge and delight.
May Nature’s kindliest 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 years,
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 Rosworth-field;
And of that famous Youth, full soon removed
From earth, perhaps, by force of Shakespeare’s self approved,
Fletcher’s Associate, Jonson’s Friend beloved.

II.
IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.
Oft is the medal faithful to its trust
When temples, columns, towers, are laid in dust:
And ’tis a common ordinance of fate
That things obscure and small outlive the great:
Hence, when you manion and the flowery trim
Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,
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 sluggard and ungrateful pains
Of labourer plodding for his daily gains,
But by an industry that wrought in love;
With help from female hands, that proudly strove
To aid the work, what time these walks and bowers
Were shaped to cheer dark winter’s lonely hours.

III.
WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND IN HIS NAME, FOR
AN UNS, PLACED BY HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE
SAME GROUNDS.
Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Um;
Shoot forth, with lively power at Spring’s return;
And be not slow to stately growth to rear
Of pillars, branching off from year to year,
Till they have learned to frame a darksome aisle:—
That may recall to mind that awful Pile
Where Reynolds, ’mid our country’s noblest dead,
In the last sanctity of fame is laid.
—There, though by right the excelling Painter slept
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep,
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship’s private tear:
Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I Raised this frail tribute to his memory:
From youth a zealous follower of the Art
That he professed; attached to him in heart;
Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

IV.
FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLKORTON.
BENEATH YOU eastern ridge, the craggy bound,
Rugged and high, of Chartwell forest ground,
Stand yet, but, Saxon! hidden from thy view,
The ivied Ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu!—
Erect a religious House, which day and night
With hymns resound, and the chantet rite:
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth
To honourable Men of various worth:
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child:
INSCRIPTIONS.

There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks:—
Uncongenial prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the basined stage.

Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And thangs of holy use unshalled be:
They perish—but the Intellect can raise
From airy words alone, a Fife that never desists.

V.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, UPON A STONE IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT GRASMERE.

 ruin is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
Paganisms more harmonious, and approached
To closer fellowship with ideal grace.
But take it in good part:— alas! the poor,
Varvass of our village had no help
From the great City: never, upon leaves
Of red Morocco sien 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, alcoce,
Green-house, shell-grute, and moon-lit hermitage.

Thou see'st a lonely Fife, yet to these walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the storm.

And hither does one Poet sometimes row
His punting, a small vessel large, up-piled,
With plentiful store of heath and withered ferns.
(A ladling which he with his sickle cuts, among the mountains) and beneath this roof
He makes his summer coach, and here at noon
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the
Penthouse above the bursen of their wood,
Lies shorn; if 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 the stirring breezes, does he want
Creation lightly 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 COWARDS.

Stray, bold Adventurer: rest awhile thy limbs
On this commodious Seat! far much remains
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness

And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
A favourite spot of tournament and war
But there may no such boisterous visitors
Molest: may gentle breezes fan thy brow:
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air

Bedlam, 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 geographical Labourer pitched his tent,
With books supplied and instruments of art,
To measure height and to delineate
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 cavern dwelling, colours, lines,
And the whole surface of the out-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 unclasped eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!
1813.

VII.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A STONE, THE LARGEST OF A SHAFT LIVING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY, UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT SYDALL.

Strangers! this hillock of min-shapen stones
Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the
Carri
Of some old Erlich 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 fullgrown man might wade,
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinished task.
The block on which these lines are traced,
Perhaps,
Was once selected as the corner-stone
Of that intended Pile, which would have been
Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill,
So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,
And other little builders who dwell here,
Had wondered at the work. But blame him not,
For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,
Bred in this vale, to which he appeared
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
And for the outrage which he had devised
Entire forgiveness — But thou art one
On fire with thy impatience to become
An inmate of these mountains:—if disturbed
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements
Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze
In snow-white splendour,—think again; and,
taught
By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
Thy fragments to the bramble and the root:
There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,
And let the redbreast hop from stone to stone.
1800.
VIII.

In these fair vales hath many a Tree
At Wordsworth's seat been spared;
And from the builder's hand this Stone,
For some rude beauty of its own.

Was rescued by the Bard:
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed.

1820.

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IX.

The many ways, carrièred across these heights
By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms.
How venture then to hope that Time will spare
This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's side
A Port's hand first shaped it; and the step,
Of that same Port—repeated to and fro
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies
Through the vicissitudes of many a year—

Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its gray line,
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds
The vocal raptures of fresh poetry,
Shall he frequent those precincts; locked no more
In earnest converse with beloved Friends,
Here will be gather stores of ready bliss,
As from the beds and borders of a garden
Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may spring
Out of a farewell yearning—favoured more
Than kindred wishes mazed similarly
With vain regrets—the Exile would consign
This Walk, his loved possession, to the care
Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse.

286a.

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X.

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL.

1821.

I.

Hopes what are these?—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 away
This the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory? in the socket
See how dying tears fane!

What is pride? a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made:
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected;
Duty—unwelcome cling;

Joy—a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone;
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;
Such is Joy—as quickly hidden
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing blow,
(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.

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XI.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

PAUSE, Traveller! Whose'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;
Give voice to what my hand shall trace,
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a Monument as fair
As church or abbey furnishest.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble, white and pure;
As if, beneath, some hero lay,
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;
And, ever as the sun alone forth,
The flatter'd structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had sown the gorgeous Flora
Unsound as those which Fortune builds—
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that glistens.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabrick to the ground;
And sucked left thin dripping Rock
With shapeless ruin spread around!

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XII.

HAPE thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under fro!
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!

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XIII.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

TROUBLED long with warring notions
Long impatient of thy rod,
INSCRIPTIONS.

I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toil and waver
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer has no warrant
To consume this crystal Well:
Rains, that make each rill a torrent
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure obligation
Of divine tranquillity!

XIV.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the wilkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who dost vouchsafe for man to die:
Thy smile is sure, thy pleased word
No change can falsify.

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—not peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD
ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER.

Is thou in the dear love of some one Friend
Hast been so happy that thou knew'st what thoughts
Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then will thou reverence
This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruin of St Herbert's Cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offers humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude,—but he had left
A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Paled 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.

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, the thoughts derange,
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.
I.
THE PRIORESS’ TALE.

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambesac bold."

In the following Poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author: so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as old and anewly, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a free 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," (quoth she)

"Thy name in this large world is spread abroad!
For not alone by means of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious loud:
But by the mouths of children, gracious God!
Thy goodness is set forth; they when they lie
Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I may,
Jesus! of thee, and the white Lily-flower
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,
Tell me a story I will use my power:
Not that I may increase her honour's dower,
For she herself is honour, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best boon.

O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O bush unbent! I burning in Moses' sight!
That down didst ravish from the Dacty,
Through humbleness, the spirit that did slant
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,

Conceived was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance:
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsaying of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so clear.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen!
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelve months old or less,
That laboureth his language to express,
Even so fare I: and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall say.

There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews
might be,
Assigned to them and given them for their own
By a great Lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to his company:
And through this street who list might ride and
wend;
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

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 aye,
As little children in their childhood do.

Among these children was a Widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesus' Mother, as he had been told,
This Child was wont to kneel adown and say
Ave Maria, as he goeth by the way.
This Widow thus her little Son hath taught Our blissful Lady, Jesus’ Mother dear, To worship aye, and he forgot it not; For lamp and loitereth with a weary ear. Sweet is the holiness of youth; and hence, Calling to mind this matter when I may, Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye, For he so young to Christ did reverence.

This little Child, while in the school he sate His Primer coming with an earnest cheer, The while the other their anthem book repeat; The Alma Redemtoris did he hear; And as he durst he drew him near and near, And hearkened to the words and to the note, Till the first verse he learned it all by rote. This Latin knew he nothing what it said, For he too tender was of age to know; But to his comrades he repaired, and prayed That he the meaning of this song would show, And unto him declare why men sing so; This oftentimes, that he might be at ease, This child did him beseech on his bare knees.

XII. His Schoolfellow, who elder was than he, Answered him thus:—’This song, I have heard say, Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free: Her to salute, and also to her pray To be our help upon our dying day: If there is more in this, I know it not: Song do I learn,—small grammar I have got.’

And is this song fashioned in reverence Of Jesus’ Mother, said this Innocent: ’Now, certes, I will use my diligence To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent; Although I for my Primer shall be shent, And shall be besten three times in an hour, Our Lady I will praise with all my power.’

XIII. His Schoolfellow, whom he so besought, And the song he, with great diligence taught him privily And then he sang it well and fearlessly From word to word according to the note: Twice in a day it passed through his throat; Homeward and schoolward whosoever he went.

On Jesus’ Mother fixed was his intent. Through all the Jewry thus before said I This little Child, as he came to and fro, Full merrily then would he sing and cry, O Alma Redemtoris! 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.

XIV. The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath His wof’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 despise, and sing his hymns and songs, Which is against the reverence of our laws!’

From that day forward have the Jews conspired Out of the world this Innocent to chase; And to this end a Homicide they hired, That in an alley had a privy place, And, as the Child went to the school to pace, This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast And cut his throat, and in a pit he cast.

I say that him into a pit they threw, A fasthome 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.

XV. O Martyr, stablished in virginity! Now mayst thou sing for aye before the throne, Following the Lamb celestial,” quoth she, “Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John, In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go Before the Lamb singing continually. That never fleshly woman they did know.

XX. Now this poor widow waieth 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 streets, and there he last was seen.

XXI. 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 Jew she was brought, And him among the accursed Jews she sought.

XXII. She asked, and she piously 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 Jesus of his grace Gave to her thought, that in a little space She for her Son in that same spot did cry Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

O thou great God that dost perform thy law By mouths of Innocents, I lo here thy might; This gem of chastity, this emerald, And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright, There, where with mangled throat he lay up-right, The Alma Redemtoris gone to sing So loud that with his voice the place did ring.

XXIV. The Christian folk that through the Jewry went Came to the spot in wonder at the thing; And hastily they for the Proverb sent; Immediately he came, not tarrying,
And praisest Christ that is our heavenly King, And eke his Mother, honour of Mankind; Which done, he bade that they the Jews should bind.

This Child with piteous lamentation then Was taken up, singing his song alway; And with procession great and pomp of men To the nest Abbey him they bare away; His Mother swooning by the lady lay: And scarcely could the people that were near Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

Torment and shameful death to every one This Provost doth for those bad Jews prepare That of this murder wise, and that anon: Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare; Who will do evil, evil shall be hear: Them therefore with wild horses did he draw, And after that he hung them by the law.

Upon his bier this Innocent doth lie Before the altar while the Mass doth last: The Abbot with his convent's company Then sped themselves to bury him full fast; And, when they holy water on him cast, Yet spake this Child when sprinkled was the water.

And sang, O Alma Redemptoris Mater!

This Abbot, for he was a holy man, As all Monks are, or surely ought to be, In supplication to the Child began This song. 'O dear Child! I summon thee In virtue of the holy Trinity Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn, Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

'My throat is cut into the bone, I wroug,' Said this young gentle, 'and by the law of kind I should have died, yea many hours ago; But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find, Will that his glory last, and be in mind: And, for the worship of his Mother dear, Yet may I sing, O Alma! loud and clear.

'This well of mercy, Jesus's Mother sweet, After my knowledge I have loved alway: And in the hour when I my death did meet To me she came, and thus to me did say, "Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay," As ye have heard; and soon as I had sung Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

'Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain, In honour of that blissful Maidens free, Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain: And after that thus said she unto me: "My little Child, then will I come for thee Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they take: He not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!"

This holy Monk, this Abbot—him mean I, Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain; And he gave up the ghost full peacefully; And, when the Abbot had this wonder seen, His salt tears trickled down like showers of rain; And on his face he dropped upon the ground, And still he lay as if he had been bound.

Eke the whole Convent on the pavement lay, Weeping and praying Jesus's Mother dear; And after that they rose, and took their way, And lifted up this Martyr from the bier, And in a tomb of precious marble clear Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.— Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet!

Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort laid low By cursed Jews—thing well and widely known, For it was done a little while ago— Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eyes, In mercy would his mercy multiply

On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary!'

II.

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

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

Within a little time, as hath been found, He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound: Them who are whole in body and in mind, He can make sick,—blind can he and unkind. All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

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

In brief, the whole of what he will, he may; Against him dare not say, 'We shall say no more.' To humble or afflict whom'er he will, To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill; But most his might he sheds on the eve of May.

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.

For now when they may hear the small birds' song, And see the budding leaves the branches through, This unto their remembrance doth bring All kinds of pleasure mix't 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 genital 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 slaughtering of 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 sleepily be
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth keep.

X.
But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which Lovers heed;
How singing them it was a common tale
That it was good to hear the Nightingale,
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be uttered.

XI.
And, then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If perchance a Nightingale might hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,
And it was then the third night of the May.

XII.
And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straightway to a wood that was hard by
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a brook-side:

XIII.
Till to a lown I came all white and green,
I in so far as one had never been.
The ground was green, with daisy powdered over:
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
All green and white; and nothing else was seen.

XIV.
There sate I down among the fair fresh flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,
Where they had rested them all night; and they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honour May with all their powers.

XV.
Well did they know that service all by rote,
And there was many and many a lovely note,
Some, singing loud, as if they had complained;
Some with their notes another manner ministered;
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

XVI.
They pruned themselves, and made themselves
Dancing and leaving light upon the spray:
And ever two and two together were,
The same as they had chosen for the year,
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

XVII.
Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sat upon,
Was making such a noise as it ran on
Accordant to the sweet birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

XVIII.
And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a chamber and a swoon was caught,
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird un holy,
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

XIX.
And that was right upon a tree fast by,
And who was then ill satisfied but I?
Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,
From thee and thy base throat, keep all that's good,
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

XX.
And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
In the next bush that was me fast beside,
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
Echoing thorough all the green wood wide.

XXI.
Ah! I good sweet Nightingale! for my heart's cheer,
Hence hast thou stay'd a little while too long;
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
And she hath been before thee with her song;
Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

XXII.
But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray;
As long as in that swooning I lay,
Methought I was right well what these birds meant,
And had good knowing both of their intent,
And of their speech, and all that they would say.

XXIII.
The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake—
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,
And, priethee, let us that can sing dwell here;
For every night eschews thy song to hear,
Such smooth singing gently dost thou make.

XXIV.
What! quoth she then, what is that ails thee now?
It seems to me I sing as well as thou;
For mine's a song that is both true and plain,—
Although I cannot quaver so in vain
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

XXV.
All men may understand have of me,
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee.
For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry:
Thou say'st Oves, Oves; then how may I
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be?

XXVI.
Ah, fogh quoth she, wilt thou not what it is?
Or as I say Oves, Oves, I wot.
Then mean I that I should be wondrous vain
That shamefully they one and all were slain,
Whoever against Love mean aught amis.
XXVII.
And also would I that they all were dead
Who do not think in love their life to lead;
For who is list the God of Love to obey
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,
And for that cause Oucks I cry; take heed!

XXVIII.
Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,
That all must love or die; but I withdraw,
And take my leave of all such company,
For mine intent it neither is to die,
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

XXIX.
For lovers, of all folk that be alive,
The most discreet have and least do thrive;
Most feeling have of sorrow wise and care,
And the least welfare cometh to their share;
What need is there against the truth to strive?

XXX.
What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind.
That in thy clarithness a cause canst find
To speak of Love's true Servants in this mood;
For in this world no service is so good
To every wight that gentle is of kind.

XXXI.
For thereof comes all goodness and all worth;
All gentleness and honor thence comes forth;
Thence worship comes, content and true heart's pleasure,
And full-assured trust, joy without measure,
And joyity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII.
And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
And seemliness, and faithful company,
And dread of shame that will not do amiss;
For that faithfully Love's servant is,
Rather than be disgraced, would choose to die.

XXXIII.
And that the very truth it is which I
Now say—in such belief I'll live and die;
And Cuckoo, do thou by my advice,
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,
If with that counsel I do ever comply.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous fair,
Yet for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis;
And Love in old folk a great dungage is;
Who most it useth, him 'twill most impair.

For thereof come all contraries to gladness:
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness.
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonour, shame, envy important,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness.

XXVII.
Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not fair:
For whom gets of love a little bliss,
Unless it always stay with him, I wis
He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

XXVIII.
And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep nigh,
For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill beseen!
The God of Love afflicts them with all teen.
For thou art worse than mad a thousand fold;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been nought, if Love had never been.

For every more his servants Love attendeth,
And he from every blemish them defendeth;
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyality, and worshipful desire,
And, when it liketh, joy enough them sendeth.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,
For Love no reason hath but his own will—
For to fix't untrue he oft gives ease and joy;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

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 avails,
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

Then of the Nightingale I take note,
How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,
And said, Alas! that ever I was born,
Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn.—
And with that word, she into tears burst out.

Alas, alas! my very heart will break,
Quoth she, to hear this birdsong 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.

And so me thought 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 as full fast;
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
Kem crying, "Parewell!—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, Forsworn, 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;

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

XVIII.

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.
May nothing shall me bring therto, quoth I,
For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

Ye, hath it? use, quoth she, this medicine;
This May-time, every day before thou dines,
Go look on the fresh daisy; thus say I.
Although for pain thou mayst be like to die,
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt drap and pain.

And mind always that thou be good and true,
And I will sing one song, of many new,
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry,
And then did she begin this song full high,
"Beshrew all them that are in love untrue!"

And soon as she had sung it to the end,
Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend.
And, God of Love, that can right well and may,
Send unto thee as mickle joy this day
As ever be 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.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,
To all the Birds that lodget within that hole,
And gathered each and all into one place;
And them besought to bear her dolorous case,
And without ceasing, since it was daylight;
And now I pray you all to do me right
Of that false Bird whom Love can not abide any more.

Then spake one Bird, and full assent all gave;
This matter asketh counsel good as grave,
For Birds we are—here all here together brought:
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;
And therefore we a Parliament will have.

And threath shall the Eagle be our Lord,
And other Peers whose names are on record;
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
And judgment there be given, or that intent Failing, we finally shall make accord.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
Under a maple that well beseen
Before the chamber-window of the Queen,
At Woodstock, on the meadow green and gay.

She thanked them; and then her leave she took,
And flew into a howthorn by that brook;

And there she sat and sung—upon that tree—
"For term of life Love shall have hold of me!"
So loudly, that I wish that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,
Who did on thee the hardiness bestow
To appear before my Lady, but a sense
Thou surely hast of her benevolence;
Whereof her hourly heart to prove doth give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! Thy untrustworthiness,
To show to her some pleasant meanings writ
In winning words, since through her gentiles,
She accepts as for her own right.
Oth'rit repentess I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

LENNOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladnessome
Luna by night, with heavenly influence
Illumined! root of beauty and goodnesse,
Write, and alway, by your beneficence,
My sighs breathed forth in silence,—comfort give!
Since of all good, you are the best alive.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Next morning Troilus began to clear
His eyes from sleep, at the first break of day
And unto Pandarus, his own Brother dear,
For love of God, in his piteous day.
We must the Palace see of Cressida;
For since we yet may have no other feast,
Let us behold her Palace at the least;
And therewithal to cover his intent
A cause he found into the Town to go,
And they right forth to Cressid's Palace went.
But, Lord, this simple Troilus was woe;
Him thought his sorrowful heart would break in two.
For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,
Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall.
Therewith this true Lover 'gan behold
How shut was every window of the place,
Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold;
For which, with changed, pale, and deadly face,
Without word uttering forth, 'gan he pace;
And on his purpose best so fast to rule
That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus:—O Palace desolate!
O house of houses, once so richly light!
O Palace empty and discased in snow,
Thou lamp of which extinguished is the light;
O Palace white that now art night.
Thou ought'st not to fall and I forget;
Inasmuch as she is gone who held us both in sovereignty
O, of all houses once the proudest host!
Palace illuminated with the sun of bliss;

Yet if I live it shall amended be,
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.
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 might enjoy,
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told
Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,
So piteously, and with so dead a bar,
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and down,
And everything to his rememberance
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 Creasia's laugh; and once at day
Yonder saw her eke full blissfully;
And yonder once she unto me 'gan say—
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I pray;
And there so graciously did me behold.
That hers unto the death my heart I hold.

And at the corner of that selfsame house
Heard I my most beloved Lady dear,
So womanly, with voice melodious,
Singing so well, so Gouldy, and so clear,
That in my soul methinks I yet do hear
The blissful sound; and in that very place
My first time took unto her grace.

O blissful God of Love! then thus he cried,
When I the process have in memory
How thou hast weaned 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, thinke
Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and ire
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 Creasia 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 squirm.
Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be
Upheld in sight of Troj: I pray of thee,
As Juno was unto the Thesan blood,
From whence to Thesus came griefs in multitude.

And after this be to the gate did go
Whence Creasia rode, as if in haste she was;
And upward and down there went, and so 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 bitter 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 wan and 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 weaknesses 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 droved 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 voice, he of his Lady dear,
That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear
O star, of which I lost have all the light,
With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,
That ever dark in torment, night by night,
Toward my death with wind I steer and sail;
For which upon the tenth night if thou fail
With thy bright beams to guide me but one hour,
My ship and me Charbydis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung through,
He fell again into his sorrows old;
And every night, as was his wont to do,
Troilus stood the bright moon to behold;
And all his trouble to the moon he told.
And said: I wis, when thou art horn'd anew,
I shall be glad if all the world were true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that morrow,
When hence did journey my bright Lady dear,
That cause is of my torment and my sorrow:
For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and clear,
For love of God, run fast above thy spheres;
For when thy horns begin once more to spring,
Then shall she come that with her bliss may bring.

The day is more, and longer every night
Than they were wont to be—for he thought so;
And that the sun did take his course not right,
By longer way than he was wont to go;
And said, I am in constant of the way,
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 free;
Or yonder is it that the tent most be;
And thence does come this air which is so sweet
That in my soul I feel the joy of it.
And certainly this wind, that more and more
By moments thus increaseth in my face,
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore;
I prove it thus; for in no other space
Of all this town, save only in this place,
Feel I a wind that soundeth so like pain;
It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain?

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,
Till fully past and gone was the ninth night;
And ever at his side stood Pandarus,
Who busily made use of all his might
To comfort him, and make his heart more light;
Giving him always hope, that she the morrow
Of the tenth day will come, and end his sorrow.
THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGER.

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

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk; And he was seated, by the highway side, On a low structure of rude masonry Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they Who lead their horses down the steep rough road May hence remount at ease. The aged Man Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone That overlays the pile; and, from a bag All white with flour, the dole of village dames, He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one; And scanned them with a fixed and serious look Of idle computation. In the sun, Upon the second step of that small pile, Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills, He sat, and ate his food in solitude; And ever, scattered from his palsied hand, That, still attempting to prevent the waste, Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers Fell on the ground; and the small mountain birds, Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal, Approached within the length of half his staff, Him from my childhood have I known; and then He was so old, he seems not older now; He travels on, a solitary Man, So helpless in appearance as for him The sauntering Horseman throws not with a slack And careless hand his alms upon the ground, But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin Within the old Man's hat; nor quits him so, But still, when he has given his horse the rein, Watches the aged Beggar with a look Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends The toll-gate, when in summer at her door She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees

The aged Beggar coming, quits her work, And lifts the latch for him that he may pass. The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake The aged Beggar in the woody lane, Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned The old man does not change his course, the boy Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside, And passes gently by, without a curse Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man; His age has no companion. On the ground His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along, They move along the ground: and, evenmore, Instead of common and habitual sight Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale, And the blue sky, one little span of earth Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day, Bowbest, his eyes for ever on the ground, He piled his weary journey; seeing all, And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw, Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track, The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left impressed on the white road,—in the same line, At distance still the same. Poor Traveller! His staff trails with him: scarcely do his feet Disturb the summer dust; he is so still In look and motion that the cottage ears, 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, Andurchins newly breeched—all pass by him; Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless. —Statesmen! ye Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye Who have a broom still in your hands To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud, Heart-seales, while in your pride ye contemplate Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not A bohren of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law That none, the meanest of created things, Of forms created the most vile and brute, The dullest or most noxious, should exist Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good, A life and soul, to every mode of being Inseparably linked. Then be assured That least of all can ought—that ever owned The heavens—regarding eye and front sublime Which man is born to—sink, however de-
POEMS REFERING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

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 pungent care, each
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself
By her own wants, she frets for a corner of meal;
Takes one unsparring handful for the scrip
Of this old Mendicant, and from her door
Returning with exalted heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.
Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And while in that vast solitude to which
The tide of things has borne him, he appears
To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of Heaven
Has hung around him; and, while life is his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And, long as he can wonder, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys; let his blood
Struggle with foamy 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
Lives the last human interest to his heart.
May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,
Make him a captive!—for that pent-up dim
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
Be his the natural silence of old age!
Let him be free of crowning sinews:
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have now
Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
And let him, where and when he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
Of highway side, and with his little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal; and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!
1798.

II.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

To not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,
The squamish in taste, and the narrow of
mind.
And the small critic wielding his delicate pen,
That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.
He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town;
His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a crown;
And his bright eyes look brighter, set off by
the streak
Of the unfolded rose that still blooms on his
cheek.
Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—"mid
the joy
Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a
boy:
That contentance there fashioned, which, spite
of a stain
That his life hath received, to the last will
remain.
A Farmer he was; and his house far and near
Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer:
How oft have I heard in sweet Tithbury Vale
Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his
milk ale?
Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,
His fields seemed to know what their Master
was doing:
And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and
tea.
All caught the infection—as generous as he.
Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl,—
The fields better suited the ease of his soul:
He strayed through the fields like an indolent
night;
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.
For Adam was simple in thought; and the poor,
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door:
He gave them the best that he had; or, to say
What less may likewise 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 surfeit money;
For his hooe had so long been replenished with
honey
That they dreamt not of death;—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 left like a
Tomahawk.
You lift up your eyes!—but I guess that you
think
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame;
In him it was scarcely a business of art,
For the sin did all in the ease of his heart.
To London—a sad emigration I ween—
With his gray hairs he went from the brook and
the green;
And there, with small wealth but his legs and
his hands,
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.
All trades, as need was, did old Adam
assume,—
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter, and
groom;
But nature is gracious, necessity kind;
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his
mind,
He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and
is stout;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run about;
You would say that each hair of his beard was
alive,
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.
For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes
About work that he knows, in a track that he
knows;
But often his mind is compelled to demand,
And you guess that the more then his body
must stir.
In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,
Like one whose own country's far over the sea;—
And Nature, while through the great city he
travels,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.
This gives him the fancy of one that is young;
More of soul in his face than of words on his
tongue:
Like a maidens of twenty he trembles and sighs,
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.
What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching
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 winters 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 lone in such strange masquerade.
Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of straw,
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw;
With a thousand and soft pictures his memory will
teem:
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a
dream.
Up the Haymarket hill he oft whirls his way,
Thrusts his hands in a waggon, and smells at the
hay;
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.
But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—
If you pass by as 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 spryng up over thy head;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
Will bear the wind sigh through the leaves of a
tree.

III.

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

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

I stopped, and said with inlay-muttered voice,
'It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold:
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.
The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue.'
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

THE TWO THIEVES;
OR,
THE LAST STAGE OF Avarice.
O saw that the genius of Bewick were mine,
And the Skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne,
Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and prose.

What feats would I work with my magical bards?
Book-learning and books should be banished from the land:
And, for hunger and thirst and such trouble-some calls,
Every ale-house should then have a feast on its walls.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair;
Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would he care!
For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and his shavers,
Oh, what would they be to my tale of two Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three birth-days old,
His Grandmater that age more than thirty times told;
There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather
Between them, and both go as-pilling together.

With ships in the carpenter strewing his floor
Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's door!

Old Daniel! his hand to the treasure will slide!
And his Grandson's as busy at work by his side.
Old Daniel begins; he stops short—and his eye,
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning and sly:
'Tis a look which at this time is hardly his own,
But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown.
He once had a heart which was moved by the wires
Of manifold pleasures and many desires;
And what if he cherished his purse? 'Twas no more
Than treading a path trod by thousands before.
'Twas a path trod by thousands; but Daniel is one,
Who went something farther than others have gone,
And now with old Daniel you see how it fares;
You see to what end he has brought his grey hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand; ere the sun
Has pereed o'er the beechees, their work is begun:
And yet, into whatever sin they may fall.
This child but half knows it, and that not at all.
They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,
And each, in his turn, becomes leader or led;
And, wherever they carry their plots and their sires,
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.
Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they roam;
For the grey-headed Sire has a daughter at home,
Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done;
And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man! whom so oft I wish pity have eyed,
I love thee, and love the sweet busy at thy side:
Long yet mayst thou live! for a teacher we see
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.
This little hedgerow birds,
That peck along the road, regard him not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression: every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain, but moves
With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten: one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy what the Old Man hardly feels.
EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAIC PIECES.

EPITAPHS
TRANSLATED FROM CHIABBERA.

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 I hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

II.

Perhaps some needful service of the State
Drew Tyrus from the depth of stygian 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 Muse,
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 act secure from dolorous change! Behold a high injustice suddenly
To Arno's side hath brought him, and he charmed
A Tuscan audience; but full soon was called
To the perennial silence of the grave.
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
A Champion in truth and invincible,
To quell the rage of literary War.

III.

O Thou who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!

*I vi vea gioconde e i suoi pensieri
Erano tutt rose.
The Translator had not skill to come nearer
to his original.

*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, how false,
How treacherous to her promise, is the world;
And trust in God—to whose eternal doom
Must bend the sceptred Pontificates of earth.

IV.

There never breathed a man who, when his life
Was closing, might not of that life relate
 Tales 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 tufts of treacherous friends.
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,
Could represent the countenance horrible
Of the weed waters, and the indignant rage
Of Auster and Bootees. Fifty years
Over the well-steered galley did I rule:—From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown.
And the broad gulf I traversed oft and oft.
Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride
Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.
What noble pomp and frequent have not I
On regal decks beheld yet in the end
I learned not that one poor moment can suffice
To equalize the lofty and the low.
We call the sea of life— a Calm One finds,
And One a Tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet of all.
If more of my condition ye would know,
Savona was my birth-place, and I spring
Of noble parents; seventy years and three
Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

V.

True it is that Ambrosio Salerno
With an untoward fate was long involved
In many foams and foamy, full long.
Face harder still! had he to endure assaults
Of racking malady. And true it is
That not the less frigorous heart is kind
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain;
And he was strong to follow in the steps
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
Leads to the dear Parmesan forest's shade,
That might from him be hidden; not a track
Mounts to Pellicid Hippocrene, but he
Had traced its windings. This Savona knows,
Yet no sepulchral honours to her Son
She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled
Only by gold. And now a simple stone
Inscribed with this memorial here is raised
By his bereft, his lonely, Chatteria.
Think not, O Passenger! who readest the lines,
That an exceeding love hath married me;
No—he was One whose memory ought to spread
Where'er Permessus bears an honoured name,
And live as long as its pure stream shall flow.

VI.

DESTINED to war from very infancy
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross;
N o life's vigorous season did I shun
Hazard or toil; among the sands was seen
Of Libya, and not seldom, on the banks
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot
To bear the sanguinary trumpet sound'd.
So lived I, and repined not at such fate:
This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,
That striped of arms to my end smoth brought
On the soft down of my paternal home.
Yet with a kiss shall be spared all care
To blush for me. Thou, lover not nor hale
In thy appointed way, and hear in mind
How fleeting and how frail is human life!

VII.

O FLOWERS of all that springs from gentle blood,
And all that generous nurture breeds to make
Youth amiable: O friend so true of soul
To fair Aglaia: by what envy moved,
Let us! had death cut short thy brilliant day
In its sweet opening and what dire mishap
Has from Savona torn her best delight
For she thee mourns, nor ever will cease to mourn;
And, should the out-pourings of her eyes suf-
face not
For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sefeto
Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sefeto
Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to death,
In the chase 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 without some latter tears.

VIII.

Nor without heavy grief of heart did He
On whom the duty fell (for at that time
The father journey'd in a distant land)
Depend in the hollow of his tomb
A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved
Francisco was the name the Youth had borne,
Pozzoonsell to his illustrious family.
And, when beneath this stone the Corse was laid,
The eyes of all Savona swarmed with tears.
Alas! the twentieth April, he
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 sester world,
Do thou enjoy the calm imperial air;
And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,
An everlasting spring in memory
Of that delightful fragrance which was once
From thy mild maids quietly exhaled.

IX.

PAYER, courteous Spirit—e Bathe 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 inanimate,
And all the wisdom of the silence,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind:
With Archimedes also he conversed
As with a chosen friend; nor did he leave
Those laurel wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs
Two times near their livid Permessus. — Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,
His ears he cloister'd to listen to the songs
Which Sien's King's did consecrate of old;
And his Permessus found on Lebanon.
A blessed Man! who of so protracted days
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep;
Not truly did: He live his life. Utions;
Take pride in him! — O Passenger, farewell!

1.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name:
She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride
Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.
O maled reverse! it might be so, which proves
That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.
Pain bore her up through pains in mercy given,
And troubles that were each a step to Heaven:
Two Babes were laid in earth before she died;
A third now slumber at the Mother's side;
Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
A trembling solace to her lost beloved Lord.
Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
Of recent sorrow comrad in vain;
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart
Time still intent on his insidious part,
Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep;
Bear with Him—Judge Him gently who makes known
His bitter loss by this memorial Stone;
And pray that in his faithful breast the grace
Of resignation find a hallowed place.

II.
Six months to six years added he remained
Upon this soilful earth, by sin untrained:
O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed
A Child whom every eye that looked on loved;
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly thine!

III.
CENOTAPH
In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the Church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affection unenthrall'd,
Though resolute when duty called
To meet the world's broad eye,
Pure as the holiest cloistered sun
That ever feared the tempting sun,
Did Formor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,
One heart-relieving tear may claim;
But if the pensive gloom
Of fond regret be still thy choice,
Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice
Of Jesus from her tomb!

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

IV.
EPITAPH
IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE, WESTMORELAND.
By playful smiles, ( alas! too oft
A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft
And gentle nature, and a free
Yet modest hand of charity,
Through life was Owen Lloyd endeared
To young and old; and how revered
Had been that pious spirit, a tide
Of humble mourners testified,
When, after pains dispersed to prove
The measure of God's chastening love,
He was brought from far, his soul found rest—
Fulliment of his own request:—
Urged less for this Yourv's shade, though he
Panted with such fond hope the tree;
Less for the love of stream and rock,
Dear as they were, than that his Flock,
When they no more their Pastor's voice
Could hear to guide them in their choice
Through good and evil, help might have,
Administr'd, from his silent grave,
Of righteousness, of sins forgiven.
For peace on earth and lidade in heaven.

V.
ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF...
1798.
I come, ye little noisy Crew,
Not long your pastime to prevent
I heard the blessing which to you
Our common Friend and Father sent.
I kissed his cheek before he died;
And when his breath was fled,
I raised, while kneeling by his side,
His hand — it dropped like lead.
Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all
That can be done, will never fail
Like his till they are dead.
By night or day, blow foul or fair,
He will the best of all your train
With the locks of his white hair
Or stand between his knees again.
Here did he sit confined for hours;
But he could see the woods and plains,
Could hear the wind and mark the showers
Come streaming down the streaming lanes.
Now stretched beneath his grass-green mound
He reas a prisoner of the ground.
He loved the breathing air,
He loved the sun, but if it rise
Or set, to him where now he lies,
Brings not a moment's care.
Alas! what idle words; but take
The Dirge which for our Master's sake
And yours, love prompted me to make
The rhymes so homely in satire
With learned ears may ill agree,
But chant by your Orphan Quire
Will make a touching melody.

DIRE.
Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone
Thou Angler, by the silent flood;
And mourn when thou art left 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 Hoy!
Born deaf, and living dead and dumb.
Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide
Who checked or turned thy headstrong mouth,
As he before had sanctified
Thy infancy with heavenly truth.
Ye Stragglers, light of heart and gay,
Hold settlers on some foreign shore,
Give, when your thoughts are turned this way,
A sigh to him whom we deplore.
For we 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 a Catherine of a century old.
Oh true of heart, of spirit gay;
Thy faults, where not already gone
For charity's 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.*

VI.
ELEGIAC STANZAS,
SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE,
IN A STORM, PAINTED BY MR. GEORGE BEAUMONT.
I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwell 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 clear, so very like, was day to day!
Where'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 moan, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! would, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the dream,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;
I would have painted thee, thou hasty Pile Amid a world how different from this! Beside a sea that could not cease to smile; On tranquil land, beneath a sky of blue.

Those should 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 been of lasting gone,
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 might I once have been,—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep new grief hath humanised my soul.

* See upon the subject of the three foregoing pieces the Fountain, &c. &c., page 96.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will never be;
Thou, which I know, I speak with mind serene.
Then, Beaumont, friend who would have been the Friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore;
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.
O 'tis a passionate Work—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Joker which labours in the deadly swell,
This restless sky, that yawns and shudders here.
And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind! Such happiness, wherever it be known, Is to be prized; for 'tis surely blind.
But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sighs, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

III.
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 love and glee,
Although he loved more silently,
Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that ship he bent his way;
To govern and to guide;
His wish was gained; a little time
Would bring him back in manhood's prime
And free for life, the hills to climb;
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
While that stout Ship at anchor lay
Beside the shores of Wight;
The May had then made all things green;
And, floating there, in pomp serene,
That Ship was goodly to be seen,
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
The tender peace of rural thought:
In more than happy mood
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers!
He then would steal at leisure hours,
And loved you glittering in your bowers,
A starry multitude.

But hark the word!—the ship is gone!—
Returns from her long course—anon
Seas sail—in season due,
Once more on English shores they stand;
But, when a third time from the land
They parted, sorrow was at hand
For Hann and for his crew,
EPITAPHS AND ELEGIC PIECES

III. Fated Vessel!—grisly shock!
At length delivered from the rock,
The deep she hath regained;
And through the stormy night they steer;
Labouring for life, in hope and fear,
To reach a safer shore—how near,
Yet not to be attained!

"Silence!" the brave Commander cried;
To that calm word a shrill reply,
It was the last death- shriek.
—A few (my soul oft sees that sight)
Survive upon the tall mast's height:
But one dear remnant of the night—
For him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea
He lay in slumber quietly;
Unforced by wind or wave
To quit the Ship for which he died,
(All claims of duty satisfied.)
And there they found him at her side;
And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done
For this, if other end were none,
That He, who had been cast
Upon a way of life unmeet
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,
Should find an undisturbed retreat
Near what he loved, at last—

That neighbourhood of grove and field
To Him a resting-place should yield,
A meek man and a brave!
The birds shall sing and ocean make
A mournful murmur for His sake;
And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and wake
Upon his senseless grave.

VIII.

ELEGIC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDS-WORTH,
COMMANDER OF THE E. L. COMPANY'S SHIP THE EARL OF ABERCAYERY,
IN WHICH HE PERISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIPWRECK, FEB. 6TH, 1805.

Composed near the Mountain track, that leads from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes, where it descends towards Patterdale.

1805.

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 less 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.

Thus is 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 Flower
That meets me in this unknown Flower,
Affecting type of him I mourn!
With calmness suffer and believe,
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

III. Here did we stop; and here looked round
While each into himself descends,
For that last thought of parting Friends
That is not to be found.
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart's delight,
His quiet heart's selected home.
But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come.

IV. Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,
In sorrow, but for higher trust,
How miserably deep!
All vanished in a single word,
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard.

Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it came.
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone;
He who had been our living John
Was nothing but a name.

V. That was indeed a parting! oh,
Glad am I, glad that it is past;
For there were some on whom it cast
Utterable woe.
But they as well as I have gains—
From many a humble source, to pains:
Like these, there comes a mild release;
Even here I feel it, even this Plant
Is in its beauty ministrant
To comfort and to peace.

VI. He would have loved thy modest grace,
Meek Flower! To Him I would have said,
"It grows upon its native bed
Beside our Parting-place;"
There, cleaving to the ground it lies
With multitude of purple eyes,
Spanning a cushion green like moss;
Not we will see it, joyful side!
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,
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—
Oh do not thou too fondly brood,
Although deserving of all good,
On any earthly hope, however pure!*

* The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion
(Silene acaulis, of Linnaeus).
See among the Poems on the "Naming of places." No. vi.
IX.
LINES
Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one
Evening, after a stormy day, the Author
having just read in a Newspaper that the
dissolution of Mr Fox was hourly expected.
Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty roaring of streams!
Of all her Voices, One!
Loud is the Vale——this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea;
You star upon the mountain-top
Is lashing quietly.
Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Important and heavy load!
The Comforter hath found me here.
Upon this lovely road;
And many thousands now are sad——
Wait the fulfillment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.
A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abode.
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this——
That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Dost yet again to God return——
Such elo and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?
1846.

X.
INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.
FEBRUARY, 1846.

I.
"Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!
O rest, thou daunted Mother of Mankind!"
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the
wind:

"From regions where no evil thing has birth
I come——thy stains to wash away,
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder day,
The Heavens are throned with martyrs that
have risen
From out thy somber prison
The penal caverns groan
With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown
Into the deserts of Eternity.
Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!
But not on high, where madness is rented,
And murder causes sone sad tears to flow,
Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
The choice of Angels spread, triumphantly
augmented.

II.
"False Parent of Mankind!
O old, great, and blind,
I sprinkle thee with sweet celestial dews
Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!
Scattering this face-fetched moisture from my
wings,
Upon the act a blessing I implore,
Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
Are conscious——may the like return no more!
May Discord—for a Searth's care
Shall be attended with a bolder prayer——
May she, who once disturbed the veins of bliss
These mortal spheres above,
Be chained for ever to the black abyss!
And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and
love,
And merciful desires, thy sanctity answered!"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

XI.
LINES
WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY OF THE
AUTHOR'S EDITION OF "THE EXCURSION," UPON
HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE VICAR
OF KENDAL.
To public notice, with reluctance strong,
I did this unfinished Song;
Yet for one happy issue——and I hope
With self-congratulation on the Book
Which puts, learned, MURFETT saw and
read;——
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
He conned the new-born Lay with grateful
heart.
Foreboding not how soon he must depart;
Unweaving that to him the joy was given
Which good men take with them from earth to
heaven.

XII.
ELEGIAE STANZAS,
[ADDRESS'D TO SIR H. B. U. UPON THE DEATH
OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.]
1824.
O for a dirge! But why complain?
Ask rather a triumphant strain
When FREMONT'S face is lit;
A garland of immortal boughs
To twine around the Christian's brow,
Whose glorious work is done.
We pay a high and holy debt;
With tears of passionate regret
Shall stain this votive lay;
Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief
That flings itself on wild relief
When Saints have passed away.
Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,
For ever constant to feel,
And impotent to bestow
Such once was hers—to think and think
On several love, and only sink
From anguish to despair!
But nature to its utmost part
Faith had refined; and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given:
Calm as the dew-dron's, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
Till it exaltes to Heaven.
Was ever Spirit that could bend
So graciously?—that could descend,
Another's need to suit,
So promptly from her lofty throne!—Z
In works of love, in these alone,
Low restless, how minute!
How was her hour, 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,
It was the proud and strong.
But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things;
For quiet is secure:
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
Venus life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure—
As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
Or lily weeping with the wave
That feeds it and defends:
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
The mountain top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.
Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou strikest—absence pales it,
Indifference is more:
The future brightens on our sight;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempus us to adore.

XIII.

ELEGIAE MUSINGS

In the grounds of Coolton Hall, the seat of the late Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.

These grounds stand the Parish Church, wherein is a mural monument bearing an inscription in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to names, and those words—"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!"

Writ corpius elegie in prose or rhyme
Gifted to us the tomb we struggle against Time,
Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man dies;
Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,
A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.
Yet are at least, though few have numbered days
That shone so modestly the light of praise.
His grace immanens, and the temperate ray
Of that arch fancy which would round him play.
Brightening a converse never known to wear
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 piyvan bowers.
Oh, red for ever! vanished like a blast
That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed:—
Gone from this world of air, earth, sea, and sky,
From all its spirit-moving imagery,
Intensely studied with a painter's eye,
A poet's heart; and, for congenial view,
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
To common recognitions while the line
Flowed in a course of sympathy divine:—
Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delighs
That all the seasons shared with equal rights:—
Rapt in the grace of undiminished age,
From soul-felt music, and the treasured page
Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed
Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head;
While Friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, mien,
More than theatrical force to Shakespeare's scene:—
If thou hast heard me—if thy Spirit know
Aught of these thrones and whence their pleasures flow;
If things in our remembrance hold 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 mine where I am laid;"
The holier deprecation, given in trust,
To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;
Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief
From silent admiration wins relief.

XIV.

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 depresso,
His spirit, but the recollection was high;
From independence, Bonney's rightful size;
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;
And when the precious hours of leisure came,
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet
With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart:
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong:
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love.
EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAIC PIECES.

Inspired — works potent over smiles and tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning played.
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy.
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.
From the most gentle creature nursed in fields
Had been derived the same he bore — a name,
Wherever christian altars have been raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Forbade itself by troubles strange,
Many and strange, that hung about his life;
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified;
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, 'tis the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from Just Heaven.
O, he was good, if 'er a good Man lived!

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,
Though for a doubting hope, that they might
Serve fitly to guard the precious dust of him
Whose virtues called them forth. That aim
Missed for such that truth most urgently required
Had from a fathering pen been asked in vain;
Yet, haply, on the printed page revealed,
The imperfect record, there, may stand un-
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
Of memory, or see the light of love.
Thou went a journeyer of the fields, my Friend,
But more in show than truth; and from the
And from the mountains, to thy rural grave
Transported, my smothered spirit hover'd or
Its green unribbed turf, and blooming flowers;
And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still
Awaft by the theme’s peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not even to
Touch) of that maternal love, whose heaven-fled lamp
From infancy, through manhood, to the last
Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour.
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, en-
Within thy bosom.

Wonderful” hath been
The love established between man and man.
Passing the love of women; and between
Man and his help-mate in fact wedlock joined.
Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love
Without whose blissful influence a Paradise
Had been no Paradise; and earth were now
A waste where creatures bearing human form,
Dungt of savage beasts, would roam in fear,
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide on:
And let him grieve who cannot choose but
Grave
That he hath seen an Elys without his Vine,
And his bright shower of clustering charities,
That, reaching to the trunk and branches, might

Erecting and adorning, Usto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adored, to thee
Was given (say rather than later born
Wert given to her a Sister — his a word
Timidly uttered, for she divines the mark,
The self-restraining, and the ever-skied:
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found — for all internal hopes, and tender
pairs,
All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers,
Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought
More than sufficient recompense!

Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here!)
Was as the love of mothers: and when years,
Lifting the boy to man’s estate, had called
The long-projected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first trial sic
Was uninvolved; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperissibly 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 their life they might have

In union, in portion only such;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High;
Yet, their 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
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.
But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
To those dear intervals, nor name nor brief,
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught
That the remembrance of foregoing distress;
And the worst fear of future ill (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother) may be both alike
Dissipated of power to unsettle present good.
So prized, and things toward and outward held
In such an even balance that the heart
Acknowledges God’s grace, his mercy feels,
And in its depth of gratitude is still.
O gift divine of quiet and satisfaction!
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 deth loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken: yet why grieve? For Time but holds
His mastery in trust to share your hopes.
To the blast which where parting is unknown.

XV.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE
DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

Wrote first, descending from the moorsland,
I saw the Siram of Yarrow glide
Along a hore and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.
When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-musnred led.
The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the banks of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:
Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its sinclast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen as its marvellous source:
The rapt Ode, 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 mountains-summits,
Or waves that own no curling 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 thoughtful life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.
As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
Our ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors leave a sigh?
Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.
No more of old romantic sorrow,
For slaughtered Youth or love-born Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.
Nov. 1815.

XVI.

INSCRIPTION
FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE CHURCH,
in the Vale of Keswick.

Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you,
His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books,
no more
Shall Southeby feed upon your precious lore,
To works that we'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 weal,
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
vowed
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.
ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

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

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is now as it hath been of yore—
Turn, where'er I may, by night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

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

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tender sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep:
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng.

The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay:
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Dost every Beast keep holiday:

Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make: I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The falsehood of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were slain
While Earth herself is adorning
This 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 Pansy at my feet
Both the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But He beholdeth the light, and whence it flows
He sees in his joy:
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
VI.
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother’s mind,
And so unworthy aim.
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Jumate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.
Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A joyous vision of a jumpy size!
See, where ‘mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sighs 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 thus 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 owns another part;
Filling from time to time his ‘humorous stage’
With all the Persons, down to paisted Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vacation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.
Thou, whose exterior semblance deth belis,
Thy Soult’s immensity;
Thou but a Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
Thou, dead and silent, readest the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
O Polyphont! See! man but
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Browsed like the Day, a Master o’er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the night
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being’s height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thou 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 beneficence; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blesst
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things, by day
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in words not realised,
High instincts before whose moral Naturo
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland for we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.
Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tailor’s sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May.
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grave not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
To years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.
And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any savoring 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 on them;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a tamer colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch over 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.
1832-5.
THE PRELUDER.
OR GROWTH OF A POET’S MIND;
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805.

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the EXCURSION, first published in 1814, where he thus speaks:—

"Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

"That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author’s intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the ‘Recluse.’ As having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

"The preparatory Poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author’s mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices."

Such was the Author’s language in the year 1814.

It will thence be seen, that the present Poem was intended to be introductory to the RECLUSE, and that the RECLUSE, if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz., the EXCURSION, was finished, and given to the world by the Author.

The First Book of the First Part of the RECLUSE still remains in manuscript; but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author’s other Publications, written subsequently to the EXCURSION.

The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLENGIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country), are recorded in his Verses, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in the "Shelley’s Leaves," p. 137, ed. 1817, or "Poetical Works, by S. T. Coleridge," vol. i., p. 206.—Ed.

RYDAL MOUNT, July 13th, 1820.
INTRODUCTION.—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

O there is blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Bathes me in all sub-consciousness:
From the green fields, and from you an azure sky.
What'er its mission, the soft breeze can come
To none more grateful than to me: escaped
From the vast city, where I long had pined.
A discursive congenial power is new,
Free as a bird to settle where I will.
What dwelling shall receive me? in what vale
Shall be my harbour? underneath what grove
Shall I take up my home? and what clear stream
shall with its murmurs fill me into rest?
The earth is all before me. With a heart
Joyous, nor scarred at its own liberty,
I look about; and should the choice indulge
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again
Trances of thought and musing of the mind
Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
That burthen of my own unnatural self.
The heavy weight of many a weary day
Not mine, and such as were not made for me.
Long months of peace (if such bold word accord
With any promises of human life),
Long months of ease and undisturbed delight.
Are mine in prospect: whither shall I turn,
By road or pathway, or through trackless field,
Up hill or down, or shall some floating thing
Upon the river point me out my course?
Dear Liberty! Yet what would it avail
But for a gift that consecrates the joy?
For I, methought, while the sweet breath of heavens
Was blowing on my body, felt within
A correspondent breeze, that gently moved
With quickening virtue, but is now become
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 present harmony; poetic 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
Universe's internal echo of the imperfect sound:
To which 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 paused on
With brisk and eager steps; and came, at length,
To a green shady place, where down I sate
Beneath a tree, thinking my thoughts by choice,
And settling into gentler harmony.
I was autumn, and a clear and placid day,
With warmth, as much as needed, from a sun.
Two hours declined towards the west; a day
With silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass.
And in the sheltered and the sheltering grove
A perfect stillness. Many were the thoughts
Encouraged and dismissed, and a verse was made
Of a known Vale, whilster 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
Then Fancy gave assurance of some work
Of glory there forwth to be begun.
Perhaps too there performed. Thus long I mused,
Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon,
Save when, amid the stately grove of oaks,
Now here, now there, an acorn, from its cup
Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or at once
To the bare earth dropped with a startling sound.

From that soft couch I rose not, till the sun
Had almost touched the horizon; casting then
A backward glance upon the curling cloud
Of city smoke, by distance ruminated:
Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive,
But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,
Even with the chance remembrance of that hour,
The road that pointed toward the chosen Vale.
It was a splendid evening, and the soul
Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked
Relict invitations; but the harp
Was soon defrauded, and the banded host
Of harmony dispersed in struggling sounds,
And lastly utter silence did it rise.
Why think of anything but present good?—
So, like a home-bound labourer I pursued
My way beneath the mellowing sun, that shed
Mild influence; nor left in me one wish.
Again to bend the Sabbath of that time.
A servile yoke. What need of many words?
A pleasant loitering journey, through three days
Continued, brought me to my hermitage.
I spare to tell of what ensued, the life
In common things—the endless store of things
Rare, or at least so seeming, every day.
Found all about me in one neighbourhood—
The self-congratulation, and, from morn
To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.
But speedily an earest 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 phantasy.
That had been floating loose about for years,
And to such beings temperately deal forth.
The many feelings that oppressed my heart.
THE PRELUDE.

That hope hath been discouraged; welcome light
Dawns from the east, but dwains to disappear
And mock me with a sky that rips not
Into a steady morning: if my mind,
Remembering the old promise of the past,
Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,
Vain is her wish; where'er she turns she finds
Impediments from day to day renewed.
And now it would content me to yield to
Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts
Of humble industry. But, oh, dear Friend I
The Poet, gentle creature as he is,
Hath, holds the Lord his unruly times;
His fit when he is neither sick nor well,
Though no distress be near him but his own
Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best pleased
While she as duteous as the mother dove
Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,
But like the innocent lamb, hath goodnings on
That drive her as in trouble through the groves.
With me is new 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 cheerimg; for I neither seem
To lack that first great gift, the vital soul,
Nor general Truths, which are themselves a sort
Of Elements and Agents, Under-powers,
Subordinate helpers of the living mind:
Nor am I naked of external things,
Forms, images, nor numerous other aids
Of less regard, though won perhaps with toil
And needful to build up a Poet's praise.
To place and manners do I seek, and these
Are found in plentiful store, but nowhere such
As may be singled out with steady choice;
No little land of yet remembered names
Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope
To summon back from longsince 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-

Proud spring-side swellings for a regular sea,
With the same 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,
And bringing knights by a river side
Or fountain, listen to the grave reports
Of dire enchainments forced 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 blazon
That shielded brave, so glorious was the strife;
Whence inspiration for a song that winds
Through ever changing scenes of vivid quest
Wrong's to redress, harmonious tribute paid
To true but simple and unblemished truth,
To firm devotion, real unchangeable,
And Christian meekness,allowing faithlovess
Sometimes, more steadily moved, I would relate
How vanquished Mithridates northward passed,
And, hither, in the cloud of years, became
Odin, the Father of a race by whom
Punished the Roman Empire: how the friends
And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain,
Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,
And left their usages, their arts and laws,
To disappear by a slow gradual death,
To dwindle and to perish one by one,
Starved in those narrow bounds: but not the soul
Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years
Survived, and, when the Empire's force
With skill and power that might not be with-
stood,
Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold
And was down by glorious death that race
Of natural heroes; or I would relate,
How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled man,
Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,
Suffered in silence for Truth's sake: or tell,
How that one Frenchman, through continued force
Of meditation on the inhuman deeds
Of those who conquered first the Indian Isles,
Went single in his ministry across
The Ocean; not to comfort the oppressed,
But, like a thirsty wind, to roaming
Withering the Oppressor: how Gustavus sought
Help at his need in Dalarna's mines:
How Wallace fought for Scotland: left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country: left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts:
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independance and stern liberty.
Sometimes it suits me better to invent
A tale from my own heart, more near akin
To my own passions and habitual thoughts:
Some varied story, in the main
Lofty, but the unsualstitial structure melts
Before the very sun that brightens it,
Mist into air dissolving: Then a wish,
My last and favourite aspiration, mounts
With yearning toward some metempsychosic song
Of Truth that refreshes our daily life;
With meditations passionate from deep
Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse
Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;
But from this awful bourn I feel soon
Take refuge and beguile myself with trust
That mellower years will bring a ripper mind
And clearer insight. Thus my days are past
In contradiction; with so skill to part
Yague longing, hapatly bred by want of power,
From paramount impulse not to be withstood,
A timorous capacity from prudence,
From circumstance, infinite delay.
Humility and modest awe themselves
Betray me, serving often for a cloak
To a more subtle selfishness: that now
Locks every function up in blank reserve,
Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye
That with intrusive restlessness beats off
Simplicity and self-presented truth.
Ah! I better far than this, a poor soul
Vapidly, through fields and river walks,
And ask no record of the hours, resigned

* Dominique de Gourgues, a French gentle-
man who went in 1668 to Portugal to avenge
the massacre of the French by the Spaniards there.

—E.A.
The Prelude.

To vacant musing, unapproved neglect
Of all things, and deliberate holiday.
Far better never to have heard the name
Of seal and just ambition, than to live
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour
Turns recrante to her task: takes heart again,
Then feels immediately some hollow thought
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.
This is my lot: for either still I find
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
Or see of absolute accomplishment.
Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,
That I recall and droop, and seek repose
In listlessness from vain perplexity.
Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,
Like a well-stewar'd who hath much received
And renders nothing back.

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And sing his silver shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this, didat thin,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a lube in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts.
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves?

When he had left the mountains and received
On his smooth breast the shadow of those mountains
That yet survive, a shatter'd monument
Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
Along the margin of our terrace walk;
A stone, a playmate whom we dearly loved.
Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child,
In half-maintenance sever'd from his stream,
Made one long bathing of a summer's day;
Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again.
Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves
Of rye or meadow, 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 bath
Had run almost in wantonness, to sport
A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Pavement alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less In the beloved Vale to which ere long
We were transplanted—there were we 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 crimson, twas my joy
With store of springs 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 pled
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 of the broken, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.
Nor less when, spring had warned the cultivated Vale,
Moved we as wanderers 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 features in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost 'to it seemed'
Suspended by the blast that blew amain.
Shouldering the naked clog, 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
Incarnate workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society. How then shall all
The terroir, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, labours interfused
Within my mind, should we have borne a part,
And that a needful part? The calm
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end!
Thanks to the means which Nature designed to employ:
Whether her fearless visitings, or those
That came with soft alarm, likehurstless light
Opening the peaceful clouds; or she may use
Severe intervections, ministry
More palatable, 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 cove, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chains, and stepping in
Pulled from the shore. It was an act of steal
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still her winter side,
Small circles glistering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unserving line, I feed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary: far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinion; hastily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Wentleaving through the water like a swan;

When, from behind that craggly steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and sad.
As if with voluntary power instinct
Uprose its head. I struck and struck again.
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Swayed after me. With trembling ears I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree:
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—
And through the meadows homeward went, in grey
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desolation. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, so colours of green fields:
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou soul that art the eternity of thought,
That gives to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or starlight thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognise
A grandeur in the bearings of the heart.
Nor was my childhood vouchsafed to me
With sainted kindness. In November days,
When darkness was pouring down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,
At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
In haste, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I needed not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The voice of the clock tolled six.—I wheeled about
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel.
We hooed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, in time with the raster
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding note
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare
So through the darkness and the cold we went;
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Sustained, the precipices rang aloud;

The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the velvets of a star.
That fleck, and flying stars, at me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feetler and feethler, 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 joyous 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 hand in happiness and joy
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.
I could record with no reluctant voice
The woods of autumn, and their hazel bower
With milk-white clusters hung; the red and line,
True symbol of hope's fruitfulness, whose strong
And unapproved enchantment led us on
To rocks and pools shut out from the 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
Pulled at her rein like an impetuous courser;
Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,
She held her breath the wind that so suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.
Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwell,
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 stony country, with which
Ye dealt out your plain comforts? Yet had ye
Delights and exultations of your own.
THE PRELUDI.

Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire
At evening; when with pencil, and smooth slate
In square divisions parcelled out and all
With crosses and with cytheron scribbled o'er,
We schemed and planned, headed opposite to head
In strict too humble to be named in verse;
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,
Cherry or maple, rate in close array.
And to the combat, Leo or Whit, led on
A thick-ribbed army: not, as in the world;
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by
Even the very servant they had wrought.
But husbanded through many a long campaign.
Uncount assembled was it, where no few
Held changed their functions: some, plebeian suit.
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 fall!
Ironic diamonds,—chubs, hearts, diamonds, spades.
A congregation piercingly skin!
Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,
Those somnolent knives, precipitated down
With snuff and toasts, like Vulcans out of Heaven:
The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse,
Queens gleaming through their splendour's last decay.
And monarchs surfy at the wrangles sustained
By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad
Inclement rain was falling, or the frost
Raped bitterly, with keen and silent tooth:
And, interrupting oft that eager game,
From under Esquisses' politics fields of ice
The skaters up, struggling to free space,
Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud
Proclaiming, shrilling, like the noise of wolves
Howling in troops along the Isbaich Main.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace
How Nature by her instinctive passion first
Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair,
And made me love them, may I here omit
How other pleasures have been mine, and joys
Of another origin; how I have felt,
Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,
Those hallowed and pure motions of the soul
Which seem, in its 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 existence to existing things.
And, in our own bosom, constitute
The bond of union between life and joy.
Yes, I remember when the changing earth
And twice five summers on my mind had stampted
The faces of the moving year, even then
I held untrammled intercourse with beauty
Old as creation, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level shin
Of waters coloured by impending clouds.
The sands of Westmorland, the creeks and bay.
Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell
How, when the Sea threw off her 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 spectator
No conscious memory of a kindred sight,
And bringing with me no poetical sense
Of faintness or peace; yet have I stood,
Even while some eye hath moved o'er many a league
Of shining water, gathering as it seemed
Through every hair-breath in that field of light
New pleasure like a bee among the flowers.

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuit
Are prompt attendants on the idle, giddy blues
Which, like a tempest, works along the blood
And is forgotten; even then I felt
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 Furies', yet not vain
Nor profuse, if holy they impressed
Cohabiting objects and appearances,
Absurd Hestes then, and doomed to sleep
Until maturer seasons called them forth
To impregnate and to elevate the mind
And if the vulgar joy by its own weight
 wearied itself out of the memory,
The scenes which were a witness of that joy
Remained in their substantial lineaments
Depicted on the brain, and to the eye
Were visible, a daily sight; and thus
By the impressive discipline of fear,
By pleasure and repentance,
So frequently repeated, and by force
Of obscure feeling
Of things forgotten, these same scenes so bright
So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,
Though yet the day was distant, did become
Eldilly dear, and all the less prosaical
And changeful colours by invisible links
Were fastened to the affections.
I began
My story early—not mired, I trust,
By an irreverence of love for days
Drowned by memory,—ere the breath of spring
Plants my snow-drags among winter snows:
Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend! so prompt
In sympathy, that I have lengthened out
With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.
Meanwhile, my hope has been that I might
Inaugurate thoughts from former years;
Shake in the wavering balance of my mind,
And happily reproach too, whose power
May spur me on, in mankind now mature
To honourable toil. Yet should those hopes
Prove vain, and thus should neither I be taught
To understand myself, nor thou to know
With better knowledge how the heart was formed
Of him thou lovest; need I dread from thee
Harsh judgments, if the song be loft to quit
These recollected hours that have the charm
Of visionary things, those lovely forms
And sweet sensations that fill the back our life,
And almost make remotest infancy
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining?
THE PRELUDE.

One end at least hath been attained; my mind
Hath been screwed, and if this genial mood
Devert me not, forthwith shall be brought do
Through later years the story of my life.
The road lies plain before me:—"is a theme
Single and of determined bounds; and hence
I choose it rather at this time, to work
Ofampler or more varied argument,
Where I might be discontinued and lost:
And certain hives are with me, that to thee
This labour will be welcome, honoured Friend!

BOOK SECOND.

SCHOOL-TIME.

CONTINUED.

Thus far, O Friend! have we, though leaving much
Unvisited, endeavoured to retrace
The simpler ways in which my childhood walked:
Those chiefly that first led me to the love
Of rivers, woods, and fields. The passion yon
Was in its birth, sustained as might be lawful
By nourishment that came unsought; for still
From week to week, from month to month, we lived
A round of tumult. Duly were our games
Prolonged in summer till the day-light faded;
The clock remained before the doors; the bench
And threshold steps were empty; fast asleep
The labourer, and the old man who had sate
A later lingerer; yet the revelry
Continued and the loud uproar: at last,
When all the ground was dark, and twinkling stars
Edged the black clouds, home and to bed we went.
Fervish with weary joints and beating minds.
Ah! is there one who ever has been young,
Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride
Of intellect and virtue’s self-esteem?
One is there, though the wisest and the best
Of all mankind, who covers not at times
Union that cannot be— who would not give,
If so be might, to duty and to truth
The eagerness of infantine desire?
A tranquillizing spirit proceeds now
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears
The vacancy between me and those days
Which yet have such self-possession 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 nature 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 sunny 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
With giddy motion. But the time approached
That brought with it a regular desire
For calmer pleasures, when the winning forms
Of Nature were collaterally attached
To every scheme of holiday delight
And every buoyant sport, less grand and less
And languidly pursued.
When summer came,
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Wicton
With rival ears; and the selected bounte
Was now an Island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister Isle
Beneath the oaks’ umbrageous covert, sown
With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small Island, where survived
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicated, and served
Daily with chastened rites. In such a race
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Unaccus’d, or pain, or jealousy:
We rested in the shade, all paces 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 Soldtude.
Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare! Many more than we wished knew the blessing then
Of vigorous hunger—hence corporeal strength.
Unshaped by delicate vancis; for, exclude
A little weekly stipend, and we lived
Through three divisions of the quartered year
In peniless poverty. But now to school
From the half-yearly holidays returned,
We came with weightier purpose, that sufiect
To furnish treats more costly than the Dame
Of the old grey stone, from her scant board,
Supplied.
Hence rustic dinners on the cool green ground,
Between the woods, or by a river side
Or shady fountains, while among the leaves
Soft airs were stirring; and the mid-day sun
Unfelt shine boldly round us in our joy.
Nor is my aim neglected if I tell
How sometimes, in the length of those half
Years,
We from our funds drew largely:—proud to curb,
And eager to spur on, the galloping steed;
And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose stud
Supplied our want, we happily might employ
Our Subsistence, if the slender budget
Were distant: some famed temple where of
The Druids worship’d, or the antique walls
Of that large Abbey, where within the Vale
Of Nightshade, to St Mary’s honour built,
Stands yet a moulderung pile with fractured arch,
Dorica, and images, and living trees;
A holy scene!—Along the smooth green turf
Our horses grazed. To more than inland peace,
Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
The safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our steeds remounted and the summons
With whip and spur we through the chantry
In uncount race, and left the cross-legged knight,
And the stone-alabt, and that single wren
Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave
Of the old church, that—though from recent showers
The earth was comfortless, and, touched by faint
Internal breezes, sobblings of the place
And respirations, from the roofless walls
The shuddering ivy dripped large drops—yet still
So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird,
Sang to herself, that there I could have made
My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there
To hear such music. Through the walls we flew
And down the valley, and, a circuit made
In wantonness of heart, through rough and smooth
We accosted homewards. Oh, ye rocks and streams,
And ye, dear spirit shed from evening air!
Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
Your presence, when with slackened step we breathed
Along the sides of the steep hills, or when
Lightly, by flakes of moonlight from the sea
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

Midway on long Winander’s eastern shore,
With the crescent of a pleasant bay,
A tavern stood; no homely-featured house,
Primero like its neighbouring cottages,
But, 'twas a splendid place, the door beset
With chaises, grooms, and liverys, and within
Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.
In ancient times, and ere the Hall was built
On the large island, had this dwelling been
More worthy of a poet’s love, a hut,
Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore shado.
But—though the rhymes were gone that once

The threshold, and large golden characters,
Spread out the spangled sign-board, had dislodged
The door was hung, and unspared his place, in sight
And mockery of the rustic painter’s hand—
Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear
With all its foolish pomp. The garden lay
Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
Of a small bowling-green; beneath stood
A grove, with gleams of water through the trees
As I over the tree-tops; nor did we want
Refreshment, strawberries and a slow cream.

There, while through half an afternoon we played
On the smooth platform, whether skill pre-
valled
Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
Made all the mountains ring. But, ere night-
fall,
When in our pinnace we returned at leisure
Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
Of some small island steered our course with ease,
The Minstrel of the Troop, and left him there,
And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute
Alone upon the rock—Far and far away
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a weight of pleasure, still the sky,
Never before so beautiful, sank down.
Into my heart, and held me like a dream!
Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus
Daily the common range of visible things
Grew dear to me; already I began
To love the sun; a boy I loved the sun,
Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
And surety of our earthly life, a light
Which we behold and feel we are alive;
Not 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 thoughtful hour, when, from excess
Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.
And, from like feelings, humble though intense,
To patriotic and domestic love
Analogous, the moon to me was dear;
For I could dream away my purposes,
Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
Midway between the hills, as if she knew
No other region, but belonged to thee,
Yea, appurtenant by a peculiar right
To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear Vale!

Those incidental charms which first attached
My heart to rural objects, day by day
Grew nearer, and I hasten on to tell
How Nature, intervening 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 set, or how to seep
Who that shall point as with a wand and say
"This portion of the river of my mind
Came from you fountain!" Thou, my Friend! art one
More deeply read in thy own thoughts; to the
Science appears but what in truth she is,
Not as our glory and our absent boast,
But as a succedaneum, and a prop
to our infirmity. No more do I say
Art thou of that false secondary power
By which we multiply distinctions, then
Decem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have made.
To thee, unhindered by these formal arts,
The unity of all hath been revealed,
And thus with doubt, with me less aptly skilled
Than many are to range the faculties
In scale and order, clear the cabinet
Of their sensations, and in volable phrase
THE PRELUDE.

Run through the history and birth of each
An event, an 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 Reaum deeply weighed,
Ha! lab no beginning.

Blot the infant Babe,
(For with my best encourager I would trace
Our Beings earthly progress, blot 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 enravaties and excites
Objects through widest intercourse of sense,
No outcast he, bewildered and depressed:
Along his infant veins are interwoven
The gravitation and the filial bond
Of nature that connexs him with the world.
Is there not a flower, to which he points with hand
Too weak to gather it, already love
Drawn from Love's purser earthly fount for him
That he beautified that flower; already shades
Of any cast from inward tenerness
Do fall around him upon aught that bears
Unhappy marks of violence or harm.
Emphatically such a Being lives,
Fratricide 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 as an agent of the one Great Mind
Grows, creates, and recovers both,
Working in alliance with the works
Which it beholds.—Such, verily, is the first
Poetic spirit of our human life,
By uniform control of after years,
It as a spirit supersedes: in some,
Through every change of growth and 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 mate dialogues with my Mother's heart,
I had 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's sinews, and the eagle's wing
For now a trouble came into my mind
From unknown causes. I was left alone
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.
The props of my affections were removed,
And yet the building stood, as if sustained
By its own spirit! All that I beheld
Was dear, and hence to finer infuses
The min lay open to a more exact
And close communion. Many are our joys
In youth, but oh! what happiness to live
When every hour brings palpable access
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,
And sorrow is not there! The seasons change,
And every season whereas I moved
Unfolds its sanitary qualities,
Which, but for this most watchful power of
love
Had been neglected; left a register

Of permanent relations, else unknown.
Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude
More active even than "best society"—
Society made sweet as solitude
By silent inoffusive sympathies,
And gentle agitation of the mind
From manifold distinctions, difference
Perceived in things, where, to the unwatchful
eye
No difference is, and hence, from the same
source,
Sublimer joy; for I would walk alone,
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whatever there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofessed; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim aisle in distant winds.
Then did I drink the visionary power:
And deem not profligate those fleeting moods
Of shadowy exaltation: not for this,
That they are kindred to our purer mind
And intellectual life; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity, whereinto
With growing faculties she doth aspire,
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
Have something to pursue.

And not alone,
'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid fair
And tranquil scences, that spiritual power
And fitness in the latent qualities
And exquisites of things, by which the mind
Is moved with feelings of delight, to me
Came strengthened with a superadded soul.
My morning walks
Were early—of before the hours of school
I travelled round our little lake, five miles
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time! more dear
For this, that one was by my side, a friend,
Then passionately loved; with heart how full
Would he persevere these lines! For many years
Have since flowed in between us, and our minds
Both silent to each other, at this time
We live as if those hours had never been.
Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch
Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had risen
From human dwelling, or the venial thrush
Was audible; and sure among the woods
Alone upon some jutting eminence,
At the first gleam of dawning light, when the Vale,
Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude.
How shall I seek the origin I where find
Faith in the marvellous things which then I
felt?

Of times such moments a holy calm
Would overspread my soul that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect in the mind.
"Twere long to tell
What spring and autumn, what the winter
snows.
—The late Rev. John Fleming, of Rayrigg.
Windermere.—Ed.
The Prelude.

And what the summer shade, what day and night,
Evening and morning, sleep and waking, thought
From sources inexhaustible, poured forth
To feed the spirit of religious love
In which I walked with Nature. But let this
Be not forgotten, that I still retained
My first creative sensibility;
That by the regular action of the world
My soul was unsubdued. A plastic power
Abode with me: a forming hand, at times
Rebellious, acting in a devious mood;
A local spirit of his own, at war
With general tendency, but, for the most,
Subservient strictly to external things
With which it communes. An auxiliar light
 Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
Bestowed new splendour: the melodious birds,
The flattering breezes, fountains that run on
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, o'erayed
A like dominion, and the midnight storm
Grew darker in the presence of my eye;
Hence my obsequies, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport.

Not should this, perchance,
Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved
The exercise and produce of a soul,
Than analytic industry to me
More pleasing, and whose character I deem
Is more poetic as resembling more
Creative agency. The song would speak
Of that interminable building reared
By observation of affinities
In objects where no brotherhood exists
To passive minds. My seventeenth year was
A thinking year;
And, whether from this habit rooted now
So deeply in my mind, or from excess
In the great social principle of life
Corroding all things into sympathy,
To inorganic natures were transferred
My own enjoyments; or the power of truth
Gaining in revelation, did converse
With things that really are; 1 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
Contended, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seems still;
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought
And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
Ereath the wave, yes, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
Communic'd 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 agreeable then when the freshly ear,
O'ercome by humbliest prelude of that strain,
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

If this be error, and another faith
Find easier access to the pics mind,
Yet were I grossly destitute of all
Those human sentiments that make this earth
So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice
To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mist 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,
In, 'mid solitude and pain,
And wicked exaltation 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! Ye yours.
Ye mountains! Thine, O Nature! Thou hast fed
My lofty speculations, the thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-dulling principle,
And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend! I went reared
In the great city, 'mid far other scenes;
But, we, by different roads, at length have
Gained the self-same bourn. And for this cause to

I speak, unprepossess'd of contempt,
The animating scoff of coward tongues,
And all that silent language which so oft
In conversation between man and man
Blows from the human breast all trace
Of beauty and of love. For thou hast sought
The truth in solitude, in many a day,
That gave thee liberty, full long desired,
To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been
The most assiduous of her ministers;
In many things my brother, chiefly here
In this our deep devotion,

Fare thee well! Health and the quiet of a soul
Attend thee! I seek off the haunts of men,
And yet more often living with myself,
And for myself, so happy shall thy days
De 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'erleagued 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 shape, Exalted high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road A student clothed in gown and tacked-cap, Striding along as if tormented by time, Or conatus of exercise and air; He led—now 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: cuishet, While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse Of Cam; And at the Holy-sighted, 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, Flowered 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 Tutor, as belted, From street to street with house and careless care.

I was the Dreamer, they the dream; I

Emptied through the molsey spectacle; Gownes grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, tutors.

Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, groves.

Migration strange for a striling of the hills, A northern villager.

As if the change Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once I beheld me rich in miscellany, and attired In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair Powdered and the wavy trees, when frost is over. My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by, With other signs of manhood that supplied The lack of beard.—The weeks went roundly on,

With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit, Smooth housekeeping within, and all without Liberal, and using gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St John my patron was: Three Greek courts are his, and in the first Was my station-place; a nook obscure; Right underneath, the College kitchens made A hum. as loud, less tuneful than bees, But hardly less industrious; with shrill notes Of sharp command and scolding intermixed. Near me hung Trinity's liquescent clock, Who never let the quarters, night or day. Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours Twice over with a male and female voice. Her pealing organ was my neighbour too;

And from my pillow, looking forth by light Of moon or favour, to the great behind, The antechapel where the statue rood Of Newton with his prism and silice face, The marble index of a mind for ever Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, adio.

Of College labours, of the Lecturer's room All studied round, as thick as chairs could stand, With loyal students, faithful to their books, Half-and-half sitters, hardly recumbent, And honest dunces—of important days, Examinations, when the man was weighed As in a balance of excessive hopes, Troublings withal and commendable fears, Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad— Let others that know more speak as they know. Such glory was but little sought by me, And little won. Yet from the first crude days Of silting time in this entranced abode, I was disturbed at times by tender thoughts, Wishing to hope without a hope, some fears About my future worldly maintenance, And, more than all, a strangeness in the mind, A feeling that I was not for that hour Nor for that place. But wherethere be cast downs? For (not to speak of Reason and her pure Reflective acts to fix the moral law Deep in the conscience, nor of Christian Hope, Flowing her head before her sister Faith As one for mightier, higher I had come, Dear witness Truth, endued with holy powers And faculties, whether to work or for; Uplift when the dazzling show no longer new Had caved to dazzle, intimissim did I quit My comrades, leave the crowds, buildings and groves.

And as I paced along the level fields Far from those lovely sights and sounds sublime With which I had been conversant, the mind Dropped not; but there into herself returning, With prompt rebound seemed fresh as hitherto.

At least I more distinctly recognised Her native instincts, let me rather speak A higher language, say that now I felt What independent voices were mine, To mitigate the injurious sway of place Or circumstance, how far easier changed In youth, or be to changed in after years. As awaked, summoned, roused, constrained. I looked for universal truths: pursued The common countenance of earth and sky: Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace Of that first Paradise whence man was driven: And sky, whose beauty and beauty 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 itself, Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts And spread them with a wider creeping; felt inclemencies more awful, visitings Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul, That tolerates the indignities of Time,
And, from the centre of Eternity
All finite motions overlying, lives
In glory immemorial. But peace! enough
Here to record that I was mounting now
To such community with highest truth—
A rock pursuing, not untrod before.
From strict analogies by thought supplied
Or consciousments not to be sublated.
To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,
Even the those 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 hidden in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
Add that what'er of Terror or of Love
Or Beauty Nature's daily face put on
From transitory passion, unto this
I was as sensitive as waters are
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
Of passion: was obelisked as a late
That waits upon the touches of the wind.
Unknown, unthought of yet I was most rich—
I had a world about me—was my own;
I made it, for it only lived to me,
And to the God who sees into the heart.
Such sympathies, though treasured, 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 a preferredised sight. But leaving this,
It was no madness, for the bodily eye
Amit my strongest workings overmore
Was searching out the lines of difference
At the same time with all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast: an eye
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
That broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power might sleep;
Which spoke perpetual logic to my soul,
And by its inscrutable agency
Did hold 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
That passed within me. Not of outward things
Doubt visibly for other minds, words, signs,
Symbols or actions, but of my own heart
As I have been speaking, and my youthful mind.
O Heaven! how awful is the might of souls,
And what they do within themselves while yet
The ruke 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 soul
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 even 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 peace of heart be prompt
To follow, and if thou, my honored Friend?
Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first delight
That flashed upon me from this novel show
Had failed, the mind returned into herself;
Yet true it is, that I had made a change
In climate, and my nature's outward coat
Changed also slowly and insensibly.
Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts
Of linelessness gave way to empty noise
And superficial pastimes; now and then
Forced labour, and more frequently forced hopes;
And, worst of all, a reasonable growth
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired
And shook the mind's simplicity, and yet
This was a gladsome time. Could I behold—
Who, less insensible than sudden clay
In a sun-crier's bed at ebb tide of life,
Could have beheld,—with undelighted heart,
So many happy years in voice and fair
A congregation in its fulminating
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once
So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season—could have been un

That miscellaneous Garland of wild flowers
Docking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world? To me, at least,
It was a godly prospect: for, in south,
Though I had learnt to believe to stand un

And independent musings pleased me so
That spells seemed on me when I was alone,
Yet could I only cleave to the race
In bygone places; if a throng was near
That way I leaned by nature; for my heart
Was social, and loved a wide and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate
My deeper pleasures (may I had not once,
Though not unused to matter lonesome songs,
Even with myself divided such delight,
Or locked that way for ought that might be clothed
In human language), easily I passed
From the remembrances of better things,
And slipped into the ordinary works
Of certain youth, unheeded, unalarmed.
Cenheres there were within my mind which sun
Could never penetrate, yet did there not
Want store of leafy arbours where the light
Might enter in at will. Companionships
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome aall,
We parted, played, or rioted; we talked
Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
Drifted about along the streets and walks,
Read hastily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind zeal
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars
Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought.
Such was the tenor of the second act
In this new life. Imagination slept,
And thus was the very life of which I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
Of generations of illustrious men,
Unmoved. I could not always lightly past
Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
Wake where they waked, range that indiscussed
old,
That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.
Place also by the side of this dark sense
Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,
Seemed humbled in these precints thence to be
The more endeared. Their several memories
here
(Even like their persons in their portraits
clothed
With the accustomed garb of daily life)
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.
Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawkstone shade:
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his
tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded
heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft
voicings
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend!
Yes, our blind Poet, who in his later day,
Stood almost single; uttering odious truth—
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful—if the earth has ever crouched
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familial, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a striping youth—
A young lover, with his rosy cheeks
Angelic, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very room
Honoured by Milton's name, O temperate
Friend!
Be it confesst, that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Liberations, to thy memory drank, till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never switch by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I ran
From thee not solely, through a length of streets,
Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or apprehensive time,
Albeit long after the important bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra's voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy mind,
The place itself and fashion of the rites,
Have made me pay to science and to arts
And written lore, acknowledged my liege lord,
A homage frankly offered up, like that
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and pains
In this rescue, by thoughtful Fancy built,
Should spread from heart to heart; and stately groves,
Majestic edifices, should not want
A corresponding dignity within.
The congregating temper that pervades
Our proper years, not wasted, should be taught
To minister to works of high attempt—
Works which the enthusiast would perform with love.
Youth should be abed, 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 lost 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 staid truth.
And strong book-mindedness; and over all
A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seeming placeness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.

If these thoughts
Are a gratuous emissary
That mocks the recreant age now live in, then
Be folly and False-seeming free to affect
Whatever formal gait of discipline
Shall raise them highest in their own esteem—
Let them parade among the Schools at will,
But, in the House of God, Was ever known
The wild sheep who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And never laid with such mockery. Ere 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 reasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
Hollow and vexed, that is the tranquil air,
And your effulgent doings bring disgrace
On the purest sheep of our English Church,
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at hand
In daily sight of this irreverence,
Is smitten thence with an untarnished taint,
Losses her just authority, falls beneath.
Collarot suspicion, else unknown,
This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
That having 'mid my native hills given loose
To a schooleyn's vision, I had raised a pile
Upon the lea basis of the eoming time,
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informcd with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection: a primary 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 mothering creatures: a domain
For quiet things to wander in: a haunt
In which the fiercest should delight to feed
By the sky rivers, and the pelicans

Upon the cypress spire in lovely thought
Might sit and sun himself—Ah! Ah!
In vain for such solemn grace
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears vexed
By chattering popinjays: the inner heart
Scenmed trivial, and the impressions without
Of a too gauly region.

Different sight
Those venerable Doctors saw of:
When all who dwelt within these famous walls
Lied in abatements a studious life;
When, in formors and nuns, the chambers cooped
And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they hung
Like caterpillars eating out their way
In silence, or with keen devouring noise
Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then
At matins free, and couched at curfew-time,
Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
Spare diet, patient labour, and plain weeds.
O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the world!

Far different advice in those homely days
The Muses' modest nurseries underwent:
From their first childhood: in that glorious time
When Learning, like a stranger come from far,
Sounding through Christian lands her trumpet,roused
Peasant and king: when boys and youths, the growth
Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
Forsook their homes, and, earnest in the quest
Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,
Where, penned up, they in shelter might sit down,
From town to town and through wide scattered realms
Journeyed with pious followers in their hands; and often, starting from some covert place,
Saluted the chance comer on the road,
Crying, 'An oasis, a place to rest
To a poor scholar!'—when illustrious men,
Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,
Buried, Erasmus, or Melanchthon, read
Before the doors or windowed cells
Ily moonshine through mere lack of taper light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see but darkly
Even when we look behind us, and best things
Are not so pure by nature that they need
Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,
Their highest promise. If the mariner,
When at distant distance he hath passed
Some tempting island, could but know the tills
That must have fallen upon him had he brought
His bark to land upon the wished-for shore,
Good cause would oft lie his to thank the surf
Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind
That blew
Inerably adverse: for myself
I grieve not; happy is the parodied youth
Who only misses what I missed, who falls
No lower than I fell.
I did not love,
Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course
Of our scholastic studious: could have wished
To see the river flow with apper range
And freer pace: but more, far more, I grieved
To see displayed among an eager few,
THE PRELUDE.

Who in the field of context persevered,
Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart
And mowing sights, pitifully repeat,
When so disturbed, whatever pains are won.
For once I turned to travel with the shal!
Of more religion, mirth, and minstrelsy.
And pillow; yet not wanting love that makes
The day pass lightly on, when for eight sleep.
And wisdom and the pleading interchanged
With our own life, we cease to be.
Yet was this deep vacation not given up.
To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood
In my own muse, as from social life;
At least from what we commonly name.)
Like a lone shepherd on a promontory
Who lacking occupation looks for truth
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 outdoors walk of simple youth
To something that re-enables an approach
Towards human business, a prolonged world.
Within a world, a midway residence
With all its intervent ions.
Did better suit my visionary mind.
Far better, than to have been belted f-r-h,
Though out at once into Fortune's way
Among the conflicts of substantial life;
By a more just gradation did I
To higher things; more naturally mated,
For permanent possession, better fruits.
Whether of truth or virtue, to unsure.
In serious mood, but o'er me, I confess,
With playful jest of fancy, did we not
(How could we less? the manners and the ways
Of such a seeded-distinguish'nd by the hand
Of good or ill report; or those with whom
By frame of Academic discipline
We were perforce connected, men whose sway
And known authority of office served
To set our minds on edge, and did no more.
Nor was I yet in the fat time of this kind,
Found anywhere, but chiefly in the nick
Of the grave Elders, men once-cured, prosopque
In all they: trial, tried out like aged trees
Which through the laps of their infancy
Gave ready place to any random seed.
That chooses to be raised upon their trunks.
Here on my view, confronting visibly
They beheld, the swans whom I had lately left.
Appeared a different aspect of old age.
How different, now! yet both distinctly marked,
Objects embossed to catch the general eye
Or having for special use designed,
As some might seem, so aptly do they serve
To illustrate Nature's book of elements—
That look upbraid as mortal care
When she would enter on her tender scheme
Of teaching comprehension with delight,
And mingling playful with pathetic tastes.
The surfaces of artificial life
And manners finely wrought, the delicate race
Of colours, form, gleaming up and down
Through the state, was woven with silk and gold.
This way interchange of snaky hues,
Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
I neither knew nor cared for; and, as such
Were waiting 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 bread,
Of entertainment, as the gaping crowd
At l;ake or fair. And after the storms do float
Remembrances before me of old men—
Old humorists, who have been long in their
Graves,
And having almost in my mind put off
Their human names, have into plants transposed
Of texture midway between life and books.
I play the loiterer; 'twas enough to note
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed
The bounds of the great world; its angry storms
Collaterally portrayed, as in a mock fight
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
How 's short of mortal combat; and whatever
Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
An artful raucus's notice, as was least;
More that way, was not wasted upon me.
And yet the spectacle may well be deemed
A more substantial name, no mimic show,
Itself a living port of a fairy action;
A greek in the vast sea for all degrees
And shapes of ivory fame and short-lived praise.
Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from valid goods;
And here was Labour, his own hand labour;
Hope,
That never set the pains against the pure;
Ilium falling with his weary shock;
And poor miscalled Sirens, and we live with Fear,
And simple Pleasure forging & I Feats;
Honour misplaced, and Dishonesty a tray—
Finds, fortunes, flattering, trinity, and gull
Whipping my women, ages from flattery,
The 1st weak as the adulterer,
And Deceit and I Beauty I Falsehood.
And kind Authority beating with its staff
The child that might have learned him; emptiness
I numbed as of good enough, and meek Worth
Left to itself 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 I thought
That, in an easy temper full of asleep,
I was still with fluorescence own reward,
This was not wanting. Carelessly I roamed
As through a wide mountain from whose top
A causal rarity is singled out
And has its loved person, then gives way
To others, all supplanted in their turn;
Till mid this crowded neighborhood of things
That are by nature unquenchably,
The head turns round and cannot right itself;
And though an acheing and a barren sense
Of gay confusion still be uppermost
With fear, wise longings and keen little love,
Yet to the memory nothing cleaves at last,
Whence profit may be drawn in time to come.
Thus in sublime Idleness, my Friend!
The labouring time of autumn, winter, spring.
Eight months; ruffled pleasantly away; the
ninth
Came and returned me to my native hills.
SUMMER VACATION.

BOOK FOURTH.

Well might sarcastic Fancy then have whispered,
“An emblem here behold of thy own life;" 
In its late course of even days with all
Their smooth enchantment;" 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,
Ceremonious greetings felt, not sung
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 lovely 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 crouched 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 seach the fox
Among the impervious crags, but having been
From youth our constant companion passed
Into a gentler service. And when first
The beysh spirit flagged, and day by day
Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
The fermentation, and the seminal heat
Of poesy, affecting private shades
Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used
To watch me, as attendant and a friend.
Obsequious to my steps early and late,
Though often of such dignity that
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 set loose
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
Carestring 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 whose'er he is?
A passenger approaching, he would turn
To give him timely notice, and straightway,
Grateful for that admonishment, I hurried
My voice, composed my gait, and, with the air
And men of one whose thoughts are free, advanced.
To give and take a greeting that might save
My name from puerile rumours, such as wait
On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized and loved.
Regretted I—that word, too, was on my tongue.
But I would truly listen with all good,
And cannot be remembered but with thanks
And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—
Those walks in all their freshness now came back
Like a returning Spring. When first I made
Once more the circuit of our little lake,
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
That day consummate happiness was mine,
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.
The sun was set, or setting, when I left
Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on
A sober hour, not winning or serene.
For cold and raw the air was, and untuned.
But as a face we love in sweetest then
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
Have felicity in itself; even so with me
It fared that evening. Gently did my soul
Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood
Naked, as in the presence of her God.
While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch
A heart that had not been disconsolate;
Strength came where weakness was not known to be,
At least not felt; and restoration came
Like an unerring knock at the door.
Of unacknowledged weakness, I took
The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself.
Of that external scene which round me lay,
Little, in that abstraction, did I see;
Remembered less: but I had inward hopes
And sweetings of the spirit, was wraight and soothed.
Contentment, with promises, had glistening views
How life pervades the undecaying mind;
How the immortal soul with God-like power
Infirms, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep
That ever was lay upon her: how on earth,
Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.
Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love
Of friends—of friends and holiday repose—
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir
Ofboldest projects, and a peaceful end
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.
Thick misting, in a wood I rate me down
Alone, continuing there to muse: the slopes
And heights meanwhile were slowly overspread
With darkness, and before a rippling breeze
The long lice lengthened out its hoary line,
And in the sheltered copse where I rate,
Around me from among the hazel leaves,
New here, now there, moved by the struggling wind.

Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,
Quick as the paintings of the faithful dog,
The off and on companion of my walk;
And such, at times, believing them to be,
I turned my head to look if he were there;
Then into solemn thought I passed once more.
A freshness also found I at this time
In human Life, the daily life of those
Whose occupations truly I loved;
The peaceful scene oft filled me with surprise
Changed like a garden in the heat of spring
After an eight-days’ absence. For (to omit
The things which were the same and yet appeared
Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,
A narrow Vale where each was known to all,
Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny nook,
Where an old man had need to sit alone,
Now vacant; pale-faced babies whom I had left
In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet
Of a pleased grand dame tottering up and down;
And growing girls whose beauty, fished away
With all its pleasant promises, was gone
To deck some slighted playmate’s lonely check.

Yes, I had something of a sublter sense,
And often looking round was moved to smiles
Such as a delicate work of humour breeds;
I read, without design, the opinions, thoughts,
Of those plain-living people now observed
With clearer knowledge; with another eye
I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roaming the hills. With new delight,
This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired Dame;
Saw her go forth to church or other work
Of state equipped in monumental trim;
Short velvets cloak, her bonnet of the like,
A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers
Wore in old time. Her true domestic life
Affectionate without discreetness,
Her talk, her business, pruned and refined
No less than clear though shallow stream of pity
That ran on Sibyll days a freshener course.
With thoughts unfruitful till now I saw her read
Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had dropped asleep
And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,
Distinctly manifested at this time,
A human-heartlessness about my love
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth
Of my own private being and no more:
Which I had loved, even as a blessed spirit
Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,
Might love in individual happiness
But now there opened on me other thoughts
Of change, congratulation or regret,
A pensive feeling! — it spread far and wide;
The trees, the mountains shared it, and the brooks.
The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old haunts—
White Sirius glittering o'er the southern crags,
Orion with his belt, and the 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 those objects heretofore,
Were, in the main, of mood less tender: strong,
Deep, gloomy they were 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 still water, sloshing himself
With such discoveries as his eye can make
Beneath him to the bottom of the deep,
Sees many beautiful sights—weeds, fishes, flowers,
Greets, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,
Yet often is perplexed, and cannot part
The shadow from the substance; rocks and sky,
Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth
Of the clear flood, from things which there abide
In their true dwelling: now is crossed by gleam
Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
And wavering motions sent he knows not whence.
Impediments that make his task more sweet:
Such pleasant office have we long pursued
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time
With like success, nor often have appeared
Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned
Than these to which the Tate, indulgent Friend!
Would now direct thy notice. Yet in spite
Of their fair win, 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 games jostling each other, guards,
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 mankind and freedom; all conspired
To hurl the mind from firm habitual quest
Of needing pleasures, to depress the zeal
And damp those yearnings which had once been mine—
A wild, unworried-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 ascendant peace;
And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,
The memory of one part of the hour
Both here rise up against me. 'Nay a strong
Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,
A medley of all tempers, I had passed
The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
With din of instruments and tripping feet,
And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
And unmanned peerless spirits down:
Sprits upon the stretch, and here and there
Small shrieks of young love-like intercession,
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,
And tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble cope.
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorial pomp,
Glorious as ere I had beheld—'tis front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
The solid mountain shone, bright as the clouds,
Crimin-streaked, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the trim
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 elevating,
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives
Strange rendezvous! My mind was at that time
A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,
Solid and light, short-sighted and profound:
Of indiscriminate habits and sedate,
Consorting in one mansion unreproved.
The worth I knew of public not possessed,
Though slighted and too oft misused. Besides,
That summer, yearning as it was with thoughts
Transient and idle, lacked not intervals
When folly from the frown of fleeting Time
Shrink, and the mind experienced in herself
Conformity as just as that of old
To the end and writer of the mind's works,
Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,
Through pregnant vision, separate or conjointed.
When from our letter selves we have too long
Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,
Sick of its business, of its daily diet,
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;
How potent a mere image of her sway.
Most potent when improved upon the mind
With an appropriate human centre—hermit,
Deep in the bosom of the wilderness.
Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot
Is treading, where no other face is seen)
Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the top
Of light-house, beaten by Atlantic waves;
Or as the soul of that great Power is met
Sometimes embodied on a public road,
When, for the night deserts, it assumes
A character of quiet more profound
Than pathless waves.
Once, when those summer months
Were flown, and autumn brought its annual slow
THE PRELUDE.

Of ears with ears contending, sails with sails, Upon Wladislaw's spacious breast, it chanced That—after I had left a flower-decked room Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived To a last hour, and sports overweighed Were making night do penance for a day Spent in a round of venereal idleness— My homeward course led up a long ascent, Where the road's watery surface, in the top Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon And bore the semblance of another stream Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook That murmured in the vale. All else was still; No living thing appeared in earth or air, And, save the flowing water's peaceful voice, Sound there was none—but, lo! an uncouth shape, Shown by a sudden turning of the road, So near that, slipping back into the shade Of a thick thicket now, I could mark him well, Myself unseen. He was of stature tall, A span above man's common measure, tall, Stiff, lean, and upright; a more mangy man Was never seen before by night or day, Long were his arms, pulled his hands; his mouth Looked ghastly in the moonlight; from behind, A mite-stone preceded him; I could also ken That he was dowered in military garb, Though faded, yet entire. Compassionless, No dog attending, no staff sustained, He stood, and in his very dress appeared A degradation, a simplicity, To which the trapings of a gaudy world Make a strange background. From his lips, ere long, Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain Or some uncease thought; yet still his form Kept a steady walk and steadfastness—at feet his Shadow lay, and moved not. From self Not wholly free, I watched him thus: at length Subduing my heart's sanguine corrode, I left the path I took where I had stood And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-place He rose, and with a lees and wasted arm In measured gesture lifted to his head Returned my salutation; then resumed His station as before; and when I asked His name, he answered, in reply, Was neither slow nor eager; lost, unmoved, And with a quiet uncomplaining voice, A stately air of mild indigence, He told in few plain words a soldier's tale— That in the Tropic Islands he had served, Whence he had landed scarcely three weeks past; That on his landing he had been dismissed, And now was travelling towards his native home. This heard, I said, in pity, "Come with me." He stooped, and straightway from the ground took up An oven staff by me yet unobserved— A staff which must have dropped from his slack hand And lay till now neglected in the grass. Though weak his step and cautious, he appeared To travel without pain, and I beheld, With an astonishment but ill suppressed, His ghostly figure moving at my side; Nor could I, while we journeyed, forbear To turn from present hardships to the past, And speak of war, battle, and resistance? Sprinkling this talk with questions, better spared, On what he might himself have seen or felt. He all the while was in demesne calm, Compose in answer; solemn and sublime He might have seemed, but that in all he said There was a strange half-abandoned, 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 glossy and still, Up-turning, then, along an open field, We reached a cottage. At the door I knocked, And earnestly to charitable care Commended him as a poor friendless man, Belated and by sickness overcome. Assured that now the traveller would repose In comfort, I entreated that henceforth He would not linger in the public ways But ask for timely furtherance and help Such as his state required. At this reproof, With the same ghastly mildness in his look, He said, "My trust is in the God of Heaven, And in the eye of him who passes me." The cottage door was speedily unbarked, And now the soldier touched his hat once more With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice, Whose tone bespoke revival interests Till then unspoken, he thanked me; I returned The farewell blessing of the patient man, And so we parted. I had lost a look, And lingered near the door a little space, Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

BOOKS.

When Contemplation, like the night-calm felt Through earth, and sky, spreads widely, and seems deep Into the soul its tranquillizing power, Even then I sometimes groveled for thee, O Man, Earth's paramount Creature! not so much for Some Thou endurest; heavy though that weight Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light Both melt away; but for those pains achieved, Through length of time, by patient exercise Of study and hard thought; there, there, it is That sadness finds its fuel. Hithero, In progress through this Verse, my mind hath looked Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven As her prime teacher, intercourse with man Established by the sovereign Intellect, Who through that bodily image hath diffused, As might appear to the eye of fleeting time, A deathless spirit. Thus also, man I hast wrought, For commerce of thy nature with herself, Things that aspire to unapproachable lines;
THE PRELUDE.

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
As long as he shall be the child of earth,
Might almost "weep to have" what he may be
Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,
Albeit changed, forlorn, disconsolate.
A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,—
Should the whole frame of earth by inward thrones
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
Old Ocean, in his bed left vacant and bare,
Yet would the living Presence still subsist
Victorious, and composition would ensue,
And kindlings like the morning—pressure sure
Of day returning and of life revived.
But all the meditations of mankind,
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth
By reason built, or passion, which itself
Is highest reason in a soul sublime;
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,
Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,
Twin labours 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 steadfast friend,
He, with a smile made answer, that in truth
I was going far to seek disquietude:
But on the front of his reproof confessed
That he himself had oftentimes given way
To kinder hauntings. Whereupon I told,
That once in the stillness of a summer's noon,
While I was sequestered in a rocky cave
By the sea-side, pursuing so it chanced,
The famous history of the errant knight
Recorded by Cervantes, these same thoughts
Bested me, and to height unusual rose,
While solemnly I wrote, and, having closed
The book, had turned my eyes toward the wide
On poetry and geometric truth,
And their high privilege of lasting life,
From all internal injury exempt;
I mused upon these chiefly: and at length,
My senses yielding to the sultry air,
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream.
I saw the sun stretched a benighted plain
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,
And all looked around, darkness and fear
Came creeping over me, when at my side,
Close at my side, an unshout 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 unerring skill
Would through the desert lead me; and while yet
I looked and looked, self-questioned what this
freight
Which the new comer carried through the waste
Could mean, the Arab told me that the stone
[To give it in the language of the dream]
Was "Euclid's Elements;" and "This," said he,
"Is something of more worth;" and at the word
Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in shape,
In colour so resplendent, with command
That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,
And heard that instant in an unknown tongue,
Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,
A loud prophetic blast of harmony;
An Ode, in passion uttered, which foretold
 Destruction to the children of the earth
By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased
The song, than the Arab with calm look de-
crated,
That all would come to pass of which the voice
Had given forewarning, and that he himself
Was going then to bury those two books:
The one that held acquaintance with the stars,
And welded soul to soul in purest bond
Of reason, undisturbed by space or time
The other that was a god, yea many gods,
Had voices more than all the winds, with power
To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe,
Through every clime, the heart of human kind.
While this was uttering, strange as it may seem,
I wondered not, although I plainly saw
The one to be a stone, the other a shell;
Nor doubted once but that they both were
books,
Having a perfect faith in all that passed.
Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt
To cleave unto this man; but when I prayed
To share his enterprise, he hurried on
Reckless of me: I followed, not unseen,
For oftentimes he cast a backward look
Grasping his twofold treasure.—Lance in rest,
Its rode, I keeping pace with him: and now
He, to my fancy, had become the knight
Whose tale Cervantes tells; yet not the knight,
But was an Arab of the desert too.
Of these was neither, and was both at once.
His countenance, meanwhile, grew more disturbed;
And, looking backwards when he looked, mine
Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,
A bed of glittering light: I asked the cause:
"It is," said he, "the waters of the deep
Gathering upon us;"—quickening then the pace
Of the unwieldy creature he beastride,
He left me; I called after him aloud.
He needed not; but, with his twofold charge
Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,
Went hurrying o'er the level sand,
With the fleet waters of a drowning world
In chase of him; whereas I walked in terror,
And saw the sea before me, and the book,
In which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of sleep
This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,
This semi-Quixote, to him have given
A substance, fancied him a living man,
A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed
By love and feeling, and internal thought
Protracted among endless solitude
Hear I shaped him wandering upon this quest!
And the soul, nor have I pitted him; but rather felt
Reverence: Ye earth! a being thus employ'd;
And thought that, in the blind and awfll fear
Of such a madness, reason did he couched,
Know there are on earth to take in charge
Their wives, their children, and their virgin
Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear;
Know to stir for these: yea, will I say,
Contemplating in soberness the approach
Of an event so dire, by signs in earth
Or heaven's manifest, that I could share
That maniac's fond anxiety, and go
Upon like errand. Often times at least
Me hath such strong enchainment overcome,
When I have held a volume in my hand,
Poor earthy casket of immortal verse,
Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine.
Great and benign, indeed, must be the power
Of living nature, which could thus so long
Detain me from the best of other guides
And dearest helpers, left unbanked, unpraised,
Even in the time of lapsing infancy;
And later down, in grattling 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 sterner accents of sweet verse, some tale
That did bewitch me then, and soothes me now
O Friend! O Poet! O brother of my soul,
Think not that I could pass along untouched
By these remembrances. Yet wherefore speak?
Why call upon the weak words to say
What is already written in the hearts
Of all that love thee?—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 inapplicable look
That drops as if it never could be full.
That portion of my story I shall leave
There registred: whatever else of power
Of present use, or fostered thus, may be
Peculiar to myself, let that remain
Where still it works, though hidden from all
Search among the depths of time. Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which lay
Their sure foundations in the heart of man,
Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,
That in the name of all inspired souls—
From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice
That soared along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborse,
Those transport-kites of harmony that shake
Our shores in England,—from those loftiest notes
To the low and winch-like warblings, made
For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,
And mercenary 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—
To jest that is just been thus employ'd;
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, only for all,
pronounce
Their beneficence: 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 land
Upon the children of the land, a pest
That might have died me up, body and soul.
This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,
And things that teach as Nature teaches:
there,
Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet where,
Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend?
If in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through wiles
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
Stung like a poor man's beast at its feed,
Led through the lanes in fishermen's twould;
Or rather like a staidly ox debarr'd
From touch of growing grass, that may not
save
A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A preludio to the mower's song.
Behold the parent bim amid her brood,
Though fedged and feathered, and well pleased
to part
And straggle from her presence, still a brood,
And she herself from the maternal bond
Still undischarged: yet doth she little more
Than move with them in tenderness and love,
At 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;
Wish would I praise her but in perfect love.
Hence am I checked: lest be me boldly say,
In gratitude, and for the sake of fame:
Unheard by her, that she, not falsely taught,
Fetiching 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, on us
Our nature, but had virtual faith that He
THE PRELUDGE.

Who fills the mother's breast with innocent milk
Doth henceforth our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control
As innocent instincts, and as innocent food;
Or calls for HIS mind that is left free to trust
In the simplicities of opening life
Sweet honey out of a honeyed or dried weeds.
This was her creed, and therefore she was pure
From anxious fear of error or mishap,
And evil, overweeningly so called;
Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,
Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,
Nor with impatience from the season asked
More than its timely produce; rather loved
The hours for what they are, than from regard
Glanced on their promises in restless pride.
Such was she—not from faculties more strong
Than others have, but from the times, perhaps,
And spot in which she lived, and through a grace
Of modestmreckness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found temperance and hope,
Being itself benign.

Is scarcely obvious: but, that common sense
May try this modern system by its fruits,
Leave me to take to place before her sight
A specimen portrayed with faithful hand.
Full early trained to worship serenelles,
This model of a child is never known
To mix in quarrels: that were far beneath
Its dignity; with gifts he boubles o'er
As generous as a fountain: selflessness
May not come near him, nor the little thron;
Of feeling pleasures tempt him from his path;
The words of his song beggars propagate his name,
Dumb creatures find him tender as a man,
And natural or supernatural fear,
Us that show up upon him in a dream.
Touches him not. To enhance the wonder, see
His hands and his eyes disinterested grace
Of the ridiculous; not blind is he
To the broad fables of the licensed world,
Yet innocent himself wished, though shrewd,
And can read lectures upon innocence;—
A miracle of scientific love,
Ships he can guide across—sweeter sea,
And to full sail his unerring: he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
He knows the palpitation of foreign lands;
Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
The whole world over, tight as bands of dew
Upon a golden thread: he sifts, he weighs;
All things are put to question: he must live
Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart;
For this unnatural growth the trainer blames,
Pity the poor.—Poor human vanity.
Wert thou extinguished, little would be left
Which he could truly love; but how escape?
For, ever as a thought of purer birth
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,
Some intermedial still is on the watch
To drive him back, and pound him, like a stray,
Within the pincushion of his own coarseness.
Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved to

Unthought of: in their woodland beds the flowers
Weep, and the river sides are all sodern.
Oh! give us once again the wishing-cap
Of Fortunato, and the inviable coat
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
And Sagha in the forest with St George!
The child, whose love is here, at least, doth
reap
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.
These mighty worksmen of our later age,
Who, with a broad highway, have overbridged
The horded seas of futurity,
Tamed to their bidding; they who have the skill
To manage books, and things, and make them act
On infant minds as surely as the sun
Deals with a flower; the keepers of our time,
The guides and warders of our faculties,
Sages in whose prescience would control
All accidents, and to the very road
Which they have fashioned would confine us down.
Like engines: when will their presumption learn
That in the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than theirs, mostprofligal
Of blessings, and most studious of our good,
Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours?

There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And isles of Winder—many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would be stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
His own music: hushing to the silent oaks,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsively to his call, with quivering peals,
And to their rustling, and echoes loud,
Rolled and resounded, 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
His curved far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the sudden voice
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, did say
Its woods, and its uncared heaven, received
Into the lassom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
Where he was born; the grasy churchyard
Hanging
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

The playthings, which her love designed for him,
The Prelude

Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies!
Even now appear before the mind’s clear eye
That selfsame village church; I see her sit
(The thrumming Lady whom erewhile we hailed)
On her knee all, forgetful of this clay,
Who slumbered 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
When I first heard it—I seem, indeed, We might not be found upon a fatter soil
Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven—
A real truth there was not: too wise,
Too learned, or too good; but wanton, fresh,
And handled up and down by love and hate;
Unrescued where self-judged;
Fears, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy
Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds;
Though doing wrong and suffering, and full
Bending beneath our life’s mysterious weight
Of pain, and death, and fear, yet yielding not
In happiness to the happiest upon earth.
Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,
Be these the daily strengtheners of their minds;
May books and Nature be their early joy!
And knowledge, rightly honoured with that name—
Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power!
Well do I call to mind the very week
When I was first intrusted to the care
Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its shores,
And the wave-swept bays, like a dream of novelty
To my half-infant thoughts: that very week,
While I was raving up and down alone,
Seeking I know not what, I chanced to cross
One of those open fields, which, shaped like a
Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite’s Lake:
Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom
Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
A vast expanse of garments, as if left by one
Who might have there been lathing. Long I
watched
But no one owned them; meanwhile the calm
like,
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 looted
In passionate expectation from the shore,
Who 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, hot upgirt
Rose, with his ghostly face, a spectre shape of terror;
Yet no soul-dusking 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.
There followed the sad spectacle
With decoration of ideal grace;
A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
Of Grecian art, and purest poetry.
A precious treasure had I long possessed,
A little yellow, canvas-bound volume,
A slender abstract of the Arabian tales;
And, from conversations in a new guise,
When first I learnt that this dear prize of mine
Was left a blank bloom from a mighty quarry—
That there were four large volumes, laden all
With kindled matter, twixt me, in truth,
In promise scantily earthy. Instantly,
With one not richer than myself, I made
A covenant that each should lay aside
The moneys he possessed, and hord up more,
Till our joint savings had amounted enough
To make this book our own. Through several months,
In spite of all temptation, we preserved
Religiously that vow: but firmness failed,
Nor were we ever masters of our wish.
And when thereafter to my father’s house
The holidays returned me, there to find
That golden store of books which I had left,
What joy was mine! How often in the course
Of those glad recesses, though a soft west wind
Ruffled the waters to the angler’s wish,
For a whole day together, have I lain
Down by thy side, O Derwent! murmuring stream,
On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,
And there have read, devouring as I read,
Defrauding the jack’s glory, desperate!
Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,
Such as an inlet 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; instantly
It comes, to works of unproved delight,
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not what they are.
The tales that charm away the wakeful night
In Arab, romance: legends percolated
For shade by dim light of mossy lamps; Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful scribes: adventures endless, spun
By the disconsolate warrior in old age,
Out of the bowels of those stones in which
His youth did first extravagance;
These spread like day, and something in the shape
Of these will live till man shall be no more.
Dumb yearnings, hidden aspirations, are ours,
And they must have their food. Our childhood sits,
Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That faith more power than all the elements.
I guess not what the cells of living past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come;
But so it is, and, in that rhubarb hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognize, expect
And, in the long probation that ensues,
The time of trial, one we learn to live.
In reconciliation with our stinted powers;
To endure this state of meagre variegation,
Unwilling to force, confess, accept
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows
Till custom, mettlewise, and mutual tuned
And humbly down: oh then we feel, we feel,
THE PRELUDE.

We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers, then,
Forgers of daring tales! we bless you then,
Impeyours, drivers, dictators, as ye are.
Philosophy will call you: then we feel
With what a glad, how great a might ye are in
league,
Who make our wish, our power, our thought a deed.
An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
And season serve; all faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,
Space like a heart filled up with northern lights,
Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once.

Reinishing this lofty eminence
For ground, though humbler, not the less a tract
Of the same lothorn, which our spirits cross
In progress from their native continent
To earth and human life, the song might dwell
On that delightful time of growing youth,
When craving for the marvellous gives way
To strengthening love for things that we have seen;
When sober truth and steady sympathies,
Offered to notice by less daring pens,
Take firmer hold of us, and words themselves
Move us with conscious pleasure.
I am sad
At thought of rapture now for ever flown;
Almost to tears, I sometimes could be sad,
To think of, to read over, many a page,
Poems withal of name, which at that time
Did never fail to entrance me, and are now
Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre
Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five years
Or oft, reading them, when first my mind
With conscious pleasure opened to the charm
Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet
For their own sake, a passion, and a power;
And phrases pleased me chosen for delight,
For sound, or sense, or love, or in the public roads
Yet unfrequented, while the morning light
Was yellowing the hill tops. I went abroad
With a dear friend, and for the better part
Of two delightful hours we strolled along
By the still borders of the misty lake,
Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
On coming more, as happy as the birds
That round us chaunted. Well might we be glad,
Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,
More bright than madness or the dreams of wine.
And, though full oft the objects of our love
Were false, and in their splendour overwrought,
Yet was there surely then no vulgar power
Working within us—nothing less in truth,
Than that most noble attribute of man,
Though yet untutored and incoordinate,
That wish for something loftier, more adorned,
Than is the common aspect, daily garb.
Of human life. What wonder, then, if sounds
Of exaltation echoed through the groves!
For images, and sentiments, and words,
And everything encountered or pursued
In that delicious world of poetry,
Kept holiday, a never-ending show,
With music, incense, festival, and flowers!
Here must we pause: this only let me add,
From heart experience, and in humblest sense
Of modesty, that he, who in his youth
A daily wanderer among woods and fields
With living Nature hath been intimate,
Not only in that raw uncultivated 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 winy winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words:
There, darkness makes a side, and all the host
Of shadowy things work endless changes,—there,
As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circumised
By that transparent veil of light divine,
And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
Present themselves as objects recognised,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

BOOK SIXTH.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

The leaves were fading when to Eusthwaite's banks
And the simplicities of cottage life
I looked farewell; and, one among the youth
Who, summoned by that season, reunite
Ascends and birds troop to the Fowler's lair,
Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so prompt
Or eager, though as gay and uprepressed
In mind, as when I thence had taken flight
A few short months before. I turned my face
Without repining from the coves and heights
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern;
Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
Of calmer lakes and louder streams; and you,
Frank-hearted maid 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 lonesome 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 in the public book;
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,
But with no settled plan. I was detached
Internally from academic cares;
Yet independent study seemed a course
Of hearty disobedience toward friends
And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.
This sprituous venture, rather near
A name it now deserves, this cowardice,
Gave treacherous sanction to that overlove,
Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
From regulations even of my own
THE PRELUDE.

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 deeper are the most, what keen research,
Unbiased, unbewildered, and unawed?

The Poet's soul was with me at that time;
Sweet meditation overflow
Of present happiness, while future years
Looked 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 unsmitten: yet for me,
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hill,
Her dew is on the flowers. Those were the days
Which also first emboldened me to trust
With firmness, hitherto but slightly touched
By such a daring thought, that I might leave
Some monument behind me which pure hearts
Should reverence. The instinctive humbleness,
Maintained even by the very name and thought
Of printed books and authorship, began
To melt away; and further, the dread awe
Of mighty names was softened down and seemed
Approachable, admitting fellowship
Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,
Though not familiarly, my mind put on,
Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
Did I by night frequent the College grove
And sit in walk; the last, and oft
The only one, who had been lingering there
Though hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
Rang in its blatant unceasing voice,
Irresistible summons! Loftly emoji,
Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Post-tow'd composure on a neighbourhood
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
With stars on trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,
Grew there; on each 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 lichens twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow trusses, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
Foot-bound upholding at this lovely tree
Beneath a frozen moon. The hemisphere
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
May never read: but scarcely Spenser's self
Could have more tranquill visions in his youth,
Or could more bright appearances create
Of human forms with superhuman power,
Than I beheld loitering on calm clear nights
Alone, meditating this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth
"There idle to debase. My inner judgment
Not seldom differed from my taste in books,
As if it appertained to another mind,
And yet the books which then I valued most
Are dearest to me now; for, having scanned,
Not heedlessly, the laws, and traced the forms
Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed
A standard, often uselessly applied
Even when unconscious, to things removed
From a familiar sympathy. In fine,
I was a better judge of thoughts than words,
Mised in estimating words, not only
By common experience of life,
But by the trade in classic nities,
The dangerous craft of cutting term and phrase
From languages that want the living voice
To carry meaning to the natural heart;
To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
What reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook
The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
Of geometrical science. Though advanced
In these inquiries, with regret I speak
No farther than the threshold, there I found
Such elevation and composed delight
With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased
With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source I drew
A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway,
And paramount belief; there, recognised
A type, for finite natures, of the one
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
Which—beyond the boundaries of space and time,
Of melancholy space and dolorous time,
Superior and incapable of change,
Not touched by wavelets of passion—no,
And hath the name of God, Transcendent peace.

And silence did await upon these thoughts
That were a frequent comfort to my youth.
"To told by one whom stormy waters threw,
With fellow-sufferers by the shrewdly spared,
Upon a desert coast, that having brought
To land a single volume, saved by chance;
A treatise of Geometry, he wrote,
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 truth]
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 did I,
From the same cause produced, amid outward things
So different, may rightly be compared,
So was it then with me, and so will be
With Poets ever, Mighty is the charm
Of those abstractions to a mind bested
With images and haunt of itself,
And specially delightful unto me
Was that clear synthesis built up aloft
So gracefully; even, when it was not
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 unbearned
By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—
Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn apti-
tudes.
And not to love the story of that time
Imperfect, with these facts must be joined
Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved
A pensive sky, sail days, and piping winds,
The twilight: more than dawn, autumn than
spring;
A treated and luxurious gloom of choice
And inclination mainly, and the mere
Regardability of youth's contentness.
—To time thus spent, add multitudes of hours
Pilfered away, by what the hard who sang
Of the Eucharist Insolence 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 Paviland's rocky rocks;
Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts
Of my own native region, and was blest.
Between these sordid wanderings with a joy
Above all joys, that seemed another morn
Risen on mid noon; blest with the presence,
Friend.

Of that noble sister, her who hath been long
Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine,
Now, after separation, do late,
Restored to me—such absence that she seemed
A gift then first bestowed. The varied banks
Of the Avon, halient to unmeasured song.

And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees,
Low hanging by the margin of the stream,
A mansion visited (as fame reports)
By Sidney, where, in sight of our Houselfyln,
Or stormy Cross-fall, snatchès he might pen
Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love
Inspired,—that river and those mouldering towers
Have seen us go side by side, when, having climb
The darksome windings of a broken stair,
And clung along a ridge of fractured wall,
Not without trembling, we safely 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 tufted head,
 Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell
Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,
Grown out while mid-day heat oppressed the

Another maid there was, who also shed
A gladness over that season, then to me,
By her exulting outside look of youth
And placed under-countenance, first endeared;
That other spirit, Coleridge! who is now
So near to us, that meek confiding heart,
So reverence by us both. O'er paths and
fields
In all that neighbourhood, through narrow lanes
Of eglandine, and through the shady woods,
And o'er the Border leacon, 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 I we had not seen thee at that time,
And yet a power is on me, and a strong
Confinement, and I seem to plant thee there.
Far art thou wanderer, 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 language, no objection, no dismay.
No absence scarcely can there be, for those
Who love as we do. Speed thee well I divide
With us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,
Receive it daily as a joy of ours;
Share with us thy fresh spirites, whether gift
Of galads Ettison or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!—
How different the fate of different men.
Though mutually unknown, ye nursed and
weared
As if in several elements, we were framed
To bend as last to the same discipline,
Premeditate, if two beings were ever,
To seek the same delights, and have one health,
One happiness. Throughout this narrative,
Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind
For whom it registers the birth, and marks the
growth,
Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,
And joyous love, in that eventful days
Of peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,
And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to
thine,
Woe, yet a liberated schoolboy,
In the depths
Of the huge city, on the ledge
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to be and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven: or, of that pleasure tried,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,
In this late portion of my argument,
That scarcely, as my task was ceased,
Had I left those academic bowers
When thou wert clubbed down; from the heart
Of London, and from cloisters there, thou
Numbered,
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, repealed a thousand hopes.
For ever withered. Through this retrospect
Of my collegiate life I still have had
Thy after-joyn in the same place
Present before my eyes: I live: with times
And accidents as children do with cards
Or as a man, who, when his house is built,
Aframe locked up in wood and stone, doth still,
As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,
Refused in this thing: I have thought
Of thee, thy learning; generous eloquence,
And all the strength and plumpage of thy youth,
Thy subtle speculations, belus aloof true
Among mockers, and Platonick forms
Of wild ideal paganity, shaped out
From things well-matched or ill, and words for things.
The self-created sustenance of a mind
Debarred from Nature's living images,
(compelled to be a life unto herself,
And undeniably possessed by more
Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,
Ahi surely not in singleness of heart
Should I have seen the light of evening fade
From smooth Cun's silent waters: had we met,
Even at that early time, needs must I trust
In the belief that my matrurer age,
My calmer habits, and more steady voice,
Would with an influence benignant have soothed,
Or chased away, the airy wretchedness
That fastened on thy youth. But thou hast true
A march of glory, which doth put to shame
These vain regrets; health suffers in thee, else
Such grief for thee would be the weakest thought
That ever harboured in the breast of man.
A passing word erewhile did lightly touch
On wanerences of my own, that now embraced
With livelier hope a region wider far.
When the third summer freed us from re
straint,
A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,
Not slow to speak his wishes, took his staff,
And sallying forth, we journeyed side by side,
Bound to the distant Alps: A hardly slight
In this unprecedented course imply
Of college studies and their set rewards;
Nor had, in truth, the scheme been formed by me
Without anxious forethought of the pain,
The censures, and ill-omening of those
To whom my worldly interests were dear.
But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,
And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy,
Had given a charter to irregular hopes.
In any age of uneventfull calm
Among the nations, surely would my heart
Have been possessed by similar desire;
But Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
France standing on the top of golden hours,
And human nature seeming born again.
Lightly equipped, and but a few brief looks
Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore
From the recording vessel's deck, we chanced
To land at Genoa in the very eve
Of that great federal day: and there we saw,
In a metropolis, and among a few,
How bright a face it worn when joy of one
Is joy for tens of millions. Southward thence
We held our way, direct through hamlets, towns,
Gaudied with reliques of that festival,
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,
And garlands hanging. 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 blesseveness
Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when
pring
Hath left no corner of the land untouched;
Where elms for many and many a league in files
With their thin unbranched, 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 feel a Poet's tender melancholy
And fond conceit of sadness, with the sound
Of undulations varying as might please
The wind that swayed them: once, and more
than once.
Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw
Dances of liberty, and in late hours
Of darkness, dances in the open air
Defly 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 Sone,
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 alter reach, succession without end.
Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair
Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along
Clustering together with a merry crowd
Of those emancipated, a blithe host
Of travellers, chiefly delegates, returning
From the great specialities they solemnized
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.
Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees:
Some vespertine in the untrullness of joy,
And with their swords flourished to fight
The saucy air. In this proud company
We landed—took with them our banquet 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 foreigners in a glorious course;
And round and round the board we danced again.
With these blithe friends our voyage we renewed
At early dawn. The monastery bells
Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears,
The rapid river flowing without noise,
And each upspring or receding spout
Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals
Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew.
By whom we were encompassed. Taking leave
Of this glad throng, foot-on foot, side by side,
Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued
2 B
THE PRELUDE.

Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set
Beheld the Convent of Chartres, and there
Restless within an awful solitude.
Yes; for even then no other than a place
Of soul-afflicting solitude appeared
That far-famed region, though our eyes had
seen,
As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,
Arms flashing, and a military glare
Of recruits men commissioned to expel
The blameless inmates, and below subvert
That frame of mortal being, which so long
Had looked forth the ghostliness of things
In silence vast and perpetual calm.
—"Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!"—The voice.

Was Nature, uttered from her Alpine throne;
Her heard it then and seem to hear it now—
"Your impious work forbeart; 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 seal!
Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!
Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
Discerning sword that Justice wielded, do thou
Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging fires,
Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.
But oh! if Past and Future be the wings
On which this mighty spirit harmoniously conjoint
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge,
More these courts of mystery, where a step ad
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 unworliy votaries, for the sake
Of Christ, the wise in sense, bountifully achieved.
Through faith and meditative reason, resting
Upon the word of heaven-impregnt truth,
Calmly triumphant; and for humber claim
Of that imaginative impulse sent
From those majestic floods, you shining cliffs,
The untranscended shapes of many worlds,
Cerealian 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
I am forever, from the blank abyss
To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled.”
Not seldom since that moment have I wished
That then, O Friend! the trouble or the calm
Had it shared, when, from profound regards
brought.

In sympathetic reverence we stood
The haunts of those dim embers, till that hour,
From their foundation, strangers to the
presence
Of unrestricted and unhinking man,
Aboard, how cheeringly the sunshine lay
Upon the open laws! Valombre’s groves

Entering, we fed the soul with darkness
thence
Issued, and with uplifted eyes behold,
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 indiscriminating sweep
And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.
’Tis not my present purpose to retrace
That variegated journey step by step.
A march it was of military speed,
And Earth did change her fresh and forms
Before us, fast as clouds are changed in heaven.
Day after day, up early and down late,
From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to hill
Mounted—from province on to province every,
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 covert did we cross of pastoral life,
Easing valleys, greathed them left
Too soon, while yet the very flux and gleam
Of salutation were not passed away.
Oh! I sorrow for the youth who could have seen
Unstained, unsmirched, unworn, unsullied
To patriarchal dignity of mind.
And pure simplicity of wish and will.
Those sanctified souls of peaceful man,
Pleased (though to hardship born, and compass
passed round
With danger, varying as the seasons change,
Pleased with his daily task, or, if not pleased,
Contented, from the moment that the dawn
(Ah! surely not without attendant gleams
Of soul-illumination) calls him forth
To industry, by glitstings hung on rocks,
Whose evening shadows lead him to repose.
Well might a stranger look with bounding heart
Down on a green recess, the first I saw
Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,
Quiet and lored over and possessed
By naked bust, wood-built, and sown like tents
Or Indian cabins over and by the river side.
That very day
From a bare ridge we also first beheld
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and
grieved.
To have a soulless image on the eye
That had usurped upon a living thought
That never more could be. The wondrous Vale
Of Chamonix stretched far below, and soon
With its dumb catacombs and streams of ice,
A motionless army of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, made amends,
And reconciled us to realities;
There small birds flitted from the leafy trees,
The eagle soars high in the element,
There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,
The maiden spread the haycock in the sunk,
While Winter, like a well-tamed lion walks,
Descending from the mountains to make sport.
Among the cottages by beds of flowers.
What’s er in this wide circuit we beheld,
Or heard, was fitted to our urbane state
Of intellect and heart. With such a book
Before our eyes, we could not choose but read
THE PRELUD.

Emblem of genuine brotherhood, the plain
And universal reason of mankind,
The truths of young and old. Not, side by side
Facing, two social pilgrims, or alone
Each with his humour, could we fail to abound
In dreams and fictions, pensively composed:
Dejection takes up for pleasure's sake,
And a few sympathies, the willow wreath,
And sober posies of funeral flowers,
Gathered among those sedate sublime
From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,
Did sweeten many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries
Mixed some truer 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 Vaillais we had turned, and clomb
Along the Simplon's steep and rugged road,
Following a band of muleteers, we reached
A halting-place, where all together took
Their noon-time meal. Hastily rose our guide,
Leaving us at the load; awhile we lingered,
Then passed 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
Copious invitation to ascend
A lofty mountain. After brief delay
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road we took,
And clomb with eagerness, till anxious fears
Introdured, for we failed to overtake
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate chance,
While every moment added doubt to doubt,
A man met us, from whose mouth we learned
That to the spot which had perplexed us first,
We must descend, and where should find the road,
Which in the stony channel of the stream
Lay, with stones and flints and then along its banks;
And that our future course, all plain to sight,
Was downwards, with the current of that

Ith, to believe what we so griev'd 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,
Enabled in that,—that I now had created the Alps.

Imagination—here the Power so-called
Through said incompentence of human speech,
That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss
Like an unshaperd vapour that envelops,
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,
It yields and yields, and only there:
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something extremities about to be
Under such banns malignant, the soul
Seeks for so trophies, struggles for so spoils
That may attest her prowess, bless in thoughts
That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in herself and in benediction
That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile
Poured from his font of Abyssinian clouds
To fertilize the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued
Upon those tidings by the peasant given
Was soon dissolvgd. 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 inmeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blast of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds swathing winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black disfainting crags 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 same the 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 swilled
The rapid stream whose margin we had trod:
A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,
With high and spacious rooms, darkened and
stunned
By noise of waters, making innocent sleep
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we renewed,
Led by the stream, ere noon-day musedified
Into a lovely river, broad and deep,
Dipping 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 victor,
Locarno! spreading out in width like Heaven,
How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,
Rack in the sunshine of the memory;
And Come! thou, a treasure whom the earth
Keeps to herself, confided in a depth
Of Abyssinian privacy. I speak
Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden
plass
Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maidens;
Thy lofty steeps, and pathways roofed with vines,
Winding from house to house, from town to town.
Sole link that binds them to each other;
walks,
League after league, and choral avenues,
Where silence dwells if music be not there;
While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
Through fond ambition of that hour I strove
To chant your praise: nor can approach you now.
Unaptured by a more melodious Song,
Where tones of Nature smoothed by learned hands
May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze
Of unison over your domain I passed
In motion without pause; but ye have left
Your beauty with me, a serene accord
Of forms and colours, passive, yet endowed
In their subserviency 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 volutions of pure thought,
When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked
Religiously, in silent blessedness;
Sweet as this last herself, for such is it.

With those delightful pathways we advanced,
For two days' space, in presence of the Lake.
That, stretching for among the Alps, assumed
A character most stern. The second night,
From sleep awakened, and misled by sound
Of the church clock telling the hours with strokes
Whose import then we had not learned, we rose
By moonlight, doubting not that day was nigh,
And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path,
Along the winding margin of the lake,
Led, as before, we should behold the scene
Hushed in profound repose. We left the town
Of Graydonia with this hope; but soon
Wore lost, bewildered among woods immense,
And on a rock sat down, to wait for day.
An open place was it, and overlooked,
From high, the sullen water far beneath,
On which a dull red image of the moon
Lay bedsded, changing oftentimes its form
Like an uneasy snake. From hour to hour
We sate and sate, wondering, as if the night
Had been earned by witchcraft. On the rock
As on the shore we stretched out our weary limbs for sleep,
But could not sleep, tormented by the singings
Of insects, which, with noise like that of noon,
Filled all the woods: the cry of unknown birds;
The mountains more by blackness visible
And their own size, than any outward light;
The breathless wilderness of clouds; the clock
That ticked with an incommelligible voice,
The widely parted hours; the noise of streams,
And sometimes rustling motions nigh at hand,
That did not leave us free from personal fear;
And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that set
Before us, while she still was high in heaven:
These were our food; and such a summer's night
Followed that pair of golden days that shed

On Como's Lake, and all that round it lay,
Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid farewell
To days, each offering some new delight
With some unrivied adventure, in a course
Prolonged till inklings of autumn snow
Checked our unwearied steps. Let this alone
Be mentioned as a parting word, that not
In hollow exclamation, dealing out
Hyperboles of praise comparative:
Not rich one need be to go aeronaut;
Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind
Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner
On outward forms—did we in presence stand
Of that magnificent region. On the front
Of this whole Song is written that my heart
Must, in such Temple, needs have offered up
A different worship. Finally, whate'er
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale
Confederate with the current of the soul,
To spend 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 fate of war
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
We left the Swiss exulting over
Of their near neighbours; and, when shortening
Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,
We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret
For battle in the cause of Liberty.
A stripping, scarcely of the household then,
Of social life, I looked on these things
As from a distance; heard, and saw, and felt,
Was touched, but with no intimate concern;
I seemed to move along them, as a bird
Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues
Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;
I wanted not that joy, I did not need
Such help; the evening wind,
Turn where I might, was opening out its glories,
And the independent spirit of truth
Called forth, at every season, new delights
Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er green
Fields.

BOOK SEVENTH.

That flowed awhile with unabating strength,
Then stopped for years; not to be revive
Before last prime-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,
Since the dark leaf is a leaf betwixt light and dark,
A choir of red-breasts gathered somehow near
My threshold,—minstrels from the distant woods
Blest in on Winter's services, to announce
With preparation artful and benign,
That the moon, lord had left the early North
On his accustomed journey. The delight,
Due to this timely notice, unawares
Stole me, and, listening, I in whispers said,
'These heartsome Chorusers, ye and I will be
Associates, and, unscarred by blasting winds,
Whit, chant together.' Thereafter, as the shades
Of Genius of repose, going forth, I spied
A glow-worm underneath a dusky plane
Or come, if of unweathered fern,
Clear-skirted, 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 warded at my door,
And the whole year breathed tenderness and love.

The last night's genial feeling overflowed
Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,
Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,
As if to make the strong wind visible,
Wakes in me agitation like its own,
A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,
Which we will now resume with lively hope,
Nor checked by aught of tamer argument
That has before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion, soon I bade
Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats
Of gowned priests, grunted bull and bower,
And every comfort of that privileged ground,
Well pleased to catch a vagrant text among
The unconverted regions of society.

Yet, undeterred to what course of life
I should adhere, and seeming to possess
A little space of intermediate time
As full command, to London first I turned,
In no disturbance of excessive hope,
By personal ambition uneavored.

Fragile with there was need, and, though self-willed,
From dangerous passions free. Three years had flown
Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
Of the huge town's first presence, and had paced
Her endless streets, a transient visitant :
Now, fixed and that concourse of mankind
Where Pleasure whirled about incessantly,
And life and labour seem but one, I filed
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 site.
And all my young affections out of doors,
There was a time when whatso'ev' is
Of airy palaces, and gardens built
By Genius of vegetation, or bath in grave
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
Alcina, Babylon, or Persepolis,
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
Among Tartarian whiteness, and breast far short,
Of what my fond simplicity believed
And thought of London—make me by a chain
Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
Whether the belfry of childhood's Fancy shot
For me beyond its ordinary mark,
'Twere vain to ask; but in our flock of bogs
Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom
chance
Summoned from school to London: fortunate
And envied traveler! When the lay returned,
After short absence, curiously I scanned
His men and person, nor was free, in sooth,
From disappointment, not to find some change
In look and air, from that one region brought.
As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned him;
And every word he uttered, on my ears
Fall flatter than a caged parrot's note,
That answers unexpectedly away,
And mocks the prompter's listening. Marvel-
Lous things,
Had vanity quick spirits that appears
Alas! as deeply seated and as strong
In a Child's heart as fear it concealed
For my enjoyment. Would that I could now
Recall what then I pictured to myself,
Of mired Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,
The King, and the King's Palace, and, not last,
Nor least, Heaven bless him! the renowned
Lord Mayor:
Dream not unlike to those which once begat
A Change of purpose in young Whittounson.
When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,
Sate on a stone, and heard the bat's weak out
Articulate music. Above all, one thought
Blush'd me my understanding, how men lived
Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet still
Strangers, not knowing each the other's name.

O, wondrous power of words, by simple faith
Licensed to take the meaning from the mind
Yaxshill and Ranceleigh! I then had heard
Of your green groves, and wilderness ofumps
Dimming the stars, and fire-works magical,
And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,
Floating in dance, or waltling high in air
The songs of spirits! Nor had Fancy fed
With less delight upon that other class
Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent:
The River proudly bridged; the dirty top
And whispering Gallery of St Paul's; the
Tombs
Of Westminster: the Giants of Guildhall;
Bedlam, and those carved manes at the gates,
Perpetually recumbent: St Paul's
And the horse under him—in gilded pomp
Adorning flowery garlands, 'mid vast squares:
The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower
Where England's sovereigns sit in long array.
Their needs bespeaking—every mimic shape
Used in the gleaming mail the monarch wore,
Whether for gory tourney, or might less, or
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-abasement, as it is
Paid to the object by prescriptive right.
THE Prelude.

Rise up, thou monstrous unt-till hill on the plain Of the winds, and give the world a view; 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 deepening din:
The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face: the string of dazzling wares,
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
And all the tradesman’s honours overhead:—
Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian spirits:
There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
Boyle, Shakespeare, 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 at a sheltered place when winds blow loud!
At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,
And sights and sounds that come at intervals,
We take our way. A raree-show is here,
With children gathered round; another street
Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antics pair
Of monkeys on his back: a minstrel team
Of Savoyards; or, single and alone,
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
Gloomy avenues, and sightseers lanes
Thrilled by some female vendor’s scream, or
the very shrillest of all London cries,
May then entangle our impatient steps,
Comparing the bowerhead, the labyrinths, unaware
To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.
Thence back into the throng, until we reach
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets,
Bring stronger breezes of voluntarist air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls;
Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
Frees forward, in all coours, on the sight;
These bold in conscious merit, lower down;
Thru, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, pauper-venture, one in marguerite.
As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toll.
*Tis one encountered here and everywhere;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stump on his arms. In sailor’s garb
Another lies at length, beside a range
Of hag-ridden characters, with chalk inscribed
Upon the smooth flat stones: the Nurse is here,
The Bachelor, that loves to run himself,
The military fiddler, and the Dane,
That field-ward takes her walk with decent step.

Now homeward through the thickening hub-
luhr, where
See, such less distinguishable shapes,
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;

The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
Steading, far-seen, a frame of images
Upon his head; with basket at his breast
The Jew: the stately and slow-moving Turk,
With freights of slippers piled beneath his arm!

Enough.—the mighty concourse I surveyed
With no unthinking mind: well pleased to note
Among the crowd all specimens of man,
Through all the colours which the sun bestows,
And every character of form and face;
The Swede, the Russian: from the genial south,
The Frenchman and the Spaniard; from remote
America, the Hunter-Indian; Moors,
Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,
The spectacles within doors—birds and beasts
Of every nature, and strange plants conveyed
From every clime; and, next, those sights that
The absolute presence of reality,
Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,
And what earth is, and what she has to show.
I do not here allude to sublimest craft,
By means refined attaining purest ends,
But imitations, fondly made in plain
Confession of man’s weakness and his loves.
Whether the Pleurer, whose ambitious skill
Submit to nothing less than taking in
A whole horizon’s circuit, do with power,
Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,
Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,
Or in a ship on waters, with a world
Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,
Above, behind, far stretching and before;
Or more mechanic art, the more
By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,
From blended colours also borrowing help,
Some miniature of famous spots or things.—
St Peter’s Church: or, our own
In microscopic vision, Rome herself;
On, happy, some choice rural haunt,—the Falls
Of Tivoli; and, high upon that steep,
The Sibyl’s moulderling Temple! every tree,
Villa, or cottage, turkish or arabian
Throughout the landscape: tuft, stone, scratch
Minute—
All that the traveller sees when he is there.

Add to these exhibitions, mute and still,
Others of wider scope, where living spirits,
Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,
Diversified the afternoon. Need I fear
To mention by its name, as in degree,
Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,
Yet richly grace with beauties of her own,
Half-rural Saddler’s Wells? Though at that time
Intolerant, as is the way of youth
Unless itself be pleased we see it more than once
Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,
With ample recompense) giants approach,
Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, harlequins,
And amid the uproar of the rabblement,
Perform their feats. Nor was it mean delight
To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds;
To note the laws and progress of belief;
Though obstruite on this way, yet on that
How willingly we travel, and how far!

To have, for instance, brought upon the scene
The champion. Jack the Giant-killer: Lo! He has burst out of darkness; on the stage Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the eye Of living Moral covert, "as the moon HID in her vacant interlunar cave." Delusion! and how can he be wroght? The girth he wears is black as death, the word "Immortal" frames forth upon his chest.

Her foot was "forms and pressures of the time," Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed When Aristophanes—war, drama of living men, And recent things yet warm with life; a sea-fight, Shipwreck, or some domestic incident Envisaged by Truth and magnified by Fame: Such as the daring brotherhood of fate Set forth, too serious theme for that light-place— I mean, O distant Friend! a story drawn From our own ground,—the Maid of Butter- mere—

And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came And wooed the artless daughter of the hills, And wedded her, in cruel mockery Of love and marriage bonds. These words to thee Must needs bring back the moment when we first, Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name, Beheld her serving at the cottage inn.

To one sick spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme I was returning, when, with cloudy forms Commingled—shapes which met me in the way That we must tread—thy image rose again, Maid of buttermeere! She lives in peace Upon the spot where she was born and reared With no contamination doth she live In quietness, without anxiety: Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth Her resting place, infant, fearless as a lamb That, thither driven from some unsated place, Rests underneath the little rock-like pile When storms are raging. Happy are they both—Mother and child!—These feelings, in themselves, Trite, yet strangely seem to when I think On those ingenious moments of our youth Ere we had learnt by use to slant the crone And sorrows of the world. Those simple days Are my theme; and, foremost of the scenes Which yet survive in memory, appears One, at whose centre sat a lovely Joy, A woman artless, who, for six months' space, Not more, had been of age to deal about Artful grace—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 tans too well accorded with the glare From play-house lustres thrown without reserve On every object near. The time had been The pride and pleasure of all bookers-on In whatsoever place, but seemed in this A sort of alien scattered: from the cloud, Of lusty vigour, more than infantine He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—if 'er, By cottage-door on breezy summer main 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 sat surrounded with a throng Of chance spectators, chiefly dissenting men And shameless women, treated and cared for; And, drank, and with the fruit and glasses played, While oaths and laughter and incoherent 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 walk with hair unbrushed Amid the fiery furnace. Chums and spells Muttered on black and spiritful instigation Have stopped, as some believe, the kindliest growths.

Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer Have been preferred, that this fair creature, checked By special privilege of Nature's love, Should in his childhood he detained for ever But with its universal freight the sky Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent, Maryl may now have lived till he could look With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps, Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills, I heard, and for the first time in my life, The voice of woman utter blasphemy— Saw woman as she is, to open shame Abandoned, and the pride of public vice; I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once Thrown in that from humanity divorced Humanity, splitting the rail of man Now, in turn, yet leaving the same outward form, Distance of mind ensued upon the sight, And ardent meditation. Later years Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness, Feelings of pure compassion, grief For the individual and the overthrow Of her soul's beauty; further I was then But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth The sorrow of the passion stopped me there. But let me now, less moved, in order take Our argument. Enough is said to show How casual incidents of real life, Observed where pastime only had been sought, Outweighed, or put to flight, the set events And measured passions of the stage, albeit By Siddons trod in the fulness of her power, Yet was the theatre my dear delight;
THE PRELUDE.

The very gliding, lamps and painted scrolls,
And all the graces of the play.
Wanted not animation, when the side
Of pleasure clouted but to return as fast
With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,
Solemnly 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-blow'd
state
Of the world's greatness, winding round with train
Of courtiers, banisters, and a length of guards;
Or some well Anatolian, with words and jingling
His slender manacles; or romping girl
Bombed, leaps, and pawed the air; or muttering sire,
A scene she pattern of old age dressed up
In all the terrors of infancy.
All lovesty put together, hobbled in,
Stamping upon a case with which he smiles,
From time to time, the solid boards, and makes them
Pret'st somewhat loudly of the whereabouts
Of one so oversid'd 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
Fills this in our story by the way, how eagerly
And with what flash, as it were, the mind
Tuned it this way—and that way! sportive and alert
And watchful, as a kitten when at play,
Where each fond is curling round her, among straw;
And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and sweet
Romantic almost, looked at through a space,
How small of, interrival years! For then,
There was no mean progress been made in
Meditations holy and sublime,
Yet something of a gifted child-like gloss
Of novelty survived for scenes like these;
Enjoyments haply handed down from times
When in the fadephu, a forgey house, some judge born
Tricked out for that proud use, if I perchance
Carous'd one a summer evening through a clink
In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse
Of daylight, the bare thought of where I was
 Gladenced me more than if I had been led
Into a dazzling cover of romance,
Crowded with Gently losy among works
Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may seem,
To many, neither dignified enough
Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by them
Who, looking inward, have observed the toes
That bind the perishable hours of life
Each to the other, and the curious props
By which the world of memory and thought
Exists and is sustained. More lofty themes,
Such as at least do wear a pious face,
Sober our regard; but when I think
Of these, I feel the imaginative power
Lies quisp in me; even then it slept,
When, press'd by tragic sufferings, the heart
Was more than full: amid my sobs and tears
It sleep'd, even in the pregnant season of youth
For though I was most passionately moved
And yielded to all changes of the scene
With an obnoxious promptness, yet the storm
Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind;
Save when realities of act and men.
The incarnation of the spirits that move
In harmony amid the Poet's world,
Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth
By power of contrast, made me recognise,
As at a glance, the things which I had shap'd,
And yet not shap'd, unseen and secretly seen,
When, having closed the mighty Shakespeare's
page,
I mixed, and thought, and felt, and sit in solitude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are such
Professedly, to others tried higher,
Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,
More near akin to those than names imply,—
I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts
Before the emin'd judge, or that great stage
Where senators, tongue-flavoured men, perform,
Admir'd and envied. Oh! the burning heart,
When one among the prime of these rose up,—
One, of whose name from childhood we had heard
Familiarly, a household term, like those,
The Bedford's, Glossters, Salaburys, of old
Whom the fifty Harry talks of. Silent! silent! hush!
This is no trailer, no short-flight'd wit,
No stammerer of a minute, painfully
Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked
The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car;
Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience e'er
Grow weary of attending on a track
That kindly with surfeits quiver! All are charmed,
Astonished; like a hero in romance.
He winds away his never-ending horn:
Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense;
What memory and what logic I till the strain
Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,
Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Turke! I forgive the pen seduced
By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
Of what the impresarios, what bewildered men,
Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
And wise men, willing to grow wise, caught,
Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue—
Now mute, for ever more in the cold grave,
I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—
Stand like an oak whose stag-born branches start
Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe
The younger brethren of the grove. But some—
While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,
Against all systems full of encroach rights,
Keen ridicule: the majesty proclaims
Of Institutes and Laws, bellow'd by time:—
Declares the vital power of social ties
Endeavoured by Custom; and with high disdain,
Expounding lips are, iniers.
Upon the allegiance to which men are born—
Some—say at once a forward and secure
Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)
As the winds fret within the Aeolian cave,
Gallop their monarch's chain. The times
were big
THE PRELUDE.

With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked
Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised;
But memorable moments intervened, When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain, Broke from its armour of resplendent words, Strutting the Synod. Could a youth, and one In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved Under the weight of classic eloquence. Sit, see, and hear, how much of the unhoped! Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail To achieve a higher triumph. Not unfelt, Nor felt its admonishment, 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 saucily out of place—

There have I seen a comely bachelor, Fresh from a toiletine 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 liberal course; and, winding up his mouth, From time to time, into an orifice, Most delicate, a lurking cycle, 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 Ovian doubt not—his named truth Summed up from streamy Horace—each and all Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and To enwreathe the cromie of eloquence that helped This pretty shepherd, pride of all the plains, To rule and guide his captivated flock. I glance at a few conspicuous marks, Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall, Court, theatre, convicence, or shop, In public, or, what I deride, the street, Each fainly reared on his own pedestal; Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice, Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress, And all the strife of singularity, Love for the new, 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 reaching 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 beset the sandy beach, Or daisies swarming through the fields of June.

Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep In memory, those individual sights of courage, or integrity, or truth, Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil, Appeared more touching. One will I select; A father—for he bore that sacred name— Him saw I, sitting in an open square, Upon a corner-stone of a low wall, Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced A spacious grass-plot; there, in solitude, saw This One Man, with a sickly halo outstretched Upon his knees, whom he had thither brought For sunshine, and to breathe thee fresher air. Of those who passed, and me who looked at him, He took no heed; but in his brawny arms (The Artificer was to the elbow bare, And from his work this moment had been stolen) He held the child, and, bending over it, As if he were afraid both of the sun And of the air, which he had come to seek, Eyed the poor battle with love unutterable. As the black storm upon the mountain top Sets off the sunbeams 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 phenomenon, such as glides Over still mountains, or appears in dreams; And once, fast-travelled in a low wall, beyond The reach of common indication, lost Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare) Of a blind beggar, who, with uplifted 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 that3 unassuming man, His steadfast face and sightless eyes, I gazed, As if admonished from another world. Though reared upon the base of outward things, Structures like these the excited spirit mainly Builds for herself; scenes different there are, Full-formed, that take, with small internal help, Possession of the fastidious,—the pleasant That comes with night: the deep solemnity Of nature's intermediate hours next, When the great tide of human life stands still; The business of the day to come, unborn, Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave; The blended images of those who beheld Earth, Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and sounds Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours.
The Prelude.

Of winter evenings, when unwholesome rains Are falling hard, with people yet apace, The feable salutation from the voice Of some unhonourable woman, now and then Heard as we pass, when no one looks about, Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear, Are falsely catalogued: things that are, are not; As the mind answers to them, or the heart Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say you then, To times, when half the city shall break out Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or fear? To executions, to a street on fire.
Mobs, riots, or rejoicings? From these sights Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair, Holden where martyrs suffered in past time, And named of St Bartholomew: there, see A work completed to our hands, that lays, If any spectacle on earth can do, The whole creative powers of man asleep— For once, the Muse's help will we implore, And she shall lodge us, wafted on her wings, Above the press and danger of the crowd, Upon some showman's platform. What a shock For eyes and ears! what anarchy and din, Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma, Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight, sound.
Below, the open space, through every nook Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive With heads; the midway region, and above, Is thronged with staring pictures and huge crowds. Dumb proclamations of the Profound;
With cluttering monkeys dangling from their poles, And children whirling in their roundabouts; What grandeur stretch the neck and strain the eyes, And caw the voice in rivalry, the crowd Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons Grimacing, wishing, screaming,—him who grinds The burdy-gurdy, at the fiddle wavers, Rattle the cymbals, thump the kettle-drums, And him who at the trumpet puffs his cheeks, The devil-contrived Negro with his timbrel, Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and boys, Blue-bearded, pink-vested, with high-towering plumes,
All moveables of wonder, from all parts, Are brought—Albions, painted Indians, Dwarfs, The Horse of knowledge, and the learned Pig, The Fire-eater, the man that swallows fire, Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl, The Bust that speaks and moves its goggling eyes, The Work-work, Clock-work, all the marvellous
Of modern Merlin, Wild Beasts, Puppet-shows.
All out-of-the-way, far-fetched, perverted things,
All freaks of nature, all Prometheus thoughts
Of man, his dulness, madness, and their feats All jumbled up together, to compose A parliament of Monsters. Tents and Booths Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast mill, Are voicing, receiving on all sides, Men, Women, three-years' Children, Babes in arms.

Oh, blank confusion! true epitome Of what the mighty City is herself, To thousands upon thousands of her sons, Living amid the same perpetual whirl Of blind objects, noise and darkness, To one identity, by differences That have no law, no meaning, and no end— Oppression, under which even highest minds Must labour, whence the strongest are not free. But though the picture weary out the eye, It is not wholly so to him who looks, In steadiness, who hath among least things As under-sense of greatest; seen the parts As parts, but with a feeling of the whole. This, of all acquisitions, first awaits On sundry and most widely different modes Of education, nor with least delight On that through which I passed. Attention springs, And comprehensiveness and memory flow, From early converse with the works of God Among all regions; chiefly where appear Most obviously simplicity and power. Think, how the everlasting streams and woods, Stretched and still stretching far and wide, exalt The roving Indian, on his desert sands: What grandeur not unfelt that 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 they the arms 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 hillocks, in freedom I may speculate, 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 Younched her inspiration, and diffused, Through meagre lines and colours, and the press Of self-deestroying, transitory things. Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

Book Eighth.

Retrospect—Love of Nature Leading to Love of Man.

What sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are heard Up to thy summit, through the depth of air
THE PRELUDE.

Assembled with their children and their wives
And here and there a stranger interpersed.
The hunter was not fair—a festival,
Such as, on this side now, and now on that,
Repeated through his tributary vales,
Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,
Sails annually, if clouds towards either ocean
Blown from their favourite resting-place, or
Mists
Devolved, he left him an unembroidered 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 kite were brought; the
shades
Are penned in notes; the chaffering is begun.
The hoarser low, uneasy at the voice
Of a new morn; beat the flocks about;
Hashes are there none; a stall or two is here;
A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,
The other to make music; fisher, too,
From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,
Of hawkers' wares—books, pictures, combs, and
pianos.

Some aged woman finds her way again,
Year after year, a pualcient visitor.
There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
Pulling the strings of his box of rare show;
As I in the lapse of many years may come
Poorer itinerant, mountebank, or he
Whose wanderings in a covered wain he hid.
But one there is, the loveliest of them all,
Sure sweet lass of the valley, looking out
For gain, and who that sees her would not buy?
Fruits of her father's orchard are her wares,
And with the Ruddock produce, she walks round
Among the crowd, half pleased with, half
admired
Of her new office, blushing restlessly.
The children now are rich, for the old-to-day
And heeds as the young; and, if content
With looking on, some ancient wedded pair
Sit in the shadow together, while they gaze,
"A cheerful smile umbands the wrinkled brow,
The days departed start again to life,
And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
Paint, but more tranquil, like the changing sun
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—Immense
Is the pleasure in 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!
Three speech-makers pitilessly dear,
As tender infants are; and yet how great!
For all things serve them: them the morning light
Loves, as it glister on the silent rocks;
And there the sun, silent rocks, which now from high
Look down upon them; the reposing clouds:
The blue brooks prattling from invisible haunts;
And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
Which animates this day their calm abode
With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,

* These lines are from a descriptive Poem—
"Malvern Hills"—by one of Mr Wordsworth’s
oldest friends, Mr Joseph Constable.

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 Gehem’s matchless gardens, for delight
Of the Tymanian dynasty,
(Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,
China’s stupendous mound) by patient toil
Of myths 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

to melt
Into each other their obsequious hues,
Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase,
Too fine to be pursued; or standing forth
In no disorder opposition, strong
And gorgeous as the colours side by side
BEDDED among rich plumes of tropic birds;
And mountains over all, embracing all;
And all the landscape, endlessly enriched
With waters running, falling, or asleep.
But lovelier far than this, the paradise
Where I was reared; in Nature’s primitive
glories
Favoured no less, and more to every sense
Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,
The elements, and seasons as they change,
Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—
Man free, man working for his choice
Of time, and place, and object; by his wants,
His comforts, native occupations,
Cheerfully led to individual ends
Or social, and still followed by a train,
Unwooded, unthought-of even—simplicity,
And beauty, and inevitable grace.

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial bowers
Would to a child be transport over-great,
When but a half-hour’s room through such a
place
Would leave behind a dance of images,
That shall break in upon his step for weeks;
Even then the common haunts of the green
earth,
And ordinary interests of man,
Which they embosom, all without regard
As both may seem, are fastening on the heart
In sensibly, each with the other’s help.
For me, when my affections first were fed
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to partake
Love for the human creature’s absolute self,
That noticeable kindliness of heart
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most,
Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks
And occupations which her beauty adorned,
And Shepherds were the men that pleased me
first;
Not such as Saturn ruled ‘mid Latian wilds,
With arts and laws no tempered that their lives
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
A bright tradition of the golden age;
Not such as, ’mid Aradian fastnesses
THE PRELUDE.

Sequester'd, hankered down among themselves
Felicity, in Grecian song renowned;
Nor such as—when an adverse fate had driven,
From house and home, the country band whose fortunes
Entered, with Shakespeare's genius, the wild woods
Of Arcady—amid sunshine or in shade
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted hours,
Ere Phoebus sighed for the false Gazymede;
Or there where Perdita and Floriole
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and King;
Nor such as Spencer failed. True it is,
That I had heard (what he perhaps had seen)
Of masts at sunrise bringing in from far
Their May-bush, and along the streets in flocks
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
Amid the laggards slumbering within doors;
Had also heard, from those who yet re-
membered,
Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths that decked
Porch doors, or kirk-piller; and of youths,
Each with his raid, before the sun was up,
By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,
To drink the waters of some sainted well
And hang it round with garlands. Love
survives;
But, for such purpose, flowers no longer grow
The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped
These lighter graces; and the rural ways
And manners which my childhood looked upon
Were the unluxurious produce of a life
Extant on little but substantial needs,
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt,
Not felt, or in the bed 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 e'er I roamed, were speaking monuments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,
Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks
Of dedicative Galesus; and no less
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores:
Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white
herd
To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
Devoted, on the invisible stream
Of rich Clitumnus; and the goat-herd lived
As calmly, underneath the pleasantries
Of cool Lucertella, where the pipe was heard
Of Pindus Invisible God, thrilling the rocks
With tutelary music, from all arms
The fold protecting. I myself, mature
In mienhood 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, studded with groves
And banked with woody risings: but the Plain
Endless, here opening widely out, and there
Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Sheltered within a shelter, where at large
The shepherd strays, a rolling bust his home.
Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides
All summer, and at sunrise ye may bear
His flagolet to liquid notes of love
Attuned, or sprightly life resonating far.
Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast space
Where passage open, but the same shall have
In turn its visitant, telling there his hours
In unlabourious pleasure, with no task
More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl
For spring or fountain, which the traveller finds,
When through the region he pursues at will
His devious course. A glimpse of such sweet life
I saw when, from the melancholy walls
Of Gondar, once imperial, I renewed
My daily walk along that wide champaign,
That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and west,
And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge
Of the Herzymen forest. Yet, hail to you
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow vales,
Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice,
Powers of my native region! Ye that seise
The heart with fiercer grasp! Your snows and streams
Unoverseas, and your terrifying winds,
That howl so dismally for him who tends
Companionless your awful solitudes!
There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long
To wait upon the storms: of their approach
Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives
His flock, and thinner from the homestead bears
A toilome burden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out, their nourishment
Strewes on the frozen snow. And when the spring
Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs,
And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs
Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their going, whatsoever track
The wandersers choose. For this he quits his home
At day-spring, and no sooner o' the sun
Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,
Than he lies down upon some shining rock,
And breakasts with his dog. When he has stolen,
As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,
For rest not needed or exchange of love,
Then from his couch he starts; and now his feet
Crush out a lively fragrance from the flowers
Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought.
In the wild turf: the lingering dews of morn
Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he flies,
His staff pretending like a hunter's spear,
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
And o'er the bawling beds of unbridged streams.
Philosophy, methinks, at Fanny's call,
Might design to follow him through what he does
THE PRELUDE.

Or sees in his day’s march: himself he feels,
In those vast regions where his service lies,
A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
And hazard, and hard labour interchanged
With that majestic indolence so clear
To native man. A rambling school-boy, thus
I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he was good.

When up the lonely brooks on ramy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mist bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,
In size a giant, stalking though thick for,
His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he stopped
Beyond the boundary line of some hill-shadow,
His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun:
Or him have I described in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,
Above all height! like an aerial cross
Stationed alone upon a spery rock
Of the Chartreense, for worship. Thus was man
Basked 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 dreams, 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 hour,
In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
With material substances of kind, a man
With the most, common; husband, father, friend.

Could teach, admonish; suffered with the rest
Power to sorrow, to old age, to wretchedness and fear;
Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
But something must have felt,
Call ye these appearances—
Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth,
This sanctuary of Nature given to man—
A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore
In the dead letter, miss the spirit of things;
Whose truth is not a motion or a shape
Insest with vital functions, but a love.
By waxing intense to which yourselves have made,
And ye adore! But blessed be the God
Of Nature and of Man that this was so:
That men before my inexperienced eyes
First present themselves thus purified,
Removed, and to a distance that was fit;
And so we all of us in some degree
Are led to knowledge, whosoever led,
And howsoever: were it otherwise,
And we found ever as we find good
In our first years, or think that it is found,
How could the innocent heart bear up and live
But doubly fortunate my lot: not here
Alone, that something of a better life
Perhaps was round me than it is the privilege
Of most to move in, but that first I looked
At the through objects that were great or fair;

First communed with him by their help. And thus
Was founded a sure safeguard and defence
Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,
Of course manners, vulgar passions, that lead in
On all sides from the ordinary world.
In which we trudge. Still from this point
I had my face turned toward the truth, began
With an advantage furnished by that kind
Of prepossession, without which the soul
Receives no knowledge that can bring forth good.

No genuine insight ever comes to her.
From the restraint of over-watchful eyes
Preserved, I moved about, year after year,
Happy, and now most thankful to walk
Was guarded from too early intercourse
With the deformities of crowded life.
And those ensuing laughter and contempt,
Self-pleasing; which, if we would wish to think
With a due reverence on earth’s rightful lord,
Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,
Will not permit us: but pursue the mind,
That to devotion willingly would rise,
Into the temple and the temple’s heart.

Yet deem not, Friend! that human kind with me
Thus early took a place pre-eminent:
Nature herself was, at this untame time,
But secondary to my own pursuits
And animal activities, and all
Their trivial pleasures; and when these had I dropped
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, the
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand; he, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace;
His hour being not yet come. For less had then
The inferior creatures, beast or bird, attained
My spirit to that gentleness of love
(Though they had long been carefully observed),
Won 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 graviour circumstanced to them so final.

But when that first poetic faculty
Of plain Imagination and severe
No longer a mute influence of the soul,
Ventured, at some rash Muse’s earnest call,
To try her strength among harmonious words;
And to book-notions and the rules of art
Did knowingly conform itself; there came
Among the simple shapes of human life
A willfulness of fancy and conceit;
And Nature and her objects beheld
These fictions, as in some sort, in their turn,
They transfigured 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 evermore:
The dignities of plain occurrence then
The Prelude

Wore tasteless, and truth's golden mean, a point
Where no sufficient pleasure could be found.
Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow
Of her distress, was known to have turned her
steps
To the cold grave in which her husband slept,
One night, not more than one, through pain
Of half-impossible impotence of mind.
The fact was caught at greedily, and there
She must be visited the whole year through,
Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might pursue
These cravings; when the fox-glove, 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-dropp, Fancy loved to seat,
Beneath the plant despoiled, yet crested still
With this last relic, soon itself to fall.
Some vagrant mother, whose arch little ones,
All unconcerned by her rejected plight,
Laughed as with rival eagerness their hands
Gathered the purple cups that round them lay,
Sewing 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 cope-clad bank that rose
Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the hearth
Seated, with open door, often and long
Upon this restful lustre have I gazed,
That made my fancy restless as itself.
I twined my fingers on the burnished silver shield
Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay
Impaled, but live in the dusky wood:
An entrance now into some magic cave
Or palace built by fairies of the rock;
Nor could I have been bribed to disenchant
The spectacle, by visiting the spot.
Thus wiltful Fancy, in no humble mood,
Engraved far-fetched shapes on feelings bred
By pure imagination: busy Power
She was, and with her ready pupil turned
Instinctively to human passions, then
Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent swarm
Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich
As such there is in the bounty of a grand
And lovely region, I had forms distinct
To steer 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, dear Friend!
Great Spenser thou art, in endless dreams
Of sickness, dissembling, feigning, 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 sodden calash, Indian-wise,
I called the pangs of disappointed love,
And all the sad emotions of the wrong.
To help him to his grave? Meanwhile the man,
If not already from the woods retired
To die at home, was hopefully as I knew,
Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle airs,

Birds, running streams, and hills so beautiful
On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile
Restabled up its smoke, an image of his ghost,
Or spirit that full soon must take her flight.
Nor shall we be tending towards that point
Of sound humanity to which our Tale
Leads, though by sinister ways, if here I show
How Fancy, in a season when she wove
Those slender cords, to guide the unconscious
Boy

For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's call
Some tentative musings which might well beseech
Mature years.

A grove there is whose boughs stretch
From the western margin of Thurston
more,
With length of shade so thick that whose
sides
Along the line of low-roofed water, moves
As in a cloister. Once—while, in that shade
Looking, I watched the golden beams of light
Flung from the setting sun, as they rejoined
In silent beauty on the naked ridge
Of a high eastern hill—things roved my thoughts
In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart:

Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall close
My mortal course, there will I think on you;
Dying, will cast on you a backward look;
Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale
Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)
Doth with the fond remains of his last power
Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

Enough of humble arguments: recall,
My Song! those high emotions which thy voice
Has heretofore made known; that burning forth
Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
When everywhere a vital soul was felt,
And all the several frames of things, like stars,
Through every magnitude distinguishable,
Stone mutually indebted, or half lost
Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
Of life and glory. In the midst stood Man,
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As, of all visible natures, crown, though born
Of dust, and kindled to the worm; a being,
Both in perception and discernment, first
In every capability of capture,
Through the divine effect of power and love
As, more than anything we know, instinct
With good head, and, by reason and by will,
Acknowledging dependency sublime.
 Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I moved,
Regret, from day to day, with temporal shapes
Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,
Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,
Manners and characters diverse,
And little bustling passions that eclipse,
As well they might, the impersonated thought,
The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

An iller among academic bowers,
Such was my new condition, as at last
Has been set forth; yet here the vulgar
ight
Of present, actual, superficial life,
Gleaming through colouring of other times,
Old usages and local privileges.

Was welcomed, softened, if not solemnised,
This notwithstanding, being brought more near.
The scene before him stands in perfect view Exposed, and lifeless as a written book —
But let him pause awhile, and look again.
And a new quickening shall succeed, at first
Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass,
Buses the eye with images and forms.
Rigidly assembled, here is shadowed forth
From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,
A variiegated 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
Inquire.
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 dwelling residence.
With strong sensations teeming as it did
Of past and present, such a place must needs
Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that time
Far less than craving power; yet knowledge came,
Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
Came, of themselves, or at her call derived
In fits of kindliest apprehensiveness,
From all sides, when what was was in itself
Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me
A kind of assimilating agency;
Such is the strength and glory of our youth!
The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and revered with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, and aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn
From books and what they picture and record.
'Tis true, the history of our native land,
With those of Greece compared and popular Rome,
And in our high, wrought modern narratives
Stripst 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. Here the place
Was thronged with impregnations like the Wilds
In which my early feelings had been nurtured—
Bare hills and valleys, full of caverns, rocks,
And audible serenades, dancing lakes
Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed cags
That into music touch the passing wind.
Here then my young imagination found
No uncongenial element: could here
Among so few objects serve or give command,
Even as the heart's occasions might require,
To forward reason's else too-scrupulous march.
The effect was, still more elevated views
Of human nature: Neither vice nor guilt,
Delusion undertaken by body or mind,
Nor all the misery forced upon my sight:
Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes
scanned
Most deeply, could overthrow my trust
In what we may become: induce belief
That I was wiser, than was falsely taught
A solitary, who with vain conceits
Had been inspired, and walked about in dreams.
From those sad scenes when meditation turned,
Lo! everything that was indeed divine
Retained its purity inviolate.
Nay brighter shone, by this portentous gloom
Set off; such opposition as aroused
The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise
Though fallen from bliss, when in the East he saw
*Darkness ere day's mid course, and morning light
More orient in the western cloud, that drew

O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
Descending slow with something heavenly
fraught.

Add also, that among the multitudes
Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
Affectingly set forth, more stately elsewhere
Is possible, the unity of man,
One spirit ever ignorance and vice
Predominant, in good and evil hearts;
One sense for moral judgments, as one eye
For the sun's light. The soul when smitten thus
By a sultry idea whenever
Vouchsafed for union or communion, feeds
On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend!
My thoughts by slow gradations had been drawn
To human kind, and to the good and ill
Of human life: Nature had led me on;
And oft amid the "busy hum" I seemed
To travel independent of her help,
As if I had forgotten her; but no,
The world of human-kind outweighed not hers
In my habitual thoughts; the scale of love,
Though falling daily, still was light, compared
With that in which Arc's mighty objects lay.

DOOK NINTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

Even as a river,—partly fit might seem
Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed
In part by fear to shape a way direct,
That would engulp him soon in the ravenous
Turns, and will measure back his course, far
Seeking the very regions which he crossed
In vain, have we, my Friend! T urned and returned with intricate delay.
Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow
Of some aerial Downs, while there he halts
For breathing-time, is tempted to review
The scenes left behind him; and, if aught
Deserving notice have escaped regard,
Or been observed with too careless eye,
Strives, from that height, with one and yet one more
Last look, to make the best amends he may:
So have we lingered. Now we start a fresh
With courage, and new hope risen on our toil.
Fair greetings to this shapless eagerness,
When shall I find, my dear, the necessary
Thrice needful to the argument which now
Await us! O, how much unlike the past!
Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,
I ranged at large, through London's wide do'-man,
Month after month. Obscurely did I live,
Not seeking frequent intercourse with men
By literature, or elegance, or rank,
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus spent
Free I forsook the crowded solitude,
With less regret for its luxurious pomp,
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,
Than for the humble book-stalls in the streets,
Exposed and hard where'er I turned.

France lured me forth; the realm that I had crossed
Solately, journeying toward the snow-clad Alps.
But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,
And all enjoyment which the summer sun
Sheds round the steps of those who meet the day
With motion constant as his own, I went
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,
Washed by the current of the stately Loire.

Through Paris is my restless course, and there
Sohoming a few days, I visited
In haste each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly: from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St Antony,
And from Mont Martre southward to the Dome
Of Divorcement. In both these famous Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss as a ship at anchor, rocked by storms;
The Aventures 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 stranger's ears,
To Hawkers and Harangues, hubbub wild
And hissing Factionists with angry 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 ascended them all,
Watching every gesture uncontrollable
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face,
With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zeptys sported with the dust
Of the Hurstle, I sit in the open sun
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the gourne
THE PRELUDE.

Of an enthusiast: yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt;
For 'twas most certain that these various sights,
However potent their first shock, with me
Abandoned all resemblance to the traveller's pains.
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le Brun,
A beauty expressly wrought, with hair
Unhevelled, gleam Eyes, and rufous cheek
Pale and bedecked with overflowing tears.

But hence to my more permanent abode
I come from these novelties in speech,
Domestic manners, customs, gestures, looks,
And all the drudgery of ordinary life.
Attention was engrossed: and, thus amused,
I stood 'midst those constrictions, unconcerned,
Transquil almost, and careless as a flower.
Glassed in a green-house, or a parlour shrub
That spreads its leaves in unmolested peace,
While every bush and tree, the country through,
Is shaking to the roots: insensibility this
Which may seem strange: but I was unprepared
With useful knowledge, had abruptly passed
Into a theatre whose stage was filled
And busy with an action far advanced.
Like others, I had skimm'd, and sometimes read
With care, the master pamphlets of the day;
Nor wanted such half-sinisth as grew wild
Upon that meagre soul, helped out by talk
And public news: but 'having never seen
A chronicle that might suffice to show
Whence the main organs of the public power
Had sprung, their transmigrations, when and how
Accomplished, giving thus unto events
A form and body: all things were to me
Loose and disjointed, and the affections left
Without a very interest. At that time,
Moreover, the first storm was overblown,
And the strong hand of outward violence
Lock'd 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
Tid'd the hour of these formal haunts of men,
Whom, in the city, privilege of birth
Squatted from the rest, societies
Polished in arts, and in punctum versed;
Whence, and from deeper causes, all discourse
Of good and evil of the time was shunned
With scrupulous care; but these restrictions
Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew
Into a mission world, and thus ere long
Beame 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 taste differing, they had yet
One spirit ruling in each heart; alike
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)
Whose lesson no one understood what was done;
This was their rest and only hope; therewith
No news of their 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 erewhile
He had saw lord in many tender hearts;
Though heedless of such honours, he was changed:
His temper was quite mastered by the times,
And they had slighted him, had eaten away
The beauty of his person, doing wrong
Alike to body and to mind. He felt,
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 air, expressed,
As much as any that was ever seen.
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man.
Disarm'd his voice and fanned his yellow cheek
Into a thousand colours; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch
Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment; mildest men
Were agitated; and commotions, strife
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
The soul of common life was, at that time,
Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
And not then only, "What a mockery this
Of history, the past and that to come!
Now do I feel how all men are deceived,
Reading of nations and their works, in faith,
Faith given to vanity and emptiness;
Oh! laughter for the page that would reflect
To future times the face of present man.
The land all swarmed with passion, as a plain
Devour'd by locusts.——Carra, Carra,—add
A hundred other names, forgotten now,
Nor to be heard of more: yet, they were powers,
Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day,
And felt through every nook of town and field.
Such was the state of things. Meanwhile
The chief
Of my associates stood prepared for flight
To augment the band of emigrants in arms
Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued
With foreign foes mustered for instant war.
This was their undistinguished intent, and they
Were waiting with the whole of their forces
The moment to depart.

An Englishman,
Born in a land whose very name appeared
To license some unrightness of mind;
A stranger, with youth's further privilege,
And the indulgence that a half-learned speech
Was from the courteous, who had been else
Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived
With these defenders of the Crown, and talked,
And heard their notions: nor did they disdain
The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by books
To reason well of policy or law,
And nice distinctions, then on every tongue,
Of natural rights and civil; and to acts
Of nations and their passing interests,
[If with unworthy ends and aims compared]
Almost indifferent, even the historian’s tale
Pleasing but little otherwise than I prized
Tales of the poets, as it made the heart
Beat high, and stilled the fancy with fair forms,
Old heroes and their sufferings and their deeds;
Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp
Of orders and decrees, I nothing found
Then, or had ever, even in cruder youth,
That dazzled me, but rather what I mounted
And I could brook, beholding that the best
RULED NOT, and feeling that they ought to rule.
For, in a poor district, and which yet
Retained more of ancient homeliness
Than any other part of English ground,
It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,
Through the whole tenor of my school-day time,
The face of one who, whether boy or man,
Was vested with attention or respect
Through claims of wealth or blood; nor was it least
Of many benefits, in later years
Derived from academic institutes
And rules, that they held something up to view
Of a Republic, where all stood thus far
Upon equal ground; that we were brothers all
In honour, as in one community:
Scholars and gentlemen: where, furthermore,
Distinction open lay to all that came,
And wealth and titles were in least esteem
Than talents, worth, and prosperous industry.
Add unto this, subservience from the first
To presences of God’s mysterious power
Maiden manifest in Nature’s sovereignty,
And fellowship with venerable books,
To sanction the proud workings of the soul,
And mountain liberty. It could not be
But that some one tutored thus should look with awe.
Upon the faculties of man, receive
Gifts equal to the finest promises, and hail
As best, the government of equal rights
And individual worth. And hence, my Friend
If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
Less than you might well believe my youth, the cause
In part lay here, that unto me the events
Seemed nothing out of nature’s certain course,
A gift from above, rather than brief time.
No wonder, then, if advocates like these,
Indulged by passion, blind with prejudice,
And stung with injury, at this riper day,
Were importunate to make my hopes put on
The share of theirs, my understanding bend
In honour to their honour: zeal, which yet
Had shivered, now in opposition burst
Fury like a Polar summer; every word
They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds
Blown back upon themselves; their reason
Confusion-stricken by a higher power
Than human understanding, their discourse
Muddled, spurious; and, in their weakness strong,
I triumphed.
Meantime, day by day, the roads
Were crowded with the bravest youths of France,
And all the promptest of her spirits, linked
In gallant fellowship, 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 separings, female fortitude
At dearest separation, patriot love
And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
Encouraged with a martyr’s confidence;
Even flies 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, as if 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, wifully depraved,
Hater perverse of equity and truth.
Among that band of Officers was one,
Already hinted at, of other mould—
A patriot, hence rejected by the rest,
And with an orient loathing spurned,
As of a different cast, a meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made him more gracious, and his nature then
Dide it breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
As aromatic flowers on Alpino meadows,
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 Fairey, or some dream of visions 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, or revealed
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 with a smile of air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry, like that
Which he, a soldier, in his idler days,
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, with equal bent
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 various forms;
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;
Of self-respect, and virtue in the time
For patrimonial honour set apart,
And ignorance in the labeouring multitude.
For he, to all intolERENCE indifflposed,
Balanced these contemplations in his mind;
And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped
Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment.
Than later days allowed; carried about me,
With less alloy to its integrity,
The experience of past ages, as, through hope
Of books and common life, it makes sure way 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 Of simple spirits that catch the flame from Heaven, And how the multitudes of men will fend And fan each other: thought of sorts, how keen They are to put the appropriate nature on, Triumphant over every obstacle. Of custom, language, country, love, or hate, And what they do and suffer for their creed; How far they travel, and how long endure; Of mighty nations have been formed, From least beginnings; how, together locked By new opinions, scattered tribes have made One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven. To aspirations then of our own minds Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld A living confirmation of the whole Far more than men from the depth Of shameful imbecility sprang, Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked Upon their virtues: saw, in rudest men, Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love, And consternation of mind, and sense of right, Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.
Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves, Or such retirement; Friend I am we have known In the green dales beside our Rotha's stream, Great, or Derwent, or some nameless rill, In the interchange of talk, On rational liberty, and hope in man, Justice and peace. But far more sweet such 
Toll—
Toll for it leads to thoughts abstruse— If nature then be standing on the brink. If of some great trial, and we hear the voice Of one devoted, one whom circumstance Hath called upon to embody his deep sense In action, give it outwardly a shape, And that of benefit, men, or a world. Then doubt is not, and truth is more than truth.
A hope it is, and a desire; a creed Of real, by an authority Divine Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death. Such conversation, under Attic shades, Did Don hold with Plata: resolved thus For a Deliverer's glorious task,—and such He, on that ministry already bound, Held with Eudemus and Timocrates, Surrounded by adventurers in arms, When those two vessels with their daring freight, For the Nemean Tyrian's overthrow, Sailed from Zancysur,—philosophic war, Led by Philosophers. With harder fate, Though like ambition, such was he, O Friend! Of whom I speak. So Beaupuis let the name Stand near the worthless of Antiquity. Fashioned his life; and many a long discourse, With like persuasion honoured, we maintained; He, on his part, accounted for the worst, He perished fighting, in supreme command, Upon the borders of the unhappy Laire, For liberty, against deluded men, His fellow country-men; and yet most blessed In this, that he the fate of later times Lived not to see, nor what we now behold, Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.
Along that very Laire, with festal mirth Resounding at all hours, and innocent Yet of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk; Or in wide forests of continuous shade, Lofty and over-arched, with open space Beneath the trees, clear footing many a mile— A solemn region. Oft amidst those haunts, From earnest dialogues I slipped in thought, And let remembrance steal to other times, When, o'er those mists, Jewels, momo-clad, And smooth as marble or a waveless sea, Some Hermit, from his hermit's cave, might pace
In sylvan meditation undisturbed; As on the pavement of a Gothic church Walks a lone Monk, when service hath expired In peace and silence. But if o'er was heard,— Heard, though unseen,—devious traveller, Retiring or approaching from afar With speed and echoes loud of trampling hoofs From the hard floor reverberated, then It was Angelica thundering through the woods Upon her halter, or that gentle maid Erminia, fugitive as fair as she. Sometimes methought I saw a pair of knights Inost underneath the trees, that as in storm Rocked high above their heads; anon, the din Of boisterous movements, and music's roar, In sudden proclamation, bursts from haunt Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance Rejoicing o'er a female in a mask. A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall. The width of those huge forests, unto me A novel scene, did often in this way Master my fancy while I wandered On with that revered companion. And some-
time— When to a convent in a meadow green, By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
And not by reverential touch of Time
Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
In spite of real fervour, and of that
Less genuine and wrought up within myself—
I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the Matin-bell to sound no more
Grieved, and the twilight twiner, and the cross
High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
(How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes I)
Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
And when the partner of those varied walks
Pointed upon occasion to the site
Of Rome's ststen, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Ilissus,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,
By the first Francis wooded, 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
"Twist 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 K'ings, 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 those 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 lame prince
In them who, by immunities unjust,
Beneath theds of poverty and the people stand,
His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold
Daily upon my mind, with pity too
And love: for where hope is, there love will be
For the object multitudinous. And when we chanced
One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who, weeping, went timidly fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied 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 a conical hill, "Thou art against grain, thou;
That we are fighting," with him believed
That the beneficent spirit was asleep
Which might not be withstood, that poverty
Alleged as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the earth
Unbound in her wish to emancipate
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes for ever blotted out
That long-reigned exclusion, empty pomp
Abandoned, sensual state and cruel power,
Whether by edict of the one or few;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong hand
In framing their own laws; whereas better days
To all mankind. But those things set apart,
Was not this single confidence enough
To animate the mind that ever turned
A thought to human welfare? That henceforth
Captivity by mandate without law
Should cease; and open accusation lead
To sentence in the hearing of the world,
And open punishment, if not the air
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man
Dread nothing. From this height I shall not stoop
To humbler matter that detailed us oft
In thought or conversation, public acts,
And public persons, and emotions wrought
Within the breast, as ever-varying winds
Of record or report swept over us;
But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,*
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events
That prove to what low depth had struck the roots,
How widely spread the boughs, of that old tree
Which, as a deadly noxious, and a foul
And black disdous, France was weary of.
Oh, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus
The story might begin,) oh, balmy time,
In which a love-knot, on a lady's brow,
Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!
So might—and with that prelude did begin
The record; and, in faithful verse, was given
The doleful sequel.
But our little bark
On a strong river boldly hath been launched;
And from the driving current should we turn
To loiter willfully within a creek,
How ever attractive, Fellow voyager! Wouldst thou not chide? Yet deem not my pains lost:
For Vauclaircour and Julia (so were named
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale tell
Tears from the hearts of others, when their own
Shall bear no more. Thou, also, there mayst read
At leisure, how the enamoured youth was driven,
By public power aseased, to fatal crime,
Nature's rebellion against monstrous law;
How, between heart and heart, oppression thrust
Her mandates, severing whom true love had joined,
Harrassing both: until he sank and pressed
The couch his fate had made for him; supine,
Save when the stings of vigorous remorse,
Trying their strength, enforced him to start up,
Aghast and prayerless, into a deep wood.
He fled, to shun the haunts of human kind;
There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and more;
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France
Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own worst wrongs,
Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy shades,
His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

* See "Vauclaircour and Julia," p. 77.—Ed.
THE PRELUDE.

BOOK TENTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

CONTINUED.

It was a beautiful and silent day
That overspread the countenance of earth,
Then falling, with unusual quietness,—
A day as beautiful as 'er was given
To soothe, regret, though sanctifying what it
soothed.

When by the gliding Loire I paused, and cast
Upon its rich domains, vineyard and hill
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured woods,
Again, and yet again, a farewell look ;
Then from the quiet of that scene passed on,
Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From his throne
The King had fallen, and that invading host;
Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front was
written
The tender mercies of the dismal wind
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty
Had burst innocuous. Say in broader words, they—
Who had come elate as eastern hunters
Bundled beneath the Great Mogul, when he
Erewhile went from Agra or Lahore,
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent
To drive their prey enclosed within a ring
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,
Before the point of the life-threatening spear
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash men,
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned
Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled
In terror. Disappointment and dismay
Remained for all whose fancies had run wild
With evil expectations; confidence
And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State, as, if to stamp the final seal
On her security, and to the world
Show what she was, a high and fearless soul,
Exciting in defiance, or heart-stung
By that great instrument, or tale to trust
With spiritual graining the baffled League,
That had stirred up her slackening faculties
To a new career, when the King was crushed,
Spared not the empty throne, and in proud haste
Assumed the body and venerable name
Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,
That had gone before this hour, dire work
Of massacre, in which the senseless sword
Was Hardy: to a judge; but these were past,
Earth, free from them ever, as was thought—
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once;
Things that could only show themselves and die
Cheered with this hope, to Paris I returned,
And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,
The spacious city, and in progress passed
The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,
Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage: and the palace, lately 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 work whose contents he knows
Are memorable, but from him locked up,
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
So that he questions the mote leaves with pain.

And half upholds 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 mornings,
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 adornments
The horse is taught his manage, and no star
Of widest course but treads his own steps;
For the spent hurricane the air proclaims
As forer a successor: the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place.
In the great deep; all things have second birth;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, “Sleep no more.” The trance
Fled with the voice to which it had given birth;
But vainly comments of a calmer mind
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetfulness.
The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-walk
Of Orleans eagerly I turned; as yet
The streets were still; not so those long Ar-
cades;
There, amid a peal of ill-matched sounds and cries,
That greeted me on entering, I could hear
Shrill voices from the hawkers in the throng,
Howling, “Denunciation of the crimes
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 reproach had been
Intended, rose in hardbread, and stared.
The man who had an ill surmise of him
To bring his charge in openness; whereat,
When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirred
In silence of all present, from his seat
Louvet walked single through the avenue,
And took his station in the Tribune, saying
I, Robespierre, acquit thee!” Well is it known
The inglorious issue of that charge, and how
He, who had launched the startled thunder
belt,
The one bold man, whose voice the attack had
sounded,
Was left without a follower to discharge
His perilous duty, and retire unmourned.
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 stories
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 arbitration of those who ruled
The capital City; what was struggled for,
And by what combatants victory must be won;
The indecision on their part whose aim
Seemed lost, and the straightforward path of
Those who in attack or in defence were strong
Through their impurity—my utmost soul
Was agitated; yea, I could almost
Have prayed that throughout earth upon all
By patient exercise of reason made
Worthy of liberty, all spirits lifted
With real expanding in Truth's holy light,
The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive
From the four quarters of the winds to do
For France, what without help she could not do,
A work of honour: think not that to this
I added, work of safety; from all doubt
Or trepidation for the end of things
Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but
Thought Of opposition and of remedies: An insignificant stranger and obscure,
And one, moreover, little graced with power
Of eloquence even in my native speech, And all safe for tumult or intrigue,
Yet would I at this time with willing heart Have undertaken for a cause so great.
Service however dangerous. I resolved
How much the destiny of Man had still
Hanged on a single person; that there was,
Transcendent to all local patriarchy, One nature, as there is one sun in heavens;
That objects, even as they are great, thereby
Dwelt on the view of humbler eyes;
That Man is only weak through his mistrust
And want of hope where evidence divine
Promised him, that hope should be most
Sure; Nor did the inexperience of my youth
Prelude conviction that a spirit strong
In hope, and trained to noble aspirations, A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself, Is for Society's unreasoning herd A guiding spirit, if once, serves at once
For way and guide, a fluent receptacle
That gathers up each petty struggling rill And vein of water, glad to be rolled on
In safe obedience; that a mind, whose rest Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint, In circumference and simplicity, Falls rarely in entire discomfiture Below its aim, or meets with, from without, A treachery that fails it or defeats it,
And, lastly, if the means on human will, Fruil human will, dependent should betray Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt That 'mid the loud distractions of the world A sovereign voice subsists within the soul, Avstler undisturbed of right and wrong, Of life and death, in majesty severe Eroinsing, as may best promote the aims Of truth and justice, either sacrifice, From whatsoever region of our cares Or our inward affections Nature plies, Easurt and blind, against the stern decree.

On the other side, I called to mind those
That are the common-places of the schools—
(A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their
sires.) Yet, with a revelation's liveliness, In all their comprehensive bearings known And viole to philosophers of old,
Men who, to business of the world untrained, Lived in the shade; and to Harmonist known And his compere Aristogen, known
To France—such tyrannic power is weak,
Hat neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love, Nor the support of good or evil men To trust in; that the godhead which is ours Can never utterly be charmed or stilled: That nothing hath a natural right to last But equity and reason; that all else Meets fees irreconcilable, and at best Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my thoughts Strong and perturbed, not doubting at that time But that the virtue of one paramount mind Would have abolished those impious crests— have quelled:
Outrage and bloody power, and— in despite Of what the People long had been and were
Through ignorance and false teaching, sadder proof
Of immaturity, and in the teeth Of desperate opposition from without— Have cleared a passage for just government And left a solid birthright to the State, Redeemed, according to example given
By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind, Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity. So seemed it,— now I thankfully acknowledge, Forced by the gracious providence of Heaven— To England I returned, else (though assured That I both was and must be of small weight, No better than a landsman on the deck Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm) Doubtless, I should have then made common cause
With some who perished; hastily perished too, A poor mistaken and bewildered offering,— Should to the breast of Nature have gone back, With all my resolutions, all my hope.
A Poet only to myself, to men Useless, and, even, beloved Friend! I soul To thee unknown! Twice had the trees let fall Their leaves, as often Winter had put on His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge Heat against Alison's shore, since ear of cornine Had caught the accents of my native speech Upon our native country's sacred ground, A patriot of the world, how could I glide Into communion with her silvery shades, Erewhile my tuneful haunt! It pleased me more To abide in the great City, where I found The general air still buoy with the air Of that first memorable onset made By a strong levee of humanity Upon the traffickers in Negro blood: Effort which, though defeated, had recalled To notice old forgotten principles And through the nation spread a novel heat Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own
That this particular strife had wanted power
To meet my affections: nor did now
Its usual 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,
Directedly, it seemed, to superstition's pain,
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
Not in my single self alone I found,
But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
Change and subversion from that hour. No shock,
Grown to my moral nature had I known,
Down to that very moment; neither lapse
Nor turn of sentiment that might be named
A revolution, save at this one time;
All else was progress on the self-same path
On which, with a diversity of pace,
I had been travelling: this a stride at once
Into another region. As a light
And plant harebell, swelling in the breeze
On some grey rock—its birth-place—had I
Wanted, fast rooted on the ancient tower
Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune than to wither there:
Now was I from that pleasant station torn
And tossed about like whirlwind. I rejoiced,
Yes, afterwards—truth most painful to record!—
Exalted, in the triumph of my soul,
When Englishmen by thousands were o'er-thrown.

Left without glory on the field, or driven,
Brave hearts to shameful flight. It was a
Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—
A conflict of sensations without name,
Of which I only, who may love the sight
Of great exploits, as I do, can judge:
When, in the congregation bending all
To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
Or praises for our country's victories;
And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance
I only, like an undisguised guest
Whom no one owned, sate silent; shall I add,
Fond, in my measure, of vengeance yet to come.
Oh! I 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 mean
The best of names, when patriotic love
Died of its own properity give way,
Like the Precursor when the Deity
Is come Whose harbinger he was; a time
In which apostasy from ancient faith
Seemed but conversion to a higher creed;
Withal a season dangerous and wild,
A time when sage Experience would have
Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose
A chariot 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 believe the vessel is,
A brood of galant 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 connivance. I heard, each evening,
Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,
A monitory sound that never failed;—
The sunset cannon. While the orb went down
In the tranquility of nature, came
That voice, I tremble! seldom heard by me
Without a spirit overcast by dark
Imaginations, sense of woes unknown,
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men who, for their desperate
ends,
Had plucked up merit by the roots, were glad
Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong before
In wicked pleasures, were strong as demons now;
And thus, on every side bent with foes,
The gusted land waxed mad; the crimes of few
Spread into madness of the many; blazes
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 throne
The human Understanding paramount
And made of that their God, the hopes of men
Who were content to barter short-lived pangs
For a paradise of ages, the blind rage
Of insolent tempests, the light vanity
Of intermeddlers, steady purposes
Of the suspicious, slips of the insincerest,
And all the accidents of life were prosed
Into one service, boy with man,
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence quenched,
Hers wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,
Her frenzy only active on the past
Outrages, and shape the way for new,
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole year
With feud-days; old men from the chimney
-zoos,
The maiden from the bosom of her love,
The mother from the cradle of her babe,
The warrior from the field—all perished, all—
Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,
Head after head, and never heads enough
For those that bade them fall. They found their
joy,
They made it proudly, eager as a child,
If like desires of innocent little ones
Stay with such heinous appetites be compared).
Pleased in some open field to exercise
A toy that mimic with revolving wings
The motion of a wind-mill; though the air
Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vane
Spin in his eyesight, and round and round his turn,
But, with the plaything at arm's length, he sets
His front against the blast, and runs amain,
That it may whirr the faster.

The Dutch come, and with their masts in the
depth
Of those enmities, even thinking minds
Forgot, at seasons, when they had their being;
Forgot that such a sound was ever heard
As Liberty upon earth: yet all beneath
Her innocent authority was wrought,
Nor could have been, without her blissed name.
The illustrious wife of Roland, in the hour
Of her composition, felt that agony,
And gave it vent in her last words: "O Friend!
It was a lamentable time for man,
Whether a hope had or be not;
A woeful time for them whose hopes survived.
The shock; most woful for those few who still
Were left in the labyryth of human kind;
They had the deepest feeling of the grief.
Meanwhile the braves fared as they deserved;
The Hereditary Commonwealth had put forth
her arms,
And thrusted, as an infant godhead's might
The snakes about her cradle; that was well,
And as it should be; yet no cure for them
Whose souls were sick with pain of what
would be
Hereafter brought in charge against mankind.
Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!
Were my day-thoughts, my nights were miserable:
Through months, through years, long after the
last beat
Of those atrocities, the hour of deep
To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,
Such ghastly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of death;
And innocent victims sinking under fear,
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,
Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds
For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth
And levity in dungeons, where the dust
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the scene
Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me
In long prayers, which I strove to plead.
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
Laboring, a brain confounded, and a sense
Death-like, of treacherous insinuation, felt
In the last place of refuge,—my own soul.
Worth of a life in youth's delightful prime
To yield myself to Nature, where that strong
And holy passion overcame me first,
Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was free
From its oppression. But, O Power Supreme!
Without Whose call this world would cease to
breathe,
What in the fountain of thy grace dost dill
The veins that branch through every frame of life,
Making man what he is, creature divine,
In single or in social eminence,
Abounding in raised infinite ascent
When reason that enables him to be
Is not extinguished,—what a change is here!
How different ritual for this after-worship,
What countenance to promote this second love!
The first was service paid to things which
Guaranteed within the bosom of Thy will.
Therein to serve was high beatitude;
Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear
Earthly in appearance; spare, secure,
And waking thoughts more rich than happiest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft
In vision, yet constrained by natural laws
With them to take a troubled human heart,
Who died 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 desolate place 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 soreness
Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
And in the order of sublime beholds:
But, even if that were not, amid the awe
Of unintelligible chastisement,
Not only acquiescences of faith
Survived, but daring sympathies with power,
Movements not treacherous or profane, else why
Within the folds of no untiring breast.
Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged?
Wild blasts of music thus could find their way
Into the midst of turbulent events;
So that worst tempests might be listened to.
Then was the truth received into my heart,
That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
If from the afflicting 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 augus
Of wild belief engraved on their names
By false philosophy had caused the woe,
But a terrific wondrous place in Heaven
And ignorance filled up from age to age,
That could no longer hold its last-name charge,
But burst and spread in deluge through the
land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea
Small islands scattered amid stormy waves
So that disastrous period did not want
Bright openings of all human excellence,
To which the silver wands of Heaven
Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not the
best,
For those examples, in no age surpassed,
Of fortitude and energy and love,
And human nature faithful to herself
Under worst trials, was I driven to think.
Of the glad times when first I saw the France
A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed
That eve, when under moon was bright
With happy faces and with garlands hung,
And through a rainbow-arch that spanned the
street,
Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,
I paced, a dear companion my side,
The town of Arras, whence with promise high
Issued, on delegation to some
Humility and right, that Robespierre,
He who thereafter, and in how short time
Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.
When the calumny spread far and wide—
And this same city, that did then appear
To overrun the rest in exultation, groaned
Under the vengeance of her cruel son,
As Lear reproached the winds—I could almost
Have quarreled with that blameless spectacle.
THE PRELUDE.

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For lingering yet an image in my mind,
To mock me under such a strange reverse.
O Friend! few happier moments have been mine
Than that which told the downfall of this Tribe
So dreaded, so abhorred. The day deserves
A separate record. Over the smooth sands
Of Leven's ample estuary lay
My journey, and beneath a genial sun
With Phantom's forest among gleams of sky
And clouds, and intermingling mountain tops, in
An insensible gulf.
Creatures of one ethereal substance met
In mystery, like a disdain
Or crow of burning seraphs as they sit
In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
Catastral, lay unseen the pastoral vale
Among whose happy fields I had grown up
From childhood. Up the fullest spectacle,
That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed
Embraced; but brightest things are wont to draw
Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
As even their pensive influence drew from mine.

How could it otherwise? for not in vain
That very morning had I turned aside
To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng of graves,
An honoured teacher of my youth was laid,
And on the stone were graven by his desire
Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.
This faithful guide, speaking from his deathbed,
Added no farewell to his parting counsel,
But said to me: "My head will soon lie low;"
And when I saw the turf that covered him,
After the lapse of full eight years, those words
With sound of voice and countenance of the Man,
Came back upon me, so that some few tears
Fell from me in my own despite. But now
I thought, still traversing that widespread plain,
With tender pleasure of the verses graven
Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself:
He loved the Poet, and, if now alive,
Would have loved me, as one not destitute
Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
That he had formed, when, 1, at his command,
Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
And rocky island near, a fragment stood
(Itsself like a sea rock) the low remains
(With shells encrusted, dark with briny weeds)
Of a dilapidated structure, once
A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
Sat mass at the hour that suited those
Who crossed the sands with eb of morning tide.

Not far from that still ruin all the plain
Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
Wading beneath the conduct of their guide
In loose procession through the shallow stream
Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I paused,
Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
And cheerful, but the foremost of the band
As he approached, no salutation given
In the familiar language of the day,
Cried, "Robespierre is dead!"—nor was a doubt,
After strict question, left within my mind
That he and his supporters all were fallen.

Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
To everlasting Justice, by this flat
Made manifest. "Lone now, ye golden times,
Said I forth-pouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "In the morning comes
From out the bough of the night, come ye;
Thus far our trust is verified: behold!
They who with clumsy desolation brought
A river of blood, and preached that nothing else
Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might
Of their own helper have been swept away;
Their madness stands declared and visible;
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth
March firmly towards righteousness and peace."

Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how
The maddening factions might be tranquillised,
And how through hardships manifold and long
The glorious renovation would proceed.
Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts
Of exultation, I pursued my way
Along that very shore which I had skimmed
In former days, when—spurring from the Vale
Of Nightshade, and St Mary's mouldering face,
And the stone abbey, 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.

From that time forth, Authority in France
Put on a milder face: Terror had ceased,
Yet everything was wanting that might give
Confidence to those who looked for good by sight
Of rational Experience, for the shoots
And early blossoms of a second spring:
Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired;
The national prosperity of the land,
The public arts, And measures of the Government, though both
Weak, and of heartless omen, had not power
To daunt me; in the People was my trust:
And, in the virtues which mine eyes had seen,
I knew that wound external could not take
Life from the young Republic; that new foes
Would only follow, in the path of shame,
Their befleres, and her triumphs be in the end
Great, universal, imperishable.

This intuition led me to confound
One victory with another, higher far—
Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,
And noiseless fortune, including all
Resistance strong as heretofore. I thought
That what was in degree the same was likewise
The same in quality,—that, as the worse
Of the two spirits then at strife remained
United, the better, surely, would preserve
The heart that first had roused him. Youth
maintains its accustomed direct and intimate
With Nature,—hence, oftimes, with reason too—
Than age or manhood, even. To Nature, then,
Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,
That left an interminable open space
For her to move about in, uncontrolled.
Might could not seize how delicately their task,
Who, by the recent deluge suspended,
With their whole souls went culling from the day
Its petty promises, to build a tower
For their own safety; laughed with my compo-

erers
At gravest heads, by enmity to France
Distempered, till they found, in every blast
Forced from the street-disturbing newsmen’s bomb,
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,
You, could not but be right, because we saw
That foolish men opposed them. To a strait
More animated I might here give way,
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
What in those days, through Britain, was per-
formed.
To try 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,
The world did profane the sanctity of verse,
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time
And in some, or at least to act, like men
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law
A toil of murder; they who ruled the State,
Though with such awful proof before their eyes
That he, who would sow death, reaps death, or
And can respout nothing better, child-like longed
To inter, not wise enough to avoid;
Or left (by more timidity betrayed)
The plain straight road, for one no better
chosen.
That of 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 eagier part
In arguments of public policy,
Abruptly, and indeed before my time:
I had approached, like other youths, the shield
Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought, even to the death, to
attest
The quality of the metal which I saw,
What there is most in individual man,
Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,
Innocent in small societies.
And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood
By reason: say, 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 anxiety, I set out
And of the bounds which sever it from good,
As books and common intercourse with life
Must needs have given—to the inexperienced
mind,
When the world travels in a beaten road,
Guide faithful as is needed—I began
To meditate with ardour on the role
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 auxiliaries 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 assost her
rights
When most intent on making of herself
A prime encantatore—to assist the work
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favoured spots alone, in the whole Earth,
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
As at some moments might not be safest
Among the lowers of Paradise!
The budding rose above the rose full blown
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lovely natures rose away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, salutivity, and strength
Their ministers,—who in lowly wise had stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thought, schechers more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves:—
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
Dil both find helpers to their hearts’ desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields:—
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the seat
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all
Why should I not confess that Earth was
then
To me what an inheritance, new-fallen,
Seems, when the first time visited, to one

* See p. 127.—Ed.
THE PRELUDE.

Who theither comes to find in it his home? he walks about and looks upon the spot With curious transport, mouldeis it and remouldeis, and is half pleased with things that are amiss, I'll be such joy to see them disappear. An active partisan, I thus convokked From every object pleasant circumstance To suit my ends I moved among mankind With genial feelings still predominant; And in the kinder spirit placable, indulgent, as not unformed that men See as they have been taught—Antiquity Gives rights to error; and, aware, no less, That throwing off oppression must be work As well of License as of Liberty; And above all—for this was more than all— Not curing if the wind did now and then Blow keen upon an embersence 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 me, And losing, in no other way than light Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong. In the main outline, such it might be said Was my condition, till with open war Brittain opposed the liberties of France. This threw me first out of the pale of love: Souned and corrupted, upwards to the source, My sentiments: was not, as hitherto, A swallowing up of lesser things in great, But change of them into their contraries; And thus a way was opened for mistakes And false conclusions, in degree as gross, In kind more dangerous. What had been a pride Was but a shame; my likings and my loves Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry; And hence a blow that, in mature age, Would but have touched the judgment, struck more deep. Into sensibleness near the heart: meantime, As from the first, wild theories were affo't, To which my resistances, sedulously urged, I had but sent a careless ear, assured That time was ready to set all things right, And thus the multitude, so long oppressed, Would be oppressed no more. But when events Brought less encouragement, and unto these The immediate proof of principles no more Could be entrusted, while the events them- selves, Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty, Less occupied the mind, and sentiments Could through my understanding's natural growth No longer keep their ground, by faith mainta-ad Of inward consciousness, and hope that laid Her band upon the object—evidence, Safer, of universal application, such As could not be impeached, was sought else-where. But now, become oppressors in their turn, Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence For one of conquest, losing sight of all Which they had struggled for; up mounted now, Openly in the eye of earth and heaven, The scale of liberty. I read her doom, With anger vexed, with discomposure sore, But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame Of a false prophet. While the resentment rose Striving to hide, what nought could heal, the wounds Of mortified presumption, I adhered More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove Their temper, strained them more; and thus, in heat Of contest, did opinions every day Grow into consequence, till round my mind They clung, as if they were alive, nay, more, The very being of the immortal soul. This was the time, when, all things tending fast To depravation, speculative schemes—that This promised to abstract the hopes of Man Out of his feelings, to be freed 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. lest, speaking more in charity, the dream Flattered the young, pleased with extremes, nor least With that which makes our Reason's naked self The object of its fervour. What delight! How glorious in self-knowledge and self-control, 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 blinding eye 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 explicated, grew proud once more. On, as my thoughts were turned to human kind, I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with thirst Of a secure intelligence, and peace, I sought. Of other longing, I pursued what seemed A more exalted nature; wished that Man Should start out of this earthly, worm-like state, And spread abroad the wings of Liberty, Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight— A noble aspiration I 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 clausomeous 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 institutions, Too justly bore a part. A well had been uplifted; why deceive ourselves I in sooth, I was even so; and sorrow for the man Who either had not eyes whereunto to see, Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock Was given to old opinions; a short time Had felt its power, and mine was both let loose, Let loose and gladened. 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, insted
To anatomize the frame of social life,
Yes, the whole body of society
Search'to its heart. Share with me, Friend! the wish.
That some dramatic tale, endued with shapes
Livelier, and flogging out less guarded words
Than suit the work we fashion, might set forth
What then I learned, or think I learned, of
And the errors into which I fell, betrayed
By present objects, and by reasoning 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 unsympathizing. So I fares,
Drugging all prejudices, judgments, maxims, creeds,
Like Culprit to the bar; calling the mind,
Suspicious, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honors; now believing,
Now disbelieving, caste-like by perverted
With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground,
Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction; till, delivering formal proof,
And seeking it in every thing, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, dead, with weariness, with contrarieties,
Yield'd up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,
This the soul's lust and lowest ebb; I dropped,
Deeming our blessed reason least use
Wherefore so? "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 hate, as to covet or to shun; and
Who and, if those could be discerned, would yet
Be little prized, 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 remembrance with an utter waste
Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook,
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of life,
Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their dear
renown.)
But turned to abstract science, and there sought
Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned
Where the disturbances of space and time—
Whether in matters various, properties
Inherent, or from human will and power
Derived—find no admission. Then it was—
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good!—That
Those days were passed, now speaking in a voice
Of sudden admonition—like a brook
That did but cross a lonely road, and now
Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn,
Companion never lost through many a league—
Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self; for, though bedimmed and changed
Much, as it seemed, I was no further changed
Than as a clouded and a wanig moon:
She whispered still that brightest morn would return,
She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth;
And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
If willing audience I seek, Nature's soul,
By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day
To those sweet counsels between head and heart
Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught
With peace,
Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,
Still hath upheld me, and upholds me now
In the catastrophe (for so they dream,
And nothing less), when, finally to close
And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope
Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor—
This last opprobrium, when we see a people,
That once looked up in faith, as if to Heaven
For manna, take a lesson from the dog
Returning to his vomit; when the sun
That rose in splendour, was alive, and moved
In exultation with a living pomp
Of clouds—his glory's natural reissue—
Hath dropped all functions by the gods be-
Stowed,
And, turned into a gawgaw, a machine,
Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend! through times of honour and through times of shame
Descending, have I faithfully retraced
The perturbations of a youthful mind
Under a long-lived storm of great events—
A story destined for thy ear, who now,
Among the fallen nations, dost abide
Here Rome, over hill and valley, casts
His shadow stretching toward the sky;
The city of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!
How are the mighty projects! They first,
They first of all that breathe, should have
Awaked
When the great voice was heard from out the tombs
Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief
For ill-requited France, by many deemed
A trifer only in her proud last day
Have been distressed to think of what she once
Promised, now is; a far more sober cause
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,
To the reanimating influence lost
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,
Though with the wreck of foliater years be-
Striven.
But indignation works where hope is not,
And thus, O Friend! wilt be refreshed.
There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the Noble Dead.
Thine be such converse strong and sanative,
A ladder for thy spirit to reascend
To health and joy and pure contentedness;
To me the dread confined, that thou art gone
From this last spot of earth, where Freedom
stands single in her only sanctuary;
A lonely wanderer art gone, by pain
Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.
I feel for thee, must utter what I feel:
The sympathies, erewhile in part discharged,
Gather again, and will have vent again:
My own delights do scarcely seem to me
My own delights; the lordly Alps themselves,
Those rosy peaks, from which the Morning looks
Abroad on many nations, are no more
For me that image of pure gladnessomeness
Which they were wont to be. Through kindred scenes
For purpose, at a time, how different!
Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart and soul
That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought
Matured, and in the summer of their strength.
Oh! wrap him in thy shades, ye giant woods,
On Etna's side; and thou, O flowery field
Of Enna! is there not some nook of thine,
From the first play-time of the infant world
Kept sacred to restorative delight,
When from afar invoking by anxious love?

Child of the mountains, among shepherds exed.
Ere yet familiar with the classic page,
I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,
The gloom, that, but a moment past, was deepened.
At thy command, at her command gives way,
A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
Comes o'er my heart; in fancy I behold
Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales;
Nor can I conceive give utterance to a name
Of note belonging to that honoured isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,
Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!
That doth not yield a solace to my grief;
And, O Theocritus," so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven and earth,
By their endowments, good or great, that they
Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
Wrought for them in old time: yea, not unmove
When thinking on my own beloved friend,
I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
Divine Comteses, 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 godhead, blessed man! had lips
Wet with the Muse's nectar.

Thou solace of the pensive moments by this calm fire-side,
And find a thousand bounteous images
To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and
mine.
Our prayers have been accepted; thou wilt stand
On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
Triumphant, winning from the invaded heavens
Thoughts without bound, magnificent designs,
Worthy of poets who adored his harps
In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,
Mild temples, served by sapiens priests, and choir
Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in vain
Those temples, where they in their ruins
Survive for inspiration, shall attract
Thy solitary steps; and on the brink
Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethusa;
Or, if that fountain be in truth mis-named,
Then, near some other spring—which by the name
Thou grasdest, willingly deceived—
I see thee linger a glad votary,
And not a captive pian for his home.

BOOK XIII
IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.
Long time have human ignorance and guilt
Determed us, on what spectacles of woe
Compelled to look, and inwardly oppress
With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts,
Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,
And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself
And things to hope for! Not with these began
Our song, and not with these our song must end.
Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,
Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty
How without injury to take, to give
Without offence: ye who, as to show
The wondrous influence of power gently used,
Head the complaisant heads of lordly princes,
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds
Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks,
THE PRELUDE.

Through these distracted times: in Nature still
Gleams the grandeur of a counterpoise in her,
Which, when the spirit of evil reached its height
Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend! I hast chiefly told
Of intellectual power, fostering love,
Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,
Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing
Prophecic sympathies of genial faith.
So was I favoured—such my happy lot—
Until that natural graciousness of mind
Given me by my fortune, the pressure from the times
And their disastrous issues. What availed,
When spells forked to 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 aver 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 no more
Trust the elevation which had made me one
With the great family that still survives
To illuminate the abyss of ages past,
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero: for it seemed
That their best virtues were not free from taint
Of something false and weak, that could not stand.

The open eye of Reason. Then I said,

'Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee
More perfectly of purer creatures:—yet
If reason be nobility in man,
Can aught be more ignoble than the man
Whom they delight in, blinded as he is
By pride, and in the miserable slave
Of low ambition or distempered love!'

In such strange passion, if I may once more
Review the past, I warned against myself—
A bigot to a new idealty—
Like a cowled monk who hath forsorn the world,
Zealously laboured to cut off my heart
From all but the sources of her former strength;
And as, by simple waving of a wand,
The wand instantly dissolves the Palace or grove, even so could I unsoil
As readily by syllogistic words
Those mysteries of being which have made,
And shall continue evermore to make,
One whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far
Perverted, even the visible Universe
Fell from the dominion of a taste
Less spiritual, with microscopic view
Was scanned, as, I had scanned the moral world?

O Soul of Nature! excellent and fair;
Thee have I rejoiced with, with whom I, too,
Rejoiced through early youth, before the winds
And storming waters, and in lights and shades
That mched and countermarched about the hills
In glorious acquisition. Powers on whom
I daily waited, now all eye and now
All ear: but never long without the heart
Employed, and man's unfolding intellect:
O Soul of Nature! that, by laws divine
Sustained and governed, still dost overflow
With an impassioned life, what fickle ones
Walk on this earth! how fickle have I been
When thus in the same hour of sin
That was the best, to that she was attuned
By her benign simplicity of life,
And through a perfect happiness of soul,
Whose variegated feelings were in this
Sisters, that they were each some new delight.
Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field
Could they have known her, would have loved;
methought
Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,
And every thing she looked on, should have had
An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them and to all creatures. God
In such a being; for, her common thoughts
Are petty, her life is gratitude.

Even like the maid, before I was called forth
From the retirement of my native hills,
I loved what I saw; nor lightly loved,
But sufficiently; a never dreamt of ought.
More grand, more fair, more exquisitely framed
Than those objects 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 unacquainted eyes.
Worshiping 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—howsoe’er
Induced, effect, in whatsoever degree,
Of custom that prepares a partial scale
In which the little oft outweighs the great;
Or any other cause that hath been named;
Or lastly, aggravated by the times
And their impasioned sounds, which well might
The milder ministreries of rural scenes
Inadmissible; was transient; I had known
Too forcibly, too early in my life,
Visions of imaginative power
For this to last: I shook the habit off
Eating and drinking for ever, and again
In Nature’s presence stood; as now I stand,
A sensitive being, a create soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,
That with distinct pre-eminence retain
A vivid virtue, whence, depressed
By false opinion and contentious thought,
Or of any other, or more deadly weight,
In trivial occupations, and the round
Of ordinary intercourse, our minds
Are nourished and invisibly repaired;
A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced
That penetrates, enables us to mount,
When high, more high, and lifts us up when
Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor
I led my horse, and, stumbling on, at length
Came to a bottom, where in former times
A murderer had been hung in iron chains.
The gibbet-mast had moulder’d down, the bones
And iron case were gone; but on the turf,
Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought,
Some unknown hand had carved the murderer’s name.
The memorial letters were inscribed
In times long past; but still, from year to year,
By superstition of the neighbourhood,
The grass is cleared away, or at least an hour
The characters are fresh and visible:
A casual glance had shown them, and I fled,
Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road;
Then, rescanning 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 pincher 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 dreariness
Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,
Invested moorland waste, and naked pool,
The beacon crowning the lone eminence.
The female and her garments vexed and tossed
By the strong wind. When, in the blessed hours
Of early love, the loved one at my side,
I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,
Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,
And on the melancholy beacon, fell
A spirit of pleasure and of sullen gleam;
And think ye not with radiance more sublime
For these remembrances, and for the power
They had left behind? So feeling comes in aid
Of feeling, and diversity of strength.
Attends us, if but once we have been strong.
Oh! I 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 can receive. The days gone by
Return upon me as 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,
I say scarcely see at all; and I, I live,
While yet we may, as far as words can give,
Substance and life to what I feel, exulting,
Such is my hope, the spirit of thePast
For future restoration.—Yet another
Of these memorials.——

One Christmas-time,
On the glad eve of its dear holidays.
Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth
Into the fields, impatient for the sight
Of those led palfreys that should bear us home;
My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,
That, from the meeting-point of two highways
Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched;
Thither, uncertain where to go, I fix’d
My expectation, thither I repaired,
Scout-like, and gained the summit; two a day
Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass
I saw half-sheltered by a naked wall;
Upon my right hand couched a single sheep;
Upon my left a blasted Hawthorn stood;
With those companions at my side, I watched,
Straining my eyes intensly, as the mist
Gave intermitting prospect of the cope
And plain beneath. Ere we to school re-
turned—
That dreary time,—ere we had been ten days
Sojourners in my father's house, he died,
And I and my three brothers, orphans then,
Followed his body to the grave. The event,
With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared
A chastisement; and when I called to mind
That day so lately past, when from the crag
I looked in such anxiety of hope;
With te relections of mortality,
Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low
To God, Who thus corrected my desires:
And, afterwards, the wind and sleepy rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the blank music from that old stone wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the line of each of those two roads
Advanced in such indisputable shapes;
All these were kindred spectres and sounds
To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink,
As at a fountain; and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm and rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,
 Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock
In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,
Some inward agitations thence are brought,
Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
Thoughts over busy in the course they took,
Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

CONCLUDED.

From Nature doth emotion come, and moods
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift:
This is her glory: these two attributes
Are sister horns that constitute her strength.
Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange
Of peace and excitation, finds in her
His best and purest friend; from her receives
That energy by which he seeks the truth,
From her that happy stillness of the mind
Which fits him to receive it when unsought.
Such benefit the humblest intellects
Partake of, each in their degree: 'tis mine
To speak, what I myself have known and felt:
Smooth task for words find easy way, in-
spired
By gratitude, and confidence in truth.
Long time in search of knowledge did I range
The field of human life, in heart and mind
Besighted; but, the dawn beginning now
To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in vain
I had been taught to reverence a Power
That is the visible quality and shape
Of life and mind; of which, the nature
Her processes by steadfast laws: gives birth
To no impatient or fulycious hopes,
No heat of passion or excessive zeal,
No vain conceits: provokes to no quick turns
Of self-apealing intellect; but trains
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith;
Holds up before the mind instinatce
With present objects, and the busv 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,
Whatever is desirable and good
Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form
And function; or, through strict vicissitude
Of life and death, reviving. Above all
Were re-established now those watchful
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 supervised I
To look with feelings of fraternal love
Upon the unassuming things that hold
A silent station in this beautiful world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found
Once more in Man an object of delight,
Of pure imagination, and of love;
And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
Again I took the intellectual eye
For my instructor, studious more to see
Great truths, than touch and handle little ones.
Knowledge was given accordingly: my trust
Became more firm in feelings that had stood
The test of such a trial: clearer far
My sense of excellence—of right and wrong:
The promise of the present time, cast
Into its true proportion; sanguline 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, madly driven关乎
Who trust themselves upon the passive world
As Rulers of the world: to see in those,
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 stalwarts to their proper test,
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sea 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," reveals 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 Obscure and cold? What one is, Why may not millions be? What bars are
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.
"Inspector," saith the basis of the social plane: "Inquire," said I, "how much of mental power And to what end 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 ask (what need to look beyond?) Among the natural abodes of men,
Fields with their rural works; recalled to mind
My earliest notices; with these compared
The observations made in later youth, And to that day continued.—For the time Had never been when thrones of mighty Nations And the world's tumult unto me could yield, How far societ transported and possessed, Full measure of content; but still I craved An intermingling of distinct regards And truths of individual sympathy Nearer ourselves. Such often might be gleaned From the great City, else it must have proved To me a heart-depressing wilderness; But much was wanting; therefore did I turn To thee, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads; Sought you enriched with everything I prized, With human kindnesses and simple joys,
Oh! next to one dear state of bliss, vouch
safec
Alas! a few in this untoward world,
The bliss of walking daily in life's prime Through fields of green, clothed with the mind we love While yet our hearts are young, while yet we know
Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook, Deep vale, or any where, the home of both, From nature's bosom, where was 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 Wherein I could meditate in peace, and cool Knowledge that step by step might lead me on To wisdom; or, as lightnings are a bird, With speed 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 idle;
Converse with men, where if we meet a face We almost meet a friend, on naked heads With long long ways before, by cottage bench, Or well-spring where the weary traveller rests:
Who doth not love to follow with his eye The floodings of a public way? the sight, Familiar object as it is, hath wrought On our imagination since the morn Of childhood, when a disappearing line One daily present to my eyes, that crossed The naked summit of a far-off hill Beyond the limits that my feet had trod; Was like an invitation into space
Boundless, or guide into eternity.
Yes, something of the grandeur which invests The mariner who sails the roaring seas Through storm and darkness, early in my mind Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the earth; Grandeur as much, and loneliness far more. Awe had I been by strolling Bedlamites; From many other unwholesome vagrants (passed In fear) have walked with quicker step; but why Take note of this? When I began to inquire, To watch and question those I met, and speak Without reserve to them, by every road. Were open schools in which I daily read With most delight the passions of mankind; Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears, re vealed— There saw into the depth of human souls, Souls that appear to have no depth at all To careless eyes. And—now convinced at heart How little those formalities, to which With overweening trust alone we give The name of Education, have to do With real feeling and just sense; how vain A correspondence with the talking world Proves to the most; and called to make good search
If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked With toil, be therefore yoked with ignorance; If virtue be indeed so hard to rear, And intellectual strength so rare a boon— I prized such walks still more, for there I found Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure peace And steadiness, and healing and repose To every angry passion. There I heard, From mouths of men obscure and lowly, truths Replete with honour; sounds until then With loftiest promises of good and fair.
There are who think that strong affection, love
Known by whatever name, is falsely deemed A gift, to use a term which they would use, Of vulgar nature; that it gives no requires Retirement, leisure, language purified By manners studied and elevated; That whose feels such passion in its strength Must live within the very light and air Of courteous usages refined by art. True is it, when oppression worse than death Solutes the being at his birth, where grace Of culture hath been utterly unknown, And poverty and labour in excess From day to day pre-occupy the ground Of the affections, and to cut them off. Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed, Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with ease Among the close and overcrowded haunts Of cities, where the human heart is sick, And the eye feeds on, 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, in the Few The Many for the pleasure of those Few; Effeminately lower down the true 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
The Prelude.

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 all external service is performed within,
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel, that protects
Its simple wor-hippers from sun and shower.

Owens, 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, obedience paid
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach
Inspire; through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live,
Not unsealed by religious faith.

Nor unformed by books, good books, though few.

In Nature's presence: thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.

Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my pride
That I have learned to tread this holy ground,
Speaking no dream, but things ocular;

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 speaking or in 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 in reality the same in word.

As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life
Still higher, men for contemplation framed.
Shy, and not presented in the smile of phrase;

Mend men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse
That 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 gradditude to God, Who feeds our hearts
For His own service: knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time old I receive
Convictions still more strong than heretofore,
Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that, no less,
Nature, in all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life. I felt that the array
Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind;
What passion makes them; that 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 lefty of their own;
And that the Genius of the Poet hence
May boldly take his way among mankind
Wherever Nature does not stand alone
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, thus 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 untought 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 reine of ages fled
Backwards, nor checked his flight until I saw
Our dim ancestral Past in the dim world
Saw multitudes of men, and, here and there,
A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,
With shield and stone-axe, stride across the wold;
The voice of spears was heard, the rattling spear
Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in strength,
Long moulder'd, barbed with sharp strong points.
I called on Darkness—but before the word
Was uttered, midnight darkness shewed me to take
All objects from my sight: and lo! again
The Desert visible by distant flames;
It is the sacrificial altar, fed
With living men—how deep the groans! the voice
Of those that crowd the giant wicker thrills
The monumental hillocks, that seem
To be for both worlds, the living and the dead.
At other moments—(for through that wide waste
Three summer days I roamed) where'er the Plain
Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or mounds,
That yet survive, a work, as some divine,
Shaped by the Druids, so adored,
Their knowledge of the heavens, and image forth
The constellations—gently was I charmed
Into a waking dream, a reverie
That, with believing eyes, where'er I turned,
Beheld long-barred trees, with white wands
Uplifted, pointing to the stary sky,
Alternatively, and plain below. The breath
Of music swayed their motions, and the waste
Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet sounds.
THE PRELUDE.

This for the past, and things that may be viewed
Or seen in the obscurity of years
From monumental hints: and thou, O Friend!
Pleased with some unprompted strains
That served those wanderings to beguile, hast said
That then and there my mind had exercised
Upon the vulgar forms of present things,
The actual world of our familiar days,
Yet higher power: had caught from them a tone,
An air, a path, a character, by books
Not hitherto reflected. Call we this
A partial judgment—and yet why for then
We were as strangers; and I may not speak
Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,
Which on thy young imagination, trained
In the great City, broke the light from far,
Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself
Witness and judge; and I remember well
That in life's every-day appearances
I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit
To be transmitted, and to other eyes
Made visible: as ruled by those fixed laws
Whence spiritual dignity originates,
Which do both give it being and maintain
A balance, an enabling 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.

Is one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance?) through the Northern
traces
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,
I left Bethesda's baths at couching-time,
And westward took my way, to see the sun
Now, from the top of Snowdon. To the door
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who attends
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty guide:
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied forth.

It was a close, warm, breathless summer night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog
Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky:
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon got us round.
And, after ordinary travellers' talk
With our conductor, pensively we sank
Each to his commerce with his private thoughts:
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself
With nothing either seen or heard that checked
Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd'sftarther, who, among the crags,
Had to his joy unearnt) a hedgehog, teased
His called-up prey with lankings turbulent.
This small adventure, for even such it seemed
In that wild place and at the dead of night,
Being over and forgotten, on we wound
In silence as before. With forehead bent
Earthward, as in opposition set.
Against an enemy, I painted up
With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts.
Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,
And I, as chance, the foremost of the band;
When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,
And with this one or two seemed brighter still;
Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,
The Moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
A hundred hills their dusky barks 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 divide, and give up its majesty
Subsumed upon far as the light could reach.
Not so to the eternal 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, gaz'd
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
All meek and silent, save that through a rift—
Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,
A fixed, aysmal, gloomy, breathing-place—
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
Innumerable, roaring with one voice
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved
That vision, given to spirits of the night
And three chance human wanderers, in calm thought
Reflected, it appeared to me the type
Of a majestic intellect, its acts
And its possessions, what it has and craves,
What in itself is, and would become.
There I beheld the emblem of a mind
That feeds upon infinity, that broods
Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
Its voices issuing forth to silent light
In one continuous stream; a mind sustained
By recognitions of transcendental power,
In sense conducting to ideal form,
In soul of more than mortal privilege.
One function, above all, of such a mind
Had Nature shadowed there, by bringing forth,
'Mid circumstances awful and sublime,
That mutual domination which she loved.
To exert upon the outward things,
So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed
With interchangeably superior
That men, least sensitive, see, hear, perceive,
And cannot choose but feel. The power, which all
Acknowledged thus, when it moved, which Nature thus
To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
Resemblance of that glory which
That higher minds bear with them as their own.
This is the very spirit in which they deal
With the whole compass of the universe;  
They from their native selves can send abroad  
Kindred mutations; for themselves create  
A like existence; and, were't it dawns  
Created for them, catch it, or are caught  
By its intoxicating mastery.  
Like angels stopped upon the wing by sound  
Of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres.  
Them the enduring and the transient both  
Serve to exist; they build up greatest things  
From least suggestions; ever on the watch,  
Willing to work and to be wrought upon,  
They need not extraordinary calls  
To rouse them; in a world of life they live,  
Flourish in their haunts not emblazoned,  
But by their quickening impulse made more  
As to hold fit converse with the spiritual world,  
And with the generations of mankind  
Spread over time, past, present, and to come,  
Age after age, till Time shall be no more.  
Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
For they are Powers; and hence the highest  
That flesh can know is theirs—the conscious  
Of Whom they are, habitually infused  
Through every image and through every thought,  
And all affections by communion raised  
From earth to heaven, from human to divine;  
Hence endless occupation for the Soul,  
Whether discursive or intuitive;  
Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,  
Emotions which best foresight need not fear,  
Most cheerfulness in trust, and most trustful.  
Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush  
Our hearts—if of the words of Holy Writ  
May with fit reverence be applied—that peace  
Wherein is wings and breadth and understanding, that repose  
In moral judgments which from this pure source  
Must come, or will by man be sought in vain.  

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life long  
Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in himself?  
For this alone is genuine liberty;  
Where is the favoured being who hath held  
That course unchecked, unerring, and unimpaired,  
In one perpetual progress smooth and bright—  
A humble destine have we retraced,  
And do not of counsel and deliberating choice,  
And backward wanderings along thorny ways:  
Yet—composed round by mountain solitude,  
Within whose solemn temple I received  
My earliest visitations, careless then  
of what was given me; and which now I range,  
A meditative, oft a suffering man—  
Do I declare—in accents which, from truth  
Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend  
Their modulation with these vocal streams—  
That, whenever fails my better mind,  
Revolution with the accidents of life,  
May have sustained, that, however misled,  
Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,  
Tamper with conscience from a private aim;  
Nor was in any public hope the dupe  
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield  
Willingly to mean cares or low pursuits,  
But shrank with apprehensive jealousy  
From every combination which might ail  
The tendency, too potent in itself,  
Of use and custom to bow down the soul  
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,  
And substitute a universe of death  
For that which moves with light and life  
Informed, Actual, divine, and true.  
To fear and love,  
To love as prince and chief, for there fear ends,  
Be this ascended; to early intercourse,  
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,  
With the adverse principles of pain and joy—  
 Evil, as one is easily taught by men  
Who know not what they speak.  
By love  
Substaits  
That lasting grandeur, by pervading love;  
That gone, we are as dust—Behold the fields  
In balmy spring-spring full of rising flowers  
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the lamb  
And the lamb's mother, and their tender ways  
Shall touch thee to the heart; thou callest this love.  
And not hastily so, for love it is,  
Far as it carries thee. In some green bower  
Rest, and be not alone, but have those there  
The One who is thy choice of all the world;  
There linger, listening, gazing, with delight  
Imaginized, but delight how pitiable!  
Unless this love by a still higher law  
Be hallowed, love that breathes not without  
Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,  
By heaven inspired; that frees from chains the soul.  
Lifted, in union with the purest, best,  
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise  
Hearing a tribute in the high pulpit tone,  
This spiritual Love acts not nor can exist  
Without Imagination, which, in truth,  
Is but another name for absolute power  
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,  
And Reason in her most exalted term.  
This faculty hath been the feeding source  
Of our long labour; we have traced the stream  
From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard  
Its natal murmur; followed it to light  
And open day; accompanied its course  
Among the ways of Nature, for a time  
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed;  
Then given it greeting as it rose once more  
In strength, reflecting from its placid breast  
The works of man and face of human life;  
And lastly, from its progress have we drawn  
Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought  
Of human Being, Eternity, and God.  
Imagination having been our theme,  
So also hath that intellectual Love,  
For they are each in each, and cannot stand  
Divisively—Here must thou be, O Man!  
Power to thyself; no Helper hast thou here  
Here keest thou in singleness thy state;  
No other can divide with thee this work:  
No secondary hand can intervene  
To fashion this ability; 'tis thine, The prime and vital principle is thine  
In the recesses of thy nature, for  
From any reach of outward fellowship,  
Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,  
Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath laid  
Here, the foundation of his future years!  
For all that friendship, all that love can do,
THE PRELUDE.

All that a darling countenance can look
Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,
Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,
All shall be his: and he whose soul hath risen
Up to the height of feeling intellect
Shall want no humbler tenderness; his heart
Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;
Of female sex as shall his life be full,
Of humble cares and delicate moods.
Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!
The sweetest, softest verse have been elsewhere
Poured out for all the early tenderness
Which from thee imbued: and 'tis most true
That later sessions 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 termes in it. Thou didst soften down
This ever-sternness; but for thee, dear Friend!
My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood
In her original self too confident,
Retained too long a countenance severe;
A rock with torrents roaring; with the clouds
Familiar, and a favorite of the stars;
But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
And teach the little birds to build their nests
And wobble 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 richer than herself,
When every day brought with it some new
Exquisite regard for common things,
And all the earth was budding with these gifts
Of more obscuring humanity, thy breath,
Dear Sister! was a kinder geniue splendour
Than what I breathed before my steps.
Thereafter came
One whom with thee friendship had early
She came, no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And 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 mere worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Coughed in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,
Coloridge! 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 ever-wakening 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 closest gathering cares, such as become
A human creature, housewre'endowed,
Poet, or destined for a humbler name;
And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
The rapture of the hallowed spot.
From all that breathes and is, was chastened,
Atoned,
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 unpromiscuously, 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 tenuously touched upon,
The charm more superficial that attends
Her works, as they present to Fancy's choice
As illustrations of the manner:
Caught at a glance, or traced with curious points.
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 power.
Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes
That individual character in manner,
To an attentive eye.
For progress meet,
Along this intricate and difficult path
Whatever was wanting, something had I gained,
As one of many schoolfellows compelled,
In hardly independence, to stand up.
Abide conflicting interests, and the shock
Of various tempers; to endure and note
What was not understood, though known to be;
Among the mysteries of love and hate,
Honour and shame, looking to right and left,
Unchecked by innocence too delicate,
And moral notions too intolerant,
Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when called
To take a station among men, tis step
Was easier, the transition more secure,
More probable also; for the mind
Learns from each trial to exercise to keep
In wholesome separation the two natures,
The one that feels, the other that observes.
Yet one word more of personal concern:—
Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,
I led an undetermined wanderer's life,
In London chiefly harboured, whence I recame,
Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot.
THE PRELUDE.

Of rural England's cultivated vales
On Cambrian solitudes. A youth—he bore
The name of Calvert—it shall live, if words
Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief
That by endowments not from me withheld
Good might be furthered—in his last decay
By a bequest sufficient for my needs
Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk
At large and unrestrained, nor damp'd 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
Flow'd in the bent of Nature.

Having now
Told what best merits mention, further pains
Our present purpose seems not to require,
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind
The mood in which this labour was begun,
O Friend! The termination of my course
Is nearer now, much nearer; yet even then,
Is that distraction and intense desire,
I said unto the life which I had lived,
Where art thou? Hear I not a voice from thee
Which 'tis reproach to hear? Anon I rose
As if on wings, and saw beneath me stretched
Vast prospect of the world which I had been
And was; and hence this Song, which like a lark
I have protracted, in the unwearyed heavens
Singing, and often with more plaintive voice
To earth attune'd and her deep-drawn sighs,
Yet faint in all, yet frail in love, and in the end
All gratulat, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,
And, with life, power to accomplish aught of worth,
That will be deemed no insufficient plea
For hoping, when the story of myself
Is all uncertain; but, beloved Friend!
With all your heart, you sent, in clearer view
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
That summer, under whose indulgent skies
Upon smooth Quaker's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or listened 'mid her Sylvan combes,
Till borne in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rufial woes
Didst utter of the lady Christabel;
And I, associate with such labour, steeped
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,

After the period of his moonlight ride,
Near the loud waterfall; or her who sate
In misery near the miserable Thorn;
When thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,
And hast before thee all which then we were,
To thee, in memory of that happiness,
It will be known, by thee at least, my Friend!
Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind
Is labour not unworthy of regard;
To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift
Have been prepared, not with the buoyant spirits
That were our daily portion when we first
Together wonted in wild Poesy;
But, under pressure of a private grief,
Keen and enduring, which the mind and heart,
That in this meditative history
Have been laid open, needs must make me feel
More deeply, yet enable me to bear
More firmly; and a comfort now hath risen
From hope that thou art near, and will be soon
Restored to us in renovated health;
When, after the first mingling of our tears,
'Among 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 ebb, to ignominy and shame
By nations sick 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 labours 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 reach them bow;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself.
Of quality and fabric more divine.
THE EXCURSION.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.

Of high respect and gratitude sincere.
Gladly would I have wasted till my task
Had reached its close; but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask
The favour; trusting that thou wilt not deem
The offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
July 9th, 1814.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814.

The Title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts.—The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first; but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding, to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interest, the Author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the poem, of which The Excursion is a part, derives its Title of The Recluse.—Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary Work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That Work, addressed to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author’s Intellec 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 its minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to
be likened to the little cells, oratories, and
\[...

...Justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much
of performances either unfinished, or unpub-
lished, if he had not thought that the labour
bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore
and now laid before the Public, entitled him to
a candid attention for such a statement as he
thinks necessary to show light upon his co-
devours to please and, he would hope, to
benefit his countrymen.

...Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts
of The Recluse will consist chiefly of meditations
in the individual man — and that in the
intermediate part (The Recursion) the inter-
vention of characters speaking is employed,
and something of a dramatic form adopted.

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

"On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, with the unmingling sadness mixed:
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And the remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
...To these emotions, whatsoever they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the Soul — an impulse to herself —
I would give utterance in various verse.
Oh, songs of Nature, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of love, of power, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonwealth spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all —
I sing! — fit audience let me find though few!

So preserved, more gaining than he asked, the
Task.

In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
The presence of a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven;
For the image on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep, and, as it ascends, breathe in worlds
To which the heavens of heavens is but a veil.
All strength — all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in popular form —
Jehovah — with his thunder, and the choir
Of shooting Angels, and the empyreal thrones —
I name them unlearned. Not Chaos, not
The darkest rift of lowest Erebos,
Nor subject of blinder vacancy, swooped out
By help of dreams — can breed such fear and awe,
As fall upon us often when we look

Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man —
My haunt, and the main region of my song.
— Beauty — a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth's materials — waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves
Of Eden, Fortunate Fields — like those of old
Sought the Atlantic Main — why should they be
A history only of destroyed creation?
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discriminating eye of reason,
When wended to this godly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day:
— I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in loving peace, the sacred verse
Of this great consummation — and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the senses from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures: while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted — and how exquisitely, too—
Theme this but little heard of among men —
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by so lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish: — this is our high argument.
— Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere — to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see all sights
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear Humanity in feuds, and see
Pipe solitary anguish; or mug hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities — these sounds
Have their authentic comment; that even these
Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn:
I descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'd
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come and doss possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets: upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight: that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influences, and secure
Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the nether sphere! — And if with this
I mix more lowly matter: with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
Contemplating: and who, and what this was —
The trashy being that beheld
This Vision: when and where it should be lived;
Be not this labour useless. If such theme
May sort with highest objects, then — dread
Power! — Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination — may my life
Express the image of a better time.
More wise desires, and simpler manners: —nurce
My Heart in genuine freedom: — all pure
Thoughts
Be with me: — so shall thy unfailling love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!"
THE WANDERER.

ARGUMENT.

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

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high; North-east winds stirred the shaggy branches of the Danse Plantain, and made it indistinctly glare through a pale steam; but all the northern air overhead was cool and serene.

In the distant fields, the cattle grazed; far off a Girl, with her pet lamb, towards the village, while the wind, piping through the branches, made a melody, sweet and soft, as if blown from a Distance.

The Author sat down on the brow of the hill, and lost himself in thought and meditation.

The sun was already high in the heavens, and the heat of the day was beginning to feel itself. But the Author did not mind it, for he was too much occupied with his own thoughts.

He sat for a long time, lost in thought, until he was suddenly wakened by the sound of a distant bell, ringing in the distance.

He looked around, and beheld a beautiful landscape before him. The air was fresh and invigorating, and the Author felt a great contentment.

He arose from his seat, and began to walk about the hill, lost in thought and meditation.

As he walked, he observed a young Girl, who was busily engaged in gathering wild flowers.

He approached her, and asked her if she would allow him to accompany her in her task.

She readily agreed, and the Author, having taken a few flowers, began to walk with her, lost in thought and meditation.

As they walked, they talked of various subjects, and the Author was much interested in her conversation.

At last, they arrived at the cottage, where the Author was entreated to enter, and to partake of refreshments.

He accepted the invitation, and was much pleased with the hospitable reception he received.

As they sat at table, the Author began to tell the history of the last Inhabitant of the cottage, who had passed his life in solitude and retirement.

The Girl listened with great attention, and the Author found her a very intelligent, and thoughtful companion.

As they talked, the Author began to feel a great sympathy for the in-
And an habitual piety, maintained
With scrupulous scarcely known on English
ground.
From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I
speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the hills;
But, through the inclement and the perilous
days
Of long-continuing winter, he required,
Equipped with satchel, to a school, that stood
Soles building on a mountain’s dreary edge,
Rode from the north of city spire, or sound
Of minister clock! From that bleak tenement
He, and his evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness: all alone
Belied 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 would he still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and
forms.
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The likeness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child’s eagerness
Inwardly to burn an ear and eye.
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite—nor this alone
Appeased his yearnings— in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And those subterranean depths of blank 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,
Expressive 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 by imagination in her growth,
And gave the Mind that apprehensive power
But too, he had a mind quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.
But eagerly he read, and read again,
What 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
day.
And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved
A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
That left half-told the preterrestrial tale,
Romance of gaunt, chronicles of friends,
Profuse in furniture of wooden cuts
Strange and smooth; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-kneed, sharp-shouldered, and lean-ankled,
With long and ghostly shanks—forms which
once saw
Could never be forgotten!
In his heart,
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished sultan,
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffus’d, 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
stretched,
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needeth none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, sense, form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them all he lived.
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he professed 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 contemned preconcerted.
O theu how beautiful, how bright, appeared
The written promise! Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he feel his faith,
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite
There likeness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe—he saw
What wonder of his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his
heart
Lowly: for he was meek in gratitude,
As oft he called those estates to mind,
And whence they flowed; and from them be
acquired
Wisdom, which works thro’ patience; whence
he learned
THE EXCURSION.

In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart,
Self-estranged, for 'tis a sight that I did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest town
He duly went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away
The book that most had tempted his desires
When in the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. Love of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His School-master supplied; books that explain
The pure and various uses of truth involved
In laws and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(especially perceived where nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.

These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness. What could he do,
This daily throning, in that lonesome life,
With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things that from her sweet influence
Might tend to wound him. Therefore with her
Hers, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His thoughts—tho' they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars!—off'd did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birthplace, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed upon its visionary sides
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

So it was, and the eighth year was told,
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight; he was o'er-
Powered by Nature; by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Unruined by the glories of this glorious universe.
Full often wished he that the winds might rage
When they were silent; far more fondly now
Than in his earlier season did he love
Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the
Sounds
That live in darkness. From his intellect
And from the silence of abstracted thought
He asked repose; and, failing oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws of
Light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clay's deep up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun
Varies its showy hue. 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,
This wearied heart;—much wanting to assat
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened and brace'd, by breathing in cont-
tent
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 an 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 region mountainous
Like their own stedfast clouds) did now impel
His restless mind to look abroad with hope.
—An iskome 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.debauching now,
Gained merit respect in simpler times;
When squire, and priest, and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequesteration—all dependent
Upon the Pindar's till—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 home and hills
He wandered far; much did he see of men,
Their manners, their pursuits, and pursuits,
Their passions and their feelings; chiefly those
Essential and eternal in the food
That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
Powered.

Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language. In the woods,
A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
Hindering 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 this just equipose of love.
Seren it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life: unexcess, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course,
No pitious revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.
Unoccupied by sorrow of laws;
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; 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 suffer to suffer
THE EXCURSION.

With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life.
For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
The history of many familiars;
How they had prospered; how they were overthrown.
By passion or misconception, 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, unasked
With needless services, from hardship free.
His calling laid aside, he lived at ease;
But still he loved to pace the public roads
And the wild paths; and, by the summer's warmth
Invited, often would he leave his home
And journey far, revisiting the scenes
That to his memory were most endear'd.
—Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamp'd
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 held it with an unwavering eye.
This he remembered in his riper age
With gratitude, with reverence, 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,
Where'er, in docile childhood or in youth,
He had been, or in the solitude of fear or darker thought
Was mellowed 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, unimpress'd with awe.
And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports
And reeling ways of children vex'd not him;
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age: nor did the sick man's tale,
To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb;
Such as might suit a rustic sire, prepared
For Sabbath duties: yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without remark.
Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs
And his whole figure breathed intelligence.
Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek
Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tam'd his eye; that, under brows
Staggy and gray, had meanings which it brought
From years of youth; which, like a Being made
Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to come,
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

—So was He framed: and such his course of life
Who now, with no appearance of sadness,
The prised memorial of relinquished toils,
Upon that cottage-bench repose his limbs,
Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,
His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
The shadows of the breezy slums above
Dappling his face. He had not heard the sound
Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
Unobserved did I walk in the garden's space.
At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat
Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim
Had newly scooped a running stream. He rose,
And ere our lively greeting into peace
Had settled, "'Tis, and I, 'a burning day:
My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems,
Have somewhere found relief." He, at the word,
Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb
The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out
Upon the public way. It was a plot
Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds
Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
The gooseberry trees that shot in long black slips,
Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems
In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
The broken wall. I looked around, and there,
Where two tall hedge-rooks of thick elder boughs
Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well
Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern.
My thirst I slaked, and, from the cheerless spot
Withdrawn, straightway I turned my face
Where sat the old Man on the cottage-bench;
And, while, beside him, with his head on hand,
I yet was standing, freely to respire,
And cool my temples in the fanning air,
Thus did he speak. "I see around me here
Things which you cannot see: we daw, my Friend,
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon
Even of the good is no memorial left.
—The Poets, in their elegies and songs
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams of mourn,
And senseless rocks; nor is it; for they speak,
In these their invocations, with a voice
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passion. Sympathies there are
More tranquill, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That stalk upon the mediative mind,
And grow with thought. Beside you spring I stood,
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
When, every day, the touch of human hand
Dissolved the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness: and they ministered
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied the
Useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
Green with the moss of years, and subject only
THE EXCURSION.

To the soft handling of the elements:
There are lines—how foolish are such thoughts!
Forgive them.—never—never did my steps
Approach this door but she who dwelt within
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
Has blest Margaret for her gentle looks,
When, where would the cool refreshment drawn
From this forsaken spring; and no one came
But he was welcome; no one went away
But she seemed she loved him. She is dead,
The light extinguished of her lonely but
The hut itself abandoned to decay,
And she forgotten in the quiet grave.

I speak," continued he, "of One whose stock
Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.
She was a Woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as to make
A being who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.
Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
The humble worth that satisfied her heart;
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and wise
Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell
That he was often seated at his loom,
In summer, ere the mower was abroad
Among the dewy grass,—in early spring,
Ere the pale star had vanished.—They who passed
At evening, from behind the garden fence,
Might hear his busy spade, which he would play,
After his daily work, until the light
Had failed, and every leaf and flower were cast
In the dark hedger. So their days were spent
In peace and comfort; and a pretty toy
Was their best hope, next to the God in heaven.

Not twenty years ago, but you I think
Can softly hear it now in mind, there came
Two light-tinged seasons, when the fields were left
With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add
A day in the season in the plague of war:
This happy Land was stricken to the heart!
A Wanderer then among the cottages,
J., with my freight of winter raiment, saw
The end 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,
Abandoned
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 Heir-priest on a sick-bed lay,
Smitten with pernicious 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 anguish
From ill-deserved labour turned aslant
Sought daily bread from public charity,
They, and their wives and children—happier
for
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 pleasance and society
His whole life in the quiet place of peace,
This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
That had no shrift in them; or with his knife
Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks—
Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
In house or garden, any casual work
Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
He mingled, where he might, the various tasks
Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
But this endured not; his good humour soon
Became a weight in which no pleasure was:
And poverty brought on a petted mood
And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,
And he would leave his work—and to the town
Would turn without an errand his slack steps;
Or wander here and there among the fields.
One while he would speak lightly of his labors,
And with a crusty tongue: at other times
He tossed them with a false unnatural joy:
And 'twas a useful 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 tall 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 untold 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 diquest, thus disturb
The calm of nature with our restless thoughts?"

He spoke 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 despair,
I thought of that poor Woman as of one
Whose I had known and loved. He had released
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 turned
A heart-felt chilliness crept along my veins.
I rose; and, having left the brevity shade,
Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,
That had not cheered me long ere, looking round
Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,
The Excursion

And begged of the old Man that, for my sake,
He would resume his story.

"It was a wantonness, and would demand
Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts
Could hold this dignancy, that, while the misery
Even of the dead: contented thence to draw
A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason, barren of all future good.
But we have known that there is often found,
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,
A power to virtue friendly: weren't not so,
I am a dreamer among men, indeed.
An idle dreamer! 'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life.
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form.—But without further biding
I will proceed.

While thus it was fared with them,
To whom this cottage, till those hapless years,
Had been a blessed home, it was my chance
To travel in a country far remote;
And when these lofty elms once more appeared
What pleasant expectations lurked me on
O'er the flat Common—with quick step I reached
The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch;
But, when I entered, Margaret looked at me
A little while; then turned her head away.
Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a chair,
Were bitter. I was not what to do,
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! At last
She rose from off her seat, and then,—"Oh sir!"
I cannot tell how she pronounced my name:—
With fervent love, and with a face of grief
Inexpressibly, and a look
That seemed to cling upon me, she enquired
If I had been heard of. As she spoke
A strange suspicion and fear came to my mind,
Not that I power to answer ere she told
That he had disappeared—not two months

He left his house: two wretched days had past,
And on the third, as wistfully she raised
Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
Like one in trouble, for returning light,
With how her chamber-casement she espied
A folded paper, lying as if placed
To meet her waking eyes.—This tremulously
She opened; no hand behind, no writing, but behold
Pieces of money carefully enclosed.
Silver and gold. 'I shuddered at the sight,'
Said Margaret. 'for I knew it was his hand
That must have placed it there; and ere that day
Was ended, that long anxious day, I learned,
From one who by my husband had been sent
With the sad news, that he had joined a troop
Of soldiers, going to a distant land.
—He left me thus—he could not gather heart
To take a farewell of me; for he feared
That I should follow with my babies, and sink
Beneath the misery of that wandering life.'

This tale did Margaret tell with many tears;
And, when she ended, I had little power
To give her comfort, and was glad to take
Such words of hope from her own mouth as served
To cheer us both. But long we had not talked

Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
And with a brighter eye she looked around
As if she had been shedding tears of joy.
We parted.—'Twas the time of early spring;
I left her busy with her garden tools.
And well remember, o'er that fence she looked,
And, while I paced along the foot-way path,
Called out, and sent a blessing after me,
With tender cheerfulness, and with a voice
That seemed the very sound of happy thoughts.

I rowed o'er many a hill and many a dale,
With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,
Through many a wood and many an open ground.
In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
Dropping or blooming, as a bird or beetle;
My best companions now the driving winds,
And now the 'trotting brooks' and whispering trees,
And now the music of my own sad steps.
With many a short-lived thought that passed
between,
And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,
When, in the warmth of midsummer, the wheat
Was yellow; and the soft and laden grass,
Springing alcheon, had o'er the hayfield spread
Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,
I found that she was absent. In the shade,
Where now we sit, I wanted her return.
Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
Its customary look.—only, it seemed
The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,
Hung down in heavier tufts; and that bright weed,
The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
Along the window's edge: the dog rose
Blinding the lower panels. I turned aside,
And trod into a garden pathway,
To lag behind the season, and had lost
Its pride of somnolence. Daisy-flowers and thrift
Had broken their trim border-lines, and strag-
gled
O'er paths they used to deck: carnations, once
Praised for surpassing beauty, and no less
For the peculiar pains they had required,
Declined their languid heads, wanting support.
The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and briars,
Had twined about her two small rows of peas,
And dragged them to the earth.

Ere this an hour
Was wasted. —Back I turned my restless steps;
A stranger passed; and, guessing whom I sought
He said that she was used to ramble far.—
The sun was sinking in the west; and now
I awoke with sad impatience. From within
Her solitary infant cried aloud,
Then, like a blast that died away self-stilled,
The voice was silent. From the bench I rose;
But neither could divert nor soothe my thoughts.
The spot, though fair, was very desolate—
The longer I remained, more desolate:
And, looking round me, now I first observed
The corner stones, on either side the porch,
With dull red stains discoloured, and stuck o'er
With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the sheep,
That fed upon the Common, thither came
Familiarly, and found a couching-place
Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows fell
From these tall clims; 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,
'What gives me you here? You have waited 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 she the door she spend our evening meal,
She told me—interrupting not the work
Which gave employment to her little 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 that
Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
And to myself,' said she, 'have done much wrong
And to this helpless infant. I have slept
Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my tears
Have flowed as if my body were not such
As others are; and I could never die.
But I am now in mind and in my heart
More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that God
Will give me patience to endure the things
Which I behold at home.'
It would have grieved
Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel
The story linger in my heart: I fear
'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings
To that poor Woman—so familiarly
Do I know her manner, and her look,
And presence; and so deeply do I feel
Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walk
A momentary trance comes over me;
And to myself I seem to muse on One
By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,
A human being destined to awake
To human life, or something very near
To human life, when he shall come again
For whom she suffered. Yes, it would have grieved
Your heart to see her: moreover
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 whence they came.

Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
For her seek a use, some tokeess of regard,
Which was too poor 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 bale,
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 its sun sun touched the primrose flower
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring.
I found her sad, and heard 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
Bespeaks a sleepy hand of negligence:
The floor was neither dry nor fair; 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 hard-set 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 gnowed 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 trusty sheep.
—Margaret stood near, her infant in her arms,
And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gone
Ere Robert come again.' When to the House
We had returned together,
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 beam
Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung
Upon the self-same nail; his very staff
Stood undisturbed behind the door.
And when,
In bleak December, I retraced this way,
She told me that her little babe was dead,
And she was left alone. She now, released
From her maternal cares, had taken up
The employment common through these wilds,
And gained,
By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;
And for this end had hired a neighbor's boy
To give her needful help. That very time
Most willingly she put her work aside,
And walked with me along the miry road,
Headless how far: and, in such piteous sort
That any heart had ached to hear her, begged
That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask
For him whom she had lost. We parted then—
Our final parting; for from that time forth
Did many season past ere I returned
Into this tract again.
Nine tedious years:
From their first separation, nine long years,
She lingered in unquiet wilderness;
A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have been
A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my
Friend,
THE EXCURSION.

That in your arbour oftentimes she sat
Alone, through half the vacant Sabbath day;
And, if a dog passed by, she would quit
The shade, and look abroad. On this old bench
For hours she sat; and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick. You see that path,
Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its grey line;
There, to and fro, she paced through many a walk
Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
That girded her waist, spinning the long-drawn thread
With backward steps. Yet ever as there passed
A man whose garments showed the soldier's red,
Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
The little child who sat to turn the wheel
Ceased from his task; and she with faltering voice
Made many a fond enquiry; and when they,
Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,
Her heart was still more sad. And by yon gate,
That bars the traveller's road, she often stood,
And when a stranger horseman came, the latch
Would lift, and in his face look wistfully:
Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor Hot
Sank to decay; for he was gone, whose hand,
At the firstnip of October frost,
Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw
Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived
Through the long winter, reckless and alone;
Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,
Was espoused; and while she slept, the nightly damps
Did chill her breast; and in the stormy day
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
Have left her house; and still that length of road,
And this rude bench, one torturing hope
Endured,
Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my Friend,—
In sickness she remained; and here she died;
Last human tenant of these ruined walls!"

The old Man ceased: he saw that I was moved.
From that low bench, rising instinctively
I turned aside in weakness, nor had power
To thank him for the tale which he had told.
I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall
Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and it seemed
To comfort me while with a brother's love
I blessed her in the impotence of grief.
Then towards the cottage I returned; and traced
Fondly, though with an interest more mild,
That secret spirit of humanity
Which, 'mid the calm obvious tendencies
Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
And silent overgrowings, still survived.
The old Man, noting this, said, "Ye see," 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 oftentimes felt
The unbounded might of prayer; and learned,
With soul
Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,
From sources deeper far than deepest pain;
For the meek Sufferer. Why then should we read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye?
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
As once I passed, into my heart conveyed
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From rain 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
Of those meditative hours which elapsed
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 sat on that low bench; and as I sat,
Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.
A linsten warbled from those lofty elms,
A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,
At distance heard, people the milder air.
The old Man rose, and, with a smile of benign
Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff;
Together casting then a farewell look
Upon those silent walls, we left the shade;
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
A village-inn,—our evening resting-place.

BOOK SECOND.

THE SOLITARY.

ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated—Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat—Sound of singing from below—a funeral procession—Descent into the Valley—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley—Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary—Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district—Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage—The cottage entered—Description of the Solitary's apartment—Repeat there—View, from the window, of two mountain summits;
and the Solitary's description of the companion ship they afford him—Account of the departed inmates 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 Illustrious hereditary, from hall to hall,
Baronial court or royal ; cheer'd with gifts
Manorial, and love and ladies' praise.
Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a flowered meadow, a spacious hall,
One evening sumptuously lodged; the next, Humbly in a rural hospitable cell.
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
Or happily ensconced 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 wherever he was
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, lovelier, 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 humble guise
Accustomed with his burthen and his staff;
And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

What wonder, then, if, I, whose favourite school
Hath hallowed fields, the roads, and rural lanes,
Look'd on this guide with reverential love?
Each with the other pleased, we now pursued
Our journey, under favourable skies.
The hero, to whose name as we told, he was a light
Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,
Rarely a house, that did not yield to him
Remembrances; or from his tongue call forth
Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard
Accompanied those strains of apt discourse
Which nature's various objects might inspire;
And in the silence of his face I read
His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,
And the mute element that glances in the stream;
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
Glorious insect hovering in the air,
The bow, the brook, the household dog—
In his capacious mind, he loved them all;
Those rights acknowledging he felt for all.
Oft was occasion given me to perceive
How the calm pleasures of the pasturing herd
To happy contemplation sooth'd his walk:
How the poor brute's condition, forc'd to run
Its course of suffering to the public road,
Sad contrast! all too often smote his heart
With universal woe. Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
To the dethroned, restored, beloved.
Smiles of good-will from faces that he knew
Greeted us all day long; we took our seats
In a sunny hoary-bearded, where he received
The welcome of an inmate from afar,
And in a religious 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—when the poor man held
A dispute
With his own mind, unable to subdue
Impatience through inaccess to perceive.
General distress in his particular lot;
Or exercising regentism, or in vain
Struggling against it; with a soul perplexed,
And finding in itself 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 de to a judge;
Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
The perturbation; listened to the plea;
Resolved the dubious point; and sentence gave
So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
With softened spirit, even when it condemned.
Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved,
Now as his choice directed, now as mine;
Or both, with equal readiness of will.
Our course submitting to the changeful breeze
Of accident. But when the rising sun
Had three times called us to renew our walk,
My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
As if the thought were but a moment old,
Claimed absolute dominion for the day,
By the broad hill, glistered upon our sight
That gay assemblage. Round them and above,
Glisten, with dark recesses interposed,
Gawsmant, and cottage-roof, and stems of trees
Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver stream
Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like a mast
Of gold, the Maypole shines: as if the rays
Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,
With gladsome influence could re-animate
The faded garlands dangling from its sides.

Said I, "The music and the gaily scene
Invite us; shall we quit our road, and join
These festive matins?"—He replied, "Not both
To linger I would here with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening's close,
The simple potters of the day and place.
By the next Racers, ere the sun be set;
The turf of your large pastures will be skimmed;
There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall contend:
But know we not that he, who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Unites full oft the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed!
A length of journey yet remains untried:
Let us proceed."—Then, pointing with his staff
Raiser toward those craggy summits, his intent
He thus imparted:—

"In a spot that lies
Among your mountain fastnesses concealed,
You will receive, before the hour of noon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's toil,
For there, alas! resides one, who lived secluded there,
Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whose past life,
(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
Known, as unknown, collected from himself)
This brief communication shall suffice.

Though now scoriung there, he, like myself,
Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
Where many a sheltered and well-tended plant
Bears on the humblest ground of social life,
Blossoms of pietie and innocence,
Such grateful promises his youth displayed:
And, have been shewn in study forward zeal,
He to the Ministry was duly called;
And straight, inspired 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 insuperable ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity, he walked the world,
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety;
Lax, buoyant—love 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;
Old Freedom was old servitude, and they
The wisest whose opinions stopped the least
To known restraints: and who most boldly drew
Hopeful progessions from a诚信
That, as the light of false philosophy,
Spread like a halo round a misty moon,
Widening its circle as the storms advanced.

His sacred function was at length renounced;
And one day every place enjoyed
The unhackled Layman's natural liberty:
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise.
I do not wish to wrong him, though the course
Of private life licentiously displayed,
I disallowed him, as I plaited like a crown
Upon the immodest aspiring brow
Of spurious notions—words as open signs
Of justice subdued—still he retained,
'Mid much abasement, what he had received
From nature, an intense and glowing mind.
Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew weak,
And mortal Address 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,
Majestic, as his fortune was less:
And he continued, when were days were gone
To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange reverse with real
That showed like happiness. But, in despite
Of all this outside bravery, within,
He neither felt encouragement nor hope:
For moral dignity, and strength of mind,
Were wanting; and simplicity of life:
And reverence for himself; and, last and best,
Cinctorious thoughts, through love and fear of Him
Before the sight the troubles of this world
Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

The glory of the times fading away—
The splendid, which had given a festal air
To self-importance, bafflest it, and veiled
From his own sight—this gone, he foretold
All joy in human nature—was consumed,
And sorrow, and shamed, by loving and care,
And fruitless indignation: galled by pride:
Made desperate by contempt of men who thrive
Before his sight to power or fame, and won,
Without desert, what he desired; weak men,
Too weak even for his envy or his hate!
Tormented thus, after a wandering course
Of dishonour, and inadorned opprest
With majesty—in part, I fear, provoked
By wantonness of life—he fixed his home,
Or, rather say, set down by very chance,
Among those rugged hills: where now he dwells
And wastes the sad remainder of his hours,
Sleeping in a self-indulging sleep, that wants
Is even voluptuousness:—on this resolved,
With this content, that he will live and die
Forgotten, at safe distance from a world
Not mov'd, or even hurt by.

These serious words
Closed the preparatory notices
That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile
The way, while we advanced up that wide vale.
Diverging now as if his quest had been
Some secret of the mountains, caverns, fall
Of water, or some holy remembrance
Renowned for splendid prospect far and wide
We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,
With a tumultuous, fast-stirring full tos.
Before us! savage region which I paused
I inspected: when, all at once, beneath
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high:
Among the mountains; even as at the spot
Had been from earliest time by wish of theirs
So placed, to be slain out from all the world
One-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;
With rocks encompassed, where the sun
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad range.

Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet treeline rock, 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 thirsty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.
—There crowed the cock, single in his domain;
The small birds find in spring no nook there
To shroud them: only from the neighbouring lares
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladner place.

Ah! what a sweet Rescess, thought I, here
Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
Upon a bed of health—full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to copy
Among the mountains: never one like this;
So homesome, and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy—no, for it is green,
And bright, and fertile, round itself.
With few needful things that life requireth.
It rugged arms how softly, how elate,
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
A mere nowhere: days unsullied by the grace
Of public news or private years that past
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 musings by my Companion'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 hot,
But seeing none: meanwhile from below
The strain continued, spirit as before;
And now distinctly I could I recognize
These words:—'Shall in the grave thy love
In death thy faithfulness?'—God rest his soul!'

Said the old man, abruptly breaking silence,—
He is departed, and will never return to that!
This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains
Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
Of rustic groans, from behind the brook.
THE EXCURSION.

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
Reclining on my friend I said, "You spoke,
Mebethought, with apprehension that these rites
Are paid to Him upon whose sky retreat
This day we purposed to intrude."—"I did so,
But let us hence, for may we learn the truth?
Perhaps it is not he but one else
From whom this pious service is performed;
Some other tenant of the solitude."

So, to a steep and difficult descent
Trusting ourselves, we wound from craig to craig,
Where passage could be won; and, as the last
Of the mute train, behind the healthy 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 he held
An object that enticed my steps aside!
A narrow, winding, entry opened out
Into a platform—that lay, sheep-fold-wise,
Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall—a cool recess,
And fanciful! For where the rock and wall
Met in an angle, hung a penhouse, framed
By thrusting two rude staves into the wall
And overlavering them with mountain sods;
To weather-fend a little turf-built seat
Wherein an old or young man might rest, or read
The homespring sunshine, or a transient shower;
But the whole plainly wrought by children's

Whose skill had throughed the floor with a proud show
Of baly-houses, curiously arranged;
Now were the keys of waggings of walks between,
With mimic trees inserted in the turf.
And gardens interspersed. Pleased with the sight,
I took my friend by the arm, and we went to
Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance,
Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,
"Lo! what is this here!" and, stooping down, drew forth
A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss
And wreck of party-colored earthenware,
Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise
One of those pett garrets. "This it must be!
Exclaimed the Wanderer, "cannot but be his,
And he is gone!" The book, which in my hand
Had opened of itself; for it was swollen
With inclement 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
his bower
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

Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple

Or sate companionless; and here the book,
Left and forgotten in his careless way,
Must by the cottage-children have been found:
Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate
work!
To what old 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 Pecos suited well,
Though little suited to surrounding things:
'Tis strange, I grant; but you, who 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 forbore,
Grieved shall I be—less for my sake than yours,
And least of all for him who is no more."

By this, the book was in the old Man's hand; and
He continued, glancing on the leaves
An eye of scorn:—"The lover," said he,
"doomed
To love when hope hath failed him—whom no depth
Of privacy is deep enough to hide.
Hath yet his bracelet or his lack of hair,
And that is joy to him. When change of times
Hath summoned kings to scannel, do but give
The faithful servant, whom must hide his head
Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,
A kerchief sprinkled with his master's blood,
And he too hath his comforter. How poor,
Beyond all poverty how destitute,
Must that Man have been left, who, hither
Driven,
Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
No dearer relics, and no better story

Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,
Impure conceits discharging from a heart
Hardened by impious pride—I did not fear
To tax you with this journey;—"mildly said
My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped
Into the presence of the cheerful light—"
For I have knowledge that you do not shrink
From moving spectacles;—but let us on." 

So speaking, on we went, and at the word
I followed, till he made a sudden stand:
For full in view, approaching through a gate
That opened from the enclosure of green fields
Into the rough uncultivated ground.
Behold the Man whom he had fancied dead!
I knew from his deportment, mien, and drollery,
That it could be no other; a pale face,
A meagre person, tall, and in a garb
Not rustic—dull and faded like himself!
He saw us not, though distant but few steps;
For he was busy, dealing, from a store
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
Of red ripe currants; gift by which he scores,
With intermixture of endearing words,
To soothe a Child, who walked beside him,
Weeping.
As if to dissolve:—"Thy to the grave
Are bearing him, my Little-one," he said,"
To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;
His body is at rest, his soul in heaven."
The Excursion

More might have followed—but my honoured

Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank

And cordial greeting,—Vivid was the light

That flashed and sparked from the other's eye;

He was all fire: no shadow on his brow

Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.

Hands joined he with his Vastant,—a grasp,

An eager grasp; and many moments' space—

When, as first glow of pleasure was no more,

And, of the sad appearance which at once

Had vanished, much was once and coming back—

An amicable smile retained the life

Which it had unexpectedly received.

Upon his hollow cheek. "How kind," he said,

"Nor could your coming have been better timed;

For this, you see, is in our narrow world

A day of sorrow. I have here a charge—"

And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly

The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping child—

"A little mourner, whom it is my task

To comfort;—but how come ye?—if you track

(Which doth at once befuddle us and beway)

Conducted hither your most welcome feet,

Ye could not miss the funeral train—they yet

Have scarcely disappeared." "This blooming Child,"

Said the old Man, "is of an age to weep

At any grave or solemn spectacle,

Joly 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 drooped into the vale,

We overtook the line they sang—a solemn sound

Heard anywhere; but in a place like this

'Tis more than human! Many precious rites

And customs of our rural ancestry

Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hope,

Was not, even. Often on my way have I

Stood still, though but a casual passenger,

So moved I felt the awfulness of life,

In that one moment when the corse is lifted

In silence, with a hush of decency;

Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,

And confidential yearnings, tow'rds its home,

Its final home on earth. What traveller—who

(How far soever a stranger) does not own

The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,

A mute procession on the houseless road;

Or passing by some single tenement

Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise

The monitory voice? But most of all

It touches, it confirms, and elevates.

Then, when the holy, soon to be consigned

Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,

Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward borne

Upon the shoulders of the next in love,

The nearest in affection or in blood;

Yea, by the very mourners who had known

Beside the coffin, resting on its lid.

In silent grief their unquiet eyes

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 I

—Have I not seen,—ye likewise may have seen

Son, husband, brothers—brothers side by side,

And on and father also side by side.

Rose from that posture:—and in concert move,

On the green turf following the vested Priest,

Four dear supporters of the 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

Unbidden faces: he that suffers most,

He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,

The most serene, with most unbentened eye!—

Oh! blest are they who live and die these, Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!"

"That poor Man taken hence to-day," replied

The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile

Which did not please me, "must be deemed, I

Fear, of the unblest; for he will surely sink

Into his mother earth without such pomp.

Of grief, depart without occasion given,

By him for such array of fortitude.

Full seventy winters hath he lived, and mark! This simple Child will mourn his one short hour,

And I shall miss him: scanty tribute! yet.

This wanting, he would leave the sight of men, If love were his sole claim upon their care, Like a ripe date which in the desert falls Without a hand to gather it."

At this I interposed, though both to speak, and said, "Can it be thus among sensible men As ye must need—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 the first resolve." Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said, To my dear Companion,—"Fare thee well! 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 Of past discussions with this zealous friend And advocate of humble and low 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 magistrage aged In what she most doth value, love of God And his frail creature Man:—but ye shall hear. I talk—and ye are standing in the sun Without refreshment!"


Quickly had he spoken,
And, with light steps still quicker than his words,
Led toward the Cottage. Homely was the spot;
And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,
Had almost a forbidding nakedness;
Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,
Than it appeared when from the breasting rock
We had looked down upon it. All within,
As left; by the departed company,
Was silent; save the solitary clock
That on mine ear ticked with a mournful sound.—
Following our Guide, we clomb the cottage-
And reached a small apartment dark and low,
Which was no wonder entered our host.
Said gaily, "This is my domain, my cell,
My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—
I love it better than a snail his house.
But now ye shall be feasted with our best."

So, with more ardour than an unripe girl
Left one day mistress of her mother's stores,
He went about his hospitable task.
My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no less,
And pleased I looked upon my grey-haired Friend.
As if to thank him; he returned that look,
Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What a wreck
Had we about us! scattered was the floor,
And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and shelf,
With books, maps, fossils, weathered plants and flowers,
And tuffs of mountain moss. Mechanic tools
Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, some
Scrubbed with verse: a broken angling-rod
And torn old telegraphs, together linked
By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;
And instruments of music, some half-made,
Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the walls.

But speedily the promise was fulfilled;
A feast before us, and a courteous Host
Inviting us in close to sit and eat.
A napkin, white as foam of that rough brook
By which it had been bleached, o'erspread the board;
And was itself half-covered with a store
Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese, and ice cream.
And cakes of butter curiously embossed,
Butter that had imbued from meadow-flowers
A golden hue, delicate as their own
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.
Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm day,
Our table, small parcel of garden fruits,
And whortle-berries from the mountain side.
The Child, who long ere this had stilled his sob.
Was now a help to his late comforter,
And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid,
Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,
While at our pastoral banquet thus we sat
Fronting the window of that little cell,
I could, not ever and anon, forget
To glance an upward look on two huge Peaks,
That from some other vale peered into this.

"Those lusty twins," exclaimed our host, "if here
It were your lot to dwell, would soon become
Your prized companions.—Many are the nooks
Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dash-
ing shores.

And well those lofty brethren bear their part
In the wild concourse—chiefly when the storm
Rides high; then all the upper air they fill
With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong gale; and
And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
Mehaska that I have heard them echo back
The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's laws
Left them ungirt with a power to yield
Music of drier tone; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice—the clouds,
The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Melodies of moonlight, all come together—touch,
And have an answer—thither come, and shape
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts,
And idle spirits;—there the sun himself,
At the calm close of summer's longest day,
Rests his substantial orb;—between those heights
And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.

Thoughts are not housed in the mind of man
But the mate agents stirring there.—alone
Here do I sit and watch."—A fall of voice,
Regretted like the nightingale's last note,
Had scarcely closed this high-wrought strain of rapture.

Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer said:
"Now for the tale with which you threatened us!"
"In truth the threat escaped me unwares:
Should the tale tire you, let this challenge stand
For my excuse. Disguised as I am,
As to your eyes and thoughts we must have seemed
When ye looked down upon us from the crag,
Wanders mid a stormy mountain sea,
We are not so—perceptually we touch
Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world;
And bear about this our cottage such a day
Disenfranchised, lived dependent for his bread
Upon the laws of public charity.
The Housewife, tempted by such slender gains
As might from that occasion be distilled,
Opened, as she before had done for me,
Her doors to admit this homeless Pensioner.
The portion gave of coarse but wholesome fare
Which appetite required—a blind dull nook,
Such as she had, the penn's 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 doth he sit under the wide-spread tree
Of his old age; and yet less calm and meek,
Winnings meek or venerably calm,
Than slow and torpid; paying in this
A penalty, if penalty it were,
For upholding, earthy and alone,
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;
Said he, 'indifferently, as I saw,
As she pursued, leading sometimes an inexperienced child
Too young for any profitable task.
So moved he like a shadow that performed
Substantial service. Mark me now, and learn
For what reward!—The moon her monthly
Hath not completed since our dame, the Queen
Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,
Into my little sanctuary rushed—
Voice to a lusty trelle humanised,
And features in deplorable disarray.
I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!
This 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 the spate,
Was wholly ignorant that my ancient Friend—
Who, after waiting, day by day alone,
Had climb aloft to drive the moorland turf
And winter feet—to his monoside meal
Returned not, and now, haply, on the heights
I lay at the mercy of this raging storm.
'Why, I can see,' said I, 'was an old Man's life
Not worth the trouble of a thought?—alas!
I thought of it, but no answer! Darkness fell
Without remission of the blast or shower,
And I, who 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, as laughter and repentance could not dry.
All night the storm endured: and, soon as help
Had been collected from the neighbouring vale,
With morning we renewed our quest: the wind
Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;
And long and hopelessly we sought in vain
'Till chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
A heap of ruin—almost without walls
And wholly without roof (the bleached remains
Of a small chapel, where, in ancient times,
The peasants of these lonely valleys used
To meet for worship on that central height)
We then 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 green haycock in a lonely field.
We spoke—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
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 dreamed
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantly disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—bodily 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
Here stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified: on them, and on the clouds
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mist, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf.
Clouds of all tintsure, rocks and sapphire sky
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy flocks voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the middle, where interlace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblance was, seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance identified:
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms unclouded of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
Lay low beneath my feet: (was visible)
I saw not, but I felt it was there.
That which I saw was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swelled in my breast—'I have been dead,' I cried,
And now live! Oh, wherefore do I live?'
And with that pang I prayed to be no more—
But I forget our Charge, as utterly
I then forgot him:—there I stood and gazed:
The apparition faded not away,
And I descended.
Having reached the house,
I found its rescued inmates safely lodged,
And in serene possession of himself,
Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed met
By a faint shining from the hearth a gleam
Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.
Great show of joy the 

outrage made, and 

true 

Was glad to find her conscience set at ease; 

And not less glad, for sake of her good name, 

That the poor Sufferer had escaped with life. 

But, though he seemed at first to have received 

No harm, and uncomplaining as before 

Was through his usual tasks, a silent change 

Soon showed itself: he lingered three short weeks 

And from the cottage hath borne to-day.

DEFONDENCY.

ARGUMENT.

Images in the Valley—Another Recess in it entered and described.—Wanderer’s sensations.—Solitary’s excited by the same objects. —Contrast between these. —Dependence of the Solitary gently reproved.—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary’s past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length.—His domestic felicity.—Afflictions.—Dejection.—Roused by the French Revolution.—Disappointment and disgust.—Yonge to America.—Disappointment and disgust pursue him.—His return. —His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Man—

A HUMMING-SEE—A little tinkling rill—
A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing, 
In clamorous agitation, round the crest 

Of a tall rock, their airy citadel—

By each and all of these the pensive ear 
Was heard, in the silence that ensued, 

When through the cottage-threshold we had passed, 

And, deep within that lonesome valley, stood 

Once more beneath the conclave of a blue 

And cloudless sky.—Anon exclaimed our Host, 

Triumphantly dispersing with the taut 

The shade of discontent which on his brow 

Had gathered.—"Ye have left my cell,—but see 

How Nature bems you in with friendly arms! 

And by her help ye are my prisoners still. 

But which way shall I direct you?—how tasteful, 

In spot so parsoniously endowed, 

That the brief hours, which yet remain, may reap 

Some recompense of knowledge or delight?" 

So saying, round he looked, as if perplexed; 

And, as if to give those doubts, my grey-haired 

Friend 

Said—"Shall we take this pathway for our guide?—

Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats, 

Its line had first been fashioned by the flock 

Seeking a place of refuge at the root 

Of you black few-trees, whose protruded boughs 

Darken the silver bosom of the crag, 

From which she draws her meagre sustenance. 

There in commodious shelter may we rest; 

Or let us trace this streamlet to its source; 

Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound,
THE EXCURSION.

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
prey.

—Voiceless the stream descends into the gulf
With timid lapse;—and lo! while in this strait
I stand—the charm of sky above my head
In heaven's profoundest azure; no domain
For fleck, 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 solitary 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!"
To turn a slender mid [knaw] male play-
thing!
For his might —the happiest he of all!
"If, now, is what avails imagination high
Or question deep? what profits all that earth,
Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put forth
Of impulsion or allurement, for the Soul
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar
Far as she finds a yielding element
In past or future; far as she can go
Through time or space—if neither in the one,
Nor in the other region, nor in aught
That Fancy, dreaming over the map of things,
Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds,
Words of assurance can be heard; if nowhere
A habituation, 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 thin," the grey-haired Wanderer mildly
said,
"The voice, which so lately overheard,
To that same child addressing tenderly
The consolations of a hopeful mind?
'tis body is at rest, his soul in heaven."
These were your words: and, verily, methinks
Wisdom is oft times nearer to us when
Than when we soar.
The Other, not displeased,
Promptly replied—"My notion is the same. And
I, without reluctance, could decline
All act of inquisition whence we rise,
And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become.
Here are we, in a bright and breathing world.
Our origin, what matters it? In lack
Of worthier explanation, say at once
With the American a thought which suits
The place where now we stand; that certain
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 jovial sound
Of insect chirping out their careless lives
On these soft beds of thyme-breasknipped turf,
Caterpillars, and a gay Atheneon, a concert
As sound—bithe race! whose mantles were
bedecked
With golden grasshoppers, in sign that they
Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from
the soil.
Whereon their endless generations dwell.
But step —these theoretic fancies lay
On serious minds: then, as the Hindoos draw
Their holy Ganges from a skiey fount,
Eve to disclose 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 sea; or, to sink engulfed,
Like Niger, in immenseable space,
And utter darkness: thought which may be
Though comfortless — Not of myself I speak;
Loth to forsake the spot, and still more loth
to be diverted from our present theme,
I said, "My thoughts, agreeing therewith,
Would push this censure farther:—for, if smiles
Of courteous joy were but the just reward
Of Poesy thus courteously employed
In sifting to his cell in prove the scheme
Of Man's existence, and recast the world;
Why should not Grave Philosophy be styled,
Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock?
A dreamer yet more spirilous and droll?
Yes, shall the fine amities she boasts
Establish sonorous titles of esteem
For her, who (all too timid and reserved
For society, for resistance too inert,
Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame)
Placed, among flowery gardens curtained round
With world-excluding groves, the brotherhood
Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they
The ends of being would secure, and win
The crown of wisdom—to yield up their souls
To a whispering unconcern, preferring
Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,
I cried, "more worthy of regard, the Power
Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, chose
The Sicilian heart against the vain approach
Of admiration, and all sense of joy?"

His countenance gave notice that my zeal
Accorded little with his present mind:
I ceased, and he resumed,—"Ah! gentle Sir,
Slight, if you will, the morose; but spare to slight
The end of those, who did, by system, rank,
As the prime object of a wise man's aim,
Security from shock of accident,
Relief from fear; and cherished peaceful days
For their own safety, and their mortal life's chief good,
And only reasonable felicity.
What motive drew, what impulse he would ask,
Through a long course of later ages, drove
The hero-huntsman, in forest wide;
Or what detained him, till his closing eyes
Took their last farewell of the sun and stars,
Fast encroached in the desert?—Not alone
Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,
Wrongs unredeemed, or insults unavenged
And unavenged, defeated pride,
Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
Friendship betrayed, affliction unrelieved,
Love with despair, or grief in agony:—
Not always from insufferable pangs
He fled; but, compassed round by pleasure,
Sailed
For independent happiness: craving peace,
The controlling of all happiness,
Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
But for its absolute self; a life of ease.
Suitably without regret or fear;
So, the reward be pugnot, and shall be evermore!—
Such the reward he sought; and wore out life,
There, where on few external things his heart
Was set, and those his own; or, if not his,
Subjected to nature's steadfast law.
What other yearning was the master tie
Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock
And wave, in isolation walled, rain
One after one, collected from afar,
An undivisive fellowship?—What but this,
The universal instinct of repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
Inward and outward: humble, yet sublime:
In life where hope and memory are as one:
Where earth is quiet and her face unfold:
Sire by the simplest tool of human hands
Or seasons' difference; the immortal Soul
Consistent in self-reliance; and heaven revealed
To meditation in that quietness:
Such was their scheme: and though the wished-for
By multitudes was missed, perhaps attained
By none, they for the attempt, and pains em-
ployed.
Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed
From the unqualified disdain that once
Would have been cast upon them by my voice
Delivering her decisions from the seat
Of forward youth—that scrupuls not to solve
Doubts, and determine questions, by the rules
Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone
To overweening faith; and is inflamed,
By courage, to demand from real life
The test of act and suffering, to provoke
Hostility—how dreadful when it comes,
Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt?
A child of earth, I rested, in that stage
Of my past course to which these thoughts adver-
ted.
Upon earth's native energies; forgetting
That mine was a condition which required
Nor energy, nor fortune—a calm
Without aviscitude; which, if the like
Had been presented to my view elsewhere,
I might have even been tempted to despise,
But no—for the scene was also bright;
Exhilarated happiness with joy o'erflowing,
With joy, and—oh how, I could not survive
To speak the word—with rapture! Nature's
pious
Life's genuine inspiration, happiness
Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign:
Abused, as all possessives are abused
That are not prized according to their worth.
And yet, what worth! what good, given to
men,
Mould how the gilded clouds of heaven
What joy more lasting than a venial flower?—
None! 'tis the general plant 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 field resting-place be gained,
Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom
Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
That the prosperities of love and joy
Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure
So long, and be at once cast down for ever.
Oh! tremble, ye, to whom has been assigned
A course of days comprising happy months.
And they as happy years; the present still
So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
Of a congenial future, that the wheels
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:
For Mutability is Nature's bane;
And slighted Hope will be avenged; and, when
Ye heed 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, loud, clear, and measured, words were such
As zeal and grace of nature might suggest
To a.priest of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, beseech
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 look
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 many 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, honored
Friend! Your heart had borne a pitiable share
Of what I suffered, when I wept that less,
And suffer now, not seldom, from the thought
That I remember, and can weep no more.—
Striped as I am of all the golden fruit
Of self-esteem; and by the cutting blasts
Of self-approach 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 birth, full often, to unguarded words:
I have that, in your presence, from my tongue
Too much of frailty hath already dropped;
But that too much demands still more.

You know,
Revered Companion—and to you, Kind Sir,
(Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come
Following the guidance of these welcome feet
To our sacred vale, now may be told)
That my enemies did not see in vain
To One on whose mild radiance many gazed
With hope, and all with pleasure. This fair

In the devotedness of youthful love,
Pleasing me to parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof;
And all known places and familiar sights
(Restricted 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,
Youth, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
To a low cottage in a sunny bay,
Where the salt sea innocently 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 fruitful bounty—As our steps
Approach the embowered abode—our chosen
seat.

See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
The uncumbered myrtle, decked with flowers,
Beneath the threshold stands to welcome us!
While, in the flowering myrtle's neighbourhood,
Not overlooked but courting no regard,
Those native plants, the holly and the yew,

Gave modest intimation to the mind
How willingly their aid they would unite
With the green myrtle, to adorn the hours
Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.

—Wild were the walks upon those lonely
Track leading into track; how marked, how
worn
Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse,
Winding amongst my genius—shall I say
On their smooth surface, evidence was none:
But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,
A range of unapproachable earth,
Where youth's ambitious feet might move at
large.

Whence, unmoled 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 enjoyment, boundless. —From those
Heights we dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan pools;
Where arbores of impenetrable shade
And mossy seats, detained us side by side,
With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our
hearts
'That all the grove and all the day was ours.'

O happy time I 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 wanderer
From risk and hardship, inwardly retire
A course of vain delights and thoughtless guilt,
And self-indulgence—without shame pursued.
There, undisturbed, could think of and could thank
Her whose sublimative spirit was to me
Rule and restraint—my guidance—shall I say
That earthly Providence, whose guiding love
Within a port of rest had lodged me safe
Safe from temptation, and from danger far
Strains followed of acknowledgment addressed
To an Authority enthroned above
The reach of sight; from whom, as from their
source,
Proceed all visible ministers of good
That walk the earth—Father of heaven and
earth,
Father, and king, and judge, adored and feared
These acts of mind, and memory, and heart,
And spirit—interrupted and relieved
By observations transient, and from the space
Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward form
Chasing with power inherent and intense,
As the mute insect fixed upon the plant
On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from whose
cup
It draws its nourishment imperceptibly—
Endeared my wanderings; and the mother's kiss
And infant's smile awaited my return.

In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,
Companions daily, often all day long;
Not placed by fortune within easy reach
Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
Beyond the allowance of our own life-side,
THE EXCURSION.

The twain within our happy cottage born,  
Imates, and heirs of our united love;  
Graced mutually by difference of sex,  
And, in the intervals of time,  
Between their several births than served for one  
To establish something of a leader's sway;  
Yet let them joined by sympathy in age;  
In pleasure, fellow in pursuit.  
On these two pillars rested as in air  
Our solitude.

It soothes me to perceive,  
Your courtesy withheld not from my words  
Attentive audience. But, oh! gentle Friends,  
As Dian's rod and unshaken peace,  
Though, for a nation, times of blessings,  
Give back faint echoes from the historian's page:  
So, in the imperfect sounds of this discourse,  
Dissipated I hear how faultless is the voice  
Which those most blissful days reverberate.  
What special record can, or need, be given  
To rules and habits, whereby much was done,  
But all within the sphere of little things;  
Of humble, though, to us, important cares,  
And precious interests? Smoothly did our life  
Advance, aervowing not from the path prescribed:  
Her annual, her diurnal, round alike  
Maintained with faithful care. And you divined  
The worst effects that our condition saw  
If you imagine changes slowly wrought,  
And in their progress unperceived:  
Not wished for; sometimes noticed with a sigh,  
(What'er of good or lovely they might bring)  
Sights of regret, for the familiar good  
And loveliness endured which they removed.  

Seven years of occupation undisturbed  
Established seemingly a right to hold  
That land now, and one and habit gave  
To what an alien spirit had acquired  
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus  
With what a fond and wishful indolence  
I lived and breathed: most grateful—of to enjoy  
With the nurse of care and leisure for more,  
For different lot, or change to higher sphere,  
(Only except some impurities of pride  
With no determined object, though upheld  
By their depths 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 seed of fatal power was urged  
A claim that had been shut out all. —Our blooming girl,  
Caught in the grip of death, with such brief  
To struggle in as scarcely would allow  
Her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed  
From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions  
Where height, or depth, admits not the approach  
Of living man, though longing to pursue.  
—With even as a braid a warning—and how soon,  
With what short interval of time between,  
I tremble yet to think of our last parting.  
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 crowed and startled 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 determined and 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  
Indescribably distant: so, I felt  
That consolation may descend from far  
(And that is intercessors, 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 bliss—O heavy changel  
Dimness of—this clear luminous crest  
Insensibly—the immortal and divine  
Yielded to mortal reflux: her pure glory,  
As from the pinnacle of worldly state  
Wrenched ambition drops astounding, fell  
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,  
And keen heartanguish—of itself ashamed,  
Yet obstinately cherishing itself:  
And, so consumed, she melted from my arms;  
And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!  
What followed cannot be reviewed in thought:  
Much less, retracted in words. If, of life  
Blissless, so intimate with love and joy  
And all the tender motions of the soul,  
Had been unpursued, could I hope to stand—  
Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?  
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose  
That which is veil'd from waking thought:  
—conjured

Eternity, as men constrain a ghost  
To appear and answer: to the grave I spake  
Imploringly:—looked up, and asked the  
Heavens

If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,  
If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield  
Of the departed spirit—what abode  
It occupies—what consoling it retains  
Of former loves and interests. Then my soul  
Turned inward, to examine of what stuff  
Time's fetters are composed: and life was put  
To imposition, long and prospected  
By pain of heart—now checked—and now im-  

polled.

The intellectual power, through words and things,  
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!  
And from those transporting, and these toils ab-  
struse.

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 rouzed,—and  
how?  
Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash  
Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave  
Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread Ransile,  
With all the chambers in its horrid towers,  
Fell to the ground—by silence overthrown  
Of indiglusion; 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 marvelously seized as in that moment  
When, from the blood midst issuing, I beheld  
Glory—beyond all glory ever seen,  


Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic naps
In every grove were ringing. 'War shall cease;
Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
Bring garlands, bring forth choicer flowers
to deck
The tree of Liberty!—My heart reboun ded;
My melancholy voice the chorus joined;
—'Tis joyful all ye nations, in all lands,
Ye that are capable of joy be glad!
Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to yourselves
In others' pouches shall promptly find;—and all,
Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
Shall with one heart honour their common
kind.'

Thus was I recovered to the world;
Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. —From the depths
Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
Of institutions, and the forms of things;
As they exist, in muskell array,
Upon life's surface. What, though in my veins
There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed
The air of France, not less than Gallic real
Kindeled and burn't among the apple twigs
Of my exhausted heart. —If busy men
In sober convulse met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation, crowds in open air
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my voice
There mingled, heard or not. The powers of
song
I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
Where wild enthusiasts tased a passive lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord
With their belief, I sang Saturnian rules
Beseep'd with the imagery of golden years
Permitted to descend, and life-mankind.
—The Hebrew Scriptures seem to
I felt their invitation; and resumed
An absurdly elevated office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing phrase
Of ancient inspiration serving me,
I promised, likewise, with undaunted trust
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;
The common prayer of the crowd;
The help desiring of the pure devout.
Scent and contempt forbid me to proceed!
But History, time's slavish scrib, will tell
How rapidly the realists of the cause
Disdained—or in hostile ranks appeared ;
Some, tired of honest service: these, outdone,
Disgusted, therefore, or appalled, by aims
Of fitter realists,—so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to ex
claim,
As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,
I worshipped thee, and find thee but a Shade!'
Such recantation had no more meaning.
Nor would I bend to it; who should have
graved
At aught, however fair, that bore the mien
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simply good
In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whence it came;
And, by what compromise &c., not nice?
Enough if notions seemed to be high-chitched,
And qualities determined. —Among men
So characterized did I maintain a stride
Hopelessly, and still more hopeless every hour;
But, in the process, I began to feel
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my own,
And be in part compensated. —For rights,
Widely—indeed, I rather impressed upon
I spoke with reverence; and promptly seized
All that Abstraction, in a panic dread of needs
Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I rejected,
Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant course,
For its own sake: but farthest from the walk
Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind.
That, in a struggling and dismembered world,
Saw a seductive image of herself.
Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man
Is still the sport! Here Nature was my guide,
The Nature of the dissolve; but there,
O fostering Nature! I rejected—smiled
As others' tears in pity: and in scorn
At those which thy soft influence sometimes drew
From my unguarded heart. —The tranquil shores
Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhaps
I might have been entangled among deeds,
Which, now, as impassable, I should abhor—
Despair, as senseless: for my spirit relished
Strangely the exaggeration of that Land,
Which turned an angry back against the down
Of her own breast: confounded into hope
Of disenchantment, and her faithful wings.
But all was quiet by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil action, yielded to a power,
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.
—In Britain, rooted a panic dread of change;
The weak were praised, rewarded, and ad
vanced;
And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
Once more did I retire into myself.
There feeling no contemptuous I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,
Remote from Europe: from her blasted hopes;
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.
Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the Atlantic
Main
The ship went gliding with her thoughtless crew
And who among them but an Exile, freed
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit
Among the 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,
of her own passions; and to regions hasty,
Whose shades have never felt the pruning axe,
Or soothed an enfeebler in the mart
Of dire capacity. There, Man abides,
From ev'ry 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 fortitude, and soon
Will sweep the remnant of his line away;
But contemplations, worship, holier far
Than her destructive energies, attend
His independence, when along the side
Of Mississippi, or that northern stream
That spreads into successive seas, he walks;
Pleased to perceive his own untrallied life,
And his innate capacities of soul,
There imaged: or when, having gained the top
Of some commanding eminence, which yet
Istruder or’s beheld, he thence surveys
Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
Expanses of unappropriated earth;
With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;
Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,
Pouring above his head its radiance down
Upon a living and rejoicing world!

So, westward, tow’rd the unvisited woods
I bent my way; and, roaming far and wide,
Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird;
And, while the melancholy Muccawissi
(The sparrow bird’s company in its grove)
Repeated, o’er and o’er, his plaintive cry,
I sympathized at leisure with the sound;
But that pure archetype of human greatness,
I found him not. There, in his stealth, appeared
A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure;
Remorseless, and submissive to no law
But superstitious, and to that extent fierce.

Enough is told! Here am I,—ye have heard
What evidence I seek, and vainly seek;
That from my fellow-beings I retrench,
And either they have not to give, or I
Lack virtue to receive; what I myself,
Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost.
Not can regain. How languidly I loik
Upon this visible fabric of the world,
May be divined—perhaps it hath been said—
To spare your pity, if there be in me
Aught that deserves respect: for I exist,
Within myself, not comfortless.—The tenour
Which my life holds, he readily may conceive
Who’er hath stood to watch a mountain brook
In some still passage of its course, and seen,
Within the depths of its capacious breast,
Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure sky;
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
And congelated bubbles undissolved,
Numerous as stars; that, by their onward
Lapse
Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
A softened roar or murmur, and the sound
Though soothing, and the little floating isles
Though beautiful, are both by Nature charged
With the same penious office: and make known
Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt
THE EXCURSION.

Precipitations, and untoward straits,
The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and
That respite o'er, like travestis and toils
Must be again encounter.—Such a storm.

DESpondency corrected.

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative—A belief in a superintending Providence, the only adequate support under affliction—Wanderer's ejaculation—Acknowledges the difficulty of a lively faith—Hence immoderate sorrow—Exhortations—How received—Wanderer applies his discourse to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind—Disappointment from the French Revolution—States grounds of hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude with respect to the course of great revolutions—Knowledge the source of tranquillity—Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recommended; exhortation to bodily exertion and communion with Nature—Morbid Solitude pitiable—Superior better than apathy—Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of society—The various modes of Religion prevented it—Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of belief—Solitary interpose—Wanderer points out the influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the different ranks of society, illustrated from present and past times—These principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and popery—Wanderer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the imagination with the presumptuous littleness of certain modern Philosophers—Recommend other lights and guides—Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate herself; Solitary asks how—Reply—Personal appeal—Exhortation to activity of bodily renewed—How to communicate wit. Nature—Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union of the imagination, affections, understanding, and reason—Effect of his discourse—Evening; Return to the Cottage.

Have closed the Tenant of that lonely vale
His mournful narrative—commenced in pain, is pain commenced, and ended without peace: Ye earth-born, not unfrequently, with strains
Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;
And oftentimes charity some relief to his,
While we sate listening with compassion due.
A pause of silence followed; then, with voice
That did not falter though the heart was moved,
The Wanderer said—

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only: an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, however
Sord or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
—The darts of anguish, for not where the seat
Is human Life; and so the flight
In the best quiet to her bounds allowed;
And such is mine;—save only for a hope
That my particular current soon will reach
The unfulfillable gulf, where all is still!"

BOOK FOURTH.

Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquaintance in the Will supreme
For time and for eternity; by faith;
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections; Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impassively, ill-done, or left undone,
To the discomfiture 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 impasioned 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 unremitting ignorance preserved,
And from destruction 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 re
gquires;
Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;
And add exclusion thus:—But leave me unblated trust in thee—
And let thy favour, to thy godly, inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things—
Father of heaven and earth! and rich,
And will possess my portion in content!
And what are things eternal?—powers de-
lay;
The gray-haired Wanderer stolidly 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 waste,
Duty exists;—immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms;
Which an abstract intelligence supplies;"
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not.

Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart, 
Do, with united urgency, require,
What more that may not perish? Thou, dread source,
Prime, self-creating cause and destination of all
That in the scale of being fill their place; 
Above our human region, or below,
Sole and sustained—thou, who didst wrap the cloud

Of intangible around us, that thyself, 
Thine, with our simplicity awhile
Might’st hold, on earth, communion undisrupted;
Who in the sanctuary of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Resolve to hold us, daily, to the powers of sense
And reason’s steadfast rule—thou, thou alone
Art everlast, and the blessed Spirit,

Which thou includest, as the sea her waves;
For adoration thou endur’st: endure

For consciousness the motions of thy will

For apprehension those tremendous truths

Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
Submission constituting strength and power
Even to thy being’s infinite majesty!

This universe shall pass away—a work

Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,

A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wall.

Loved haunts like these; the unpunished 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 you, are evinced when, stationed on the top

Of some huge hill—expectant, I behold
The cloud arise, from distant climes returned

Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring the day
His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the deep
Sink, with a return of flaming clouds

Attended: then, my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude;
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,

With pomp, with glory, with magnificence

Those fervent raptures are for ever flown;
And, since their date, my soul hath undergone

Change manifold, for better or for worse;
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire

Heavenward; and chaste the part of me that flags,
Through sinful choice; or dread necessity

On human nature from above imposed.
‘Tis, by comparison, an easy task

But, to converse with heaven—

This is not easy:—to relinquish all
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,
And stand in freedom loosened from this world,
I deem not arduous; but must needs confess

That ‘tis a thing impossible to frame
Among the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
—Man is of dust; earth, and dust are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft

Want due consideration: 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 life,
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not: at least,
If grief be something hallowed and ordained,
In proportion it be just and meet.
Yet, through this weakness of the general heart,
Is it enabled to maintain its hold
In that excess which conscience disapproves.
For who could sink and go to that extent
Of self-deception: so senseless who could be
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix
A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,
Which reason promises, and holy writ
Ensures to all believers?—Yet mistrust
Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch; despondency far less;
And, least of all, is absolute despair.

—And, if there be whose tender frames have drooped

Even to the dust; apparently, through weight
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
As agonizing sorrow to transmute;
Lament not that proof is here of hope withheld
When wanted most: a confidence impaired
So pitifully that, having died to see

With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly: and longs
To realize the vision, with assurance
And over-constant yearning—there—there lies
The excess, by which the soul is destroyed.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too small; this vital fire
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desire
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor past, nor craving, but in settled peace.
I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore
Are glorified: or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God, endued with love
Hope below this consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees.
Beyond the tenderness of human heart;
Hope below this consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

Here then we rest: not fearing for our creed
The worst that human reasoning can achieve,
To unsettle or perplex it: yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
That, though immovably convinced, we want
Soal, and the virtue to effect:
As soldiers live by courage: as, by strength
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas! the endowment of immortals
Is matched unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense
In all; in most with superadded foes,
Lust temptations; open vanities,
Ephemeral offering of the unblushing world;
And, in the private regions of the mind,
Higometer passions, ranklings of dispute,
Immoderate wishes, fuming discontent,
Distrust and care. What then remains?—To seek
Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them; vows, re-
newed
On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and prayer—
A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law.
Of conscience—conscience revered and obeyed,
As God’s most intimate presence in the soul,
And his most perfect image in the world.
—Endeavour thus to live; these rules regard;
These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe imperial air,
 Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,
Ere dispersed amongst their mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away;
With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire;
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave.

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
His judgments, near that lonely house we viewed
A place so clean-crowned, seemingly preserved
By nature’s care from wrecks 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 travel with most alacrity, talking with his mates,
Or hailey thinking of far-distant friends.
While the ship glides before a steady breeze.
Stillness and solitude reigned around us; and the voice
That spoke was capable to lift the soul
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But methought
That, as the sense of fixed dependency had given
Impulse and motive to that strong discourse,
Was less upraised in spirit than abashed;
Shriven from admonition, like a man
Who feels that to exhort is to reproach.
Yet not to be diverted from his aim,
The Sage continued —

"Far that other loss,
The loss of confidence in social man,
By the unexpected transport of our age
Carried to high that every thought which looked
Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind
To many seemed superfluous—as no cause
Could offer for such exalted confidence
Exist; so, none is now for fixed despair:

The two extremes are equally disdained
By reason; if, with sharp recall, from one
You have been driven far as incorporeal,
Between them seek the point wherein to build
Sound expectations. So doth he advise
Who shared at first the illusion; but was soon
Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
Which Nature gently gave, in woods and fields;
Nor unproved by Providence, thus speaking
To the inattentive children of the world:

Vain-glorious Generation! what new powers
On you have been conferred! what gifts, with-
held
From your progenitors, have ye received,
Fit recompense of new desert? what claim
Are ye prepared to urge, that my decree
For you should undergo a sudden change;
And the weak functions of one busy day,
Reclaiming and exasperating, perform
What all the slowly-moving years of time,
With their united force, have left undone?
By nature’s gradual processes be taught;
By story be confounded! Ye aspire
Rashly, to fall once more; and that false fruits,
Which, to your overweening spirit, yield
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,
"do I give you."

That musing 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 vile agents, and in the good
To what 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, and over-bold
Alliance in each other; faith more firm
In their unshaken principles; the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o’er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.
Therefore, not unconsol’d, 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 eternal zeal.
That spirit only can redeem mankind:
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall our triumph be complete among 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 record, observe, and feel;
Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, open at which
Those revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!"

* Daniel.
THE EXCURSION.

Happy is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature only, but explores
All nature.—Happier is he who may find
The law that governs each; and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree, among all visible beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
Which frame the mind, that can from beyond,—
And cannot fall beneath: that do assign
To every station its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things;
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love
For knowledge is delight: and such delight
Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to interpose,
"The dignity of life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart; and he
Is a still happier man, who, for those heights
Of speculation not unif, descends;
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior kinds: not merely those
That he may call his own, and which depend,
As individual objects of regard,
Upon his care, from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
And solitude, that they do favour most
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,
These pure sensations; that can penetrate
The utmost region of the human city:
On the barren seas
Are not unfelt: and much might recommend,
How much they might inspirit and ennoble,
The pleasures of this sublime retreat!"

"Yet," said the Sage, resuming the discourse,
And fixing his eye on his downcast Friend,
"If, with the frondal will and grumbling soul
Of man, offended, liberty is here,
And inspiration every hour renewed,
To mark their placid state who never heard
Of a command which they have power to break,
or rule which they are tempted to transgress:
The white, with a sated or elevated heart,
May we behold; their knowledge register;
Observe their ways: and, free from envy, find
Complacency there—but but for this to you?
I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
The redfeast, ruffled up by winter's cold
Into a 'feathery bunch,' feeds at your hand:
A box, pre-eminent, is from your casement hung
For the small wren to build in:—not in vain,
The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep abiding place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly: and vores,
Small creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers,
Into the gathering clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends
On the carol of her native emblem of heaven,
When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,
Usborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This sharded valley leaves; and leaves the dark
Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing

A proud communication with the sun
Low sunk beneath the horizon."—Last—"I heard,
From you huge breast of rock, a voice sent forth
As if the visible mountain made the cry.
Again!"—The effect upon the soul was such
As he expressed: from out the mountain's heart
The solemn voice appeared to issue, startling
The blank air—for the region all around
Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent.
Save for that single cry, the unanswer'd blast
Of a poor lamb—left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive spirit of the solitude!
He paused, as if unwilling to proceed
Through consciousness that silence in such place
Was best, the most affecting eloquence.
But soon his thoughts returned upon themselves,
And, in soft tone of speech, thus he resumed.
"Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,
Perchance too lightly occupied, or insulted,
Too easily, despise or overlook
The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
Her sad dependence upon time, and all
The trepidations of mortality,
What place so destitute and void—but there
The little flower her vanity shall check;
The trailing worm reproves her thoughtless pride:

These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,
Does that benignity pervade that warms
The mole contented with her darksome walk
In the cold ground: and to the enemt 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 gravy 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.
But 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 weare
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?
More obviously the selfsame influence rules
The feathered kinds; the fieldfare's pensive flock.
The caving rocks, and sea-mews from afar,
Hovering above these tamed solitudes,
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call
Up through the trenches of the long-drawn vale
Their voyage was begun: nor is its power
Unfet'd among the sedentary fowl.
That seek you pool, and there prolong their stay
In silent congress: or together raised
Take flight; while with their clang the air reounds.
And, over all, in that ethereal vault,
Is the mute companion of changeable clouds;
Right apparition, suddenly put forth.
The rainbow smiling on the faded storm;
The mild assemblage of the starry heavens;  
And the great sun, earth's universal lord! 

How bountiful is Nature! she shall feed 
Who seeks not; and to him who hath not asked 
Large enough treasure shall be dealt. Three sabbath-days 
Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent 
Of mere humanity, you climb 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, deep, as living man could feel. 
There is a luxury in self-disqasure: 
And inward self-dispensation affords 
To meditative spleen a grateful feast, 
Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert, 
You judge unthinkingly: distempered nerves 
Infect the thoughts; the languor of the frame 
Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your couch— 
Cleanse not so hastily to your moody cell; 
Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed from 
Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye 
Look down upon your taper, through a watch 
Of midnight hours, unreasonably twinkling 
In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star 
Dimly reflected in a lonely pool. 

Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways 
That run not parallel to nature's course. 
Rise with the lark! your morn shall obtain 
Grace, be her composition what it may, 
If but with hers performed; climb once again, 
Climb every day, those rambles; meet the breeze 
Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee 
That from your garden thither saunt, to feed 
On new-bloomed heath; let you commanding rock 
Be your incessant watch-tower; roll the stone 
In thunder down the mountains; with all your might 
Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red deer 
Fly to the harbours, driven by hound and horn 
Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit; 
So hasten to your hut shall you return, 
And sink at evening into sound repose. 

The Solitary lifted toward the hills 
A rapturous eye—accordant feelings rushed 
Into my bosom, whence these words brooked 
forth: 
"Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health, 
To the world a body (this our vital frame 
With shrinking sensibility endured, 
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood) 
And to the elements surrender it 
As if it were a spirit!—How divine, 
The purity, the fruit, for mortal, man 
To roam at large among unpeopled glens 
And continuous retirements, only told 
By devious footsteps; regions concoverte 
To eldest 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 unsted faculties) 
Descending from the region of the cloud, 
And starting from the hollows of the earth 
More multiform every moment, rend 
Their way before them—what a joy to roam 
As equal among mightiest energies; 
And haply sometimes with articulate voice, 
Amid the deafening tumult, loudly heard 
By him that utter it, explain aloud, 
"Rage on ye elements! let every star 
Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn 
With this commotion (rumous though it be) 
From day to night, from night to day, pro- 
longed!" 

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from my lips 
The strain of transport, "whose'er in youth 
Has, through ambition of his soul, given way 
To such desires, and grasped at such delight, 
Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long, 
In spite of all the weakness that life brings, 
Its cares and sorrows; he, though taught to own 
The tranquillizing power of time, shall wake, 
Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness— 

Loving the sports which once he gloried in. 
Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry's hills, 
The streams far distant of your native glen; 
Yet is their form and image here expressed 
With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps 
Wherever fancy leads; by day, by night, 
Are various engines working, not the same 
As those with which your soul in youth was movend, 
But by the great Artificer endowed 
With no inferior power; alone; 
You walk, you live, you speculate alone; 
Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign prince, 
For you a stately gallery maintain 
Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen, 
Have acted, suffered, triumphed, observed 
With no incursive eye; and books are yours, 
Within whose silent chambers precious 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 hues of truth you can unlock at will: 
And music waits upon your skilful touch, 
Sounds which the wandering shepherd from 
these heights 
Heart, and forgets his purpose:—furnished 
thus, 

How can you droop, if willing to be upraised? 
A pious lot is it to flee from Man. 
Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose hours 
Are by domestic pleasures unacquainted 
And unennerved; who exists whole years 
Apart from benefits received or done. 
"Mid the transaction 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 unworthy: earth and air correct 
His morbid humour, with delight supplied 
Or solace, varying, as the seasons change. 

—Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease
And easy contemplation; gay parterres, And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades And terraces in studied contrast—each, For recreation, leaning into each: These may be range, if willing to partake Their soft indulgences, And in due time May issue thence, recruited for the toils And course of service Truth requires from those Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne, And guard her forresses. Who thinks, and feels, And recognizes ever and anon The breeze of nature stirring in his soul, Why so such men go passionately astray, And nurse 'the dreadful appetite of death'? If tired with systems, each in its degree Substantial, and all crumbling in their turn, Let him build systems of his own, and smile At the food work, demolished with a touch; If unreligious, let him be at once Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled A pupil in the many-chambered school Where superstition weaves her airy dreams.

Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's verge; And daily love what I desire to keep; Yet rather would I instantly decline To the traditóinary sympathies Of a most rustic ignorance, and take A fearful apprehension from the soul Or death-watch: and as readily rejoice, If two suspicious magpies crossed my way:— To this would rather bend than see and hear The repetitions wearisome of sense, Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place: Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark On outward things, with formal inference ends; Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils At once, or, not recoiling, is perplexed— Lost in a gloom of uninspired research; Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the seat Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell, On its own axis restless revolving, Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of truth. Upon the breast of new-created earth Man walked; and when and wheresoe'er he moved, Alone or mated, solitude was not. He heard, borne on the wind, the articulate voice Of God: and Angels to his sight appeared Crowning the glorious hills of paradise; Or, gliding in the groves gliding like morning mist Emakulad by the sun. He saw— 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 condensation in its excellent form, Communications spiritually maintained, And communicable and divine) Fell Human-kind—to astonishment condensed That flowing years repeated not: and distress And grief spread wide; but Man escaped the doom Of destruction,—solitude was not.

—Jehovah—apathetic Power above all Powers, Single and one, the omnipresent God, By vocal utterance, or blaze of light, Or cloud of darkness, or local temple; On earth, ensnared within the wandering ark; Or, out of Sinai, thundering from his throne Between the Cherubim—on the closer Race Showed his miracles, and cease not to dispense Judgments, and filled the land from age to age With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear: And with amenement solemn, they strove to aver His scorned, or unacknowledged, sovereignty. And when the thrice, ineffable name, Of nature indivisible, withdrew From mortal adoration or regard, all Not then was Deyt expelled: 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—reason to reject Alacrity, and daze, and the inclusive walls And roofs of temples built by human hands— To loftiest heights ascending, from their top, With myrtle-vested tuns on his brow, Present sacrifices to mortals and stars, And to the winds and mother elements, The whole circle of the heavens, for him A sensitive existence, and a soul, With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise: Or, less reluctantly to hands of sense Yielding his soul, the finished firebrand 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 Delfos, nightly to his splendid couch Descending, there might rise upon that height Pure and serene, diffused— to overlook Spanning Euphrates, and the city vast Of his devoted worshipers, far-stretched, With grove and field and garden interposed: Their town, and awful re-pickets, against The pressure of the beleaguering war.

Chaldae 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 sole fast eye. The planetary Five With a submissive reverence they beheld: Watched, from the centre of their sleeping blocks, Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move Carrying through ether, in perpetual round, Decrees and resolutions of the Gods; And, by their aspects, signifying works Of dim futurity, to Man revealed —The imaginative faculty was lord Of observations natural: and, thus Led on, those shepherds made report of stars In set rotation passing to and fro, Between the orbs of our apparent sphere And its invisible counterpart, adorned With answering constellations, under earth, Removed from all approach of living sight But present to the dead and great beyond, Like those celestial messengers beheld All accidents, and judges were 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 unirrivalled skill,
As nice a observation furnish’d hastes;
For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
On their characters—fixed shape;
Metal or stone, idolastically served.
And yet—triumphant o’er this pompous show
Of art, the palpable array of sense,
On every side encountered; in despite
Of oracles chanting in the streets
By wandering Rhapsodists: and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
Amid the wrangling schools—a spirit hung,
Beautiful region: over town and farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
And emutations were perceived; and acts
Of immortality, in Nature’s course,
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
And armed warrior; and in every grove
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
When piety more awful had relaxed.
—Take, running river, take these locks of
Thus would the Votary say—this sever’d
hair.
My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
Thankful for my beloved child’s return.
Thy tanks, Cophius, he again hath trod
Thy murmurs heard; and drank the crystal
lymph
With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
And, all day long, muster these flowery fields!
And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was
Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
Of Loominous, facing unempared;
That hath been, is, and where it was and is
There, where a—existence unposed—
To the blind walk of mortal accident,
From dimmest safe and withering age
What is the group—old, and dwindles, and decays:
And countless generations of mankind
Depart; and leave no vestige where they trod.
We live by Admirations, Hope, and Love;
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend.
But what is error?—"Answer he who can!"
The Specie somewhat haughtily exclaimed;
"Love, and Admiration—are they not
Mad Fancy’s favourite vessels? Does not life
Use them, full oft, as pinnaces to ruin,
Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
Imagination’s false light when reason fails;
The ungarded taper where the guarded faints?
Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare
What error is; and, of our errors, which
Dost 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 many excellent deeds, by Heaven vouchsafed
To dignify the humblist 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 cauld’ns, from a mother’s tongue—
Heard while the dwelling wheaten to the diet
Of the contiguous torrent, gathering strength
At every moment—and, with unceasing, increase
Of fury: or, while snow in the door,
Assaulting and defending, and the wind,
A sightless labourer, whistles at his work—
Fearful: but resignation tempers fear,
And piety is sweet to infat minds.
—The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine
wakes,
On the green turf, a dial—to divide
The silent hours; and who to that report
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,
Throughout a long and lonely summer’s day
His round of pastoral duties, is not left
With less intelligence for moral things
Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
Within himself, a measure and a rule,
Which to the sun of truth he can apply.
That shines for him, and shines for all mankind.
Experience daily fixing his regards
On nature’s wants, he knows how few they are,
And where they lie, how answered and ap-
posed.
This knowledge ample recompense affords
For manifold provocations; he refines
His notions to this standard; on this rock
Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime
content.
Imagination—not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the world’s mind,
On fickle pleasures, and useless cares,
And trivial ostentation—laid free
And pursuant to range the solemn walks
Of time and nature, girded by a zone
That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.
Aknowledge, then, that whether by the side
Of his poor hut, or on the mountain top,
Or in the cultured field, a Muse is bred,
Taste from him what you will upon the score
Of ignorance or illusion, lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind: his heart
Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;
His eye distinguishes, his soul creates,
And those illusions, which excite the scorn
Or move the pity of sophist and skeptic,
Are they not mainly outward ministers
Of inward conscience? with whose service
charged
They came and go, appeared and disappear,
Dverting evil purposes, remove
Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,
Or pride of heart abating, or the offended.
For less important ends those phantoms move,
Who would forbid them, if their presence serve,
On thinly-peopled mountains and wild heaths,
Filling a space, else vacant, to exalt
The forms of Nature, and enlarge her powers?
Once more to distant ages of the world
Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
The face which rural solitude might wear
To the uncelebrated swans of pagan Greece.
THE EXCURSION.

—In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer’s day,
With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he
When his own breath was silent, chance to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sound
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy
fetched,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A heartless Vouch, who touched a golden lute;
And filled the hollow groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful
heart
Called on the lovely wonderer 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 chaise; as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The travel-
er slaked
His thirst from pillar gushing front, and thanked
The Naiads. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gilding space, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be trans-
formed
Into feet Grecian sporting wildly.
The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their
wings.
Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they
found.
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs groaned;
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 gamsome Deities; or Pan himself;
The simple shepherd’s aw-nurprising 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 those uncared ear 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 good redoubts of those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,
Shine, after, image, and the massy piles
That harboured them,—the souls retaining yet
The chieft features of that after-race
Who fled to gods, caves, and justing rocks,
In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
Or what their scriptures 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 Ffian and to fair Saint Anne;
And from long has wrested recal Saint Giles,
To watch again with tutelary love
Our stately Edinburgh throne on crags?
A blessed restoration, to behold
The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more parading through her crowded
streets
Now simply guarded by the sober powers
Of science, and philosophy, and sense!”

This answer followed,—”You have turned
my thoughts
Upon our brave Prognitors, who rose
Against idolatry with warlike mind,
And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
in woods, and dwell under impenitating rocks
sheltered, and oft watching fire and food;
Why—I for his very reason that they felt,
And did acknowledge, whereas they moved,
A spiritual presence, of-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 fa-
voured 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
restored; were gladness,—and their moral
sense
They fortified with reverence for the Gods;
And they had hopes that overstep the Grave.
Now, shall our gar Dicovevours,” he ex-
claimed,
Raising his voice triumphantly, “obtain
From sense and reason less than those obtained,
Though far misled? Shall men for whom our
life
Unfaded powers of vision hath prepared,
To explore the world without and world within,
Be joyful as the blind? Ambitious spirits—
Whom earth, at this late season, hath produced
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And they wiser than diviner than soar, whose pains
Have solved the elements, or analyzed
The thinking principle—shall they in fact
Prove a degraded Race? and what avails
Renown, if their presumption make them such?
Oh! there is laughter at their work in heaven!
Inquire of ancient Wisdom? go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if’t was ever meant
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,
Viewing all objects uneffectingly
In dissolution dead and spiritual;
And still dividing, and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur, still unstillish
With the perverse attempt, while listlessness
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 his omnipotent effect of power,
The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
By day, and all the pomp which night reveals;
That these—and that superior mystery
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the real soul within it—should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed by the critical sceptic?—Accuse me not
Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am, if
I, having walked with Nature threescore years,
And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their Divinity
Revolls, offended at the ways of men
Swayed by such motives, to such ends employed.

Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
This soul, and the transcendent universe,
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
Of infinite being, twinkling restlessly!

Nor higher place can be assigned to him
And his compatriots—the haughty Sage of France—
Crowned was he, if my memory do not err,
With laurel planted upon hoary hair,
In sign of conquest by his wit achieved
And benefits his wisdom had conferred;
His stooping body tortured with wreaths of
Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
That twine around a head, Counties a moulderling tree;
Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
And a most frivolous people. Him I mean
Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,
This sorry Legend; which by chance we found
From a book, though malice, as might seem,
More innocent rubbish.—Speaking
With a brief notice when, and how, and where,
We had espied the book, he drew it forth;
And courteously, as if the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man's heart
Of unsheen avarice or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. "Gentle Friend,"
Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,
"You have known light and guides better than
Ah I bet sought amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And temp my spirit to support the wrongs
Of passion: whatever 'er be felt or feared,
Fell the judgment-rost make no appeal
To lower: can you question that the soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upset notion? In the ports
Of every no refuge can be found,
No shelter, for a spirit in distress,
He who by wild disorder of life
And proud insensibility to hope,
Afflicts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible;

That neither she nor Silence lack the power
To avenge their own insulted majesty.

0 blast seclusion! when the mind admits
The law of duty: and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire alliance with her choice:
When youth's presumptuousness is mellowed
Down,
And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;
When wisdom shows her reasonable fruit,
Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure bums.
In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
Of unreproved enjoyment; and is pleased
To muse, and be saluted by the air
Of meek repentance, waiting wall-flower scents
From out the crumbling ruins of failed pride
And chambers of transgression, now forlorn.
O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!
Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive
To reconcile his manifold to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past
For fixed annoyance; and full of bane
With floating dreams, black and disconsolate,
The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with intersections, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Consequences of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep silence of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lovely grove,
Burns, like an unaccomplishing fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns it into life
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yes, with her own immortal 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 combustible material, which,
From error, disappointment—mav, from guilt;
And sometimes, to relinquent corner,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

The Solitary by these words was touched
With manifold emotion, and exclaiming
"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 it, that time hath shorn
His natural wings!—To friendship let him turn
For succour: but perhaps he sits alone
On stormy waters, tossed by a little boat
That holds but him, and can contain no more!
Religion tells of anxiety 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 but him? Will showers of grace,
When in the sky no promise may be seen,
Fail to refresh a parched and withered land?
Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
At the Redeemer's feet? 1
In rueful tone,
With some impatience in his mien, he spake:
Back to my mind rushed all that had been urged
To calm the Sufferer when his story closed;
I looked for counsel as unbending now;
But a discriminating sympathy
Stood to this apt reply—
"As men from men
Do, in the constitution of their souls,
Differ, so 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 admirity, 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 solemnized in its course
By tenderness of heart: have seen your eyes,
Even on an altar lit by fire from heaven,
Kneel before it—Your discourse this day,
That, like the fabled Lethis, 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 uphold.
In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
By the inferior Faculty that moulds,
With her minute and speculative pains,
Opinion, ever changing!
I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The emptiness of a smooth-tipped 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
Mysteries union with its native sea.
Every wave roll up the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when divinity, to you, doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of the past, the present, 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;
Devote above the meaning of your will.
—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.
The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
If false conclusions of the reasoning power
Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
Through which the soul converses with the heart.
Has not the soul, the being of your life,
Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
To resound in 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,—of the solemn nightingale's note,
And the soft woodlark here did never chant
Her vesper.—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 tumbling,
Insatiable by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
The one voice—the solitary raven, flying
Abstray the concave of the dark blue dome,
Unseen, perchance above all power of sight—
An iron keel! with echoes from afar.
Faith—st and fluster—as the cry, with which
The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire: yet from the abyss is caught again,
And yet again recovered!
But descending
From these imaginative heights, that yield
Far-stretching views into eternity,
Acknowledge that to Nature's humble power
Your cherished sufficiency is forced to bend
Even here, where her amensities are sown
With sparkling hand. Then trust yourself abroad
To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields.
Where on the labour of the happy throng
She smiles, including in her wide embrace
City, and town, and tower,—and sea with ships
Sprinkled,—be our Companion while we track
Her rivers populous with graceful life;
While, free as air, o'er priceless sands we march,
Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
In peace and meditative contemplation,
Where living things, and things inanimate,
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
And speak to social reason's inner sense,
With inarticulate language.
For the Man—
Who, in this spirit, communed with the Forms
Of nature, who with understanding heart
Both knows and loves such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hairiness—needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love,
So deeply, that, unsatiated with sight
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;
A holy tenderness pervades his frame.
His sanity of reason not impaired.
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good: and finds the good he seeks;
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and, if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak,
THE EXCURSION.

He is compassionate: and has no thought, 
No feeling, which can overcome his love. 
And farther: by contemplating these Forms 
in the relations which they bear to man, 
He shall discern, how through the various means 
Which silently they yield, are multiplied 
The spiritual presences of absent things. 
Trust 
That for the instructed, time will come 
When they shall meet no object but may teach 
Some acceptable lesson to their minds. 
Of human suffering, or of human joy. 
So shall they learn, while all things speak of man, 
Their duties from all forms; and general laws, 
And local accidents, shall tend alike 
To reconcile, or urge: and, with the will, confer 
The ability to spread the blessings wide: 
Of true philanthropy. The light of love 
Not failing, perseverance from their steps 
Departing; not, for them shall be confirmed 
The glorious habit by which sense is made 
Subservient still to moral purposes; 
Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe 
The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore 
The bitterness of existence. Science then 
Shall be a precious visitant: and then, 
And only then, be worthy of her name: 
For then her heart shall kindle; her dull eye, 
Dull and insensible, no more shall hang 
Chained to its object in brute slavery: 
But taught with patient interest to watch 
The processes of things, and serve the cause 
Of order and distinctness, not for this 
Shall it forget that its most noble use, 
Its most illustrious province, must be found 
In furnishing clear guidance, a support 
Nor treacherous, to the mind's external power. 
—So build we up the Being that we are: 
Thus deeply drinking-in the soul of things, 
We shall be wise performe; 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. What'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 baragrange, 
Poured forth with fervor in continuous stream, 
Such as, remote, mid savage wilderness, 
An Indian Chief discharges from his breast 
Into the hearing of assembled tribes, 
In open circle seated round, and hushed 
As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf 
Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he speak: 
The words he uttered shall not pass away 
Dispersed, like music that the wind takes up 
ily snatchets, and lets fall, to be forgotten: 
No—they sank into me, the bounteous gift 
of one whom time and nature had made wise, 
Gracing his doctrine with authority 
Which hostile spirits already allow; 
Of one accustomed to desires that feed 
On fruition gathered from the very core 
To hopes on knowledge and experience built: 
Of one in whom persuasion and belief 
Had ripened into faith, and faith become 
A passionate intimation; whereas 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; 
And in the Mansion's cool recess are read 
Plain indication that the words, which told 
How that neglected Pensioner was sent 
Before his time into a quiet grave, 
Had done to her humanity no wrong; 
But we are kindly welcomed—promptly served 
With ostentatious real.—Along the floor 
The landlord, who in a shapely form 
To the pleasant cottage, in the lovely Dell 
grateful couch was spread, and covered more; 
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we lay, 
Stretched upon fragrant bed, and lulled by sounds 
Of far-off torrents charming the still night, 
And, to tired limbs and over-tired thoughts, 
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness. 

BOOK FIFTH.

THE PASTOR.

ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley—Reflections—A large and ambitious Vale described:—The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him—Church and Monuments—The Solitary meeting, and where—Roused,—In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind—Lovenly tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adhered to the Pastor's, and, in his manner, 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 fails 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 appearance of content and happiness in degree—Effect—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 portrait of the living or dead from his own observation of life among these Mountains, and for what purpose—Pastor consents—
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Mountain cottage—Excellent qualities of its
Inhabitants—Solitary expresses his pleasure:
but not that
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 unburied
Infants—Exposure and sepulchral observ-
ances, whence—Ecclesiastical Establish-
ments, whence derived—Profession of belief
in the doctrine of Immortality.

"Farewell, deep Valley, with thy one rude
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,
And guardian rocks—Farewell, attractive seat,
The soft indications of the morning light, the
Open, and day’s pure cheerfulness, but veiled
From human observation, as if yet
Primeval forests wrap thee round with dark
Impenetrable shade: once more farewell,
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,
By Nature destined from the birth of things
For quaintness profound!"

Upon the side
Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale
Which foot of bold broad stranger would attempt,
Lingered behind my companions, thus I beheld
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, wax at length
Snapped—and, pursuing leisurely my way,
How vain, thought I, is it by change of place
To seek that comfort which the mind denies;
Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned
Wisely: and by such tenure do we hold
For life’s possessions that even they whose
fair
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint
Might, by the promise that is here, be won
To steal from active duties, and embrace
Obsequious, and unresisted repose.

—Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered
times.
Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her inheritors, like plenty of old:
Men who, from faction sacred, and unstained
But so thought, so minded, turn aside
Unconsidered, and subsist, a scattered few
Living to God and nature, and content
With that communion. Consecrated be
The spots where such abides! But happier still
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attains
That meditation and research may guide
His privacy to principles and powers
Discovered or invested; or set forth
Through his acquaintance with the ways of

In liquid order: so that, when his course
Is run, some pious eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unambitious merit: but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere
Accompanied these musing; fervent thanks
For my own peaceful lot and happy choice:
A choice that from the passions of the world
Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat;
Sheltered, not but to social duties lost,
Secluded, but not buried; and with son
Cheering my days, and with industrious
Thought.

With the ever-welcome company of books;
With virtuous friendship’s soul-sustaining aid,
And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel
Worn in the morrow, till I took over
My two Associates, in the morning sunshine
Hailing together on a rocky knoll
Where the bare road descended rapidly
To the green meadows of another vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his hand
In sign of farewell. "Nay," the old Man said,
"The fragrant air its coolness still retains;
The herds and flocks are yet abroad to crop
The dewy grass: you cannot leave us now,
We must not part at this inviting hour."
He yielded, though reluctant: for his mind
Instinctively disposed him to retire
To his own covert; as a bishop, beaved
Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.
—So we descended: and winding round a rock
Attain a point that showed the valley—stretched
In length before us; and, not distant far,
Upon a rising-ground a grey church-tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted
trees.
And towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond
Among steep hills and woods emossed,
flowed
A copious stream with boldly-winding course;
Here traceable, there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.
On the stream’s banks, and every where ap-
peared
Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots;
Some scattered o’er the level, others perched
On the hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As mid some happy valley of the Alps,"
Said I, "once happy, once dynamic power,
Wastely breaking in upon the
Destroy their unoffending commonwealth,
A popular equality reigns here.
Save for you stately House beneath whose roof
A rural lord might dwell."—"No feudal pomp,
Or power," replied the Wanderer, "to that
House
Belongs, but there in his allotted Home
Abides, from year to year, a genuine Priest,
The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king
It 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 pietie he chose,
And learning’s solid dignity: though born
Of knightly race, nor wanting useful friends.
Hisber, in prime of manhood, he withdrew
From academic towers. He loved the soil—
Who does not love his native soil?—he prized
The ancient rural charms.

Of simple manners, feelings unpretent-
THE EXCURSION.

And undisguised, and strong and serious,
A character reflected in himself,
With such enthusiasm as well becomes
His rank and sacred function. This deep vale
Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight,
And on, a turreted manorial hall
Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors
Have dwelt through ages—Patrons of this Cure.
To them, and to his own judicious pains,
The Vale, and all the world, the whole domain,
Owes that present aspect which might well
Attract your notice; statelier than could else
Have been bestowed, through course of com-

chance,

On an unhealthy mountain Beneficer."

This said, off pacing, we pursued our way;
Not reached the village-churchyard till the sun
Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen
Above the summits of the highest hills,
And round our path darted oppressive beams.
As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile
Stood open; and we entered. On my frame,
At such transition from the fervid air,
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike
The heart, in concert with that temperate awe
And natural reverence which the place in-
spired.

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massive; for duration built;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood,
All withered by the depth of shade above.
Adorning thence inscribed the walls,
Each in its ornamental scroll enclosed;
Elongated wings, with winged hands—a pair
Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor
Of nave and aisle, in unpuncturing guise,
Was occupied by oaken benches ranged
In seemly rows; the channel only showed
Shadows on the painted, marks of earthly state
By immemorial privilege allowed;
The churlish toil the Enclosure's special sanctity
But ill according. An herculean shield,
Varying its tincture with the changeable light,
Imbued the altar-window; fixed aloft
A faded hatchment hung, and one by time
Yet undilacerated. A capacious pew
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;
And marble monuments were here displayed
Thronging the walls: and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems
greaves
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small
Aching effigies of brass inlaid.
The tribute by these various records claimed
Duly we paid, each after each, and read
The steady chronicle of birth, Office, alliance, and promotion—all
Ending in last: of upright magistrates,
Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-church,
And uncrownted senators, alike
To king and people true. A tenen 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 crowned 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
Trick the sea-light of the second Charles.
Near this brave Knight his Father was enshrined;
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 woe and sickly crooned with Heaven's regard,
She with a numerous issue filled his house,
Who, throne, like plants, unjurticed 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 rewarcd
In modest paragon. "These dim lines,
What would they tell?" said I,—but, from the task
Of pacing out that faded narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friend
Called me; and, looking down the darksome aisle
I saw the Tenant of the lovely vale
Standing apart; with curved arm reclined
On the baptismal font; his pallid face
Upturned, as if his mind was rapt, or lost
In some abstraction—gracefully he stood,
The semblance bearing a sculptured form
That leans upon a monumental urn
In peace, from month to month, each year to year,
Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse;
Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,
Continuation of the notes
That had beguiled the work from which he came,
With smile and mock of his hunter's Muse;
To be deposited, for future need,
In their appointed place. The vale Recuse
Withdrawn, and straight we followed,—to a spot
Where sun and shade were intermixed; for there
A broad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms
From an adjoining pasture, overhung
Small space of that green clapperd with a light
And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown wall
My ancient Friend and I together took
Our seats; and thus the Solitary Spake,
Standing before us:—"Did you note the mien
Of that self-soled, easy-hearted chart;
Death's hieroglyph, who scoops out his neighbour's grave,
Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,
Or plant a tree. And did you hear his voice?"
I was abruptly summoned by the sound
From some affecting images and thoughts,
Which then were silent; but grave utterance now
Much," he continued, with dejected look,
"Much, yesterday, was said in glowing phrase
Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
For future states of being; and the words
Of speculation, joyfully outspared,
The EXCURSION:

Hovered above our destiny on earth
But stop, and place the prospect of the soul
In sover contrast with reality
And man's substantial life.
If this mute earth
Of what it holds could speak, and every grave
Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame,
To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill
That which is done accords with what is known
To reason by conscious is enjoined:
How silly, how perversely, life's whole course,
To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
At her aspiring outset.
Mark the bale
Not long accustomed to this breathing world;
One that hath barely learned to shape a smile,
Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp
With tiny finger—too let fall a tear;
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep divolves,
To stretch his limbs, hemmoking, as might seem,
The outward functions of intelligent man;
A grave proficient in amusive feats
Of puppetry, that from the lap declare
His expectations, and announce his claim
To that inheritance which millions sue
That they were ever born to! In due time
A day of solemn ceremonial comes;
When they, who for this Minor hold in trust
Rights that transcend the lowest heritage
Of mere humanity, present their Charge,
For this occasion daintly adorned,
At the baptismal font. And when the pure
And innocent infant in his own genuine heart
The original stain, the child is there received
Into the second ark, Christ's church, with trust
That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall last
Over the billows of this troublesome world
To the fair land of everlasting life.
Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
Are all renounced; high as the thought of man
Can possibly be, virtue is professed
A dedication made, a promise given
For due provision to control and guide,
And unmitting progress to ensure
In hezness and truth.
"You cannot blame,"
Here interposing fervently I said: "Rites which attest that Man by nature lies
Bedded for good and evil in a gulf
Fetted by laws, nor will your judgment scorn
Those services, whereby attempt is made
To lift the creature toward that eminence
On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty
He stood; or if not so, whose top serene
At least he feels 'tis given him to decry
Not without aspirations, evermore
Returning, and injustices from within
Doubt to cast off and wearness: in trust
That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,
May be, through pains and persevering hope
Recovered: or, if hitherto unknown,
Lies which reach, and one day shall be gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly answered—

The outward ritual and established forms
With which communities of men invest
Those inward feelings, and the aspiring vows
To which the lips give public utterance
Are both a natural process; and by me
Shall pass uncorrected; 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 mistrust at all the more
By impulse sent from such illustrious power,—
That finds and cannot fasten down; that grasps
And is rejected, and loses while it grasps;
That tempts, em molest ed—for a time sustains,
And then betrays; accoses and inflicts
Remorseless punishment; and so retreats
The inevitable circle: better far
Than this, to grace the herb in thoughtless peace;
By foreseight or remembrance undisturbed!

Philosophy! and thou more vaunted name,
Religion! with thy stately retinue,
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
Roefully seated, and shedding bitter tears.
And through that conflict seeking rest—of you,
High-sti med Powers, am I constrained to ask,
Here standing, with the unapproachable sky
In faint reflection of infinite
Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet
A sthrenecessary 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 immost folds
By sight unaided with the glare of praise,
Who shall be named—in the resplendent line
Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man
Whom the last might of faith, wherever so'd,
For one day's little compass, has preserved
From painful and discernible shocks
Of contradiction, from some vague desire
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse
To some unsanctioned fear?—"If this be so,
And Man," said I, "be in his noblesst shape
Thus pitifully inoff: 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
THE EXCURSION.

Rise to the notice of a serious mind
By natural exhalation. With the dead
In their repos, 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 Heaves 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 thence
Acquire
Right to expect his vigorous decline,
That promises to the end a blest old age!"

"Yet," with a smile of triumph thus exclaimed
The Solitary, "in the life of man,
If in the poetry of common speech
Faith may be given, we see in 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 o'er to follow faithfully expressed?
And mellow Autumn, charged with bounteous
fruit,
Where is she imaged? in what favoured clime
Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?
—Yet where the better part is missed, the worse.
In man's autumnal season is set forth
With the semblance of the true and real,
And that contents him; bowers that hear no
more
The voice of gladness, less and less supply
Of outward sunshine and internal warmth;
And, with this change, sharp air and failing
leaves,
Forcing aged Winter's desolate sway,
How gay the habitations that bedeck
This fertile valley! Not a house but seems
to give assurance of content within;
Embossed happiness, and placid love;
As the sunshine of the day were lost
With answering brightness in the hearts of all
Who walk this favoured ground. But change,
regards,
And notice forced upon incursions ears;
These, if these only, acting in despite
Of the encomiums by my Friend pronounced
On simple life, forbid the judging mind
To trust the smiling aspect of this fair
And noiseless commonwealth. The simple race
Of mountaineers (by nature's self removed
From foal temptations, and by constant care
Of a good shepherd tended as themselves
Do tend their flock,) partake man's general lot
With little mitigation. They escape,
Penance, the heavier woes of guilt; feel not
The tedium of fantastic idleness:
Yet life, as with the multitude, with them
Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale:
That on the outset wastes its gay desires,
Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,
And pleasant interests—for the sequel leaving
Old things repeated with diminished grace;
And all the laboured novelties at best
Imperfect substitutes, whose use and power
Evince the want and weakness whence they
spring."

While in this serious mood we hold discourse,
The reverend Pastor toward the church-yard
gate
Approached; and, with a mild respectful air
Of native cordiality, our Friend
Advanced to greet him. With a gracious mien
Was he received, and mutual joy prevailed.
While they stood in conference, and I guess
That he, who now upon the money wall
Sat by my side, had vanished, if a wish
Could have transferred him to the flying clouds,
Or the least penetrable hiding-place
In his own valley's rocky guardianship.
—For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased;
Nature had framed them both, and both were
marked
By circumstance, with intermixture fine
Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak
Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,
Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,
One might be likened: flourishing appeared,
Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,
The other,—like a stately sycamore,
That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied shade.
A general greeting was exchanged; and soon
The Pastor learned that his approach had given
A welcome interruption to discourse.
Gravity, and in truth too often said,—"Is Man
A child of hope? Do generations press
On generations, without progress made?
Halts the individual, ere his hair be grey,
Perforce? Are we all but good Preponderates, or evil?
Doth the will
Acknowledge reason's law? A living power
Is virtue, or no better than a name,
Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsought?
So that the only substance which remains,
(For thus the terrors of complaint hath run,
Among so many shadows,) are the pains
And penalties of miserable life,
Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust?
—Our cogitations had been well begun,
These are the points," the Wanderer said, "on
which
Our inquest turns.—Accord, good Sir! the light
Of your experience to dispel the gloom;
By your persuasive wisdom shall the heart
That frets or languishes, be stillled and
cheered."

"Our nature," said the Priest, in mild reply,"
Angels may weigh and fathom: they perceive,
With undistempered and unclouded spirits,
The object as it is; but, for ourselves,
That speculative height we may not reach.
The good and evil are our portion, and we
Are all that which we would contemplate from far,
Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep—
As virtue's self; like virtue is best
With sores: tried, tempted, subject to decay.
Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
Blind were we without these: through these alone
Are capable to notice or discern
THE EXCURSION.

Or to record: we judge, but cannot be
Indescribable—insolent—insolent, or
Spite of proudest beast,
Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man
An effort only, and a noble aim;
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
Still to be counted—never to be won.

Look forth, or each man dive into himself:
What sees he but a creature too perturbed;
That is transported to excess; that years,
Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much;
Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recollected;
Battens on spleen, or moulards in despair?
Thus comprehension fails, and truth is missed;
Thus darkness a' the delusion round our path
Spread, from dis, se, whose subtle injury lurks
With the veriest of our 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 infirm to reach. But, waiving this,
And our regards confining within bounds
Of less exalted consciousness, through which
The very multitude are free to range,
We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
Or a forbidden tract of cheerful view;
Even as the same is looked at, or approached.
Thus, when in changeable April fields are white
With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen north
Your walk conduct you higher, ere the sun
Hath gained his montagne height, this churchyard,
Filled
With mounds transversely lying side by side
From east to west, before you will appear
An unlimned, black and dreary plain,
With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom
Saddeneth the heart. Go forward, and look:
Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,
Of love, of life, and gladness doth dispense
His beams; which, unexampled, in every grave,
Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power;
That everspread and chilled the sacred turf,
Vanished or hidden; and the whole domain,
To some, too lightly minded, might appear
A shadow carpet for the dancing hours.

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

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wanderer
With a complacent air remarks
"And by your judgment, Sir! the mind's re-
pose
On evidence is not to be ensured
By act of naked reason. Moral truth
Is no mechanical structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape
And undisturbed proportions: but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
As the water-lily, roses and shrivels.
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose leaf
Floats on the toasting waves. With joy sincere
I restate these sentiments confirmed
By your authority. But how acquire
The inward principle that gives effect
To outward argument; the passive will
To seem to admit; the active energy,
Strong and unbound to enter and firm
To keep and cherish? how shall man unite
With self-forgetting tenderness of heart
An earth-despoising dignity of soul?
Wisdom in that reason, and without it blind!"

"The way," said I, "to court, if not obtain
The impeachment, apt to be set agight;
This, in the lonely dell disclosing, you
Declared at large; and by what exercise
From visible nature or the inner self
Power may be trained, and renovation brought
To those who need the gift. But, after all,
Is sought so certain as that man is doomed
To breathe beneath a veil 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 sight: 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, un perplexed by doubt,
Uninjured by a lesson so to
Into high objects farther than they may,
Then to and fro, from more till ever-tiered,
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 horn—reverencing as it holds
Body and mind in one captivity;
And let the light mechanical tool be hailed
With honour: which, ensnaring by the power
Of long companionship the artist's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its vital nerves,
From too lazy commerce with the heart!
—In glorious implements of craft and toil,
Both ye that shape and build, and ye that force,
By slow solicitation, to your heart
Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth
With wise reluctance; you would I except,
Not for gross good alone which ye produce,
But for the imperious and ceaseless strife
Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—those
Whose to your dull society are born,
And wish their humble toil and rest content.
—Would I had se'er renounced it!"

"A slight flush
Of moral anger previously had tinged
The old Man's cheek: but, at this closing turn
Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,
"That which we feel we utter; as we think
So have we argued; reaping for our pains
No visible recompense. For our relief
You," to the Pastor turning thus he spake,
"Have kindly interested. May I trust
Your further help! The mine of real life
Dig for us: and present us, in the shape
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by pains
Fruitless as those of alny alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible. There lies
Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and inner heart:
Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts:
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say what man
He is who diverts you hanging field;
What qualities of mind she bears, who comes,
For more and evening service, with her pale.
To that green pasture: place before our sight
The family who dwell within you house
Fenced round with glittering laurel; or in that
Below, from which the curling smoke ascends.
Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,
And have the dead around us, take from them
Your instances: for they are both best known,
And by frail men most equably judged.
Epitomise the life; pronounce, you can,
Authentic epitaphs on some of these
Who, from their lowly mansions hither brought,
Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet:
So, by your records, may our doubts be solved;
And so, not searching higher, we may learn
To prove the truth we bear with human kind;
And look upon the dust of man with awe.

The Priest replied:—"An office you impose
For which peculiar requisites are mine;
Yet much, I feel, is wanting—thee the task
Would be most grateful. True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard: with these
The future cannot contradict the past;
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone; the transit made that shows
The grave, in which the world, as it departs.
Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,
Fare we descend into these silent vaults,
Our courage being from the living.
You behold,
How the breast of you dark mountain, dark
With stony barrenness, a shining speck
Here a vision seems sleeping till a shower
Brush it away, or cloud overs it over;
And such it might be deemed—a sleeping sun
beam
But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,
Cut off, an island in the thirsty waste:
And that attractive brightness is its own.
The lofty size, by nature framed to tempt
Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones
The tiller's hand, a hermit might have chosen,
For opportunity presented itself
Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er land
And ocean, and look down upon the works,
The habitations, and the ways of men.
Himself love! But no tradition tells
That ever hermit dipped his maple-lish
In the sweet spring that lurks mid you green
fields
And no such visionary views belong
To those who occupy and till the ground,
High on that mountain where they long have dwelt
A wedded pair in childless solitude.
A house of stone—collected on the spot,
By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in front,
Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest
Of birch-tree waves over the chimney top;
A rough abode—in colour, shape, and size,
Such as in unsafe times of border-war
Might have been wished for and contrived, to elude
The eye of roving plunderer—for their need
Suffice; and unshaken bears the assault
Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-west
In anger blowing from the distant sea:
—Alone within her solitary hut;
There, or within the compass of her fields,
At any moment may the Dane be found,
True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest
And to the grove that holds it. She beguiles
By intermingled work of house and field
The summer's day, and winter's; with success
Not equal, but sufficient to maintain.
Even at the worst, a smooth stream of content,
Until the expected hour at which her Mate
From the far-distant quarry's vault returns;
And by his converse crowns a silent day
With evening cheerfulness. In powers of mind,
In scale of culture, few among my flock
Hold lower rank than this sequestered pair;
But true humility descends from heaven;
And that best gift of heaven hath fallen on them;
Abundant recompense for every want.
—Stoop from your height, ye proud, and copy these!
Who, in their noisless 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 pleasant have from your lips
Gathered this fair report of them who dwell
In that retirement; which by such course
Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
A tried way-faring man, once / 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, me,
thought,
For human habitation; but I longed
To reach it, desirous of other hope.
I looked with steinness as sailors look
On the north star, or watch-tower's distant
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 light ore 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 Maitreie she hath praised:
Alarms and disappointment! The alarms
THE EXCURSION.

Ceased, when she learned through what mishap
The name,
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 unwarried signal, knotted a far;
An anxious duty! which the lofty site,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whenever it undertows chance
Detains him after his accustomed hour
Till night lies black upon the ground. 'But come,
Come,' said the Matron, 'to our poor abode;
Those dark rocks hide it! Entering, I beheld
A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth
Sate down; and to her office, with leave asked,
The Dame returned.
Or ere that glowing pile
Of mountain turf required the builder's hand
Its wasted splendour to repair, the door
Open'd, and she re-entered, with glad looks,
Her Hostmate following. Hospitable fare,
Franks conversation, made the evening's treat;
Need a bewildered traveller wish for more?
But more was given; I studied, as we sate
By the bright fire, the good Man's form, and face
Not less than beautiful; an open brow
Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue;
Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard;
But, in the quicker turn of the discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount
Lost, thought 1, in the obscurities of time,
But honoured once, those features and that
May have descended, though I see them here.
In such a man, so gentle and sublaced,
Withal so graceful in his gentleness,
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humiliated, but not depressed, may expire.
This pleasing fancy cherished and upheld
By summary recollections of such fall
From high to low, accent from low to high,
As time in course, 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,
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
Past,' said the Matron; 'and I never see,
Rave when the sabbath brings its kind release,
My Hostmate's face by light of day. He quits
His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we gain
the bread
For which we pray; and for the wants provide
Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
Companions have I many; many friends,
Dependents, comforters—my wheel, my fire,
All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,
The cackling hen, the tender chicken brood,
And the wild birds that gather round my
porch.
This honest sheep-dog's custenance 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
Care not for me, he lingers round my door,
And makes me patience when our tempsurs
suit:—
But, above all, my thoughts are my support,
My comfort—would that they were often
fixed
On what, in 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 privileges, richer in the main!—
While thankless thousands are oppressed and clogged
By ease and leisure: by the very wealth
And prise of opportunity made poor;
While trees of thousands fitter in their youth,
And sinks, through utter want of cheering
light;
For you the hours of labour do not flag:
For you each evening hath its shining star,
And every sabbath-day its golden sun.'

"Yes!" said the following with a smile
That seemed to break from an expanding
heart,
"The unturtled bird may find, and so con
struct,
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 some
times
Upon the individual's doth confer
Among her higher creatures born and trained
To use of reason. And, I own that, tired
Of the ostentatious world—a swelling stage
With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,
And from the private struggles of mankind
Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
Far less than once I trusted and believed—
I love to hear of those who, not contending
Nor summoned to contend for virtue's prize,
Miss not the humbler good at which they aim,
Best with a kindly faculty to blunt
The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
Into their comforts the petty plagues
And hindrances with which they stand beset.
In early youth, among my native hills,
I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
A few small crofts of stone-encumbered
ground:
Masses of every shape and size, that lay
Scattered about under the mouldering walls
Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,
In quarters incongruous to such chance,
As if the moon had showered them down in
spite.
But he required not. Though the plough was
scared
By these obstructions, 'round the shady stones
'A fertilising moisture,' said the Swan,
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THE EXCURSION.

Earth's melancholy vision through the space
Of all her climes—these wretched, these despoiled,
To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
From the delights of charity cut off,
To pay debt, the oppressor and the oppressed;
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, a loving heart,
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 consign the babe to the arms
Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.
Those 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, thoughtful, school-boy: the bold
Youth
Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid
Smitten while all the promises of life
Are opening round her; those of middle age,
Cast down while confident in strength they stand,
Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might seem,
And more secure, by very weight of all
That, for support, rests on them; the decayed
And berthansome; 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 peaceable, these mild,
Society were touched with kind concern,
And gently 'Nature grieved: that one should die,'
Or, if the change demanded no regret,
Observed the liberating stroke—and blessed.
And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?
Not from the naked heart alone of Man
(Though claiming high distinction upon earth
As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,
His own particular utterance for distress
Or gladness:—No," the philosophic Priest
Continued, "is not in the vital seat
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul of the pure;
With her two faculties of eye and ear,
The one by which a creature, whom his sins
Have rendered prosaic, 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 Worn
To the four quarters of the winds, proclaim.
Not without such assistance could the use
Of these benign observances prevail:
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus maintained;
And by the care prospective of our wise
THE EXCURSION.

Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks
The fluctuation and decay of things,
Established these high truths
In solemn institutions:—men convinced
That life is but a transient immortality,
The being one, and one the element,
There lies the channel, and original bed,
From the beginning, hollowed out and steeped
For Man’s affections—she betrayed and lost,
And swallowed up mid deserts infinite.

This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
Of present reason; all conclusions else
Are abortive, vain, presumptuous, and perverse.
The faith partaking of those holy times.
Life, I repeat, is longings undisturbed,
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation, and sorrow,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.

DOOK SIXTH.

THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ARGUMENT.

Poet’s Address to the State and Church of England. The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church—He begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love—Anguish of mind subdued, and how—The lonely Miner—An instance of perseverance—which leads by contrast to an example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness—Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance of some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end his days here—Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonious influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered situations in public life—the rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed, and where—Solitary hints at an overpowering Futility—Answer of the Pastor—What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives—Conversation upon this subject of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given—Contrasted with this instance of a Man, from unguarded and betrayed Love—Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender—With this instance of a Marriage Contract, broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of her female Children.

Hail, to the crown by Freedom shaped—to God
An English Sovereign’s brow: and to the throne
Whereon he sits! Whose deep foundations lie
In generation and the people’s love—
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law—
Hail to the State of England! And conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church;
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent and unapproved. The voice, that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may ever keep the sea around
That favoured Land, or sunshine warms her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains!
Bespeck from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
And spires whose silent finger points to heaven!

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds

To intercept the sun’s glad beams—may we der
That true succession fail of English hearts,
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
—Thus shall never the insignificances of time
Approach their revered graces, unsupposed;
Nor shall the elements be free to hunt
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage
Of lusty acclamy to overturn;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow,
Upon the throned abodes of holy men
(Depraved, and even prone to fill the mind
Exclusively with transitory things)
An air and men of dignified pursuit;

Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

The Poet, fostering for his native land
Such hope, entreats that servants may abound
Of those pure altars worthy; ministers
Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain
Superior, insuspicious of pride,
And by ambitious longings undisturbed;
Men, whose delight is where their duty leads;
Or fees them, whose heat distinguishes day
Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
Which makes the sabbath lovely in the sight
Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.

And, as on earth it is the doom of truth
To be perpetually attacked by force;
Open or covert, be that priesthood still,
For her defence, replenished with a band
Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts
Thoroughly disciplined; nor is of course
Of the revolving world’s distractions
Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven
Avert!

To meet such trial from their spiritual sires
Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword
Of disputation, shrank not, though assailed
With hostile din, and combating in sight
Of angry uproars, partial and unjust;
And did, therewith, bar their hands in fire,
So to declare the conscience satisfied;
Nor for their bodies had they not released;
But, blessing God and praising him, beseecheth
With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame,
The faith which they by diligence had earned,
Or, through Illuminating grace, received.
For their dear countrymen, and all mankind.
O high example, constancy divine!
Even such a Man (inheriting the real
And from the sanctity of elder times

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Not deviating,—a priest, the like of whom,
If multiplied, and in their stations set,
Would o'er the bough of a joyful land
Spread true religion and her genuine fruits
Before as stood that day; on holy ground
Fragrant with the relic of mortality,
Exalting tender themes, by such degrees
To lofty raised; and to the highest, last;
The head and mighty paramount of truths,—
Immortal life, in never-failing worlds,
For mortal creatures, conquered and secured.

That basis hild, 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 infrequently have marked
A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers
Too delicate employ, as would appear,
For one, who, though of drooping mien, had yet
From nature's kindness received a frame
Robust as ever rural labour bred."

The Solitary answered: "Such a Form
Full well I recollect. We often crossed,
Each other's path; but, as the Intruder seemed
Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,
And I as willingly did cherish mine,
We met, and passed, like shadows. I have heard,
From my good Host, that being erased in brain
By unrequited love, he sealed the rocks,
Dived into caverns, 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
Truly the fate of man is destined.

"Did he then
Of pain and grief?" the Solitary asked.

"Do not believe it: never could that be!"

"He loved," the Vicar answered, "deeply
Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared
At length to tell his love, but too soon to vain;
Rebuked was he reproachfully: and, if with scorn
Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but
A high-priced phial which female Beauty wears
In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
To charm the world, or from herself to hide
Humiliation, when no longer free.
The task of God is mine; and glory in—\text{—but when}
The tidings came that she whom he had wooed
Was wedded to another, and his heart
Was forced to rend away its only hope;
Lost, Priy could have scarcely found on earth
A softer object of love and attachment than he,
In the transition of that latter 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 out of their mortal spoils—ah no!
She lives another's wishes to complete,—
Joy in their lot, and happiness, he cried,
His lot and hers, as misery must be mine!"
That, from his dying hand, she would accept
Of his possessions which must be parted
A book, upon whose leaves some chosen plants,
By his own hand disposed with nicest care
In undecayed beauty were preserved;
Its leaves, which are a history of time and place,
And various fluctuations in the breast;
To her, a monument of faithful love
Conquered, and in tranquility retained!

Close to his destined habitation, lies
One who achieved a humbler victory,
Though marvelous in its kind. A place there is
High in these mountains, that afforded a home
Of keen adventure, to inscribe their pains
In search of precious ore; they tried, they failed.
And all desolate, all, save him alone.
His task, taking of his own clear thoughts,
And trusting only to his own weak hands,
Urged unceasingly the stubborn work,
Unrewarded, unceasingly; then, as time
Passed on, while still his keen forces found
No recompense, decided; and at length,
By many pitted, as insane of mind;
By others sneered at as the blackest thrall
Of superhuman Spirits feeding hope
By various mockery of sight and sound;
Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.
—But when the lord of seasons had matured
The fruits of earth through space of twelve ten
years,
The mountain’s errant offered to his view
And trembling grasp the long-deferred reward.
As he, with more transport did Columbus greet
A world, his rich discovery! But our Swall,
A very hero till his point was gained,
Support the weight of prosperous fortune.
On the fields he locked
Wines and essences, and neither day nor night
Wasted and reckless; ever and anon
Quaffed in his gratitude immense cups;
And truly might be said to die of joy!

Yet he vanished; but conspicuous to this day
The path remains that linked his cottage-door
To the edge of the lake; a long and diagonal track,
Upon the rugged mountain’s stony side.
Worn by his daily visits to and from
The continent centre of a constant hope.
This vestige, neither force of beating rain,
Nor the vicissitudes of forest and snow,
Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;
And in it housed, in memory of the event,
The Faith of Forbearance.

Man has his strength,” exclaimed the Wanderer,
Oh, do thou direct it! To the virtuous grant
The penetrative eye which can perceive
In this blind world the guiding vein of hope;
That, like this Labourer, each may dig their way.
‘Unshaken, unexded, untarried!’
Grant to the wise his firmness of resolve!
‘That prayer were not superfluous,’ said the Perch.

‘Amid the odium relief, proudest dear,
That the World’s glory, holds Within the bosom of your awful pile, Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh
Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is due to all,
Wherever last, who living fell below
Their virtuous humbler mark; a sigh of pain
To the opposite extreme they sank;
How would you pity her who yonder rests;
How, father of the pair who here are laid? But, above all, that mixture of earth’s mould
Whom sight of that green hillock to my mind
Recalls!

He lived not till his locks were nipped
By seasonable frost of age; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the musky brown below
By roving waters, gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless folly hath trumped
The natural crown that sage Experience wears.
Gay, voluble, ingenuous, quick to learn,
And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed.
Or could perform: a zealous actor, hired
Into the troop of death, 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 aims as the Indian bird
That winces and chatters in her wavy cage,
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still
As the mute swan that floats abroad the stream,
Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
 Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf
That flutters on the leath, lighter than he;
And not a flower, that droops in the green shade,
More wissfully conceived!
If ye inquire
How such consummate elegance was bred
Among these wilds, this answer may suffice;
The Nature’s will: who amongst undertakes,
For the repose of human vanity.
Art to enter in her peaceful life.
Hence, for this Favourite—invitably endowed
With personal gifts, and bright instinctive wit
While both, embellishing each other, stood
Yet further recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanour, and by glance and song,
And skill in letters—every fancy shaped
Air expectations; nor, when to the world’s
Capacious field forth went the Adventurer, there
Were he and his assistants overwhelmed,
Or scantily rewarded; but all hopes
Cerimonial for him, to suffer to degenerate,
Like blighted buds; or clouds that mimicked land
Before the sailor’s eye; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass; or aught
That most 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 whetted appetite of rest
Within his Father’s gates—Whence came he—clothed
In tattered garb, from hovels where abides
Noisy, the stationary host
Of vagrant poverty; from rifted barns
Where no one dwells but the wild-staring owl
And the owl’s prey; from these shrouds, uncoiled,
To which
He had descended from the proud saloon.
He came, the ghost of beauty and of health,
The wreck of glory! But soon revers'd
THE EXCURSION.
THE EXCURSION.

In strength, in power refuted, 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 alige choice.
Who happier for the moment—who more blest
Than this fallen Spirit? In those dreary holds
His talents tending to exalt the freaks
Of merry-making beggars,—now, provoked
To laughter multiplied in louder peals
By his malicious wit: then, all exclaimed
With mirth astonishment, themselves to see
In their own arts undone, their fame eclipsed,
As by the very presence of the Friend
Who dictates and inspires illustrous feats,
For knavish purposes! The city, too,
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers
Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect.
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,
Hired mistrel of wretched blunderishment;
Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,
Listen who would, be wrought upon who might,
Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.
—Such the too frequent tenour of his boast
In ears that relished the report;—but all
Was from his Parents happily concealed;
Who saw enough for blame and pitting love.
They also were permitted to receive
His last, repentant breath; and closed his eyes,
No more to wander on that irksome world
Where he had long existed in the state
Of a young fool 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 envy—strangely rejoicing: man unsubtle;
Of contradictions infinite the slave,
Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him
One with himself, and one with them that sleep.

""The change," observed the Solitary,
"strange
It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,
That in a land where charity provides
For all that can no longer feed themselves,
A man like this should choose to bring his shame
To the public door; and with his sighs
Inflict the air which he had freely breathed
In happy infancy. He could not pine,
Through lack of converse; no—he must have found
Abundant exercise for thought and speech,
In his dividual being, self-removed,
Self-despised, self-despised. —Some there are
Who, drawing near their final home, and much
And daily longing that the same were reached,
Would rather shun than seek the fellowship
Of kindred mould.—Such happily are laid!"

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius of our hills—
Who seems, by these tremendous barriers cast
His tyrannous, obvious not alone
To keep his own, but also to exclude
All other progeny—doth sometimes lure,
Even by his studied depth of privacy,
The unhappy alien hoping to obtain
Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,
In place from outward molestation free.
Helps to internal ease. Of many such
Could I discourse; but as their stay was brief,
So their departure only left behind
Pamphlets, and loose confessions. Other trace
Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair
Who, from the pressure of their several fates,
Meeting as strangers, in a petty town
Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach
Of this far-winding vale, as forward race
True to their choice; and gave their bones in
true
To this lovlyd cemetery, here to lodge
With unswornchered privacy interred
Far from the family vault.—A Chieflain one
By right of birth; within whose spotless breast
The fire of ancient Caledonia burned;
He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed
The Stuart, landing to resume, by force
Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,
Atoned his clan; and, fighting at their head,
With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent
Culloden’s fatal overthrow. Escaped
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
He fled: and when the leastest hand of time
Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,
For his discred condition, an obscure
Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

The other, born in Britain’s southern tract,
Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
There where they placed them who in conscience priced
The new succession, as a line of kings
Whose oath had virtue to protect the land
Against the dire assaults of popery,
And arbitrary rule. But, thorny thorns
On the disordered flood of public life,
And cause for most rare triumph will be thine
If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
The stream, that bears thee forward, forever not,
Or late, a perilous master. —He who oft,
Beneath the bounteons and stately trees
That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,
Had moralised on this, and other truths
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied—
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
Heaved from the heart in fortune’s bitterness,
When he had crushed a piper twice
By nimous contest, to obtain a seat
In Britain’s senate. Frontius was the attempt:
And while the uproar of that desperate strife
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,
The vanquished Whig, under a changed name,
(For the mere sound and echo of his own
Haunted him with sensations of disgust
That he was glad to lose) slunk from the world
To the deep shade of those untrovelled Wilds;
In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed
An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they met,
Two doughty champions: flaring Jacobite
And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
That losses and vexations, less severe
Than those which they had severally sustained,
THE EXCURSION.

Would have inclined each to abuse his real
For his ungrateful cause; so,—I have heard
My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm
Of that small town encountering thus, they filled,
Dain, now glooming green with harmless strife,
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church;
And vexed the market-place. But in the breasts
Of these opponents gradually was wrought,
With little change of general sentiments.
Such leaning towards each other, that their days
By choice were spent in constant fellowship;
And, if, at times, the pressed with the yoke,
Those very bickerings made them love it more.
A favourite boundary to their lengthened walks.
This Church-yard was. And, whether they had come
Treading their path in sympathy and linked
In social converse, or by some short space
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,
One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway
Over both minds, when they awhile had marked
The visible quiet of this holy ground,
And breathed its soothing air,—the spirit of hope
And saintly magnanimity; that—spurning
The field of selfish difference and dispute,
And every care which transitory things,
Earth and the kingdoms of the earth, create—
Doth, by a capture of forgetfulness,
Preclude forgiveness, from the praise delibar'd,
Which else the Christian virtue might have claimed.
There live who yet remember here to have raised
Their courly 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 particular monument: for this
Was the particular spot, in which they wished
(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish the deed)
That, undivided, their remains should lie,
So, where the mounded tree had stood, was raised
Yet structure, framing, with the ascent of steps
That to the decorated pillar lead,
A work of art more sumptuous than might seem
To suit this place; yet built in no proud score
Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed
To ensure for it respectful guardianship.
Around the margin of the plane, whereon
The shadow falls to note the stealthy hours,
Winds an inscriptive legend."—At these words
Thither we turned; and gathered, as we read,
The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers couched.

"Time flies; it is his melancholy task
To wake the memory, deliver hopes;
And re-produce the troubles he destroys.
He that sees blindness that is occupied,
Discerning Mortals! do thyself the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,
Which the world wants, shall be for thee con-
formed""
THE EXCURSION.

Gain shall I call it—gain of what—for what? Should breathe a word tending to violate
Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look for
In sight of that forbearance and reserve
Which common human-heartedness inspires,
And mortal ignorance and faulty claim,
Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else.

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far
From me to infringe the law of charity.
Let judgment here in mercy be pronounced;
This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and this
Wisdom enjoins: but if the thing we seek
Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind
How high a sky the sun is, and that the sun can flag
Colours as bright on exhalations bred
By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,
As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
Or the well-cast lake.

"Small risk," said I,
"Of such illusion do we here incur;
Temptation here is none to exceed the truth;
No evidence appears that they who rest
Within this ground were covetous of praise,
Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.
Green is the Church-yard, beautiful and green,
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,
A heaving surface, almost wholly free
From interruption of sepulchral stones,
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
And everlasting flores.
These Solitudes trust
The lingering gleam of their departed lives
To oral record, and the silent heart;
Depositions faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph: for, if these fail,
What boasts the sculptured tomb? And who
Can blame,
Who has not but to exclaim, men that feel
This mutual confidence: if, from such source,
The soul becomes a temple—incense, or from a deep
And general humility in death?
Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring
From regard of the world, or destructive powers,
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 f-foled emblazon of stone
In curious posture; and the ground all paved
With commendations of departed worth;
Rocks thrown, where we turn, of innocent lives,
Of each domestic charity fulfilled,
And sufferings weekly borne—I, for my part,
Though with the silence pleased that here prevails.
Among those fair recital also range
Souther, by the natural spirit which they breathe.
And, in the centre of a world whose soil
Is rank with all unkindness, compared round
With such memories, I have sometimes felt,
It was no momentary happiness
To have one Enclosure where the voice that speaks
In such distraction is not heard;
Which malice may not enter; where the traces
Of evil inclinations are unknown.
Where love and pity tenderly unite
With resignation: and no jarring tone
Intermeddles, the peacefull concert to disturb
Of amity and gratitude.

Thus sanctioned.

The Pastor said, "I willingly confine
My narratives to subjects that excite
Feelings with these accordant: love, esteem,
And admiration; lifting up a veil.
A sunbeam introducing among hearts
Restored and covert: so that ye shall have
Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature's unambitious pleasures:
And flowers that prosper in the shade. And when
I speak of such among my flock as severed
Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something more
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend;
To such will we restrict our notice, else
Better my tongue were mute.
And yet there are,
I feel, good reasons why we should not leave
Wholly untraced a more forbidden way;
For, strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and repel—
These elements of virtue, that declare
The native grandeur of the human soul—
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a soft and mild
Truth every day exemplified, no less
In the grey cottage by the murmuring stream
Than in fantastic conqueror's roving camp,
Or 'mid the fierce senates unappalled
Who'er may sink, or rise—to sink again.
As merciless procreation ebbs and flows.

There," said the Vicar, pointing as he spoke,
"A woman rests in peace; succoured by few
In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
Tall was her stature; her complexion dark
And saturnine; her head not raised to hold
Converse with heaven, nor yet depressed
Towards earth,
But in projection carried, as she walked
For ever moving. Sunken were her eyes;
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought
Was her broad forehead; like the brow of one
Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare
Of overpowering light.—While yet a child,
She, 'mid the humble flowerers of the vale,
Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished
With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking
To be admired, than covered and loved.
Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,
Over her comates; else to simple sports,
Wanting all reli'sh for her strenuous mind,
Had crooked her only to be shunned with scorn.
...Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralls.
That they have lived for harsher servitude,
Whether in soul, in body, or in fact,
Such doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue
Her keen desire of knowledge, nor office
Those brighter images by books impress
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars.
That occupy their places, and, though oft
Hidden by clouds, and oft befuddled by haze,
Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.
Two pavilions, both degenerate, for they both
Began in honour, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
An unremitting, avaricious threat;
And a strange thrill 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 con-
cess'd,
To a poor dissolute Son, her only child.
—Hark, ye days had opened with mishap,
Whence dire dependence. What could she
perform
To shake the boulder off? Ah! there was fail,
Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.
She must, resolved, adhere to her resolve;
The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart
Loses degrees to charity; heaven's blessing
Not seeking from that source, she placed her
trust
In ceaseless pain—and strictest parsimony
Which sternly huarded all that could be spared,
From each day's need, out of each day's least
gain.

Thus all was re-established, and a pile
Constructed: that sufficed for every end,
Save the contentment of the builder's mind;
A mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content;
A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang her heart deplored.
Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared
To the agitation of a brook that runs
Down a rocky mountain, buried now and lost
In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained;
But never to be charmed to gentleness;
Its best attainment fits of such repose
As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming:
A sudden illness seized her in the strength
Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell
How her bed of death the Matri-son lay,
To Providence submissive, so she thought;
But fretted, inward, and wrought upon, almost
To anger, by the malady that gripped
Her gravest frame with unreleasing power,
As the fierce eagle's fastness on the limb
She prayed, she moan'd;—her husband's sister
watched
Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
And yet the sound of that kind foot
Was anguish to her ears! 'And must the rule,'
This was the death-doomed Woman heard to
say
In bitterness, 'and must she rule and reign,
Solo Mistress of this house, when I am gone?
'What tend I tended, calling it her own?'
Enough,—I fear, too much,—One vernal
evening,
While she was yet in prime of health and
strength,
I well remember, while I passed her door
Alone, with fleeting step, and upward eye
Turned towards the planet Jupiter that hung
At the center of the Vale, a voice
Roused me, her voice; it said, 'That glorious
star
In its untroubled element will shine
As now it shines, when we are laid in earth
And all its stars above us bow.'
With a sigh She spoke, yet, I believe, not unsatisfied
By faith in glory that shall for transcend
Aught by those perishable heavens disclosed
To sight or mind. Not less than care divine
In divine mercy. She, who had rebelled,
Was into meekness softened and seduced;
Tid, after trials not in vain prolonged,
With resignation sink to the grave;
And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,
Thee, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe.'

Tux Vicar paused; and toward a seat advanced,
A long stone-seat, fixed in the Church-yard wall;
Part shaded by cool cypress, and part
Offering a sunny resting-place to them
Who seek the House of worshipping,
The bells Yet ring with all their voices, or before
The last hath ceas'd its solitary knoll
Beneath the shade we all sate down; and there
Has office, uninvited, he resumed.
"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,
Screened by its parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small heap
Speaks for itself; an infant there doth rest;
The sheltering hillock is the Mother's grave.
If mild discourse, and manners that conferred
A natural dignity on humbled 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,
Crying for sin, and penitential tears
Shed when the clouds had gathered and dis-
tained
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.
Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pause
Which it hath witnessed: reminer back an echo
Of the sad step by which it hath been trod! I
There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,
And on the very turf that roots her own,
The Mother oft was seen to walk, or kneel
In the broad day, a weeping Magdalen.
Now she is not; the swelling turf reports
Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's tears.
'Silence; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had
moved
In virgin Carlessness, with step that seemed
Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gemmed with morning
dew,
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.
—Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and
yet,
By reconciliation exquisite and rare.
The form, port, motion, of this Cottage-girl
Were such as might have quickened and in-
spired
A Titan's hand, address'd to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade
What time the hunters' earliest hour,
Startling the golden hills.
A wide-spread elm
Stands in our valley, named The Joyful Tree;
From diamond usage which our peasants hold
Of giving welcome to the first of May
By dances round its trunk.— And if the sky
Permit, like honours, dance and song, are paid
To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty stars
Or the clear moon. The queen of these gay
terrors
If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,
Was hapless Ellen.— No one touched the
ground
So defly, and the nicest maiden’s locks
Less gracefully were braided;—but this praise,
Methinks, would better suit another place.

She loved, and fondly deemed herself
beloved,—
—The road is dim, the current unperceived,
The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,
May be delivered to distress and shame.
Such fate was hers.— The last time Ellen
danced,
Among her equals, round Terr Joyril. TURS,
She bore a secret token: and full soon
Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—
Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,
Alone, within her widowed Mother’s house.
It was the season of unfolding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost length,
And small birds singing happily to mates
Happy as they. With spirit-aflame with power
Winds pipe through fading woods; but those
blithe notes
Strike the deserted to the heart; I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.
— Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
Stands a tall ash-tree: to whose topmost twig
A thorny sprig, and annual annals,
At morn and evening from that naked perch,
While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,
A time-beleaguered ditty, for delight
Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.
—“Ah why,” said Ellen, sighing to herself,
Why do not words, and kias, and solemn
Nature that is kind in woman’s breast,
And reason that is man is wise and good,
And fear of him who is a righteous judge;
Why do not these prevail for human life,
To keep two hearts together, that began
Their spring-time with one love, and that
Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
To give, or be received; while that poor
land—
O come and hear him! Thou who hast to me
Been faithful, hear him, though a lowly
creation,
One of God’s simple children that yet know
not
The universal Parent, how he sings
As if he wished the firmament of heaven
Should listen, and give back to him the voice
Of his triumphant constancy and love;
The proclamation that he makes, how far
His darkness doth transcend our flicker light!
Such was the tender passage, not by me
Repeated, without loss of simple phrase,
Which I penned, even as the words had been
Committed by forsaken Ellen’s hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,
Bedepressed with tears. "Twill please you to be
told
That, studiously withdrawing from the eye
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
In lonely reading found a meek resource:
How thankful for the warmth of summer days,
When she could slip into the cottage-baras,
And find a secret oratory there;
Or, in the garden, under friendly veils
Of their long twilight, pore upon her book
By the last lingering light of the open sky
Until dark night dismissed her to her bed;
Thus did a winking fancy sometimes lose
The unconquerable pang of despised love.

A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon its face
She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought of,—
Joy
Far better to bewildered traveller feels,
Amid a pernicious waste that all night long
Hath harassed him toiling through fearful
storms,
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 Ita, at whose command the parched rock
Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching
stream,
To save the perishing; and, henceforth, I
breathes
The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake
My Infant! and for that good Mother dear
Who bore me, and hath prayed for me in
vain—:
Yet lest in vain; it shall not be in vain.'
She spake, nor was the assurance unfilled;
And if heart-rending thought would oft return,
They stayed not long.— The blameless Infant
grew
The Child whom Ellen and her Mother loved
They soon were proud of; tenured it and
nursed;
A soothing comforter, although forlorn:
Like a poor singing-lark from distant lands;
Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by
With vacant mind, not seldom may observe
Fair-flowering in a thilly-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
Jey her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget
Their slender means; no, to that parent’s care
Trust her child, she left her 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
THE EXCURSION

Is by domestic service unpaimed;Returned, though such service be, with us, removed From sense of degradation, not the less The ungentle mind can easily find means To impose severe restraints and laws unjust, Which hapless Ellen was now doomed to feel: For (blinded by an over-anxious dread Of such excitement and divided thought As with her office would but all accord) The pair, whose infant she was bound to nurse, For her bold 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!—One, 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 chance To urge unthinkingly their prompt departure, 'Nay,' said she, with commanding look, a spirit Of anger never seen in her before, 'Nay, ye must wait my time!' and down she sat. And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat Weeping and looking, looking up and weeping, Upon the last sweet summer 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 knew In the broad day, a useful Magdalene She could but for not only she bewailed A mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness Her penitent regression, persistent 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 Their vestigium, 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 pleaded— But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped, And the flower drooped: as every eye could see, It hung its head in mortal languishment. —Aid'd by this appearance, I at length Prevailed: and, from those bonds released, she Home to her mother's house: The Youth was fled; The rash betrayer could not face the shame Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had caused; And little would his presence, or proof given Of a relenting soul, have now availed; For, like a shadow, he was passed away From Ellen's thoughts; had perished to her soul For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love, Save only those which to their common shame, And to her moral being opportune: Hope from that quarter would, I know, have brought A heavenly comfort; there she recognised An unrelenting bond, a mutual need; There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built, Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest In kindness all too near the river's edge: That work a summer flood with busy 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 she could, The sting of self-reproach, with healing words. Meek Saint! through patience glorified on earth! In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate, The ghastly face of cold decay put on A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine! May I not mention that, within these walls, In due observance of her pious wish, The congregation joined with me in prayer For her soul's good? Nor was that office vain. —Much did I suffer: lest, if any friend, Beholding her condition, at the sight Gave way to words of pity or complaint, She stilled them with a prompt reproof, and said: 'He who afflicts me knows what I can bear; And, when I fail, and can endure no more, Will mercifully take me himself, So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit passed Into that pure and unknown world of love Where injury cannot come—there she is Laid the mortal body by her Infant's side.' The Vicar ceased; and downcast looks made known That each had listened with his utmost heart. For me, the emotion scarcely was less strong Or less benign than that which they felt. When seated near my venerable Friend, Under whose shade I lay, from him I heard The story that retraced the slow decline Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely heap With the neglected house to which she clung. —I noted that the Solitary's cheek Confessed the power of nature.—Pleased though sad, More pleased than sad, the grey-haired Wanderer sate: Thanks to his pure imaginative soul Capacious and serene; his blameless life, His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and love Of human kind! He was not the first to break The pensive silence, saying:— "Blest are they Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have erred. This tale gives proof that Heaven most gently With such, in their affliction.—Ellen's fate, Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart, Call to my mind dark hints which I have heard
THE EXCURSION.

Of one who died within this vale, by doon
Heavier, as his offense was heavier far,
Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the bones
Of Wilted Armansdait?"

"In that green nook, close by the Churchyard wall,
Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself
In memory and for warning, and in signs
Of sweetness where dire anguish had been grown
Of reconciliation after deep offence—
There doth he rest. No there he has his supplies
For the smooth gluttony of the indolent world;
Nor need the windings of his devious course
Be here retraced—enough that, by mischance
And venial error, robbed of competence,
And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
He craved a substitute in troubled joy;
Against his conscience rose in arms, and, bravely
Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.
That which he had been weak enough to do
Was misery in remembrance; he was stung,
Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the smiles
Of wife and children stung to agony.
Wretched at home, he gained no peace abroad;
Ranged through the mountains, slept upon the earth,
Asked comfort of the open air, and found
No quiet in the darkness of the night,
No pleasure in the beauty of the day.
His Rock he slighlhed: his paternal fields
Became a clag to him, whose spirit wished
To fly—but whither? And this gracious Church,
That wore a look so full of peace and hope
And love, beneficent mother of the vale,
How fair amid her brood of cottagers!
She was to him a sickness and reproach!
Mud to the last remained unknown: but this
I scarce, that though removed and grief did die:
Though pitied: among men, beloved by God,
He could not find for griefess in himself;
Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

Here rests a Mother. But from her I turn
And from her grave,—Who thus upon that riddle,
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
Carries into the centre of the vale
Its rocks and woods—the Cottage where she died:

And where yet dwells her faithful Partner, left
(Full years past) the solitary prop
Of many helpless Children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a tale
Of sorrow and desolation: but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
See daily in that happy family.

—Bright garland fom they for the pensive brow
Of the gray-headed Providence Father's widowshead,
Those six fair Daughters, boding yet—not one
Not one of all the band, a full-blowen 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 habitation. Ye might think
That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or
Grown
Out of the living rock, to be adored
By nature only; but, if shelter 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 one
Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,
A Hardy Girl continues to provide:
Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky height,
Her Father's prompt attendant, does for him
All that a boy could do, but with delight.
More keen and prouder daring: yet hath she
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favourite herbs, a space,
By sacred charter, held for her use.
—The e, and whatever else the garden bears
Of fruit or flower, permitted said of not,
I freely gather; and my leisure draws
An unresentful pastime on the Vale.

And bees around their range of sheltered hives
Hover in that enclosure; while the rill,
That sparkling thirks the rocks, strikes his voice
To the pure course of human life which there
Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom
Of night is falling round my steps, then most
This Dwelling charms me; often I stop short,
(Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth my sight
With prospect of the company within,
Laid open through the blazong window—there
I see the eldest Daughter at her wheel
Spinning aamain, as if to overtake
The never-bating time; or, to the turn,
Teaching some Novice of the sisterhood
That skill in this or other household work,
Which, from her Father's honoured hand,
Herself, while she was yet a little-one, had learned.

Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are gay:
And the whole house seems filled with gaiety.
—Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be deemed.

The Wife, from whose consolatory grave
I turned, that ye in mind might witness where,
And how her Spirit yet survives on earth?
BOOK SEVENTH.

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Continued.

ARGUMENT.

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author's mind.—Pastor invited to give account of certain Graves that lie apart.—Clergyman and his Family.—Fortunate influence of the situation.—Activity in extreme old age.—Another Clergyman, a character of resolute Virtue.—Lamentations over misdirected applause.—Instance of lost exalted excellence in a deaf man.—Elevated character of a blind man.—Reflection upon Blindness.—Interrupted by a Peasant who passes.—His animal cheerfulness and careless vivacity.—He occasions a digression on the fall of beautiful and interesting Trees.—A female Infant's Grave.—Joy at her Birth.—Sorrow at her Departure.—A youthful Peasant.—His patriotic enthusiasm and distinguished qualities.—His untimely death.—Faults of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture.—Solitary how affected.—Monument of a Knight.—Traditions concerning him.—Peregrination of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society.—Hints at his own past Calling.—Thanks the Pastor.

While thus from theme to theme the Historian passed,
The words he uttered, and the scene that lay Before our eyes, awakened in my mind Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours; When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale, (What time the splendour of the setting sun Lay beautiful on Snowden's sovereign brow, On Caifer lircs, or near Penmanmnar!) A wandering Youth, I listened with delight To woods and pastures, melody or warlike air, Drawn from the choirs of the ancient British By some accomplished Master, while he sate Amid the quiet of the green recess, And there did inexpressibly dispense An interchange of soft or solemn tunes, Tender of the heart; now, as the varying mood Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a voice From formal melody, or some honoured chief Of his compatriots villagers (that hung Around him, drinking in the impassioned notes Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains of power Were they, to excite and occupy the sense; 'But to a higher mark than song can reach Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the scene Which overflowed the soul was passed away, A consciousness remained that it had left, Dependent on the pleasant shore Of memory, images and precious thoughts, That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed. "These gravy heaps lie amicably close," Said I, "like surges heaving in the wind Along the surface of a mountain pool; Whence comes it; then, that yonder we behold Five graves, and only live, that rise together Uncomely sequestered, and encroaching On the smooth play-ground of the village school?" The Vicar answered,—"No disdainful pride In them who rest beneath, nor any cause Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped To place those hillocks in that lonely guise. Once more look forth, and follow with your sight The length of road that from you mountain's base Through bare enclosures stretches, till its line Is lost within a little tuft of trees: Then, reappearing in a moment, quite The cultured fields; and up the heathy waste, Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine, Led towards an easy outlet of the vale. That little shabby spot, that wretched tuft, By which the road is hidden, aliy hides A cottage from our view; though I discern (Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees The smokeless chimney-top.—All unembowered And asked stood that lowly Parsonage, (For such in truth it is, and appurtenant To a small Chapel in the vale beyond) When hither came its last habitation. Rough and forbidding were the choiceest roads By which our northern walls could then be crossed; And into most of those secluded vale Was no access for wain, heavy or light. So, at its dwelling-place the Priest arrived With store of household goods, in panniers slung On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells, And on the back of more ignoble beast; That, with like burden of effects must press Or easiest carried, closed the motley train. Young was I then, a school-boy of eight years; But still, methinks, I see them as they moved In order, drawing toward their wished-for home. —Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass Two ruddy children hung, a well-posed freight, Each in his basket moulding drowsily; Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with flowers, Which told it was the pleasant month of June; And, close behind, the comely Matron rode, A woman of soft speech and gracious smile, And with a lady's mien,—From far they came, Even from Northumbrian hills; yet theirs had been A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered By music, prank, and laughter-surging jest; And fresh put on, and arch word dropped—to sway The cloud of fancy and uncloud surprise That gathered round the slowly-moving train. —Whence do they come? and with what errand charged? Behold they to the fortune-telling tribe Who pitch their tents under the green-wood tree? Or Stoilers are they, furnished to exact
THE EXCURSION.

Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood,
And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set forth
The lucky venture of the Washington Whig,
When the next village hears the show announced;
By blast of trumpet! Pleasant was the growth
Of such conjectures, overhear, or seen
On many a staring countenance portrayed
By many a eye, with a scene that marched along,
And more than once theireadiness of face
Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,
And queries in a tone of doubt;
From some, the guardian of the public peace;
Checking the sober need on which he rode,
In his suspicious wisdom; oftener still,
By notice indirect, or blunt demand
From traveller halting in his own despise,
A simple curiosity to ease;
Of which adventures, that beguiled and cheered
Their grave migration, the good pair would tell
With uniminished glee, in hoary age.

A Priest he was by function; but his course
From his youth up, and as high as manhood's mood
(The hour of life to which he then was brought)
Had been irregular, I might say, wild:
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care
Too little checked. An active, ardent mind:
A fancy pregnant with resources, and scheme
To cheat the sadness of a rainy day
Hands apt for all incensurate arts and games;
A generous spirit, and a body strong
The cup of stouter champions of the bowl
Had earned for him sure welcome, and the trust
Of a friend visitant, in the jelly hall
Of country square; or at the statelier board
Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly pomp
Withdrawn,—to wile away the summer hours
In conversation among rural guests.
With these high comrades he had revelled long.
Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled
Till the heart sickened. So, each latter aim
Abandoning and all his showy friends,
For a life's toy (tender it was, but sure)
He turned to this secluded charitry;
That had been offered to his doubtful choice
By an unthought-of patron. Bleak and bare
They found the cottage, their allotted home;
Naked without, and rude within; a spot
With which the Cure not long had been en-
dowered;
And for remote the chapel stood,—remote,
And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable.
Save through a gap high in the hills, an opening
Shallower and shelfier, by driving showers
Frequented, and beset with howling winds.
Yet cause was none, whate're rebuke 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 scanty zeal,
Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,
The sick in body, or distress in mind;
And, by a salutary change, compelled
To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day
With no engagement, in his thoughts more proud
Or splendid than his garden could afford,
His fields, or mountains by the breast-cock ranged,
Or the wild brooks; from which he now returned.

Contented to partake the quiet meal
Of his own board, where sat his gentle Mate
And three fair Children, plentifully fed
Though simply, from their little household formed.
Nor wanted timely train of fish or fowl
By nature yielded to his practiced hand—
To help the small but certaincomings in
Of that spare benefit. Yet not the less
Thiers was a hospitable board, and theirs
A charitable door.

So days and years passed on,—the inside of that rugged home
Was trimmed and brightened by the Master's care.
Gradually enriched with things of price,
Which might be lacked for use or ornament.
What, though no soft and costly sofa there
Insensibly stretched out its lazy length,
And no vain mirror glittered upon the walls,
Yet were the windows of the low abode
By shutters weather-fended, which at once
Repelled the storm and deadened its low roar.
There snow-white curtains hung in decent folds;
Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,
That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,
Were nicely braided; and composed a work
Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace
Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;
And a fair carpet, woven of hospitable work
But tinctured daintily with floral hues;
For seamlessness and warmth, at festal days,
Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain stone
With which the parlour-floor, his simplest guise
Of pastoral homesteads, had been long lined.

Those pleasing works the Housewife's skill produced.
Meanwhile the unmeditated Master's hand
Was busier with his task,—to raise a plant.
To rear for food, for shelter, and delight;
A thriving covert! And the Master learned
In youth, and sanctioned by the ripper mind,
Restored to me my native valley, here
To end my days; well pleased was I to see
The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-side,
Screed'd from assualt of every biting blast;
While the dark shadows of the summer leaves
Danced in the breeze, chequering its many roof.
Time, which had thus afforded willing help
To beautify with nature's fairest growths
This rustic tenement, had gently shed
Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace;
The comeliness of unfeigned age.
But how could I say, greatly? for he still
Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights
Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
Few things had he dropped, few pleasures lost;
Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;
And still his harsher passions kept their hold—
Anger and indignation. Still he loved
The sound of titled names, and talked in glee
Of long past banquets with high-born friends:
Then, from those killing fits of vain delight
Uproused by recollected injury, railed
At their false ways disdainfully,—and oft
In bitter weeps, and with a threatening eye
Of fire, incensed beneath his hoary brow.
—Those transports, with studly looks of pure
good will.
And with soft smile, his consort would reprove.
She, far behind him in the race of years,
Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced
Far nearer, in the habit of her soul;
To that still region whither all are bound.
Him might we see to the setting sun
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
Struggling and bold, and shining from the west
With an inconstant and unmellowed light;
She was a soft attendant cloud, that hung
As if with wish to veil the restless orb;
From which it did itself illumine a ray
Of pleasing lustre.—But no more of this;
I better love to sprinkle on the sod
That now divides the pair, or rather say,
That still unites them, praises, like heaven's dew,
Without reserve descending upon both.

Our very first in eminence of years
This old Man stood, the patriarch of the Vale!
And, to his unceollected mansion, death
Had never come, through space of forty years;
Sparing both old and young in that abode.
Suddenly they disappeared: not twice
Had summer scoured the fields: not twice had fallen,
On those high peaks, the first autumnal snow,
Before the early visiting was closed,
And the long-privileged house left empty—
As by a plague. Yet no rapacious plauge
Had been among them; all was gentle death,
One after one, with intervals of peace.
A happy consummation! an accord
Spare, dear, to be wished for! I save that here
Was something which to mortal sense might
Like harshness,—that the old grey-beard Sire,
The eldest, he was taken last, survived
When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,
His Daughter, and that late and high-priced
With his little smiling Grandchild, were no more.

—All gone, all vanished! he deprived and
drank with tears.
How will he face the remnant of his life?
What will become of him? we said, and mused
In sad contemplation—Shall we meet him now
Haunting with rod and line the craggy brooks?
Or shall we overbear him, as we pace,
Striving to entertain the lonely hour
With music? (for he had not ceased to touch
The harp or violin which himself had framed,
For his own purposes, with perfect skill.)
’What titles will he keep? will he remain
Singer, gardener, builder, mechanic,
A planter, and a reaper from the seed?
A man of hope and forward-looking mind

To the last!—Such was he, unshaken,
But Heaven was gracious: yet a little while,
And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng
Of open projects, and his unfaltering board
Of unsnared griefs, too many and too keen,
Was overcome by unexpected sleep.
In one bliss moment. Like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him, his back unassuming,
For monticell solace on the summer grass,
The warm lap of his mother earth: and so,
Their tender term of separation past,
That family (whose graves you there behold)
By yet a higher prize once more
Were gathered to each other."

In 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 deprest
By tender sorrow for our mortal state)
Thus silence broke:—Behold a thoughtless Man
From vice and premature decay preserved
By useful habits, to a fitter soil
Transplanted ere too late.—The hermit, lodged
Amid the untrodden desert, tells his beads,
With each repeating its allotted prayer,
And thus divides and then relieves the time.
Smooth task, with air compared, whose mind
Could string
Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread
Of keen domestic anguish: and beguile
A solitude, uncheered, unpeopled broad:
Till gentlest death released him.
Far from us
Ie the desire too curiously to ask
How much of this is but the blind result
Of casual spirits and vital temperance,
And what to higher powers is justly due.
But you, Sir, know that in your neighbourhood
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 duties
Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,
And conquets over her dominion gained,
To which her frontward must Needs submit.
In this one Man is shown a temperance—proof
Against all trials: industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
And resolution competent to take
Out of the bosom of simplicity
All that her holy customs recommend,
And the best ages of the world prescribes.
—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."

"THE EXCURSION:"
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" Doubt can be none," the Pastor said, "for whom
This picture is sketched. The great, the
good,
The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise,
These titles emblems and cheers have borne,
Honour assumed or given: and him, the Wor-
shipper.
Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,
Deservedly have styled.—From his abode
In a dependent charity that lies
Behind you hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which stretches toward heaven incessantly,
And, having once espoused, would never quitt;
Into its graveyard will ever 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 shaped itself in words
To speak of him, and instantly dissolved."

The Pastor, pressed by thoughts which round
his theme
Still linger'd, after a brief pause, resumed;
" None is there not enough to doleful war,
But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth,
And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
To multiply and aggravate the sin?
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love—
And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—
But that the minded of the rural abode
Must tune his pipe, insensibly to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering brain,
And prop up his knees, as far as he may—
Ah who (and with such rapture as betrays
The beating of the heart) will rise and celebrate
The good man's purposes and deeds; retrace
His struggles, his reflections, his disappointments,
His triumphs, and glorify his end:
That virtue, like the flames and vapory clouds
That issue from the refreshed and recumbent
In the soft infections of the heart,
By chance or measured words may spread o'er
field,
Hamlet, and town; and yet survive
Upon the lips of men in hall or lower:
Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,
And grave encouragement; by song inspired;
Vain thought! but wherefore murmur or re-
proach?
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 mildness worth; nor need we travel far
From those to whom last regards were paid,
For such example.
Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shalow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at ease,
Oft climbed the grassy bank, like a long straight path
Traced faintly in the greenwood: there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman lies,
From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And that deep mountain-valley was he Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never move this Cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy
winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand and thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloudburst on cloud
Along the sharp edge of you lofty crags,
The agitated sea before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, whereas he moved;
Yet, by the soles 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;
They made he guided, and the church he awayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the poor reapers. For himself,
All watchful and industrious as he was,
He wrought not neither field nor flock he owned:
No wish for wealth had place within his mind;
Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.
Though born a younger brother, need was none
That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew;
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
His parents laid in earth, so lost as pleased
Of rights to him; but repaid with love,
By the pure bond of independent love,
An inmate of a second family;
The fellow-labourer and friend of him.
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
—Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
That pressed upon his brother's house; for books
Were ready comrades whom he could not tire;
Of whose society the absent Man
Was never satiast: Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, was something to him:
Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts
Beyond its natural elevation raised
His introverted spirit; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter
night,
The stormy day, each had its own resource;
Song of the muse, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of holy Writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of the dead
Made perfect, and from injury secure.
Thus soothing at home, thus to unmind the field,
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint;
And they who were about him did not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
His gentle manners: and his peaceful smiles,
The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
Were met with anxious sympathy and love.
At length, when sixty years and five were told
A slow disease insensibly consumed
THE EXCURSION.

The powers of nature: and a few short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
—Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief:
Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
And now the monumental stone preserves
His name, and unambitiously relates
How long, and by what kindly outward aids,
And in what pure contentedness of mind,
The sad privation was by him endured.
—And you will pause, whose composing sound
Was wed on the good Man's living ear,
Hath now its peculiar sanctuary;
And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,
Murmur, not slyly, over 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 thankfully participate.
Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
Whereof place of rest is near thy iron pond.
Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained;
Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
A safer, easier, more determined course.
What terror doth it strike into the mind.
To think of one, blind and alone, advancing
Straight toward some precipice's airy brink!
But, timely warned, He would have stayed his steps,
Protected, say enlightened, by his ear;
And on the very edge of vacancy.
Not more endangered than a man whose eye
Beholds the puff beneath.—No floweret blooms
Throughout the lofty range of these rough hills,
Nor in the woods, that could from him conceal
Its birth-place; none whose figure did not live
Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth
Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind;
The ocean paid him tribute from the shores
Lodged in her bosom: and, by science fed,
Her science imparted to the planets heaven.
—Maxims I see—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,
Felt and understood; while the voice
Discoursed of natural or moral truth
With eloquence, and such authentic power
That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood
Alasomed, and tender psyll overawed.

"A noble— and, to unreckoning minds,
A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer said,
"Beings like these present! But proof abounds
Upon the earth that faculties, which seem
Extinguished, do not, therefore, cease to be.
And to the mind among her powers of sense
This transfer is permitted,—not alone
That she bequeath their recompense may win;
But for remoter purposes of love
And charity; not last nor least for this,
That to the imagination may be given
A type and shadow of an awful truth;
How, like men under sufferance divine,
Darkness is banished from the realms of death,
By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.

Upto the men who see not as we see
Furor 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 humble Worthises, at our feet
Living insensible to human love,
Or, regret,—unseen lineaments would next
Have been portrayed; I guess not; but it chanced
That, near the quiet church-yard where we sat,
A team of horses, with a ponderous freight,
Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
Whose sharp descent confounded their array,
Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we muse, and
Mourn
The waste of death; and lo! the giant oak
Stretched on his bier—that maasty timber wain;
Nor fail to note the Man who guides the team."

He was a passport of the lowest class;
Grey locks profusely crown his temples hung
In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite
Of winter cannot thin: the fresh air hoisted
Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;
And he returned our greeting with a smile.
When he had passed, the Solitary spake:
"A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows; with a face
Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
Of Nature's impress:—gaiety and health,
Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and
Shrewd.
His gestures note,—and hast! 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 silv'ry increase: summers, winters—past,
Past or to come; yea, bodily might I say,
Ten summers and ten winters of a space
That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds
Upon his spirited 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; hours, too; every sabbath day,
The christian promise with attentive ear;
Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
Reject the expense offered up by him,
Though of the kind which beasts and birds
Present
In grove or pasture; cheerfulness of soul,
From repugnance and repining free.
How many scrupulous worshippers fall down
Upon their knees, and daily homage pay
Less worthy, less religious even, than his!
This qualified respect, the old Man's due,
Is paid without reluctance; but in truth,"
(Said the good Vicar with a fond half-smile)
"I feel at times a motion of spite.

2 II
Towards one, whose bold continuances and skill.
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part
In works of havoc; taking from these vales,
The one after them, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doing leave me to deplore
Tall ashtree, sown by winds, by vapours

In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;
Lightly, aloft upon the horizon's edge,
A veil of glory for the ascending moon:
And oak whose roots by moonshine dew were
damped.

And on whose forehead inaccessible
That the dread storm itself, weathered by them.
Launched into Morecambe-bay to Ais Hath
owed.

Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that
hears
The lotus of her pendants; He, from park
Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree
That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thousand
spindles.

And the vast engine labouring in the mine,
Content with master's prowess, must have
lacked

The trunk and body of its marvellous strength,
If his undisguised enterprise had failed
Among the mountain coves.

You household fir,
A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
But towering high the roof above, as if
Its humble destination were forgot—
That sycamore, which annually holds
Within its shade, as in a stately tent
On all sides open to the fuming breeze,
A grave assemblage, seated while they shun
The fierce-encumbered flock—the JOYFUL
ELM.

Around whose trunk the maidens dance in
Mirth.
And the LORD'S OAK—would plead their
sever rights.

In vain, if he were master of their fate;
His sentence to the axe would doom them all.
But, green in age and lusty as he is,
And promising to keep his hold on earth
In this same age, as it seems, inviolate with men
Than with the forest's more enduring growth,
His own appointed hour will come at last;
And, like the haughty Spotters of the world,
This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must fall.

Now from the living pass we once again:

From Age," the Priest continued, "turn your
thoughts;

From Age, that often unladen drops,
And mark that classical hillock, three spans long!
—Seven stony Sons sat daily round the board
Of Gold-ell-side; and, when the hope had ceased
Of other progeny, a Daughter then
Was given, the crowning bounty of the whole;
And she was fortified with a tremulous joy
Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm
With which by nature every mother's soul
Is stricken in the moment when her three
Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry
Which tells her that a living child is born;
And she is conscious, in a blissful rest,
That the great storm is weathered by them both.

The Father—him at this unlooked-for gift
A holder transport seize. From the side
Of his bright hearth, and from his open door,
Day after day the gladness is diffused
To all that come, almost to all that pass;
Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer.
Spread on the never-empty board, and drink
Health and good wishes to his new-born girl;
From cups replenished to his鬶's hands.
—Those seven fair brothers variously were
moved.

Each by the thoughts best suited to his years:
But most of all and with most thankful mind
The hoary grandare felt himself enriched;
A happiness that ebbed not, but remained
To fill the total meal in safety.—Many a ship
—From the low tenement, his own abode,
Whither, as to a little private cell,
He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and noise,
To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,
Once every day he duteously repaired
To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe;
For in that female infant's name he heard
The silent name of his departed wife;
Heart-stirring music! loathly heard that name;
Full blast he was, 'Another Margaret Green,'
Oft did he say, 'was come to Gold-ell-side.'

Oh! pang unlooked of; as the precious base
Itself had been unlooked for; oh! dire stroke
Of desolate anguish for them all!
—Just as the Child could totter on the floor,
And, by some friendly finger's help upheld,
Range round the garden walks, while she par-\chance

Was catching at some novelty of spring,
Ground-down, or gossy insect from its cell
Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful season
The winds of March, smiling insidiously,
Raised in the tender passage of the throat
Viewless obstruction; whence, all unforewarned,
The household lost their pride and soul's delight.
—But time hath power to subdue and change,
And prayer and thought can bring to worst dis-\tress
Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears
Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye
As they hear of sorrow like that long endured
Yet this departed Little-one, too long.

The innocent trouble of their quiet sleep
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 Lorne.
Let down into the hollow of that grave,
Whose shelving sides are restlessly moulded.
Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth!
Sparks, 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 herbe.
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 EXCURSION.

The Mountain-ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of mountain-ash, the trees lift their 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 dost adorn: the pool
Glow at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her... Is this, in nature's vale
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By its ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow.
By his pure steps with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bard
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 gentle shoe;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley... How the poet
Whispered from the stripling's arm! If touched
by him,
The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
Of the lar's flight,—or shaped a rainbow curve,
Alone, in prospect of the slouching field!
The indefatigable foe had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes.
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was lost to assault the majesty he loved;
Else had the strongest fustices proved weak
To guard the royal broad. The sailing gleam,
The bright sunbeam, the swallow, and the darting porpoise,
The sporting sea-gull dancing with the waves,
The flush of the water-fowl, from distant cliffs,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere,
Where the young Oswald's steady aim,
And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast
Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his threats.
Our Country marked the preparation vast
Of hostile forces; and the 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 unequally through the woods and fields.
Ten hardly Striplings, all in bright attire,
And gazed with shining weapons, weekly marched
From the lone valley, to a central spot
Where, in assemblage with the flower and change
Of the surrounding district, they might learn
The rudiments of war;—ten—hardy, strong,
And valiant; but young Oswald, like a chief
And yet a modest comrade, led them forth
From their sterile solitude, to face the world,
With a gay confidence and seemly pride;
Measuring the soul beneath their happy feet
Like Youghs released from labour, and yet bound
To most glorious service, though to them
A festival of unencumbered ease;
The inner spirit keeping holiday.
Lake vernal ground to blossom sunshine left.

Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,
Stretched on the grass, or seated in the shade,
Among his fellow, while the ample map
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
From which the gallant teacher would dis-
course.
Now pointing this way, and now that... Here
flows,
Thus would he say, 'The Rhine, that famous
stream!
Eastward, the Danube toward this inland sea,
A mightier river, winds from realm to realm;
And, like a serpent, shows its glittering back
Disporting—with innumerable isles;
Here reigns the Russian, the Turkish Turk;
observe
His capital cityThessalon, along a tract
Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears.
His finger moved, distinguishing the spots
Where wide-spread conflict thus most fiercely raged;
Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields
In which the sons of mighty Germany
Were taught a base submission... Here behold
A sadder race, the Switzers, and their land,
Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge woods,
And mountains white with everlasting snow!
—And, surely, he, that spake with knowing brow,
Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best
Of that young patriotism, who, in our days,
Have fought and perished for Helvetica's rights—
Ah, not in vain!—or those who, in old time,
For work of happier issue, to the side
Of Tell came trooping from a distant home,
When he had risen alone! No braver Youth
Descended from Jura's heights, to march
With righteous Joshua; nor appeared in arms
When groves were felled, and altar was cast down,
And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-stirring, and
Strong in hatred of idolatry.'

The Pastor, even as if by these last words
Raised from his seat within the chosen shade,
Moved toward the grave—instinctively his step.
We followed; and my voice with joy exclaimed:
'Power to the Oppressors of the world is given,
A might of which they dream not. Oft the curse,
To be the awaker of divinest thoughts,
Father and founder of exalted deeds;-
And, to whole nations bound in sordid strife,
The liberal donor of capacities.
More than heroic this to be, nor yet
Have sense of one constant work for yet
Deserve the least return of human thanks:
Winning no recompense but deadly hate
With pity mixed, atonement with scorn!'

When this involuntary strain had ceased,
The Pastor said: 'So Providence is served;
The fork'd weapon of the skions can send
Illumination into deep, dark holds,
THE EXCURSION.

Which the mild sunbeam hath not power to pierce.
Ye Thrones that have defied renown, and cast
Pity away, ye shall ye quake with fear.
For, not unconscious of the mighty deities.
Which to outrageous wrong the sufferer owes,
Europe, through all her halitable bounds,
Is thirsting for their overthrow, who yet
Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,
By horror of their impious rites, preserved;
Are still permitted to extend their pride,
Like cedar on the top of Lebanon
Darkening the sun's beam.

But less impartant thoughts,
And love 'all hoping and expecting all';
This hallowed grave demands, where rests in peace
A humble champion of the better cause;
A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he asked
No higher name; in whom our country shone,
As in a favourite son, most beautiful.
In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,
Spread with the spreading of her wealthy arts,
England, the ancient and the free, appeared.
In him to stand before my swimming eyes,
Unconquerably virtuous and secure.
—No more of this, lest I offend his dust;
Short was his life, and a brief tale remains.

One day—a summer's day of annual pomp
And solemn chace—from morn to sultry noon
His steps had followed, fittest of the fleet,
The red-deer driven along its native heights.
With cry of hound and horn; and, from that toil
Returned with sinews weakened and relaxed,
That day, that truth, too selfish of self
Plunged—'mid a gay and busy throng con
To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock—
Into the chilling flood. Convulsions dire
Seized him—his self was night; and through the space
Of twenty days his frame was wrenched,
Till nature rested from her toil in death.
To him, Thus matched away, his comrades paid
A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Brightness was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—
A golden luster slept upon the hills;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,
From some commanding eminence has looked
Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
A glittering spectacle; but every face
Was pallid; solemn haths that eye been moist
With tears that wept not then; nor were the few
Who from their dwellings came not forth to join
In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
Thrice struck the solemn tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder, which announced,
Through the still air, the closing of the Grave;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation, never heard before!

The Pastor ceased. —My venerable Friend
Victoriously sprang his clear bright eye;
And, when that edecy was ended, stood
Erect, as if his inward sense perceived
The prolongation of some still response.
Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide land,
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 rusted 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.
Born by yon clustering cottages, that sprung
From out the ruins of his stately lodge:
These, and the name and title at full length,—
Sir Arthur Fitzwilliam, with appropriate words
Accompanied, still extant, in a wretch
Or posy, guarding round the several fronts
Of three clear-sounding and harmonious bells,
That in the steeple hang, his pious gift.

"So falls, so languishes, grows dim, and dies."

The greyminded Wanderer pensive exclaimed,
"All that this world is proud of. From their
aphorisms
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perils 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 boddly image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuits,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
Fraternities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burliness of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And reconfirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of Derision, aimed to:—show decline
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow:
Their trust, their service, happiness, and state
Expire; and nature’s pleasant robe of green,
Humanly appointed shroud, overwrap.
Their monuments and their memory. The vast
frame
Of social nature changes evermore
Her organs and her members with decay
Restless the restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at need,—
And by this law the mighty whole subsists:
With an ascent and progress in the main;
Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
And expectations of self-flattering minds.

BOOK EIGHTH.

THE PARSONAGE.

ARGUMENT.

Pastor’s apology and apprehensions that he
might have detained his Auditors too long,
with his reasons for the separation to his house—
Solitary disinclined to comply—rallies the
Wanderer—and playfully draws a comparis
between his itinerant profession and that
of the Knight—which leads to Wan
derer’s giving an account of changes in the
Country from the manufacturing spirit—Pa
vourable effects—The sober side of the pic
ture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler
classes—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all
national grandeur if unsupported by moral
worth—Physical science incapable to support
itself—Lamentations over an excess of manu
facturing industry and fashionable Classes
of Society—Picture of a Child employed in a
Cotton-mill—Ignorance and degradation of
Children among the agricultural Population
reviewed—Conversation broken off by a re
newed invitation from the Pastor—Path
leading to his House—In appearance de
scribed—His Daughter—His Wife—His Son
The EXCURSION.

(a Boy) enters with his Companion—Their happy appearance—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

The pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale To those acknowledgments subscribed his own, With a sedate composure, which the Priest Failed not to notice, nay pleased, and said—"If ye, by whom invited I began
These labours of pain and humble life, Be satisfied, 'twas well,—the end is gained; And, in return for sympathy bestowed And patient listening, thanks accept from me. —Life, death, eternity! momentous themes Are they—and might demand a seraph's tongue, Were they not equal to their own support; And therefore no incompetence of mine Could do them wrong: The universal forms Of human nature, in a spot like this, Present themselves at once to all men's view; Ye wished for act and circumstance, that make The individual known and understood; And such as my best judgment could select From what the place afforded have been given: Though apprehensions crossed me that my zeal To his might well be likened who unlocks A cabinet stored with gems and pictures—draws His treasures forth, soliciting regard To this, and this, as worthier than the last, Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased More than the exhibitor himself, becomes Weary and faint, and longs to be released. —But let us hence! my dwelling is in sight, And there—"

At this the Solitary shrunk
With backward stare; but, wanting not to address That inward motion to disguise, he said
To the Companion, smiling as he spake:
"The pleasure, if there be some, in this good Knight Would be disturbed, I fear, with wanton scorn, He could not contribute to him where he lies That one, albeit of these degenerate times, Depleting changes past, or dreading change Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in thought, The fine vocation of the sword and lance Without the aid of youth and beauty; and body-bending toil Of a poor brotherhood who walk the earth Friendless, and, where they are known, despised.
Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the two estates Are graced with some resemblance. Enrapt those, Exiled from wanderers—and the like are those; Who, with their burden, travel hill and dale, Carrying relief for nature's simple wants. —What though no higher recompense be sought Than honest maintenance, by idly some Full oft procured, yet may they claim respect, Among the intelligent, for what this course Entails to be seen to 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 where'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 unknown-for arts, Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice; Rising, through just gradation, savage life To rude, and the rude to urban.
—Within their moving magazines is lodged Power not less forth to quicken and exalt. Affections seared in the mother's breast, And in the lover's fancy; and to feed The sober sympathies of long-tryed friends.—By these Interests, as experienced men, Counsel is given; contention they appease With gentle language; in remotest wilds, Tears wipe away, and ease the anguished lung; "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 retained Aught of romantic interest, it is gone. Their purer service, in this realm at least, Is past for ever.—An inventive Age Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet To most strange issues. I have lived to mark A new and unforeseen creation rise From out the labours of a peaceful Land Wielding her potent engine 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 solitary freight, Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came— Among the tenantry of toil and till; On struggling burgs, of ancient charter proud, And dignified by battlements and towers Of some stern cask, and from the brow Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream. The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild And formidable length of plashy lane. (Fried avenues are other ways shaped Or easier links connecting place with place) Have vanished—swallowed up by stately roads Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom Of Britain's furthest gleam. The stream has leant Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail Of traffic glides with careless intercourse, Glistening along the low and woody dale; Or, in its progress, on the lofty side, Of some bare hill, with wonderful ascent from far.
Meanwhile, at social Industry's command, How quick, how vast an increase! From the term Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced Here a huge town, containing ten thousand, Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there, Where not a habitation stood before, Abodes of men irregularly massed Like trees in forests,—spread through spacious tracts, Over which the smoke of unmitting fires Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths Of vapour glittering in the morning morn, And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps, He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing ; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild Directress of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts !
—Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence the shores
Of Britain's shore, resorted to by ships
Freighted from every clime of the world
With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays ;
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through craggy islands, and regions, to and fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, insubstantial, luminous !
Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
Of thunder dauntless those who would approach
With hostile purposes the blessed isle,
Truth's conversant residence, the seat
Impeachable 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
The mouth of death ;
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 insolent power to justify herself ;
Yea, to avenge her violated rights,
For England's lane.—When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus ex-
pressed.
His recollections, "and the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glittering, undisturbed, undisturbed ;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord ;
Then, in full many a region, once like this
The range of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never resting Labour's eyes
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge ;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the curl'w-knell
That spoke the Norman Conqueror's stern
A local summons to unceasing toil;
Disregarded are now the ministers of day ;
And, as they issue from the illuminated pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded
doors —
And in the courts—and where the rumbling
That turns the multitude of diaph wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens,
Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wanton task resumes.
While not the mind in order or repose is offered up.
To Pain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual office. Even thus of old
Our ancestors, within the still domain
Of vast cathedral or conventual church,
Their vigil kept: where tapers day and night
On the dim altar burned continually,
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious men were they ;
Nor would they rest till holy praise
Above this transitory world, allow
That there should pass a moment of the year
When in their land the Alleluyas's service ceased.
Triumph who will in these profane rites
Which we, a generation self-satiated,
As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency:—yet the soul,
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised,
O'er the blind elements: a purpose given,
A perseverance felt: almost a soul
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic towers
That, by the thinking mind, have been com-
belled
To serve the wil of feeble-bodied Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may event,
When, strengthened, yet not daunted, by the
night
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 Archæmedes from his buried tomb
Upon the grave of such as shall report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy whose subjects delight
On mere material instruments:—how weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if untrysted
By virtue. He, sighing with pensive grief,
Amid his calm abstraction, would add
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 reverse
And would preserve as things above all price,
The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stately worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate?
Oh! where is now the character of peace,
Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
And pure good will, and hospitable cheer?
That made the very thought of country-life
A thought of refuge, for a mind loved
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?
Where now the beauty of the salient kept
With conscientious reverence, as a day
By the Almighty Lawgiver pronounced
Holy and blest? and which was 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;
Who, in his very childhood, should appear
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 exquisite 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 latter,
The gentle visitations of the sun,
The sea, or stream of liquid element—by hand,
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—perceived.
—Can hope look forward to a manhood raised
On such foundations?

Hopes is none for him!

The pale Reclusian 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 arcs appeared,
These structures rose, commingling old and young,
And unique sex with sex, for mutual taint;
If there were not, these, in our far-famed land,
Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed
Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large;
Yet walked beneath the sun, in human shape,
As is at, as degraded? At this day,
Who shall enumerate the crazy hats
And tottering hovels, whose doissue forth
A rugged offspring, with their upright hair
Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;
Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white
Growth
An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
Or freeness, wreathed around their sun-burnt brows.

By save, the Nature! Shrouded are their lips
Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet
On which they stand; as if thereby they drew
Some nourishment, as trees do by their roots.
From earth, the common mother of us all.
Figure and men, composition and atav
Are leagued to strike dismay; but outstretched hand
And whining voice denote them supplicants
For the least loss that pity can bestow
Such on the breast of darkness there are found;
And with their parents occupy the skies
Of forlorn-clad commoners; such are born and reared
At the mine's mouth under impending rocks;
Or dwell in chambers of some natural cave;
Or where their ancestors erected halls.
For the convenience of unlawful gain,
In forest precincts; and the like are bred,
At England through, where nooks and slips of ground
Purlonged, in times less jealous than our own,
From the green margin of the public way,
A residence afford them, in the bloom
And gaiety of cultivated fields.
Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
Do I remember oftentimes to have seen
Mid Duton's dreary heights.
In earnest watch
Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand;
Then, following closely with the cloud of dust,
As uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone
Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage.
THE EXCURSION.

—Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin,
And, on the freight of merry passengers
Picking a steady eye, maintain their speed;
And, span—and pant—and overhead again,
Wild pursuivants—until their breath is lost,
Or boisterous tires—and every face, that smiled
Encouragement, hast ceased to look that way.
—But, like the vagrants of the gipsy tribe,
These, long to lure, and make the maidens, are
Predictable to others.

Turn we them
To Britons born and bred within the pale
Of civil polity, and early trained
To turn, by wholesome labour in the field,
The bread they eat. A sample should I give
Of what this stock hath long produced to enrich
The tender age of life; ye would exclaim,
‘Is this the whistling rough-boy, whose shrill notes
Import new gladness to the morning air?’
Forgive me if I venture to suspect
That many, sweet to hear in its soft verse,
Are of no finer frame. Stuff are his joints;
Beneath a cumbrous frond, that to the knees
Inverts the thrumming churl, his legs appear,
Fellows to those that lastly upheld
The wooden stools for everlasting use,
Whereon our fathers sat. And mark his brow!
Under whose shaggy canopy are set
Two eyes—not dim, but of a healthy stare—
Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange—
Proclaiming boldly that they never drew
A look or motion of intelligence
From infant-crowning of the Christ-cross-row,
Or puzzling through a primer, line by line,
Till perfect mastery crown the patient at last,
A spade and hoe from flogging of hand.

What prosaic power of sun or breeze,
Shall e’er dissolve the crust wherein his soul
Shines like a firefly glimpsed in ice?
This temper is no titable work
Of modern ingenuity; no town
Nor city can be taxed with aught
Of sottish vice or despotic breach of law
To which (and who can tell where or how soon?)
He may be removed. This hoy the fields produce;
His spade and hoe, mattock and glistening scythe,
The carrier’s whip that on his shoulder rests
In air high-towering with a beechian pomp.
The sceptre of his sway; his country’s name,
Her equal rights, her churches and her schools—
What have they done for him? And, let me ask,
For tens of thousands uninformed as he?
In brief, what liberty of mind is here?”

This ardent rally pleased the mild good Man,
To whom the appeal struck in its closing words
Was poignant, heartened: and to the thoughts
That, in absent or opposition, rose
Within his mind, he seemed prepared to give
Prompt utterance: but the Vicar interposed
With invitation zealously renewed.
—We followed, taking our boughs in path
Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall.
Whose boughs, though 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 imperious screen?
—Not shaped by sun, but wrapped in the foot
On rural business passing to and fro
Was the commodities walk: a careful hand
Had marked the line, and strewn its surface o’er
With pure cressenial gravel, from the height
Fetcher by a neighbouring brook.—Across the vale
The stately fence accompanied our steps:
And thus the pathway, by perennial green
Guarded and graced, seemed frowning to unite,
As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,
The Pastor’s mansion with the house of prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjointed
With feminine allurement soft and fair,
The mansion’s self displayed—a revered pile
With bold projections and recesses deep;
Shadowy, yet gay and lighsome as it stood
Fronting the northern sun. We paused to admire
The pillared porch, elaborately embossed;
The low wide windows with their mullions old;
The cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone;
And that smooth slope from which the dwelling rose,
By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers
And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned;
Prefusion bright; and every flower assuming
A more than natural vivdness of hue,
From unflecked contrast with the gloom
Of sere cypress, and the darker foil
Of yew, in which survived some traces, here
Not uncommon, of grotesque device
And unorth fairy. From behind the roof
Rose the slim ash and maple alights.
Blending their diverse foliage with the green
Of yew, flourishing and thick, that clasped
The huge round chimney, harbour of Delight
For wren and redstart,—where they sit and sing.
Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.
Nor must I leave untouched (the picture else
Were incompleat a relic of old times)
Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
Of secret workmanship; that once had held
The sculptured image of some patron-saint,
On 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 had recognised her honoured friend,
The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss
The gladness Child bestows at first request;
And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,
Hangs on the old Man with a happy look.
And with a pretty restless hand of love.
—We enter—by the Lady of the place
Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port;
A lofty stature underscores by time,
Whose veneration had not wholly spared
The finer lineaments of form and face:
That comparator 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 splendour, and the dawning in various climes,
Have caused her to abstain the virgin pride,
And that full trim of inexperienced hope
With which she left her haven— not for this,  
Should the sun strike her, and the impartial

Play on her streamers, fails she to assume
Brightness and touching beauty of her own,
That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair, appeared
This goodly Matron, shining in the beams
Of unlooked for pleasure. — Soon the board
Was spread, and we partook a plain repast

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
The mid-day hours with desultory talk;
From trivial themes to general argument
Passing, as accident or fancy led.
Or courtesy prescribed. While question rose
And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
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 now
Occasion given him to display his skill,
Upon the steepest 'vantage-ground of truth.
He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed,
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vase.
Seen, from the shady room in which we sat,
In softened perspective; and more than once
Praised the consummate harmony serene
Of gravity and elegance, diffused
Amid the scene and its own domain;
Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
And female care. —' A blessed lot is yours!'
The poet exclaimed, 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 stature,
But fond companions, so I guessed, in field,
And by the river's margin— whence they come,
Kissed upon the lips with unusual spout elated.
One bears a willow-panner on his back,
The boy of plainer gait, whose blush survives
More deeply tinged. Twin might the other be
To that fair gypsy who from the garden-mount
Bounded— triumphant entry this for him!
Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone,
On whose capacious surface see outspread
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trout;
Ranged side by side, and lessening by degrees
Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
Upon the board he lays the sky-blue stone
With its rich freight; to their number he pro-
claims;
Tells from what pool the noblest had been
dragged;
And where the very monarch of the brook,
After long struggle, had escaped at last—
Stealing alternately at them and us
And doth his considerate look of pride:
And, verily, the silent creatures made
A splendid sight, whose earth-born pride
Dead—but not subdued or deformed by death,
That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

But O, the animation in the mien
Of those two boys! yes in the very words
With which the young narrator was inspired,
When, as our questions led, he told at large
Of that day's prowess! Him might I compare,
His looks, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,
To a bold brook that splits for better speed,
And at the self-same moment, works its way
Through many channels, ever and anon
Parted and resumed: his companion
To the still lake, whose stillness is to sigh
As beautiful—as grateful to the mind.
—But what object shall the lovely Gis
Be likened? She whose countenance and air
Unite the graceful qualities of both,
Even as she shares the pride and joy of both.
My grey-haired Friend was moved; his vivid
Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I knew,
Was full; and had: I doubted not, returned,
Upon this impulse, to the grove, while
Alas! thus broken. Of the ruddy boys
Withdraw, on summons to their well-earned
Meal;
And He— to whom all tongues resigned their
rights
With willingness, to whom the general ear
Listened with rending, with unusual strain
Of music, lute or harp, a long delight
That ceased not when his voice had ceased—as
One
Who from truth's central point serenely views
The compass of his argument—began
Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

BOOK NINTH.

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

ARGUMENT
Wanderer asserts that an active principle per-

vades the Universe, its noblest seat the human
soul. This active principle is in Child-
hood—Hence the delight in old Age of look-

ing back upon Childhood—The dignity,
powers, and privileges of Age asserted—
These not to be looked for generally but
under a just government—Right of a human
Creature to be exempt from being considered
as a mere Instrument—The condition of mul-
titudes deplored—Former conversation re-

turned to, and the Wanderer's opinions set
in a clearer light—Truth placed within reach of
the humblest—Equality—Happiness of the
two Boys again adverted to—Earliest wis
expressed for a System of National
Education established universally by Govern-
ment—Glories of effects of this foretold—Walk
to the Lake—Grand evening from the side of
a hill—Address of Priest to the Supreme
Being—in the course of which he contrasts
with ancient Barbarism the present appear-
ance of the scene before him—The change
accorded to Christianity—A- Apology to his
flock, living and dead—Gratitude to the Al-
mighty — Return over the Lake—Parting
with the Solitary—Under what circum-
stances.
"To every Form of being is assigned,"
This calmly spoke the venerable Sage,
"An active Principle:—how're removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all nature; in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unending clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
What'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;
Spirit that know 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 fear—respected in the human Mind.
Its most apparent home. The food of hope
Is meditated action: robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also; for we live by hope
And by desire: we see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
And so we live, or else we have no life.
To-morrow—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 who obeys
A like impulse: and so moves the man
'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and fears,—
Or to the sabbath 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 unpaired
Of her own native vigour: thence can hear
Reverberations; and a choral song,
Conmoming with the incense that ascends,
Unison, 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 ease:
As shall divide them wholly from the stir
Of human 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,
A sin of imagination; though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In tenable security: 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,
Fondness for he and hill and date appear,
With all the shapes over their surface spread:
But, while the grass and visible frame of things
Relinquish its hold upon the sense,
Yea almost on the Mind herself, and seems
All unsubstantiated,—how loud the voice
Of waters, with invigorated peal
From the full river in the vale below,
Ascending!—Now on that superior light
Who sits is discombered 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 uncasing, not less vain than these,)—
By which the finer passages of life
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 bear the mighty stream of tendancy
Uprising, 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:
They only can such hope inspire whose minds
Have not been starved by absolute neglect;
Nor bodies cradled by unmitting soil;
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford
Proof of the sacred love she holds for all,
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may en-
sure.
For me, considering 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 sops the individual's lovely 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-converting love,
That tires not, but bestrays. Our life is turned
Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
And strength in evil? Hence the after-cry
For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
And off-times Death, averger 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,
Unbewildered by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves
become
Strong to subvert our anxious qualities.
They sweep distemper from the busy day,  
And make the chaise of the big round year  
Run o'er with gladness; whence the being moves  
In beauty through the world: and all who see  
Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force  
Of language shall a feeling heart express  
Her awe for that multitude in whom  
We look for health from seeds that have been sown  
In sickness, and for increase in a power  
That works but by extinction? On themselves  
They throw a veil, nor turn to their own hearts  
To know what they must do: their wisdom is  
To look into the eyes of others, hence  
To be instructed what they must avoid;  
Or rather, let us say, how least observed,  
How with most quiet and most silent death,  
With the least taint and injury to the air  
The oppressor breathes, their human form divine,  
And their immortal soul, may waste away."  

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you—you have spared  
My voice the utterance of a keen regret,  
A wide compassion which with you I share.  
When, hereforemore, I placed before your sight  
A Little-one, subjected to the arts  
Of modern ingenuity, and made  
The senseless member of a vast machine,  
Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel;  
Think not that, paining him, I could forget  
The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, unshod,  
The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,  
And miserable hunger. Much, too much,  
Of this unlucky lot, in early youth  
We both have witnessed, lot which I myself  
Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:  
Yet was the mind to hindrances exposed,  
Through which I struggled, not without distress  
And sometimes injury, like a lamb entwisted  
' Mid thorns and thistles: or a bird that breaks  
Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,  
Though by its plumes impaired. If they,  
Whose souls  
Should open while they range the richer fields  
Of merry England, are obstructed less  
By ignorance, their ignorance is not less.  
No tree is a green light in the event  
That tens of thousands at this day exist  
Such as I do you painted, simul boris  
Of those who once were voxals of her soil,  
Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees  
Which it sustains. But no one takes delight  
In this oppression; none are proud of it:  
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;  
A standing grievance, an ingenuous vice  
Of every country under heaven. My thoughts  
Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,  
A bondage lurking under shape of good,—  
Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,  
But all too fondly followed and too far  
To victims, which the merciful can see  
Nor think that they are viciss—turned to  
wrongs,

By women, who have children of their own,  
Behold without compassion, yea, with prize!  
I spoke of mischief by the wise diffused  
With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads  
The healthier, the sooner, we become;  
Destruction 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 verbal 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 bestowed 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  
Forrestated, 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  
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, obscure, 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 alike to all:  
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers.  
The generous inclination, the just rule  
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—  
No mystery is here! Here is no boon  
For high—yet not for low; for proudly graced—  
Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends  
To heaven as lightly from the cottage—beath  
As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose  
Soul  
Ponders this true equality, may walk  
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;  
Yet, in that meditation, will he find  
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found;  
I lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
THE EXCURSION.

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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 behold even now)
Rust in their several and their common lot?
A few short hours of each returning day
The thriving prisoners of their village-school:
And to their house, to seek their pleasant homes
Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy.
To breathe and to be happy, run and shout
Idle,—but no delay, no harm, no loss;
For every blissful power of heaven and earth,
Through all the seasons of the changeable year,
Oceasiously 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
Before 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 shall in turn may terminate, or last
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 passed, as if revolving in his soul
Some weighty matter; then, with fervent voice
And an unperturbed majesty, exclaimed—
"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial Realm
While she exacts atonement, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey
Herself the self-same to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, he left to deprect
By timely culture unattainted; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilized,
A people bound among the lordly free!
This sacred right the living babe proclaims
To be his birthright, by Heaven's will
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy—who, having overpast
The sickness age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutiniously knits his angry brow,
And bears the heavy load on whom he bear!
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use,—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.
—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed.
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessities
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
It mounts to reach the State's parental ear:
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly drowned
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good which England, safe
From interference of external force,
May grant at pleasure: without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall ever be able to undo.
Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt cliffs
To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
Long-reverenced isles cast away as weeds;
Laws overthrown; and territory split,
Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,
And forced to join in less diminutive shapes
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed.
Meantime the sovereignty of these fair Isles—
Remains entire and indivisible;
And, if that ignorance were removed, which
Breeds
Within the compass of their several shores
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
Might still preserve the beautiful reposal
Of heavenly bodies shining in their spheres.
—The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; under the
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus, duties rising out of good possess
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require
That the whole people should be taught and trained.
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous halos take
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.
With such foundations laid, avaint the fear
Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all thoughtful growth
Through mutual injury! Rather in the law
Of increase and the mandate from above
Rejoice! and ye have special cause for joy.
—For, as the element of air affords
An easy passage to the industrious bees
Fraught with their lustrous wings, and as a way
As smooth
For those ordained to take their sounding flight
From the thronged hive, and settle where they list
In fresh abodes—their labour to renew;
So the wide waters, open to the power
The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
Her arms, and in succession send them forth;
Round to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favours hope
THE EXCURSION.

Or bold adventure: promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved reward.

"Yes," he continued, kindling as he spake,
"Change wide, and deep, and silently per-
formed.

This Land shall witness; and as days roll on,
Earth's universal frame shall feel the eect;
Even till the smallest habitable rock
Bleated by lonely bells, hear the songs
Of humanised society; and bloom
With civil arts, that shall breake forth their
fragrance.

A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
For culture, use the generous bestowed.
On Albion's noble Race in freedom born,
Expect these mighty issues: from the pains
And faithful care of unambitious schools.
Instructing simple childhood's ready ear:
These look for these magnificent results!
—Vast the circumference of hope—and ye
Are at its centre, British Lawgivers:
Ah! I sleep not there in shame! Shall Wisdom's
From out the bosom of these troubled times
Repeat the dictates of her calm mind,
And shall the venerable halls ye fill
Refuse to echo the sublime decrees?
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
plagues
Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe, mild,
heard
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 ponderous civil wars were given.

Altrusly here, but with a gracefull air;
The Sage broke off. No sooner had he ceased
The, looking forth, the gentle lady said,
"Unhold the shades of afternoon have fallen
Upon this flowery slope; and see—beyond—
The stately lake is streaked with placid blue;
Are preparing for the peace of evening.
How tempatingly the landscape shutes! The
air
Breathes invitation; easy is the walk
To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored
Under the sheltering trees—"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 army companion.
—Now, where busies 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 busy rivulet where it lay become
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A two-fold image; on a busy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front

Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
The breathing creature stood: as beautiful,
Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
Each had his glowing moonlets on each his sky,
And each seemed centre of his own fair world;
Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet, in parly, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!
"Ah! what a pity it was to dispere,
Or to disturb, so fair a scene,
And yet a breath can do it!"

These few words
The Lady whispered, while we stood and gazed
Gathered together, all in still delight,
Not without awe. Thence passing on, she said
In like low voice to my particular ear,
"I love to hear that eloquent old Man
Pour forth his meditations, and descant
The human life from infancy to age.
How pure his spirit! In what vital 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 yo quiet pool,
Seems but a fleeting sun-beam's gift, whose
peace
The sufferance only of a breath of air!"

More had she said—but sportive shouts were
heard
Sent from the jocund hearts of those two Boys,
Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
Down the green field came tripping after us.
With caution we embarked, for presently
For proper service we were address'd; but each,
Wishful to leave an opening for my choice,
Dropped the light vass his eager hand had seized.
Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
Their place I took 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 joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy marge
Was cleared, I dipped, with arms attendant, oars,
Free from obstruction; and the boat advanced
Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,
That, disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves
With correspondent wings the abyss of air,
—"Observe," the Vicar said, "yon rocky isle
With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall guide
the helm,
While thitherward we shape our course; or
while
We seek that other, on the western shore;
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
Supporting gracefully a many dome
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
A Grecian temple rising from the Deep.

"Turn where we may," said I, "we cannot
err
In this delicious region."—Cultured slopes,
Wide stretches of forest-ground, and scattered
groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us; change of place,
From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new.
—Ah! that sun, whose rays varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil’s silent skill;
But in the present beauty only alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love!
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
Vouchsafes sweet influence, whilst her Poet speaks
Of trivial occupations well devised,
And unsought pleasures springing up by chance;
As if some friendly Genius had ordained
That, as the day thus far had been enriched
By acquisition of sincere delight,
The same should be continued to its close,
One spirit animating old and young.
A gig-sail we kindled on the shore
Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed— and there,
Merrily seated in a ring, partook
A choice repast—served by our young companions
With rival earnestness and kindred glee.
Launched from our hands the smooth stone skimmed the lake;
With shouts we raised the echoes;— stiller sounds
The lovely Girl supplied—a simple song,
Whose low tones reached not to the distant rocks
To be repeated thence, but gently sank
Into our hearts; and charmed the peaceful hour.
Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
Of the same greenness that shone on the waves,
Golden and white, that float upon the waves,
And court the wind; and leaves of that sky
Herpetical beauty; from the breeze her sweets.
Such product, and such pastime, did the place
And season yield: but, as we re-embarked,
Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
Of that wild spot, the Solitary said,
"The fire, that burned so brightly to our wish,
Where is it now?—Deserted on the beach—
Dying, or dead! Nor shall the fanning breeze
Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem here
Of man’s pleasure, and all mortal joys!
And, in this unprecedented slight
Of that which is no longer needed, see
The modern curse of human gratitude!"
This plaintive note disturbed not the repose
On a low voice, yet careless who might hear.
"The fire, that burned so brightly to our wish,
Right across the lake
Our pinacle moves; then, coasiing creek and bend,
To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat
Browed by the side of dancing waterfalls;
And thus the bark, meandering with the shore,
Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier
Of jetting rock invited us to land.
Alert to follow as the Pastor led.
We clomb a green hill’s side: and, as we clomb,
The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
Fair prospect, interlaced less and less
Over the flat meadows and indented coast
Of the smooth lake, in continuance, here off,
And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-tower.
In majesty presiding over fields
And habitations seemingly preserved
From all intrusion of the restless world:
By rocks impasable and mountains huge.
Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
And choice of moss-clad stones, wherein we couched.
Or sate reclined: admiring quietly
The general aspect of the scene; but each
Not seldom over anxious to make known
His own discoveries; or to favourite points
Directing notice, merely from a wish
To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
That rapturous moment never shall I forget
When these particular interests were affixed
From every mind—Already had the sun,
Sinking with less than ordinary stress,
Attained his western bound: but rays of light—
Now suddenly diverging from the obs
Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled
By the dense air—shot upwards to the crown
Of the blue firmament—soft, and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Through their ethereal textures pierce—ere we,
Who saw, of change were conscious—had
Vivid as fire; clouds separately poised,
Immutably multiform 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 unpartaker fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive,
That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep
Repeated: but with unity sublime!
While from the gravish mountain’s open side
We gazed, in silence husbund, with eyes intent
On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space,
The firing 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 court and golden heaven,
The radiant Cherubim—accept the thanks
Which we, thy humble creatures, have not con vened,
Pensive 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 above!"
Such as they are who in thy presence stand
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperial draught, the majesty streameth forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal stain.
—Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude
Thine everlasting course!—Oh! 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 triumph, and every heart obey;
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which is afford, 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 bounteous grant,
In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.
Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
And cruel wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
Alas! the nations, who of yore received
These tidings, and in Christian temples meet
The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger still;
Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
Proffered to all, while yet on earth contained.
So fare the many; and the thoughtful few,
Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
This dire perversion, cannot choose but ask,
Shall it endure?—Shall sin and strife,
Falsehood and fraud, be left to sow their seed;
And the kind never perish? Is the hope
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
A peaceable dominion, wise as earth,
And quick and sound, shall that best day arrive
When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell
In these despoiled regions, without fear shall live
Studious of mutual benefit: and he,
Whom Morn awakens, among dews and flowers
Of peace, divine, to till the lonely field,
Be happy in himself?—The law of faith
Hath taught us, in every love, such conquest shall it gain,
Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve!
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
And wish that help the wonder shall be seen
Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy praise
Be spread, as transport and unceasing joy.
Once," and with mild demeanour, as he spake,
On us the venerable Pastor turned
His beaming eye that had been raised to heaven,
"Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a sound
Within the circuit of this sea-girt land
Unheard, the grave nations bowed the head
To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds;
Gods which themselves had fashioned, to promote
Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires,
Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cove,
To those inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnised; and there—
Amid impeding rocks and gloomy woods—
Of those terrific lords sons received
Such dismal service, that the loudest voice
Of the swoon cataclystes (which now are heard
Soft murmuring) was too much to overcome.
Though aided by wild winds, the groans and shrieks
Of human victima, offered up to appease
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes
Had visionary fancies
The thing that hath been as the thing that is,
Aphant we might behold this crystal More
Ennounced with smoke, in wondrous Voluminous,
Fling from the body of devouring fire,
To Tartar ejected on the heights
By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
Eminently, in view of open day
And full assemblage of a barbarous host;
Or to Anderites, female Fower, who gave
For so they fancied) glorious victory.
—A few rude monuments of mountain-stone
Survive; all else is swept away.—How bright
The appearances of things! From such, how had
The existing worship; and with those com-
pared,
The worshippers how innocent and blest!
So wide the difference, a willing mind
 Might almost think, at this affecting hour,
That paradise, the lost abode of man,
Was raised again; and to a happy few,
In its original beauty, here restored.
Whence but from thee, the true and only God,
And from the faith derived through Him who bled
Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
Of good from evil? as if one extreme
Were left, the other gained.—O ye, who come
To kneel devoutly in thy revered fold,
Called to such office by the peaceful sound
Of salutation-bells; and ye, who sleep in earth,
All cares forgotten, round its hallowed walls
For you, in presence of this little band
Gathered together on the green hill-side,
Your Pastor is embodied to prefer
Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King;
Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands,
With the fear of love, such conquest shall it gain,
Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve!
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
And wish that help the wonder shall be seen
Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy praise
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That paradise, the lost abode of man,
Was raised again; and to a happy few,
In its original beauty, here restored.
THE EXCURSION.

Descending, we pursued our homeward course,
In mute composition, o'er the shadowy lake,
Under a faded sky. No trace remained
Of those celestial splendours; grey the vault—
Pure, cloudless, ether; and the star of eve
Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared
Faintly, too faint almost for sight; and some
Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth
In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained
Her mooring-place; where, to the sheltering
trees
Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,
With prompt yet careful hands. This done, we paced
The dewy fields; but ere the Vicar's door
Was reached, the Solitary checked his steps;
Then, intermingling thanks, on each bestowed
A farewell salutation; and, the like
Receiving, took the slender path that leads
To the one cottage in the lonely dell;
But turned not without welcome promise made
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits
Of yet another summer's day, not loth
To wander with us through the fertile vales,
And o'er the mountain-wastes. "Another
sun!"
Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we part;
Another sun, and perhaps a more; if time,
with free consent, be yours to give,
And season favours." To enfeebled Power,
From this communion with unimpaired 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,
Fervour and solace for her own defects;
How far those error notions were reformed;
And whether aught, of tendency as good
And pure, from further intercourse ensued;
This—if delightful hopes, as hereabove,
Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts
Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past—
My future labours may not leave untold.
NOTES.

"And, humming, round it often did a raven fly."

From a short MS. poem read to me when an undergraduate, by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farth, long since deceased. The verses were by a brother of his, a man of promising genius, who died young.

Page 20.

"The Borderers."

This Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was composed in 1737-8. It lay nearly from that time till within the last two or three months unintelligible among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than leave it to my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this truthful truth, that, as in the trials to which his subjects are, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the Revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed.

Page 35.

"The Norman Boy."

"Among ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an Oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux,' about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial-ground of Allonville."

"The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

"Such is the Oak of Allonville, in its state of nature. The hand of Man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally induces."

"The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscoted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble sanctuary."

"Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the tree. At certain reasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel."

"The summit has been broken off many years ago; but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Woods."
any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

"Though it happen to rebuke
That ye hide in your freche songs said,
Forbear me, and let not ill apprised,
Sue that ye do in the honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flora."

1871.

Page 96.

"The Seven Sisters."
The Story of this Poem is from the German of Paterbeca DRUM.

Page 104.

"The Waggner."
Several years after the event that forms the subject of the Poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Loderidge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said:

"They could not do without me; and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no ideas."
The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eye-witness.

Page 104.

"The buzzing Dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling;
When his Poem was first written the note of the bird was thus described:

"The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,
Twining his watchman's rattle about;
but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the end of a line of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.

Page 106.

After the line, "Can any mortal cog come to her," followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing. They are now printed for the first time.

"Can any mortal cog come to her?"
It can
But Benjamin, in his exaltation,
Possesses inward consolation;
He knows his ground, and hopes to find
A spot with all things to his mind,
An ignis mural block of stone,
Mount of barren water tracking down.
A slender spring; but kind to man
It is, a true Samaritan;
Close to the highway, pouring out
Its offering from a chink or spout,
Whence all, hover'er arith, or drooping
With toil, may drink, and without stopping.
Cries Benjamin. 'Where is it, where?
Voice it hath none, but must be near.'
A star, declining towards the west;
Upon the watery surface threw
Its image tremendously impress,"

That just marked out the object and withdrew;
Right welcome service!

* * *

ROCK OF NAMES!

Light is the strain, but not unjust
To Thee, and thy memorial trust
That once seemed only to express
Love that was love in tenance;
Tokens, as year hath followed year,
How changed, alas! was the cast,
We worked until the Initiats took
Shapes that defined a scornful look.—
Long as for us a genial feeling
Survives, or one in need of healing,
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,
Thy monumental power shall last
For me and mine! O thought of pain,
That would impair it or profane!
Take all in kindness then, as said
With a staid heart but playful head;
And fall not Thou, loved Rock! to keep
Thy charge when we are laid asleep.

Page 115.

"Song at the Feast of Broughton Castle."
Henry Lord Clifford, &c. &c., who is the subject of this Poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Totton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English History, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, supporting the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, "in part of revenge" (say the Authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland); "for the Earl's Father had slain his, a deed which he thoughtly atoned the author (Rachel Speed) but who, as he adds, 'dare promise any thing temperate of himself in the heat of mortal fury I chiefly, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this Lord to speak.' This, no doubt, I would observe by the bye, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; 'for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this, (say the Memoirs of the Counts of Pembridge, a man who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born,) that he was the next Child to Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance between her children, see Austin Vincent, in his Book of Nobility, p. 64, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander, two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland
might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—
But, independent of this act, at least a cenotaph—
Family of Clifford had done
euroth since the Bath of
subject of the Poem, deprived of his estate and
years during the space of twenty-four years;
which time he lived as a shepherd in York-
shire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of
his Father-in-law (Sir Lancot Throckmorton)
was restored to him and honours in the
first act of Henry the Seventh. It is re-
corded that, "when called to Parliament, he
behaved sozily and wisely; but otherwise came
sabot on to London or the Court; and rather
delight to live in the country, where he repaired
several of his Castles, which had gone to decay
during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly
collected from Nicholson and Wern; and I can add,
from my own knowledge, that there is a
tradition current in the village of Threlkeld
and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that,
in the course of his shepherd-life, he had ac-
quired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot
conclude this note without adding a word upon
the subject of those numerous and noble feudal
Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of
some of which are, at this day, so great an
ornament to that interesting country. The
Cliffords had always been distinguished for an
honourable pride in these Castles: and we have
been told, that, after the wars of York and Lancastor,
they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles
the First they were again laid waste, and again
restored almost to the former magnificence by the
celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of
Penrith, &c. &c. Not more than twenty-
years after this was done, when the estate
of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tuf-
ton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough,
Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished,
and the timber and other materials sold by
Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that,
when this order was issued, the Earl had not
received the text of Insial, 5th chap., 20th
verse, to which the inscription placed over the
gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of
Penrith (I believe his Grandmother), at the
time she received that structure, refers the
reader:—"And they that shall of thee shall
build the old waste places: then shall raise up
the foundations of many generations: and
then shall be called the repairer of the breach,
the restorer of paths to dwell in." The Earl
of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates,
with a due respect for the memory of his an-
cestors, and a proper sense of the value and
beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am
told) given orders that they shall be preserved
from all depredations.

Page 125.
"Earth helped him with the cry of blood." This line is from "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the
Dame of the same name), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony; and have deservedly been retained lately in Chalmers' Collection of English Poets.

Page 126.
"And both the undying Fith that swim
Through broneous Tarn," &c.

It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not
far from Threlkeld.—Boscathara, mentioned
before, is the one and the other which is called
Saddleback.

Page 126.
"Armour rusting in his Heels
On the dais of Heaven;" &c.

The martial character of the Cliffords is well
known to the readers of English history; but
it may not be improper here to say, by way of
comment on these lines and what follows, that
besides several others who perished in the same
manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the
Parson in whose hearing this is supposed to be
spoken all died in the Field.

Page 127.
"Dias." This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its
claiming the reader too long from the subject,
and as rather precluding, than preparing for,
the due effect of the allusion to the genius of
Flato:—

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er beardless waves, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on white proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moist-dimmed wake:
Behold! the flashing spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goofy curve;

An arch thrown back between luminous wings
Of whitest garniture, like frre-touched
To which, on some youthful summer's morn,
A baby weight of winter's newest snows!

Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heavens
That downy grow, and softly plague
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood.

And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creator without visible Mate
Or rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light.

From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!

Page 127.
"Living hill"—"while the living hill
Heaved with convulsive thunders, and all was
still." Dr. DAVIN.

Page 128.
"The Wishing-water." "In the Vale of Glamorgan by the side of the
old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, tune out of mind, has been called the
Wishing-gate." Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these
stanzas. But going to the place some time after,
I found, with much delight, my old favourite
unmolested.
NOTES.

"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."

COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Page 166.

"Wild Redbreast," &c.

This Sonnet, by the Poet, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether, the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and sit there for a space when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature’s friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the version of the Redbreast, page 84. 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 172.

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:

"Dumfries, August, 1809.

"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 feast whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. There, said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, ‘lies Mr.— (I have forgotten the name)—a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.’ We looked at Burns’s grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet’s epitaph:

‘Is there a man, &c.

"The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes, chequer-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 children. We spoke to the maidservant 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 clearly 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, his companion; last year her youngest son was now at Christ’s Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brawsshill, the next stage, we passed Ellinshall, at a little distance on our right—a 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 Ellinshall, Burns’s house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighbour-hood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say,—

‘Scruful, from the sky
That Annandale doth crown, with a most
Amorous eye
Salute me every day, or at my pride looks
Grim,
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten lam.’

"These lines came to my brother’s memory, as well as the Cumberland saying,—

‘If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruful, keep off the earth that.’

"We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companion ships 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 sake.”

Page 185.

"Janes! as from Calcis southward.”

(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 I think I can find in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wight 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 interposition, and, while revisiting 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. I am 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 "Miscellaneus Sonets of Fest." 

Page 187. Sonnet 17:

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 embodying moral truths.

Page 190. Sonnet xxvii.

"Danger which they fear, and honour which they understand not." Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P. Sidney.

Page 193.

"Zaragoza.

In this Sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.

Page 195.

"The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day."—When the Austrians took Hockeheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the bow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly hailed—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard; they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwarzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.

Page 198.

"The Zingarian Odes." Wholly unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, uncheck'd by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect me from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. Upon the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Persia. In the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, they confide who encourage a firm hope that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repining; and to feed a morbid satisfaction by aggravating these hardships in imagination; to order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken that shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of opinion will not quarrel with the gain, because it must have been purchased at a less price; and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Now it is at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of our countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrofulous dread lost the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would cry grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was or can be independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any true application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from a species of armed force have never entitled any nation to the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture. But some are more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and author of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of a monstrous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means
NOTES.

of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened self-sublimation;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend, that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired:—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that, no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immoveably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect:—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving:—by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country:—and by especial care to provide and support institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

I have only to add, that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to Passions as well as to Things.

The ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through this volume.

Page 200.

"Discipline the rule whereof is passion."

Lord Byron.

Page 202.

Sonnet 1.

"In this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Parwood of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have been formed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking.

Page 202.

"Bruges."

This is not the fictitious tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful city. Mr. Southey in the "Poet's Pilgrimage" speaks of its lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"The booth hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought Rudderly her splendid structures to destroy, Save in those recent days, with evil fraught, When mutability, in drunken joy Threw from the walls of all restraint released, Let loose her fierce and many-headed bow, Last to the scars in that unhappy eye. Indeed, for she stands and undecayed: Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age In tawny years arrayed: And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring, What fate denies to man,—a second spring."

When I may read of tents in days of old, And journeying graced by Chaelia's known, Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold, If fancy would not urge with flagitious hold, Which for such pomp fit theatre should be, Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universal, worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not deceive myself, is traceable in the grave department of its inhabitants. Bruges comparatively little disturbed by that curiosities contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden, a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boy, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lover, alternately tormented a miserable ed and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chosen to enter the house of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein; her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her purse. In Brus- sels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c., has got the mastery; in a sense there is a struggle: but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet going-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, by the very children. —

Extract from Journal.

Page 203.

"Where watermingled flows the rocky Cretan black."

"Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, rising from the sea between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let it fancy this wall curbed like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of two hundred feet wide has been beaten down by the famous Almend, and we set the shipwrecked wanton mountaineers call the 'Bouchr de Roland.' —

Raymond de Preeze.

Page 204.

"Misericorde Domine."

See the beautiful Song in Mr Coleridge's Tragedy, "The Rake's Progress." Why is the harp of Quantoek silent?

Page 205.

"Not, like his great Counterpart, indubitably Dark Danube spring to life!"

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have
NOTES.

suggested some of those sublime images which
Andrea portion in the description; at present,
the contrast is most striking. The Spring
arises in a source, some 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, vegetation
rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of
a child five years old to leap over it,—and in
entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a
few hundred yards, a stream much more consider-
able than itself. The copiousness of the spring
at Donauwagnau must have procured for it the
honor of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 204.

"The Stahhach" is a narrow Stream, which,
after a long course on the heights, comes to
the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipi-
tice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall
of 970 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal
powers of these musical laggars 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 Waters— and reminded me of
religious services chanted to Streams and
Fountains in Pagan times. Mr Southey has
thus accurately characterized the peculiarity of
this music: — "While we were at the Waterfall,
some half-score peasants, chiefly women and
girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring,
and set up,—surely the wildest chorus that
was ever heard by human ears,—a song not of
the honour which the inspiration of the moun-
tainers has conferred upon it.

Page 208.

"Though yearning damps and many an
evanescent flaw,
Have marred this Work,"

The Convent whose site was pointed out,
according to tradition, in this manner, is seated
at its base. The architecture of the building
is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of
the honour which the inspiration of the moun-
tainers has conferred upon it.

Page 209.

"Though yearning damps and many an
evanescent flaw,
Have marred this Work,"

I have never heard this last supper has not only
been greatly injured by time, but the greater
part of it, if not the whole, is said to have
been retraced, or painted over again.
These recites may be left to connoisseurs, I
suspect it as it is felt. The copy exhibited in
London some years ago, and the engraving by
Herschel is admirable; but in the
original is a power which neither of those works
has attained, or even approached.


"Of figures human and divine,"

The Statues ranged round the spire along
the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been
found fault with by persons whose exclusive

taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true
that the same expense and labour, judiciously
directed to purposes more strictly architectural,
might have much heightened the general effect
of the building: for, seen from the ground, the
Statues appear diminutive. But the cloth
\'d oriel, from the best part of view, which is
half way up the spire, must strike an unpre-
judiced person with admiration; and surely
the selection and arrangement of the Figures is
exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the
country in the imaginations and feelings of the
spectator. It was with great pleasure that I
saw, during the two ascents which we made,
several children, of different ages, tripping up
and down the slender spire, and passing to
look around them, with feelings much more
animated than could have been derived from
these or the finest works of art. If placed within
easy reach,—Remember also that you have the
Alps on one side, and on the other the Apenni-
nes, with the plains of Lombardy between!

Page 211.

"Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a
living Stream,
The gladiator follows in solemn guise.

This Procession is a part of the sacramental
service performed once a month. In the valley
of Engellerg we had the good fortune to be
present at the Grand Festival of the Virgin—
and the Procession on that day, though con-
sisting of upwards of 1000 persons, assembled
from all the branches of the sequestered valley,
was much less striking than that of the
sublimity of the surrounding scenery); it wanted
both the simplicity of the other and the accom-
pangement of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly
resemblance to the moving waters gave it a
most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Page 212.

Near the town of Dornburg, and overhanging
the beach, are the remains of a tower which
bears the name of Caliguia, who here termin-
ated his western expedition, of which these sea-
shells were the hoarded spoils. And at no
great distance from these ruins, Bunonaparte,
standing upon a mound of earth, harangued
his "Army of England," reminding them of
the exploit of Caesar, and pointing towards
the white cliffs, upon which their standards were
to float. He recommended also a subscription
to be raised among the Soldiers to erect on that
ground, in memory of the foundation of the
Legion of Honour," a Column—which was
not completed at the time we were there.

Page 213.

"We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To roam.

This is a most grateful sight for an English-
man returning to his native land. Every where
one misses in the cultivated land, ahead,
the animated and soothing accompaniment of
animals ranging and selecting their own food
as wild.
NOTES.

Page 215. Far as St Maurice, from your eastern Forks.

Les Flursches, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Vallais, which terminates at St Maurice.

Page 216. "Such a study:"

Your Council scorns beneath the open sky,

On St Bernard's Mount.

Namur, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose chateau formerly stood there. On the 30th of January, 1798, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their country, all the castles of the Government were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strong-holds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Eloit, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

Page 215. "Calls me to face her honoured Bridge."

The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral-bridge, amount according to my notes, to 249. Subjects from the Old Testament, the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art, but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

Page 215. "Alas! it is fate,

Twill be another Saviour.

These words were quoted to me from "Varrow Unavenged," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his death; and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Viminal Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.

Page 216. "His sepulchral verse."

If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaph of Childeric, he will find translated specimens of them in this Volume, under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegies Pieces."


It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1829, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church,—a movement that, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so tenacious, indeed, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whom I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral报纸 with which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity.

Page 216. Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the Pine tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.

Page 220. "Camaldoli."

This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of St. Benedict in 529; and as our ancestors saxonized the name in the 12th century, the ground (campi) being given by a Count Malde. The Camaldolenses, however, have spread wide as a branch of Bene-dictines, and may therefore be classed among the gentlemen of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders of nuns and hermits; symbolized by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. It comprehends three hills, and wilder region of the forest. It comprehends two of the most distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartment. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives, he descends from the mountains and takes his abode among the monks. My companion had, in 1831, fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about 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 Santì to Raffaello, perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the great Sasnò
d'Urbo to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had seen a vision in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little room for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the name of the most famous mystic, he enumerated St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius of Loyola, and St. John of the Cross. His study was furnished with a library of works by these saints. He was a man of great learning and was proficient in several languages. He was often invited to the court of the king, but he always declined the invitation, saying that he much preferred the solitude of his hermitage.

NOTES.

Page 226.

"The River Duddon." A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Roman:" "Flames on the ruins in the purer air Towering aloft; and ends thus:" "The setting Sun displays His visible great round, here burn as sons, towers, As through two shady cliffs." Mr Crowe, in his excellent bio-descriptive Poem, "Lewarden 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 deputed 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 1st was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Corderige, who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a pastoral Poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. K.... may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet contemplated, narrowing unsatisfactorily the range of thought, and precluding, though not confining, the treatment of any details, many graces to which a free movement of verse would naturally have led. May I not venture, then, to hope, that this instead of being a hindrance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr Corderige of his own more copious and comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it. "There is a sympathy in streams... one calls to another," and I would gladly believe, that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I must add that they verses must indeed be illated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages—through the "Flamma amnis yputneus" of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns, chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr Corderige, as a motto for his country "Brook."

Page 227.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

Here and infra, see Fowkes.
NOTES.

"The Muse nee Poet ever saith her, 
Adown some treant burn's meander, 
AND NA TINKER, CLEVER, MEANTER."  Page 299.

"There blommed the strawbery of the wilder-
ness, 
The beaming eyghtest showed her saphire blue."  

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Symonds. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grassmere, and at Haweshead school; his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and grand. In describing the motions of the Sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

"— Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the arme vall illume.
Less varying hues beneath the Pale ador
The steamy glories of the beoral morr,
That waverin to and fro their radiant shed;
On Botha's guilt with glory ion dispuns;
Where the lone native, as his homeward glides,
On polished sandals o'er the imprisouned tales,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheel'd on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Scaen at a glance, above him and below,
Two rived heavenys with equal splendour glow.
Splinter'd in the corner of the world he seems;
For all around with soft effulgence glooms;
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 sonnents of mind, particularly his sonnery, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of West-
moreland.

Page 317. Sonnets xvi. and xvii.

The Wray requires a large domain for its ascent, but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resulent in this country, building their nests in the steeps of Borrow-
dale, Wordsdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of the Howgill fells. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as thay breem over Red Tram, in one of the covens of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, on visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks; the consternation with which I was surrounded 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 con-
siderable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubt-
edly, as a check over the Passes of Kirkstone, Dunmailbrate, and of Hardknott and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a moat of Tynich was considerably preserved, which he assured me, had been followed to a rock, rising from the clothing part of the walls and roof like a druce,
call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. The mossy nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a clement and paraminution of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This uncontrived region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glimmers in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladnessomeness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an intimation to revere 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 pearhly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has consorted 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 forwards, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quaintness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent pasting by the church-yard of Stethwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the Tenth to the Twelfth inclusive. From the point where the Stethwaite brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the stream passes into the plain of Donderdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN: the one opposite is called WALLA-RABROW 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 appearance of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is possible."

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; where Mr. Green, speaking of the event, (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril,) "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighborhood; But to return to Stethwaite Church-yard; it contains the following inscription:--

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 9th of June, 1809, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seat-

"Alas, of Anne his wife, who died the 8th of January, in the 93d year of her age." In the parish-register of Stethwaite Chapel, is this notice:--

"Buried, June 8th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Stethwaite 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 companion of the country parson of Chaucer, &c. In the seventh book of the Excursion, 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 1797, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seatwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this Memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth, continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to send him a scholar; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with schools: the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in that situation, to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the interest of a "man in the neighbourhood," he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seatwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz., five pounds per annum: but the cure of Seatwaite 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 began housekeeping. In 1795 or 1796, 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 1816, from which the following is extracted:--
To My —

"Coventry, June 25, 1754.

"Sir,—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons in a checked shirt, a leather strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great woollen stockings, and placed with firmness to preserve them (what we call claps) in three 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毯ing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it was made ready for sale, will lay it by sixteen or thirty-two pounds of weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it before; but I must confess myself astonished with the simplicity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and inconsideration of the clergyman himself."

"Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1753, from which an extract shall be given:

"By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and in the midst of this great world, it is owing more to his own care, than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settling among his own people, and is happy among them, and of course, the more so, because he is exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed should they be discontented when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candor and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

"We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in his same place.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

"Sir,—Years of the 26th instant was committed to us by Mr C. — and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hard weather, then lying heavy upon an unusable pledge of conjugal endowment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the discommodities too penously laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all beautiful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zoechus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and also, one, who died the 1st that, January, aged six years and eight months. Zoechus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about £40, of which it is paid in cash, viz., £10 to the Queen Anne, and £20 from W. P., Esq., of V—, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and £3 from the several inhabitants of V—, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; and the house and garden I value at £25 yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplus fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth £5: but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am startled greatly by my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy situation of the folks and vice of the age, but in mutual peace and goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really so) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got as the value of £30 for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been long and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligence and savings, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the means of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge), I hope you will not think me at the rate worthy Dr Stratford's effects, quite misbehaved, for which I must ever gratefully own myself.

"Your most obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

"R. W., Curate of S."

"To Mr C. of Lanes."

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. was, in a letter to the Bishop, a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me, thus expresses himself:—"If he, meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, had suggested any such objection before, I should certainly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: in deed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not
curse there also; which aspersed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"My Lord,—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline thanumesce it; for the churches of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places: by each thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1795, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better bene-}
NOTES.

country, that the epithet of WONDROUS is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further explanatory details.—And to begin with his industry: eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry became urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone’s school-master, the master em-ployed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sat, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus, was the wheel constantly in requisition to prevent the waste of a moment’s time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less exigent. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz., between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasture 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 a small hold, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of globe; 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 service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece: less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and the primary essays. The principal festivals ap-pointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was inces-sant at work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged him-self, as 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 rainiest worn by his family was comely and
decent, but as simple as their diet: the homespun 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 wools of woolen 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, was covered with the coarsest 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 con-formity to the delicate accommodations of middling times. The house in the village, that of his neighbours, consisted of priest, procured from the masons 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 transparent substance that the house affords. White candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivities; and were per-haps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried for winter provision: the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes. —By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectionately says, “from wanting the necessary of life,” but affording them an unsalted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were minutely assisted by the effects of his father’s example, his precepts, and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking in every form was to be secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trifling occasions; and he taught them the rules of honesty by which he endeav-oured to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the laces or fields any-thing of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whose use it belonged, it was insisted upon the child’s carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

None it might be thought could, as has been described, convert a human body into a machine, if it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without growing unfeeling to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so remote from the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this ex-traordinary man, things in their order followed the same course were reconciled. His conversation was remark-able, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his affections suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy “he never sent empty away,” —the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing; that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercises
among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in the same man from conscientiousness from religious obligation. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom; they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor, there was no guile, so in his faith there was no variance, and we are warranted in believing, that upon these occasions, selflessness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will, and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also—while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbours as themselves, and do as they would be done unto—that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accomplished by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the power thus displayed were further exercised, along with those of his family, in pursuing the Scripture service on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the family were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no account of his becoming attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears in the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert here, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious. "There is a small chapel in the county palace of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and knelt down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the person's wife; to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount of above 114 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes, to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same veneration of duty." He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no disinclination to the cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker—whether from scrupulous apprehensions that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice: for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church stock; "a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Southwaite. To what degree that prejudice of his was blamable need not be determined—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften that severity which was laid upon their frailties. It would be unparochial to omit that, in the course of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time the servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the paragogy of her mistress by saying to her, "She was not 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 blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage. What a contrast does the life of this obscurely seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!" "O'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven."—Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own, he would not forego his rights than disdain for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay. 2 K
We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking down upon the circle of stony moun-
tains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn—it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Ffestiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small dis-
tance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and dis-
agreeable 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 soli-
tudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances; had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unm stuttering; the same energy of character would have been dis-
played in such instances as were mentioned in this youth.

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and connecting with the above account, extracts from a paper in the Christian Remembrancer, Oc-
tober, 1835: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Blakey, vicar of Fallerston, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less effective for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Solicity, neatness, quietness, charac-
terized the whole family. No railings, no idle-
ness, were the vice of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, sewing, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sit-
ting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations. . . ."

"He rose up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no schoolhouse. Yet in that cold, damp place, he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home, or make them run up the mountain side.

"It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was as much engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun, and in tranquil evenings, as he alighted upon him, to see his departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds; the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and pro-

terties. In summer he used to gather a multi-

tude of flies and insects, and, by his(eventuating description, amuse and instruct his children.

They shared all his daily employments, and
derived many sentiments of love and benevo-

lence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were
crane in the fields, or surrounding him in his education, he took every opportunity of stimulating their minds with useful information. . . . Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seath-
waite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr Walker, and begged him to be as

good a man.

"Once, when I was very young, I had the

pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 90th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicacity of the mind, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grea
ter hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never

see a bony-headed clergyman, without think-
ing of Mr Walker. . . ."

He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his care; and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish. Though he avoided all serious conversation, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous
type had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however, was acquainted with his hatred of apostasy, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking, that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mort

dity, and in that vale of peace had come to exalt 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 mis-
fortune gave him such a shock, that his con-
is tants gradually decayed. His senses, ex-
cept 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 tonight!" He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave.

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of decent and 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 ideal which the most adore, Receives no homage from my knee; Consent in privacy I value more Than all uneasy dignity."

"Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being 25 years of age."

"This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 5th of May, 1712, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Ye said 5th of May, ye said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and ye name registered there. &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot."

Here testor H. Forest."

In another place he records, that the scotsmore trees were planted in the church-yard in 1719.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who praised Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater. H. Forest prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:

"Ingivagate viri, tactio nam tempora gratus\nDifficilis, nullique sono convertitur annus;\nUten'st um estata, cito poes praterit anata."

Page 232.

"We feel that we are greater than we know."

"And feel that I am happier than I knew."—MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

Page 234.

"The White Doe of Rydalmo."\n
The Poem of the White Doe of Rydalmore is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled, "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:

"About this time," not long after the Dissolu- tion, "a white doe," says the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a visit to the primrose on Rydalmore over the falls of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Church-yard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. Whitaker's History of the Deanery of Craven.—Rydalmore is now in possession of the resid- ence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the prin- cipal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven, "stands upon a beautiful curve of the Wharf, on a level suf- ficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of pictur- eable effect."

"Opposite the East window of the Priory Church the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out, instead of maintaining their usual inclina- tion to the horizon, are twisted by some incon- ceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the receding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays."

"But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smoothly made park, laid out in park-like enclosures, spotted with native elm, ash, &c. of the finest growth; on the right a sketching oak wood, with justing points of grey rock; on the left the rising copse. Still forward, are seen the aged groves of Bol- ton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky increase of Skimmer seat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below."

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is bordered by sycamore woods, from which huge perpen- dicular masses of grey rock jet out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridges have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most inaccessible points laid open by judicious thinning in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf. Here the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep defile in the rock, and next becomes a horrid ford enclosing a woody island—sometimes it repoes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous."

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremen- dous Strain. This chasm, having received the winter floods, has formed on either side a broad strand of naked, gristinefull of rock-hauntings, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,' heard far above
and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding

"The terminating object of the landscape is
the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from
their form and situation, and still more so from
the recollections which they excite."

Page 235.

"Actional Imagery."

This and the five lines that follow were either
read or recited by me, more than thirty years
since, to the late Mr Harritt, who quoted some
expressions in them (imperfectly remembered)
in a work of his published several years ago.

Page 235.

"From Bolton's old mausemic Tower"

It is to be regretted that at the present day
Bolton Abbey wants this ornament; but the
Poem, according to the imagination of the
Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time.

"Formerly," says Dr Whitaker, "over the
Tower a certain Tower. This is proved not only
from the mention of bells at the Dissolution,
when they could have had no other place, but
from the pointed roof of the church, which must
have terminated westward, in some building of
superior height to the ridge."

Page 235.

"A Chapel, like a wild bird's nest."

"The Nave of the Church having been re-
served at the Dissolution, for the use of the
Nazon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at
this time, as well kept as the nearest English
Cathedral."

Page 235.

"Who sat in the shade of the Prior's Oak?"

"At a small distance from the great gateway
stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the
year 1760 and sold. According to the price of
wood at that time, it could scarcely have
contained less than 1400 feet of timber."

Page 236.

"When Lady Ditation martred"

The detail of this tradition may be found in
Dr Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Col-
lection, "The Force of Prayer."

Page 237.

"Pass, pass who will, you chantry door."

"At the East end of the North aisle of Bol-
ton Priory Church, is a chantry belonging to
Bethemullen Hall, and a vault, where, according
to tradition, the Claphams (who inherited this
estate, by the female line, from the Mauvelvers)
were interred upright. John de Clapham, of
whom this funeral act is recorded, was a
man of great note in his time; "he was a
renowned portion of the house of Lancaster; in
whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Clifford,
succeeded to survive."

Page 237.

"Who loved the Shepherd 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 Honours of
his Ancestors." To that Poem is annexed an
account of this personage, chiefly extracted from
Barnes and Nicholson's History of Col-
umberland and Westmoreland. It gives me plea-
sure to add these further particulars concerning
him, from Dr Whitaker, who says he "retired
to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to
have enlarged the walls of a common
keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat
equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and
to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence
show that he had learned to despise the pomp
of greatness, and that a small train of servants
could suffice him, who had lived to the age of
thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman
resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire,
for all his charters which I have seen are dated
at Barden."

"His early habits, and the want of those
artificial measures of time which even shepherds
now possess, had given him a turn for observing
the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having
purchased such an apparatus as could then be
procured, he amused and informed himself by
those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of
Bolton, some of whom are said to have been
well versed in what was then known of the
science."

I suspect this nobleman to have been some-
times 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, may almost certainly be referred to the reign of
Henry the Seventh. If they were originally
deposited with the MSS. of the Clifford, it
might have been for the use of this nobleman.
If they were brought from Bolton at the Dis-
solution, they must have been the work of
those Canons whom he almost exclusively con-
versed 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 60 years old, he was ap-
pointed 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 9th, 1523, aged about 70. I shall
endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb, vault,
and chantry, in the choir of the church of Bol-
ton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was
deposited, when dead, at random, in any
place in his lifetime he loved so well."

"By his last will he appointed his body to be
interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland;
or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire." With
respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr
Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only
alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit
with them.

Page 239.

"Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Branaghth in doubt and fear," 

Branaghth Castle stands near the river Wer,
NOTES.

a few miles from the city of Durham. It for-
merly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of West-
moreland. See Dr Percy’s account.

Page 141.

"Of meted Thorpe—what a Host He conquered!"

See note 11 for an account of an event that de-
minalized the Battle of the Stanegate.

Page 141.

"In that other day of Neville’s Cross!"

In the night before the battle of Durham was
announced to begin, the 15th day of October, the
next morning, with the

"The prior seized a goody 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 relic and corporse-cloth enclosed, &c. &c., and so sumptuously finished, and ab-
soolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to Holy St Cuthbert, of instant and purpose that
for the future it should be carried to any battle,
as occasion should serve; and was never carried
and showed at any battle but by the special
grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of
Holy St Cuthbert, it brought home to

"Extracted from a book entitled, "Durham
Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of
the Monastery." It appears, from the old
metrical History, that the above-mentioned
banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to
Fulford Field.

Page 143.

"An edifice of warlike fame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—"

It is so called to this day, and is thus
described by Dr Whitaker:—"The

but Norton Tower was probably a sort of
pleasure-house in a more secluded
situation, to serve, it, several large mounds, (two of them are

The place is savagely wild, and admirably
adapted to the uses of a watch tower.

Page 146.

"designed and elevation
Of Rytonen’s faire domain have shown;"

"After the attainder of Richard Norton, his
estates were forfeited to the crown, where they
remained till the 3rd or 4th of James; they were
then granted to Francis, Earl of Cumberland.
From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr
W. It appears that "the mansion-house was
then in decay. Immediately adjoining it is a
house, called the Vivers, so called, undeniably,
from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large
remains of a pleasure-ground, as were introduced in the earliest part of Elizabeth’s

The whole township was ranged by an
and thirty red areas, the priory of

The wood,
NOTES.

it seems, had been abandoned to depredations,

before which time it appears that the neigh-

bourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and

sylvan scene. In this survey among the old

tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen,

butler to Mr Norton, who rose in rebellion

with his master, and was executed at Ripon.”

Page 247.

“IN THE DEEP FORD OF AMBERDASH.”

“At the extremity of the parish of Budnial,

the valley of Wharf forks off into two great

branches, one of which retains the name of

Wharfdale, to the source of the river; the other

is usually called Littordale, but more anciently

and properly, Amberdale. Dembrook, which

runs along an obscure valley from the N.W., is

derived from a Teutonic word, signifying con-

cealment.”—Dr WHITAKER.

Page 248.

“When the Bells of Ryliston played

Their Sab Sab bells”—(See us ad 43.)

On one of the bells of Ryliston church, which

seems coeval with the building of the tower is

this cypher, “I. G.,” for John Norton, and the

motto, “See us ad 43.”

Page 248.

“The grassy rock-encircled Pond.”

Which is thus described by Dr Whitaker—

“The plain summit of the hill are the foun-
dations 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 ragged ravine. On the N.

and W. an old stone bridge is very steep, no

wall or mound is discoverable, piling being

the only evidence that could stand on such

ground.”

“From the Minstrels of the Scottish Border,
it appears that such ponds for deer, sheep,

etc., were far from being uncommon in the south

of Scotland. The principle of them was some-

thing like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the
derivative side, the bottom, the top, and sides

of which were fenced so as to be impassable,
a way was cut in the middle 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 capacious animals, will easily

conceive, that if the leader was once tempted
to descend into the mire, 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 Devon-

shire; and the superabundance of it has for

some years been entrusted to the Rev. William

Carr, who has most skillfully 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 249.

“Ecclesiastical Somat.”

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 see the size of a new Church which he intended to erect. It

was one of the most beautiful mornings of a

mild season,—our feelings were in harmony

with the cherishing influences of the scene;

and such being our purpose, we were naturally

led to look back upon past events with wonder

and gratitude, and on the future with hope.

Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets

which will be found towards the close of this

series were produced as a private memorial of

that morning’s occupation.

The Catholic Church, which was agitated

in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts

in the same course; and it struck me that

certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of

our Country might advantageously be presented

to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the

subject, and what I now offer to the reader

was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was

agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr

Southey, had been engaged with similar views

in writing a concise History of the Church in

England. If our Productions, thus uninten-

tionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate

each other, it will prove a high gratification to

me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

Rydal Mount, January 24, 1822.

RYDAL MOUNT, JANUARY 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one

point of the subject to another without shocks

of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of

a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to

be hoped, will find that the pictures are often

so closely connected as to have jointly the

effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanzas

to which there is no objection, but one that

bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.

Page 250.

“Did holy Paul,” etc.

Sullust lecturer adduces many arguments in sup-

port of this opinion which they are unconvincing.

The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favour-

ite 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 here-

after, in a passage upon the dissolution of mon-

asteries.

Page 251.

“That Hill, whose Jeremy platform,” etc.

This hill at St Albans must have been an

object of great interest to the imagination of

the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with

a delicate feeling of the grandeur of that

rude age, traces of which are frequent

in his works—”Variae herbarum florum
depictus imo surreptuius vestitus, in quo

nimbi repetit arbutum, nulli praecepis, nulli

abruptum, quae lapotina longa laxis de-

ductum in mediam aquas natura complanat,
dignum videbatur esse instar silvis

venustatis jam olis reddens, qui beat martyris

cruce decurrit.”
NOTES.

Page 251.

"Now mounts the cause the panic-stirring aid Of Abdalroche.

Alluding to the victory gained under

manus.—See Bede.

Page 252.

"By now yet scarce, it was, occasion of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth;"

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly
from the prose of Dante, and here I will state
(by the Readers whom this Poem will
chiefly interest commenced) that my ob-
lications to other prose writers are frequent,
and obligations which, even if I had not been
in courting, it would have been presumptuous
to shun, in treating an historical subject. I
must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom
I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the ac-
quittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little
more than versify a lively description of that
event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord
Lonsdale.

Page 251. Sonnet xii.

"Ehelothforth 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,
courage of hitherto wavered, and he Red
from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by
their leader, his army soon gave way, and
Ehelothforth obtained a decisive conquest.
Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and
was demolished: the noble monastery was levelled
to the ground; its library, which is men-
tioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the
repository of the most precious monuments of
the ancient Britons, was consumed; half-burned
walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained
of the magnificent edifice.—See Turner's valu-
able history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Talesin was present at the battle which pre-
ceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable
event, suggests a most striking warning against
National and Religious prejudices.

Page 252. Sonnet xvi.

The person of Paulinus is this described by
Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness—
"Longe staturum, pudium incurvus, negro
capillio, facie macilenta, naso adunco, pertenui,
vegetabilis simul et terrificas aspicias."

Page 252.

"Man's life is like a Sparrow."

See the original of this speech in Bede.—The
Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is
highly interesting—and the breaking up of this
Code, and the struggle with it as an event so striking
and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it
at length in a translation.

"Who, exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, shall
first pronounce the altars and the temples? I, answered the Chief Priest; for who so fit
than myself, through the wisdom which the true
God hath given me, to destroy, for the
good example of others, what in foolishness I
worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain
supersession, he beseught the King to grant
him what the laws did not allow to a priest,
arms and a crown:—quemque vocavit ecclesiam
mounting, and furnished with a sword and
lance he proceeded to destroy the idols. The
crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he how-
ever, halted not, but, approaching the profaned
the temple, cast upon it the lance which he
had held in his hand, and, existing in ac-
knowledge of the worship of the true God,
he ordered his command to pull down the
temple, with all its enclosures. The place is
shown where those idols formerly stood, not
far from York, at the source of the river Der-
went, and is at this day called Gormund
Graham ubi pontifex ille, inspissate Deo vero,
polluit ac destruxit eum, pustis et incunabulis
armis." The last expression is a pleasing proof
that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was
familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Page 253.

"such the inviting voice
heard near fresh streams;"

The early propagators of Christianity were
acustomed to preach near rivers, for the con-
venience of baptism.


Having spoken of the real, disinterestedness,
and temperance of the clergy of those times,
Ilede this proceeds.—"Unde et in magna erat
veneratione tempore illa religionis habitus, sua
et ululare cleres, et labores, et moribus
adventum, gaudiumque omnibus tanguam Dei
familiaris exsperientia. Invenimus in illo
periods inventurum, accurabat, et flexa cer-
vice, vel manu sepulcro, vel ore illius acta
propensis, gaudens. Veribus quippe hominis exhor-
tatorum diligentior audium praebent. Lib.
iii, cap. 56."

Page 253.

"The people work like congregated bees."

See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 537, the
account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery.
Penances were removable by the performance
of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 253.

"fain narrow not his care.

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was
subject to grievous maladies.

Page 255.

"Woe to the Crown that doth the Crown obey."

The violent measures carried on under the
influence of Dunstan, for undermining the
Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the
second series of Danish invasions.—See
Turner.

Page 256.

"Here Men shall never live," etc.

"Bosum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit
purus, cedit rarius, sorget velociss. inedit
cautus, quiescit secus, inactus
ugur citius, proutemor copiosius." Bernard,
"This sentence," says Dr Whetaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

Page 357.

"Whom alwayes pursues with hideous bark;"

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious—and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious apppellatives are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even conscripted their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Paternians, or Paturauns, from puti, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine.

And green oak are its covert; as the gloom of night oft falls their enemy's design. She calls them Riders on the flying broom; Successful, whose frame and aspect have become. One and the same through practices malign.

Page 358.

"And the green lizard and the gilded newt Lead unmolested lives, and die of age."

These two lines are adopted from a MS. written about the year 1760, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as it is the verse, "Where Venus sits," &c., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet. Page 260.

"One (like those prophets whom God sent of old) Trangresgured, &c;"

"M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other as well, in order unto wax very simple; and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed to have no idea of those that were present, as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked silt (weak) man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at doctor Ridley's feet. To whom M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Fee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this daylight such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'—Fox's Acts, &c.

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Le Warden's Ecclesiastical Biography, for an example in an humble Welsh haberman. Page 260.

"The gift exulting, and with pleasaunt smiles;"

"On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the bishop's parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said him, 'Richard, I sent for you to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of the kingdom, and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.'—See Watton's Life of Richard Hooker. Page 261.

" craftsly inciting;"

"The overwarming, peneatures the head." A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See Strype in support of this instance. Page 261.

"Laud;"

"In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of being an upholder of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vices to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that solemn period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him, and which may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than that the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the many lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour."

Page 263.

"The Pilgrim Fathers;"

American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Duane, and Mr Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the variety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lamboth, Feb. 4, 1797, by Archbishop Moor;
and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by him. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in connection of Sin, by George Washington Douane, bishop of New Jersey."

Page 264.
"A genial heart—
A kindled trutuity, belong
To the neat mansion."

Among the benefactors, as Mr Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered pieceantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the see of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy laird, would not doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this propriety imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegance of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recollected this instance of the residence of an old and much-valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn or rather grass-plot, separates 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 church towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, peopled and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part 3.

Page 265. Sonnet xxxxi.
This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the flow of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

Page 266. "Teaching us to forget them or forgive."
This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr George Dyce's history of Cambridge.

Page 256. — "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 259. "Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed."
The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Page 268. "Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues."
Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1831.

Page 252. "Highland Hut."
This sonnet describes the exterior of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the "Address to the Wind," and other poems, in this volume, who was my fellow-traveller in this tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the interior of one of these rude habitations.

"On one farm from the Trossachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our bestman, 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 at the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having picked our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our hostman, the master of the house, to come near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highland it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. "She keeps a dram," as the phrase is; indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the
NOTES.

wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a drum. We asked for sugar, water, barley-beer, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, 'W'ill get that,' bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roasting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over, and tarnished by many winters, till, where the fire-light fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, casued in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was 'bonnier than Loch Lomond.' Our companion from the Trossachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o'Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is this fine, though this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desserting my wish, 'she would attend me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not so as I had been used to.' It was not so, for there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unintended, and none of them divided into three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family: the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it reflected was reflected on the rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech tree withered by the cloud of smoke, above, profused the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean; the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the wind beat against the shore of the lake: a little roll close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than by the beauty of the Highland huts, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomimist who was to paint the heath, and put it to Drury-lane, with all its beautiful colours!—AS.

Page 373.

"Once on these steeps I trod a path"

The following is from the same MS., and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was struck by the fact that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowths of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustom to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of colours and flowers, Mr. Brown's prunus, or the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vines-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural way, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins, yet this was a plant the must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessors miserable conception of adorning such a ruin. It is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-gounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-gounds, and so near very to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or distracting the attention from the relations of the past about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible not to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its remembrances of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above
and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place: elm trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and ancient images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this forest the chief of the English nobility were confided after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity: but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings: you can then take it in whatever mood you like: silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now. The poet is in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard of Ruthven, of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, probably, the poet’s joy was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel.” — MS. Journal.

Page 87.

“Hart’s-horn Tree.”

“In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1323 or 1324, Edward Balliol king of Scotland came into Westmorland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Penrenguin. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place: where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, in his attempt to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the red hairs were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

'Hercules kil’d Hart a green
And Hart a green kil’d Hercules.' 

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart’s Horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place.”

Nicholson and Burn’s History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from the village of Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz., Julian’s Tower; through Brougham and Penrenguin Castles; Penrenguin Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrenguin Churchyard; Arthur’s Round Table, and, close by, Mayborough; the excavation, called the Giant’s Cave, on the banks of the Esk; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, &c. &c.

Page 279.

“Wings at my shoulder seem to play.”

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of “Jocasta’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 281.

“But of them, like Corylus,” &c.

Many years ago, when I was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that “the name of the river was taken from the bridge, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A.” Dr Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, “to greet;” signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its disappearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cave of Wythburn, and flowing through Tithberrie, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grassmere and Keswick, have quitten the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of its immoveable stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the annet.

“The scenery upon this river,” says Mr Southey in his Colloquies, “where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most eminent in England.” — “ambiguo lapis refuitique fluitique, Occurrensque sibi venturus aspicit undas.”

Page 382.

“By hanked savouries,” &c.

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed panage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.
NOTES.

Page 88.
"Mary Queen of Scots landing at Working
to.
"The fear and impatience of Mary were so
great," says Robertson, "that she got into a
fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants
landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and
though she was conducted with many marks of
respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which
the Queen had slept at Workington Hall
(where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen
as became her rank and misfortunes) was long
preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she
had left it; and one cannot but regret that
some necessary alterations in the mansion—could
not be effected without its destruction.

Page 89.
St Bees' Heads, 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 is formed by
the southern headland, stands the village of St
Bees; a place distinguished, from very early
times, for its religious and scholastic founda-
tions.
"St Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had
its name from Beaca, an holy woman from Ire-
land, who is said to have founded here, about
the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery,
where afterwards a church was built in memory
of her.
"The aforesaid religious house, being de-
stroyed by the Danes, was restored by William
de Meschiens, son of Ralph, and brother of
Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Camber-
land after the Conquest; and made a cell of
a prior and six Benedictine monks to the
Abbey of St Mary at York."
Several traditions of miracles, connected with
the life and influence of the first of these religious
houses, survive among the people of the neigh-
bourhood; one of which is alluded to in these
Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder
and more melodramatic character, has furnished
the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R.
Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St
John's College, and now Fellow of the Col-
l Legiate Church of Manchester.
After the dissolution of the monasteries,
Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at
St Bees, from which the countess of Camber-
land and Westmoreland have derived great
benefit; and recently, under the patronage of
the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been
established there for the education of ministers
for the English Church. The old Conventual
Church has been repaired under the superin-
tendence of the Rev. Dr Ainger, the Head of
the College; and is well worthy of being
visited by any strangers who might be led to
the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.
The form of stanzas in this Poem, and some-
thing in the style of versification, are adopted
from the "St Monicas," a poem of much beauty
upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith:
a lady to whom English verse is under greater
obligations than are likely to be either ac-
knowledge or remembered. She wrote little,
and that little unassumingly, 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.

"Are not, in sooth, their Requiem sacred
ties?"
I am aware that I am here treading upon
tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I
feel that no apology is due. The prayers of
survivors, during passionate grief for the recent
loss of relatives and friends, as the object of
those prayers could no longer be the suffering
body of the dying, would naturally be ejec-
lated for the souls of the departed; the barriers
between the two worlds dissolving before the
power of love and faith. The ministers of re-
ligion, from their habitual attendance upon
sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these
benign results; and hence would be strongly
tempted to aim at giving to them permanence,
by embodying them in rites and ceremonies,
 recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was
in course of nature, so was it blameless, and
even praiseworthy; 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 this formalising sublime instincts, and dis-
interested movements of passion, and pervert-
ing them into means of gratifying the ambition
and capacity of the priesthood. But, while we
deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it
would be a great mistake if we imputed the
origin of the offices to pious selfishness on the
part of the monks and clergy; they were at first
sincere in their sympathy, and in their
degree dupes rather of their own creed,
than artful and designing men. Charity is,
upon the whole, the safest guide that we can
take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past
ages, or of the present time.

Page 84.
"And they are led by noble Hillary."
The Towns of Ramsgate and Gillingham
sent a present to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the
humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and
he also was the founder of the lifeboat estab-
lishment, at that place; by which, under his
superintendence, and often by his exertions at
the imminent hazard of his own life, many sea-
men and passengers have been saved.

Page 85.
"By a retired Mariner."
This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman
nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it
falls so easily into the poet's line, that both
the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance
here.

Page 85.
"Off with you cloud, old Swallow!"
The summit of this mountain is well chosen
by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision," in
which the spectral angel discoursed with him
concerning the government of Oliver Crom-
well. "I found myself," says he," on the top
of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which
has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the regrettable state may become still more striking as months and years advance!

Page 286.

"On revisiting Dunolly Castle."

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Page 287.

"Cave of Staffa."

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 287.

"Hopes smiled when your nativity was cast, Children of summer."

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

Page 287.

"Iona."

The four first lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russell, as convey- ing my feeling better than any words of my own could do.

Page 288.

"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? Langden, near Ambleside, is by the inhab- itants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden, and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea—eaas, French—aqua, Latin.

Page 289.

"Casual, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!" At Colby, a few miles below Nunery, 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 289.

"A weight of awe not easy to be borne."

The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground: a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came 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 relique of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 289.

"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 346.

"Descending to the worm in charity."

I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr Diggory's valuable works.

Page 352.

"All change is perilous, and all chance unwarned."

Stern. 

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

Page 353.

"Men of the Western World."

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brothers of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

Page 354.

"The Horn of Egremont Castle."

This story is a Cumberland one. I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Had-linton's, in a sequestered valley upon the river Darrow.

With this picture, which was taken from real life, compare the imaginative one of "The Revery of Poor Susan," p. 115; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) "The Excursion," passim.

"Most Cambium (Silene acaulis)." P. 355.

This most beautiful plant is scarce in England, though it is found in great abundance upon the mountains of Scotland. The first specimen I ever saw of it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the tufts or cushions being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionately 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, unconsideredly, 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.

"From the most gentle creature nursed in fields." P. 360.

This way of indicating the name of my lamented friend has been found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification, that I should use none of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epistles. 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!"


"The Russian Fugitive." P. 346.

Peter Henry Bruen, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this tale affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady’s own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.

"Perchance to the Excursion." P. 454.

"Thousands, thousands, thousands of the human soul!" P. 460.

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Soul Of the wide world dreaming on things to come." —Shakespeare’s Sonnets.

"—much did he see of Men." P. 471.

At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ventured to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true life. 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, subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait.

"We learn from Caesar and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms, or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilizing the Indian natives, than all the missionaries, papists or protestants, who have ever been sent among them. It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging address and the most pleasing address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunities of the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. As they wander, each alone, through thinly-inhabited districts they form habits of reflection and of sublimer contemplation. With all these qualifications, no wonder, that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness, and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to carry the Jack, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman. When, after twenty years’ absence, in that honourable and princely line of employment, he returned with his acquisition to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes." —Heron’s Journey in Scotland, Vol. I. p. 92.
"Lost in the Solitary Eternity!"

Since this paragraph was composed, I have read much pictures, in Burnet's Theory of the Earth, a passage expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature; that is to say, for me to transcribe it.

"Siquid vero Naturae nobis spectaculum, in hac tellure, veri grazium, et philosophiae dignum, id semel mihi contiguus arbitror: cum ex ecolammoni rupe speculandibus ad oram maris Mediterranei, hinc aequore carinam, illic tractus Alpines propeippi; nihil quidem magis dissipat aut disimilior nemo in suo genere, magis egregium et singulariter. Hoc theatrum ego facile praebere studiose cognovit, Graeco vero, a quod id quod natura hic spectandum exhibet, scientia his omnibus, aut amplissime certaminibus. Nihil hic elegantius aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placebat magistrum sui et quidam specie impenitentiae. Illic intutelar suae aequiltem superius, usque et usque diffusum, quantum maximunm oculorum sceps fere potuit; illic disrupissimam terrae faciem, et vastas moles variis elevatis aut depressas, erectas, propendentes, reclinatis, concavatos, omni situ inanis et turbido. Placuit, ex hae parte, Naturam unum et simplicem, et ineuxu hastae quadratur planitiae; ex alia, multiformis confusion magnorum corporum, et insanum terrae strages; quae sub intusire, non urbis aliquot aut oppidi, sed contraxit mundi ruindae, ait occultus habere mihi vusum.

In singulis ferobis monstros eas aliquid insonos et mirabile, sed praaecc pars mihi placet illa, qua sedemus, rupe; quae maxima et altissima, et quae terrorem resonabit, collaudi ascensu altitutinem sub simmulatula: quae verum, horrendum praecipus, et quasi ad perpendiculum falls; aliis, praebere facta ills marina adeo erat levus et uniformis, qui nullos aliquos aliud amissum aliquid. Quae, caelum et frigorem, quae octam vetustas suae solitariae, quae intus toldam et alium, et in pleno; vel terrae motu aliquo, ultimi, divisa.

Ilia part erat cava, receveraque habitati, et aequitis specus, exstant in vacuo montem; ab in ceterum, in rotatus, sive exenso mar, et undariam crebris isibus: Ilia hinc omn impenitentia et frigorem, quae, et multo ostenable facta. Qua, etiam societatem reddidit animam, et quasi in mea esse ventum.


Page 457.

"Of Mississippi, or that Northern Stream."

"The project is proposed to improve by going out into the World, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minute, and he surrounds his mundane vision to the artist, in order to embrace all his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to laurel and inhuman prunery; while his mental becomes proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind; he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at lasternall's and Brooks, and a sneer at St. James's; he would certainly be swallowed alive of the first rivers that crossed him:—lust when he walks along the river of Amazonas; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long ana watered savan

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which, though from a strange land, is one of the immortal passages of modern English prose.

"Tu, by comparison, an easy task Earth to despeale."

See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting view of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in De Wordworth's Eclesiastical Biography.

"Alas! the endowment of immortal Power, Is matched unequally with custom, time."

This subject is treated at length in the Ode—Intimations of Immortality, page 337.

"Knowing the heart of Man is it to be, &c."

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 Italy, were by him transcribed from Seneca. The whole Poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas of it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise Man's mind in a time of public confusion.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks Of tyrant's threats, or with the earthy brow Of Power, that proudly sits on other's 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 troubled and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still begot
Affliction upon Imbecility.
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-
done.
And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst man doth, man sack
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th’ inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: He looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unvet eye,
And bears no venture in impyety.
Thus, Lady, fares that man that hath pre-
pared
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 446.
"Or rather, as we stand on holy earth
And have the dead around us."
Leo. You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves?
Prec. For eight-score winters past,
With what I have witnessed, and with
what I have heard,
Perhaps I might; — — — — — —
By turning over 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 446.
"And suffering Nature grizened that one
should die."
Southey’s Retrospect.

Page 446.
"And whence that tribute? wherefore these
regards?"
The sentiments and opinions here uttered are
in union with those expressed in the following
Essay upon Epitaphs, which was furnished by
me for Sir Coleridge’s periodical work, the
Friend; and as they are dictated by a spirit
congenial to that which pervades this and
the two succeeding books, the sympathising reader
will not be displeased to see the Essay here
vexed.

ESSAY UPON EPISTAPHS.
It needs scarcely be said, that an Epitaph
presupposes a Monument, upon which it is to
be engraved. Almost all Nations have wished
that certain external signs should point out the
places where their dead are interred. Among
savage tribes unacquainted with letters this has
mostly been done either by rude stones placed
near the graves, or by mounds of earth raised
over them. This custom proceeded obviously
from a twofold desire: first, to guard the re-
mains of the deceased from irreverent approach
or from savage violation; secondly, to preserve
their memory. “Never,” says Can-
den, “neglected burial but some savage nations;
As the Britons, which cast their dead to the
dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes,
who desired to be devoured of fishes; some
dissolute courtiers, as Marcellus, who was wont
to say, Non tumulo curio; sepulchre nature re-
lizes.”

I’m careless of a grave:—Nature her dead
will save.”

As soon as nations had learned the use of
letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon these
monuments; in order that their intention might
be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I
have derived monuments and epitaphs from
two sources of feeling: but these do in fact re-
solve themselves into one. The invention of
epitaphs, Weever, in his Discourse of Funeral
Monuments, says rightly, “proceeded from the
presage of fore-feeling of immortality, im-
planted in all men naturally, and is referred to
the scholars of Linus the Theban poet, who
flourished about the year of the world two
thousand seven hundred; so first exhibited
this Linus their Master, when he was slain, in
doleful verses, then called of him Æolian, after-
wards Epitaphis, for that they were first sung at
burials, after engraved upon stones.

And, verily, without the consciousness of a
principle of immortality in the human soul,
Man could never have had an eye in him
desire to live in the remembrance of his fel-
low; 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 sur-
rounding associates shall bemoan his death, or
purs for his loss: he cannot pre-conceive this
regret, he can form no thought of it; and
therefore cannot possibly have a desire to leave
such regret or remembrance behind him. Add
to the principle of love which exists in the
inferior animals, the faculty of reason which
exists in Man alone; will the conjunction of these
account for the desire? Doubtless it is a neces-
sary consequence of this conjunction; yet not
I think as a direct result, but only to be come at
through an intermediate thought, viz. that of an
intimation or assurance within us, that some
part of our nature is imperishable. At least the
precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling
to the other, is unquestionable. If we look
back upon the days of childhood, we shall find
that the time is not in remembrance when, with
respect to our own individual being, the mind
was without this assurance; whereas, the wish
to be remembered by our friends or kindred
after death, or even in absence, is, as we shall discovers, a sense in which that does not form itself till the actual feelings have been developed, and the mind is connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forth, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the unshaking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow, or any other irrational creature is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death, or to an unfeltling acquiescence in what had been instilled into him! He has such an unfold of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obtrusive, and unapproachable iniquities of children upon the subject of origination. This single fact proves outwardly the monstrously of those suppositions; for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the unknown, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the after-life. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably connected. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetually current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "Towards what abyss is it in progress? What receptacle can contain the mighty influx?" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, perhaps, after all, it might have been a cloud, or the mind of the child has been the letter; but the spirit of the answer must have been as insensible, as insensible, and as incapable of sensible, without bounds or dimensions, of 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 coinage, 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 sources the impress of death, and were in the habit of life. The impress of daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal Being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence a power over us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute, that, if the impression and sense of death, and the contemplation of the total cessation, of such a wondrous power pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a so astounding bytwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrative, and powerful, that there could be no motions of the spirit of joy; and yet the less we could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow,—If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foreseeing, and reason, the soul of man cannot unfold themselves unconstrained by the faith that Man is an immortal being; and if, consequently, neither the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed; it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simionides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the cove of an unknown person lying by the sea-side; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the pitey of that act. Another ancient philosopher, chance to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt; saying, "See the shell of the flown bird." But it is not to be supposed that the word and tender-hearted Simionides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought, to which that other Sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the water-b Busy, which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood: of thought, have been moved by those earthly considerations which had inclined the philosophic Poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard the latter we may be assured that, if he had been desirous of the capacity of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the cove of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of Man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but an immortal Soul. Each of these Sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast.—It seems formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things resolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets, conducts gradually to the quarters where have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its
rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards
the east, the birth-place in our imagination of
the morning, leads finally to the quarter where
the sun is last seen when he departs from our
eyes; so the contemplative Soul, travelling in
the direction of mortality, advances to the
country of everlasting life; and, in like manner,
may she continue to explore those cheerful
traces, till she is brought back, for her advant-
age and benefit, to the land of transitory things
of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which com-
mmands the thoughts and feelings of the two
Nazes whom we have represented in contrast,
doing the Author of that species of composition,
the laws of which it is our present purpose to
explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring
to the twofold desire of guarding the remains of
the deceased and preserving their memory, it
may be said that a sepulchral monument is a
tribute to a man as a human being; and that
an epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached
to the word) includes this general feeling and
something more; and is a record to preserve
the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to
his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the
sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and for the
common benefit of the living: which record is
to be accomplished, not in a general manner,
but, where it can, in close connection with the
bodily remains of the deceased; and these, it
may be added, among the modern nations of
Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to,
their places of worship. In ancient times, as it
well known, it was the custom to bury the dead
beyond the walls of towns and cities; and not
for the dead, and Remains they were
frequently interred by the way-sides.

Yet, in such a place of rare beauty, and invite
the Reader to indulge with me in contempla-
tion of the advantages which must have at-
tended such a practice. We might ruminat-
upon the beauty which the monuments, thus
placed, may have imparted to the foreground
borrowed from the surround-
ing images of nature—from the trees, the wild
flowers, the streams, the stagnant perhaps within
sight or hearing, from the benighted road stretch-
ing its weary length hard by. Many tender
emotions must these objects have presented to
the mind of the traveler leaning upon one
of the towers or over-lying in the coolness of its
shade, whether he had fainted from weariness
or from the heat, with the invitation, "Pause,
Traveller!" so often found upon the monu-
ments. And to its epitaph also must have
been supplied strong appeals to visible appear-
ances correlative to these sensations, lively
and affecting analogies of life as a journey—death
as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of
many scenes of calm in storm that falls suddenly upon
him—of beauty as a flower that passeth by,
or of innocent pleasure as one that may be
gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a
rock against the heaving waves—of hope
"undermined insensibly like the poplar
by the side of the river that has fed it," or blasted
in a moment like a pine-tree by the stroke of
lightning upon the mountain-top—of admoni-
tions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a
refreshing breeze that comes without warning,
or the taste of the waters of an unexpected
fountain. These, and similar suggestions, must
have given, formerly, to the language of the
senseless stone a voice enforced and founded
by the benignity of that nature with which it
was in unison.—We, in modern times, have
lost much of these advantages; and there is
but in a small degree counterbalanced to the
inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the
custom of depositing the dead within, or con-
tiguous to, their places of worship; however
splendid or imposing may be the appear-
ce of those edifices, or however interesting or sal-
acious may the recollection of the dead be:
Even were it not true that tombs lose their
monitory virtue when thus obiterated upon the
notice of men occupied with the cares of the
world, and too often sufficed and defiled by
those cares, yet still, when death is in our
thoughts, nothing can make amends for the
want of the soothing influences of nature, and
for the absence of those types of renovation
and decay, which the fields and woods offer to
the notice of the serious and contemplative
mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let
a man only compare in imagination the un-
ugly manner in which our monuments are
crowded together in the busy, noisy, uncleans,
and almost grassless church-yard of a large
town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish
cemetery, in some remote place; and yet further
sanctified by the grove of cypresses in which it is
embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as
these have already been expressed with true
sensibility by an ingenious Poet of the present
day. The subject of his poem is "All Saints
Church, Derby": he has been deploring the
forbidding and uninviting aspect of this cemetery.
She yearly mourns the mortal dooms of man,
Her holiest work, (so Israel's virgin erst,
With annual moan upon the mountains wept
Their fairest gone,) there in that rural scene,
So plac'd, so congruous to the Christian feel,
Of peaceful rest within the silent grave, I would
—wander'd forth, where the cold dew
of heaven
Lay on the humbler graves around, what
time
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,
Pensive, as though she, too, did view
T'were brooding o'er the dead immured
within, beneath.
There while with him, the holy man of Us,
O'er human destiny I sympathised,
Counting the long, long periods prophecy
Declares to roll, ere the great day arrives
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed South
He'd meet with her blossoms, as the Dove
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer
The Patriarch mourning o'er a world de-
stroyed:
And I would bless her visit; for to me
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, is, indeed, the most favourably
contrasted with that of a town of crowded
populous, and culture 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
Mass in such places, are profoundly chastened
by the sight of the graves of kindred and
friends, who, as it were, stand together in that general
home towards which the thoughtful yet happy
spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish-church, in the stillness of the country,
it is a visible centre of a community of the living
and the dead; a point to which are habitually
referred the nearest concerns of both.
As, then, both in cities and in villages, the
dead are deposited in close connection with
our places of worship, with us the composition of
an epitaph naturally turns, still more than
among the nations of antiquity, upon the most
serious and solemn affections of the human
mind; upon departed worth—upon personal
or social sorrow and admiration—upon religion,
individual and social—upon time, and
upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffers, in ordinary
cases, to secure a composition of this kind from
censure, that it contain nothing that shall shock
or be inconvenient with this spirit. Just, to en-
title an epitaph to praise, more than this is
necessary. It ought to contain some thought
or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal
part of our nature touchingly expressed; and
if any claim to a, however general or even true
sentiment may be, every man of pure mind
will deny it, and with a good-sense of pleasure and gratitude.
A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh over a "lost child"; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inculcates a remembrance of the
compassionate qualities, or the solid virtues, of the
teacher he loves, whose departure has left a
sadden upon his memory. This and a pious
admonition to the living, and a humble express-
ion 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 discriminate or appropriate to the dead
or to the living, is to be found in them. This
want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr.
Johnson, in his Essay upon the epitaphs of
Pope, to two causes: first, the scantiness of
the objects of human praise; and, secondly,
the want of variety in the characters of men;
or, to use his own words, "to the fact, that
the greatest part of which have no character at
all." Such language may be holden without blame
among the generalities of common con-
versation; but does not become a critic and a
moralist speaking seriously upon a serious sub-
ject. The expression of admiration in human
nature are not scanty, but abundant; and
every man has a character of his own, to
the eye that has skill to perceive it. The real
cause of the acknowledged want of discrimina-
tion in sepulchral inscriptions is, that we
analyse the characters of others, especially of
those whom we love, is not a common or
natural employment of men at any time. We
are not anxious unerringly to understand the
constitution of the minds of those who have
sooned, who have ceased, who have sup-
ported us: with whom we have been long and
daily pleased or delighted. The affects
are their own justification. The light of
love in our hearts is a satisfactory evidence that
there is a body of worth in the minds of our
friends or kindred, whereas that light has
ceased. We shrink from the thought of plac-
ing 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 ex-
cellence 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 alluminous 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 human-
y 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 en-
title an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot
claim to the highest character of excellence,
and would be superfluous. Passing through all in-
termediate steps, we will come to determine
once what these excellencies are, and wherein
consists the perfection of this species of
oration.—It will be found to lie in a due propor-
tion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a
divine and clear conception, conveyed to the reader's
mind, of the individual who is thus
honoured and whose memory is to be preserved;
and at least of his character as, after death, it ap-
ppeared to those who loved him and lament his
loss. The general sympathy ought to be
quickened, provoked, and diversified, by par-
ticular thoughts, actions, images,—circum-
stances of age, occupation, manner of life,
propriety which the deceased had known, or
adversity to which he had been subject; and
these ought to be bound together and reli-
tiated into one harmony by the general sympathy.
The two powers should never be so
exalted as to rival each other. The reader ought to know
who and what the man was whom he is com-
upon to think of with interest. A distinct
conception should be given (implying where it can,
rather than explicitly) of the individual lamented.—But the writer of an epitaph is not
an anatomist, who goes to the frame of
the mind: he is not even a painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in ex-
terior tranquillity: his delineation, we must remem-
NOTES.

The fault be on the part of the buried person or the survivors, the memorial is unsatisfying and profiler.
letters, testifying with what a slow and labored hand the letters have been engraved, might seem to reproach the author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral oration or elegiac poem. These sensations and judgments, acted upon by personal motives, have been one of the main causes why epitaphs so often perverted the deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own tomb-stone. The departed Mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone; that a state of rest is come; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of these affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior Being, performing the office of a Judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is death disannointed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantiated. By this tender fiction, the survivors bind themselves to a sadder sorrow, and employ the intervention of the imagination in order that the reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interpolation also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the living and the dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed, that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of immortality as their principal source. I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an epitaph should be cast in this mould; preferably to the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the survivors directly; but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the burden which ought to govern the composition of the other, may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the survivors speak in their own persons, seems to me upon the whole much preferable; as it ascertains to a range of notables; 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 probably preserved in memory. Nor would the respect rendered 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 prevailing gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenor of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the actions of a man, or even some conspicuous or beneficent 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 successors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches, in such a place; nor of dilutions of character to individualise them. This is already done by their works, in their memories of men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration—or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue,—or a declaration touching that pius humility and self-abasement, which are ever most profound as minds are most susceptible of genuine exaltation—or an intimation, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual power—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—the only offering that upon such an altar would not be unworthy.

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones

The labour of an age in piled stones;

Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid

Under a starry-pointing plastered wall.

Dear Sun of Memory, great Her of Fame,

What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?

Thus in our wonder and astonishment

Hast built thyself a living monument,

And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,

That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Page 407.

"And spires whose tilling finger points to Heaven."

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steepleys, which as they must be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the beams light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward. See "The Friend," by S. T. Coleridge, No. 14, p. 223.

Page 408.

"That Symonar which annually holds

Within its shade as in a statey tent."

"This Symonar oft musical with Beers;

Such Tent the Pheureba loved.

S. T. Coleridge.

Page 409.

"Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings."

The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeyes. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Marys, Furnes, the translation of which is as follows:—"
which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of the island. He wrote at a time when machinery is impossible to overrate the benefits which accrue to humanity from the universal adoption of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.
APPENDIX, PREFACES.

ETC. ETC.

* Moxon the greatest part of the foregoing Poems has been so long before the Public that no preface 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 FOLLOWING POEMS, PUBLISHED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYCEAL 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 those 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 or 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 securing 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 react on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be something like impropriety in abruptly omitting upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will grant certain known bales of association: that he not only thus approves the Reader that certain choice of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and
APPENDIX, PREFACES, ETC.

Lucrætius, 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 language and phrasology 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 phrase: 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 Prefaces, is to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, as far as is possible without over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as reason and the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement, hum- ble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; and because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life are more numerous, and those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accustomed, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the actions of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy purpose. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a purpose. In this, as in many other cases, a tacit overflow of powerful feelings; and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more of this quality than his contemporaries, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued indulgence of feel-ings are moulded, and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings: and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be conducted, till at length, if we are originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day: it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives import-
APPENDIX, PREFACES, ETC.

ance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting, that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed, important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for 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 frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and the frivolous and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading this degrading 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separation between Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction. In vain to me the smiling mornings shine, And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire: The birds in vain their amorous descant join, Or cheerful fields resume their green attire. These arts, alas! for other notes expire; A different object do these eyes require; My lonely anguish merits no heart but mine; And weep the imperfect joys expired; Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer, And every spout of pleasure brings to happier men: The fields to all their wonted tribute bear; To warm their little loves the birds complain; I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear, And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sistors: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity between metrical and prose composition? They both flow from the same source, the same organ; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree: Poetry should be to Stile as Angels to men, but natural and human tears; she can boast of no internal system, she excites 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 overpowers what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and jubes 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 more be superadded thereto, I believe that a disinterested will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it derived? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouth of other actors; 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 first occasion, lead him to passion 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 intricacy 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 of high importance to our taste and moral feelings to familiarize ourselves with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, I am led to state somet 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 teaches me, that there is some sort of knowing in the abstract essentially unknown. If my conclusions are good, they must be 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 blame; and the moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Tacking upon 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 is more 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 vortices and passions as manifested in the going-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities be
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 the case 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 ac- customed to feel in themselves:—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness 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 excitation.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him, must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, may, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and apply and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of description. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this to rectify his work, he would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no one height or to elevate nature and, the more industriously he applies this prin- ciple the deeper will be his faith that no words, which are in fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the expression of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not ob- ject 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 in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to sur- pass 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 imitation and plagiarism. 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 converse with us as gravely about a tale or for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing,
or Frontinaceo Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most philos- ophic of all writings; it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and ab- stive: not standing upon external testimony, but carried along by the internal truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving imme- diate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a doctor, a physician or mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man Except th' one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowl- edgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledge the more sincere, because not formal, but indirect: it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love; further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand ele- mentary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy with what is brought before us by pleasure; I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with a man, we will be found that the sympathy is produced and car- ried on by sale of combination with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of par- ticular facts, but what has been built upon pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathemati- cian, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, they feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is true, and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. When then does the Poet fail? He fails when he and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordi- nary life as consisting together with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and abstract deduc- tions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding every object that immediately excites in him sympathies which are raised by the specific of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the
Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those, which, through labour and leisure 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 nature and unalterable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy constituting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor: he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as 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 difference of soil and climate, of language and mind, of laws and customs; in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet holds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of humanity 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 sense of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow where so ever 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 in the condition, in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will step 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 sensations into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the B-tansy, or Mineralogist, with their objects, the objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to all the transfiguration, and will welcome the being that produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man. — It is not, then, to be supposed that any one who holds that sublime notion of Poetry when I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his picture, story and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject. What has been thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the feelings are the months of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorize the conclusion that there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a fiction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Port or belonging simply to Poets in general: to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their composition being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language. It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring the Reader to the description before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what was said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from any other writer on earth, by his promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement of the other passions, on expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But those passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with which, in the part of animality, the passions may be said to be the same. Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and the good, with success and remembrance, gratitude and hope, with tears and sorrow. To this list may be added sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and deeply? It might be proved that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must ex-
press himself as other men express themselves. This is the way to end confusion. But observe 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 treating 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 poetical diction, arbitrary, and subject to no rules, in 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 is the resulting testimony of art has shown to heighten, and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what has been already said, I reply, on the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what con-fessingly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me—to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that what lies in the observer differing in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to superinduce to such description, the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious in verse, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of sound, metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the associations than will be counter-balanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its proper end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of metre in itself, it may, perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a still more naked and simple style, which have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if the worth of simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong pre-supposition that poets somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of that belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words mere metre will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who probes the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The kind of Poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure: but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind, and feeling do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-existence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feelings, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to diversify, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of substantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very arbitrary; 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-reading of the dulcerful parts of Chatterton, Horace, or the Gomest: while Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but constant, and regular impulses of the metre 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 reasonable excitement, then, hitherto the Poet's choice of his metre has been greatly 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 impair the impression of the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematical 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, I have 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 pleasure 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 is 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 outflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, it is thrown out in a different form, 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 most 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 exalted by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are shall be 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 preserve the Reader's mind so that Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overabundance of pleasure. Now the music of harmony in metrical language; the sense of difficulty overcome; the kind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar species; an instinctive perception perpetually renewed of language closely related to that of real life; and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—will these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves contrary to the principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that it is necessary to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real and homely men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own case, I have at least been too minute in pleading a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference specially to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects: but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men: for where the understanding of an Author is not convoluted, 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 endearment, and even be utterly delirited. To this it may be added, that the critic ought to be well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or, with the falsehood, or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the Reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:—

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines let us place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Ladies in the Wood."

"These pretty faces with hand in hand Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man Approaching from the Town."
APPENDIX, PREFACES, ETC.

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unperplexed conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most obvious ideas; yet, to the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the matter expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can lead to any thing interesting; the images neither originate in that same state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous? This mode of criticize is, in all cases, unqualified, and, independently, by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure. If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed any thing on us as a mark of his talents, it is useful to consider this as an augury of his powers, and to ascribe all his powers to his own researches. If, on the other hand, we have been disappointed, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeasanted us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not onely the fairer course, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an accurate taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an acquired talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not that so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself,) but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by mercurial composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend; for, the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that, if he be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has particularly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable ligarity, 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 read a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. I have not been so cruel as to permit me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much attended to, as perhaps it should have been, in order to improve the powers of the minds, as to offer reasons for precluding, that if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry: in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining; and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.
APPENDIX.

See page 541—"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 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 earlier 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 inessentually 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 aside, and he had no inceptive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false: the one served as a passport for the other. The emotion was for this reason 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. In short, the Poet made 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 contended the general idea for the most part on misspelling only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and characterised by various degrees of wanton divergence from good sense and nature.

It is indeed true, that the language of the earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions: but it was really spoken by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or on which he had heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life; and that whoever read or heard the poems of these earliest Poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed; the protection of the feeling succeeding Poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the Poets, as I have said, spoke a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of modes of expression which they themselves had invented, and which were uttered only by themselves. In process of time metre became a symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetical genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false were inseparably interwoven until, the taste of men becoming gradually perverted, this language was received as a natural language: and at length by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this dictum became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quatrains, sonnets, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would not be unbecoming to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd dictum. It depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none, perhaps, more than its influence in promoting the notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him into close and intimate contact with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unstinted endeavours of polishing, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dimly state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is aided of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to bestow.

The sonnet quoted from Gray, in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italic, were coined of little else but this dictum, though not of the worst kind: and indeed, if one may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers both ancient and modern. Perhaps in no way, by positive example, could more easily be given a notion of what I mean by the phrase Poetic dictum than by referring to a comparison between the metrical phrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope's "Muse," throughout: "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," etc., etc.
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"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," etc., etc. 1st Corinthians, chap. xiii. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:

"Turn on the prudent Anth thy heedless eyes, Observe her labours, sluggard; and be wise: No stern command, no servitor voice, Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice: Yet, timely provident, she hasst away To search the blessings of a pleasant day: When fruitful Summer loads the tender plain, She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain. How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours, Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers? While artful idles thy dowry couch enclose, And soft solicitations courts oppose, Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight, Year chases year with unremitting flight, Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow, Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambuscad foe."

From this holdup of words pass to the original.

"Go to the Anth, 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 Setkirk:

"Religion! what treasure untold Resides in that heavenly world! 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; Nor ever did at the sound of a knell, Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

Ye winds, that have made me your sport Convey to this desolate shore Some cordial endearing report Of a land I must visit no more. My Friends, do they now and then send A wish or a thought after me? O tell me I yet have a friend, Though a friend I am never to see."

This passage is quoted as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed; the second would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet "church-going" applied to a bell, and that by no chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of hyperbole, by which Poets have introduced into their languages, till they and their Readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the sound," &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 guide in all I have said,—namely, that in works of imagination and sentiment, for of these only have I been writing, in proportion as ideas and feelings are valuable, whether the composition be in prose or in verse, they require and exact one and the same language. Metre is but adventitious to composition, and the phraseology that a passport is necessary, even where it may be graceful at all, will be little valued by the judicious.

ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE.

With the young of both sexes, Poetry is, like love, a passion: but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage; or it relapses 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 a religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the end of life. And, lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth, 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, when 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 organs of the passions. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged obligation prepare for the inex-
perceived! What temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason!—When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his fancy, with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common-sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitations are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts—is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warranted off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or, if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or dampened by a philosophical remark: and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenious. The imagination may unite with their own magivngs to check their reality, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in their youth, when understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they have grown to a new work in verse, this appears to be the case —that, having discon- tinued their attention to poetry, whatever pro- cess may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem fall in their way which appears to be of that kind which would have enfranchised them during the heat of youth, the argument not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled: and pride and choleric the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back on too by enthusiasm, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably thrown away on an edge 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 prac- tice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornam- ments, thinking it proper that their understand- ings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Reader's 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, unalloyed Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, sim- plicity 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 conventions, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. In fine, (con- fining these observations to the effects of style merely,) that an eye, accustomed to the glazing hues of fiction 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 ac- cording 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 adorns 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 pur- poses, must be preserved from numerous illu- sions 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, by insidious and incon- sistent, that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even those who are the same kind which they approve, are beset with mis- conceptions and mistakes peculiar to them- selves. Attaching 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 pre- disposed to imbibe any passion to which their language, that they remain so insensible how little, in fact, they receive from it. At, 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 conse- quences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he usually 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 dis- like; 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, have 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.
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...and suspicious; and at all seasons, they are under temptation to supply, by the best with which they defend their tactics, the animation which is supplied by the insouciousness 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 pro-

...duces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of the future state of existence; and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what he is incapable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burden upon words and symbols. The commerce be-

...tween Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between religion and poetry; between religion—making up the de-

...ficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry—passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion—whose element is infinite, and whose ultimate use is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscript, and reconciled to substitutions; between poetry—ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without serious incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error;—so that we shall find that no poetry has been more sub-

...ject to distortion, than that species, the argumentative scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the poets and the devout.

...shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist be-

...fore in a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philo-

...sophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dis-

...passionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no

...wellness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness which is not losing anything of its quickness; and for active faculties, capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagina-

...tion shall make upon them, associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it—among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art the best power of their under-

...standing. At the same time it must be ob-

...served—that, as this Class comprehends the only judgments which are trustworthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse.

...For to be mistaken is worse than to be un-

...taught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported. And no errors are so difficult to set out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained critics, who, if they be pleased

...with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalise rightly, to a cor-

...rect point, are sure of injuring, even of misleading, those, who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by unsnappingly it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. If it are found critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; men, who take the place of his judge in the course which he holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany, like a sailor quickly upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily "into the region"—men of palpable imaginations and insular hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid, who there-

...fore feel as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provoca-

...tives—judges, whose censure is suspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremities of best and worst.

...The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive ex-

...perience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits—must have been the fate of most works in the higher de-

...partments of poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularit, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them; it will be further found, that when Authors shall have at length raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recommissioned by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which is but un-

...being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes—a vivacious quality, ever deemed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

...Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

...Who is there that now reads the "Creation" of Dibutatis? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caroused by kings; and, when his Poem was translated into Latin, was publicly sung by the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is as unapproachable as that of Aристotle, is at this day scarcely known beyond the walls of a small University. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his countrymen, compared with that which they
bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage"—

are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy: while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been their best friend. But he was a great power, and bears a high name; the laurel has been awarded to the bard.

A dramatic author, if he write for the stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted; but I am not sufficiently versed in stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic writers, that Shakspeare, like his predecessors Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the admirers of Selle and Shakewell 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 omnicient genius, is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those macabre maxims which the prophecies 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 greatest of them, a fact in which my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that which works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made but little impression upon the ruling Intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him. His dramatic excel-

ence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beau-

mont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare's. And so faint, and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the poet himself, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, heprinted between inverted commas those passages which he thought too worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation; "the English, who have houffon de Shakspeare," is as familiar an expression among them as in the times of Voltaire. Baréz 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 Persian critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly unaware of the proportions of Shakspeare. The German 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 following: "the Poet; for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion, that Shakspeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be "a wild, irregular genius, in whom great faults are com-

pensated 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 con-

tribute all to one great end, is not less admi-

rable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human Nature.

There is extant a small Volume of miscella-

neous poems, in which Shakspeare expresses his own feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Steevens, should have been conscious of the beauties of one portion of that Volume, the Sonnets; though it is too well known that this Poet is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the Critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an "act of parliament" for the purpose of compel the perusal of those little pieces, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in them; and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mere of a genius whom he had been compelled by admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions—"there standing without any honor not sover.

Nine years before the death of Shakspeare, Milton was born; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by the leaders of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that Pope, in his juvenile style, has accused them from without risk of its being known. Whether these poems are at this day justly ap-

preciated, I will not undertake to decide; nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the

* The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose booke bears date 1633), writing to refuse the "touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay," cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Bartas, and Spenser, as instan-
nces that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakspeare.
mass of readers to suppose the contrary; seeing that a mass of theke acknowledged genius, 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 more 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 in 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 Stevens wrote upon those of Shakespeare.

The same when the Fidariac edes of Cowley and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr Johnsoo has strangely styled metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extra- vagant admiration which they had excited, the Paradise Lost made its appearance. "Fit audience find few few," was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked; but I believe to be true; but Dr Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were "just to it" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hundred Copies were sold in two years; an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent eminency as Milton's public conduct had excited. But, he remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he adhered to them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends; who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising. Take, from the number of purchasers, persons of all sorts; also those who wished to possess the Poem as a religious work, but few fear would be left who sought for it on account of its poetical merits. The demand did not immediately increase; "for," says Dr Johnson, "many more readers" (he means persons in the habit of reading poetry) "than were supplied at the time the Nation did not afford." How careless must a writer be who makes this assertion in the face of so many existing titles to be believed! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, seventh edition, 1683. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, fourth edition, 1666: Weller, fifth edition, same date. The Poems of Norris of D emitter not long after went, I believe, through nine editions. What further demand there might be, for these works I do not know; but I well remember, that, twenty-five years ago, the booksellers' stalls in London swarmed with the folio of Cowley. This is not mentioned in dis- paragement of that able writer and amiable man; but merely to show—that, if Milton's work were not more read, it was not because readers did not catch the fashion. The early editions of the Paradise Lost were printed in a shape which allowed them to be sold at a low price, yet only three thousand copies of the Work were sold in eleven years; and the Nation, says Dr Johnson, had been satisfied from 1663 to 1664, that is, fourteen years, with only two editions of the Works of Shakespeare; which probably did not together make one thousand Copies; facts adduced by the critic to prove the "paucity of Readers."—There were readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to say, that the reception of the Paradise Lost, and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous."—How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Bedchamber, or a 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 ad- miration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honoured by being permitted to purse in MS. a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own country those whom he deems mostly worthy of his son's perusal, particularly only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing in the same time, Shaftesbury, an author at pre- sent unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet living in their erasals.

The arts by which Dr Hooker endeared, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his lifetime are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undisguised love of his own 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-hope of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended.

Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with byziah experience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a

Hughes is express upon this subject: in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus. "If was your Lord- ship's encouraging and beautiful Edition of Para- dice Lost that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed. This opinion seems really to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.
believe that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gray upon writing those Elegies which their author intended to be uniform. The instigator of the work, and his admiral, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr Johnson well observes, of ridicule and truth, became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them pleasing and degraded. The Pastoral, ludicrous to such as prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgust- ing 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 natural and epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his truly classical spirit could not readily commiss 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 years ago I supposed, merely because the time was once before the fixed articles of their poetical creed. They insulted themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature, and to his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one considering how many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflows of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; less, indeed, him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man.

This love 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 a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period inter- vening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and

important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night; some 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: "Thus did Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout unpoetic and uninstructed."

Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—may, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the copse of a moonlight sky, without having its raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!—If these two distinguished writers could half as much as think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time 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 great who are not so enlightened in a moment. Thomson was inspired with religious and moral work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of his pupils, but he could do little more: though so far does vanity assist men in all things, few, though many would often fancy they recognised a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment—how is the rest to be accounted for?—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poems, which, taking them home to the prepared sympathies of every one; in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscreet. He likewise abounds with sentimental commonplaces, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any weapon which the book generally opens itself with the rhapsoody on love, or with one of the stories

* Cortes asleep in a nighthawk. All things are hush'd as Nature's self's lay dead; The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head. The little Birds in dreams of their song lay. And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweetly. Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies Rent to my soul, and slumber to my eyes. Datsby's Indian Emperor.
APPENDIX, PREFACES, ETC.

Perhaps Diamon and Musidora; these also are prominent in our collections of Extracts, and are parts of his Work, which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repeating praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him "an elegant and philosophical poet." Nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative poet were perceived, till the elder Warson, 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 says so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious, and diction more pure. Yet that fine poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a few.

When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon him who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourners himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of impression 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 resolved it right to repay to the bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and throw the edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though considerable distance from that work, came the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry: collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (so much as a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editors, 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, 'had the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exhortations to make it an object of contempt. The critics triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disgraced, and, as undeservedly, their illimitated models sunk in this country, into temporary neglect: while Dr. Percy, and other able writers of Germany, were translating, or imitating these Reliques, and comparing with the aid of inspiration hence derived, poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr Percy was so alloysed.

Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have pursued the second edition of his Seasons, and find that even that does not contain the most striking passages which Warson points out for admiration; these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period. by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos, as evidenced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauville 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 Walkworth, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the empty, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Bürger (to whom Klopstock gave, in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example,

Now days was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep.
All save the Lady Emeline,
Who sate in her tower to weep:
And some she heard her true Love's voice
Low whispering at the wall.
Awake, awake, my dear Ladye,
'Tis thy true-love call
Which is thus tricked out and dilated:
Als nun die Nacht Gelag und Thal
Vermumm't in Rabenschatten,
Und Hochburgs Lampen libernall
Schon ausgeglimm't hatten,
Und alles der Schatten war
Noch nur das Fräulein im Glad,
Voll Freieranzet, noch wachter,
Und seinem Ritter ehren.
Da hör't! Ein silver Liedchen
Him leis' empörg geben.
"Ho, Truchchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Froch auf! Dick emporen!"
But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroic:
All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sir of Osian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impatient Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistency took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause.

Sheasteone, in his Schoolmistress, gives a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (See 18th's i Series of the Curiosities of Literature) the Poem was accompanied with an absurd promise of mendacity, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions, the commentator and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.
APPENDIX, PREFACES, ETC.

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, contrariwise to that of the disinterested Gaël, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own fame for a beggarly pittance!—Open this far-famed Book—I have done so at random, and the beginning of the Epic Poems Tenoura, in eight Books, presents itself. "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in it. Gray torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Carlot of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are said. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds." Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Oscian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion. Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the world under the name of Oscian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature everything is distinct; yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness, in the way of work, it is exactly the reverse; every thing (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, disconcepted, detached, and makes a mist. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manner is impossible, and that a description must exist in a foreign or whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson did; when, with the thefts of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Carlton heroes—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a mosaic assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to task with his "ends", and his "deeds", and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance is an avaricious 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 Stael, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Oscian his own.—It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Oscian to be the glory of Scotland—a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns. These opinions are of all omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as those pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they were wholly unimportant to the literature of the Country. No succeeding writer appears to have brought from them a ray of inspiration; nor, author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them—except the boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a magazine with essays—counterparts of those of Oscian, as like his as one of his misprints is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audaciously as worthless. —Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unsounding, so modest in their pretensions! I have already stated how much was insinuated in Oscian to this latter work; and for our own country, its poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge himself a Reliques of Percy; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am prepared to make a public avowal of my own.

Mr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson, than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces biographical and critical for the works of some of the most eminent English Poets. The book-sellers took upon themselves to make the collection; they referred probably to the most popular miscellaneous, and, unquestionably, to their books of accounts, without 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 quantity of editions, 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 it 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 be, whose rights as a poet, contra-distinguished
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 at any given period, made, in this case before us?) Koscowith, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Dake, and King, and Sprat—Hali- fax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Brooke, and others—and Magazines,—metrical writers utterly worthless and useless, except for occa- sions like the present, when their productions are referred to in evidence what a small quan- tity of brain is necessary to procure a consider- able stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the kingly and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retro- spect 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 under- taking, 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 the spirit of society, and is further aware of the un- remitting hostility with which, upon some prin- ciple or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of taste has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satis- fied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, to which a poet is subject, is, in a sense, an aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, I do, as far as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the best of them all, which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as the judgment of the general sentiment, though widely differ- ent 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 reverse 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 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 pecu- liarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and open to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps. In short, what lies the young man 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 in- experience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in diverting the reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein men differ from each other, in the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity which renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might ap- pear, 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 domination over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanned, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of knowledge, it does not lie here. TASTE, I would remind the reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a passive sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence not passive,—to in- tellectual acts and operations. The word, Imagination, has been overstated, from im- pulses honourable to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of Taste, the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of disputations about the ability of the human body to apply itself to the form of the word, Taste, has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in 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 sub- jects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office,—for in its intercourse with these the mind is at ease, 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 or sublime,—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a stinking in the nostrils, have been designated by the metaphor—Taste. And why? Because without the exertion of a con- operating Power in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either
of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion. It must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies suffering: but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and action, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry!—But,

"Anger in hasty words or blazes itself discharges on its foes."

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid,—and so no languid, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate power, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original writer, at his first appearance in the world.—Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before; of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign it is widening the sphere of human sensibility, for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe; or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. Is it all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian prince or general—stretched on his palanquin, and borne by his slaves? No: he is inveigled and inspired by his leader, in order that he may 'e'en himself'; for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight.

Therefore to create taste is to call forth and build and maintain, which knowledge is the effect, and there lies the true difficulty.

The passions of an animal sensation, it might seem—that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be immediately affected. And, doubtless, in the works of every true poet will be found passages of that species of excellence. They are proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others—that are complex and revolutionary; some—to which the heart yields with gentleness; others—against which it struggles with pride; these varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected—in language; a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius of the poet makes these down for his purpose; but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of existing, 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 causes that occur on any day and how life is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a poet charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word popular, applied to new works in poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell!—The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity had the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in every thing which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her power—wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination; wherever the instinct of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of elevated humanity which can only be reached, in the remote past and a prophetic esseation of the remote future, there, the poet must reconcile himself for insensible 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 enjoyed or felt amid the midst of plausible, and without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the other Arts, and you will be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the moment, are as 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 poet who never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not found admittance, 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 degraded, 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 illusion of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority.
APPENDIX, PREFACES, ETC.

... 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 conjoin'd,
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge."—

MS.

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that of the People 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 characterized, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devotion respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them—that, if he were not persuaded that the contents of these Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evince something of the "Vision and the Faculty divine:" and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding, the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction—from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.

1815.

DEDICATION.

PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

TO

SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

My dear Sir George,—Accept my thanks for the permission given to 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 Cotenham, 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 Divine Grace, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Chawton.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful Countryside from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself—whom it has suggested to many admirable pictures. Early in life, the solemnity and beauty of this region excited your admiration: and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work, with the embellishments it has received from your pencil, may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship which I reckon among the blessings of my life, I have the honour to be,

Your's most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WASTMORELAND, February 7, 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

* The state of the plates has, for some time, not allowed them to be repeated.
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a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as a translator or engraver ought to be to his original. Add, Sensibility, — which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the Preface to the latter of the Poet delineated in the original preface.) Sicy, Reflection, — which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assesses the sensibility in perceiving their connection with each other. Sibly, Imagination and Fancy, — to modify, to create, and to associate. Sibly, Invention, — by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment, — to decide now and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The faculty of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various forms and figures. The moods may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order, sylly, The Narrative, — including the Epopoeia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which every thing primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that the essential or material of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as the originators from the inspiration of the Muse, "Arum virumque casus;" but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the Iliad or the Paradise Lost would gain little in our estimation by being clouted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to tell their tale, — so that all of the whole is not created by them; neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

Indul, 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...

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. and rarely the Opera may be placed here, insomuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though depending to the degree in which 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.

Sibly, The Lyrical, — containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad: it is of all music, for it is in the production of them, the effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

Sibly, The Idylium, — descriptive chiefly either of the processions and appearances of external nature, as the Seasons of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone's Schoolmaster, The Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns, The Two 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 Penseroff of Milton, Beattie's Misread, Goldsmith's Deserted Village. The Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

Sibly, Didactic, — the municipal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgies 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 predominating in them; or with reference to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes: which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting each in 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. As guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which these volumes consist might be regarded under a twofold 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
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pretend this: while, for him who reads with
reflection, the arrangement will serve as a com-
mentary conscientiously directing his attention to
my purposes, both particular and general. But,
I wish to guard against the impossibility of
missing, 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, for dominance, which im-
plies the exertion of other faculties in less de-
gree. 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 "proceed-
ing from Sentiment and Reflection." The most
striking characteristics of each piece, mutual
illustration, variety, and proportion, have go-
vern'd 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 affection this has
been done in modern times, I leave to the
judicious to determine. For my part, I have
not been disposed to violate probability so
far, or to make such a large demand upon the
Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are
essentially lyrical; and, therefore, cannot have
the 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
accompanying vocal 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 ineflfectible,—the letter of metre
must not be so impulsive to the spirit of verifi-
cation,—as to deprive the Reader of all volun-
tary 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
superior, to interpret upon its thoughts and images.
But, though the accommodacion of a musical
instrument be frequently dispensed with, the
true Poet does not therefore abandon his privi-
lege distinct from that of the mere Proseman:

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."—

Let us come now to the consideration of
the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed
in the classification of the following Poems. "A
man," says an intelligent author," has imagi-
nation in proportion as he can distinctly copy
in idea the impression of sense: it is the
faculty which images within the mind the
phenomenon of sensation. A man has fancy
in proportion as he can call up, connect, or
associate, at pleasure, those internal images
(absurdly in one case to appear) so as to com-
plete ideal representations of absent objects.
Imagination is the power of depicting, and
fancy of evoking and combining. The imagina-
tion 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 descrip-
tion, without the presence of the objects to be
characterized. The more versatile the fancy,
the more original and striking will be the
decorations produced."—British Synonymes dis-
criminated, by W. Taylor.

Is not this as if a man should undertake to
supply an account of a building, and be so in-
tent upon what he had discovered of the founda-
tion, as to conclude his task without once look-
ing up at the superstructure? Here, as in
other instances throughout the volume, the
judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etym-
ology; he takes up the original word as his
guide and escort, and too often does not per-
ceive how soon he becomes his 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 dis-
tinct 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:" hewhose
eye glanced from earth to heaven, whose spiri-
tual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt
in turning to shape: or what is left to charac-
terise Fancy, as animating herself into the heart
of objects with creative activity?—Imagi-
nation, in the sense of the word as giving title
to a class of the following Poems, has no refer-
ence to images that are merely a faithful copy,
existing in the mind, of absent external objects:
but is a word of higher import, denoting opera-
tions of the mind unfettered by copy, and
cases of creation or of combining, governed
by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate
my meaning by instances. A purport paint from
the wires of his cage by his beak or by his
claws: or a monkey from the trunk of a tree
by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so
literally and actually. In the first Exilogue of
Virgil, the shepherd, thinking of the time when
he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses
his goats:

"Non ego vos posthac videbo projectum
Dumosum fenestrulce rupe vilete.

—half way down

..."

As when far off at sea a fleet described

Fugis in the clouds, by equinocial winds
Close sailing from the sclla, to the
Of Terram or Tiside, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs, they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
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Fly, stemming nightly toward the Pole; so
Far off the flying Fiend."

Here is the full strength of the imagination Involved in the word 
and exerted upon the whole image: First, the ghost, an aggregate of many ghosts, 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 dare to represent it as the soul of a ghost, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the unseen objects to which it is compared.

From expression of sight we pass to that of sound: which, as they must necessarily be of 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," Yea, 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 cry, a sound well imitating the notes of the bird; but, by the interversion of the metaphor breads, 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 inspiration. "His voice was buried among trees" expresses the love of solitude by which this bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shallowness and stress, and therefore more easily deadened by the interfering shade; yet a note in familiar and childish 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 unriority 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.

This becomes independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to exert 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 perfunctory situation of the goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the shepherd contemplating it from the seduction of the cavern in which he lieth stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unfruitful 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 Courched on the bald top of an eminence, Wonder to all who do the same supry By what means it could then come, and wherefore, So that it seems a thing endued with sense, Like a sea-beast crawling forth, which as a shelf Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun himself. Such seemed this Man: not all alive or dead Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age."

Midstless as a cloud the old Man stood, That hearth 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 meditately 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 attributes 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 image of the aged Man: who is disposed of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coinalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the cloud seem not to be commented upon.

Thus far an endeavoring 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 number into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number,—alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime concession of its own to the mighty and almost divine powers. Retur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one huge mass, has been introduced "Sailing from Bengal," "They," i.e. the "merchant," representing the fleet resolved into a multitude of ships, "fly" their voyages towards the extremities of the earth: "So" (referring to the word "As" in the commencement) "seemed the flying Fiend;" the image of his Person acting to reconcile the multitude of ships into one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. "So seemed," and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide...
Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions! "Made me Tantalus, made me smite Achilles." Here again this mighty Poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from heaven the rebellious angels—

"Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints He onward came: far off his coming shone,"

the religion of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that infinite abstraction

"His coming!"

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present Volume, and especially upon one division of them, I shall make myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, "draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect." The grand storehouses of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton; to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. However it might be in the case of Spenser, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all the power of this soul, is directed towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inscribing him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior elegance, preserved the universality and permanence of abstraction 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 Uria 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 dominions, call'd you Daughters!"

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguishing by the quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given in these unfavourable times, evocative power 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 enrolling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, were to be hidden in unlying 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 plant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman."

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas;—because these, and if they were a million times as high it would be the same, are boundless. The expression is, "He has reached the sky!" the illimitable firmament!—

When the Imagination frames a conception, it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, or the resemblance, or the identity of the thing; it is a perception, a growth 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 its lack of individual value; or she prides herself upon the curious facility and the casual 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

* Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.
resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination in connexion of an indestructible disposition: 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 quickens and to quicken the temporal part of our nature, Imagination to inspire and to support the eternal.

—Yet it is 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 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. Sundry a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor's Works can be opened that shall not afford examples.——Referring the Reader to those inimitable volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the Paradise Lost:

"The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathising Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence:

"Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completion of the mortal sin."

The same point 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 weeping more: for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effect from the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and moral solemnity of the sympathy in nature so manifested: and the sky weeps drops of water as with human eyes, as "Earth had before trembled from her entrails and Nature given a second grieve."

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's, "Ode upon Winter," an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as "A political king," and yet a military monarch, advancing for conquest with his army: the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipment, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of accurate comparisons, which indicate on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. Winter retires from the

foe into his fortress, where

"As a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellared in;
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phoebus ne'er return again."

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the Poem supplies of her management of terms.

"This that, that gives the poet rage,
And thaws the giddy blood of age;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the flinting coward bold.
It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet;
Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with bills of snow,
O'er else go whirling to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar,
Whilst we together jovial sit.
Careless, and crowed with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.
We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to;
When having drunk all things and wine,
We rather shall want healths than wine.
But where Friends fall us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our love,
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our busy love live.
We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy, the opress
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 matesness,
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
And the neglected Poet, bays.
Thus shall our humble do other 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 write to write this Preface, it was my intention to have made it more comprehensive; but, thinking that I ought rather to apologize for detaining the reader so long, I will here conclude.
In the present volume, as in those that have preceded it, the reader will have found occasional passages expressing 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 therein for 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 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 unexhausted 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 of this, or any other, great scheme of civil policy separately from the whole. One word will suffice to draw the reader's attention to, 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 right 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 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 the prudence of the head may, in framing some of these provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of the heart, to enforce a principle which cannot be violated without interfering upon one of the most precious rights of the English people, and opposing one of the most sacred claims of civilized humanity.

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 from which we 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 darker shades to promenade me
My will
Conceived not to my being?"

Under how many various pressures of misery
have men been driven thus, in a strain touching
upon impotency, to exostulate 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
close in the pangs of destruction. But as long
as, in our legislation, due weight shall be given
to this principle, no man will be forced to be
worn the gift of life in hopeless want of the
necessities of life.

Englishmen have, therefore, by the progress
of civilisation among them, been placed in cir-
cumstances more favourable to poverty and re-
signation to the divine will, than the inhabitants
of other countries, where a like provision has
not been established. And as Providence, in
this case of our countrymen, acts through a
human medium, the objects of that care must,
in like manner, be more inclined towards a
grateful love of their fellow-men. Thus, also,
do stronger ties attach the people to their
country, whether while they tread its soil, or,
at a distance, think of their native land as an
industrious parent, to whose arms, even they
who have been imprudent and underserving
may, like the prodigal son, betake themselves,
without fear of being rejected.

Such is the view of the case that would first
present itself to a reflective mind; and it is in
very few, now, by appeals to experience, in con-
trast with this view, that provisions founded
upon the principle have promoted profaneness
of life, and dispossession the reverse of philan-
thropic, by spreading idleness, selfishness, and
misery; for though they have arisen, not as an
inevitable consequence of the principle, but for
what may be termed other framing laws based upon
it; and, above all, from faults in the mode of
administering the law. The mischief that has
grown to such a height from granting relief in
cases where proper vigilance would have shown
that the_objects required, or, in bestowing it in
undue measure, will be urged by no truly en-
lighted statesman, as a sufficient reason for
banishing the principle itself from legislation.

Let us recur to the miserable states of con-
sciousness that it precludes.

There is a story told, by a traveller in Spain,
of a female who, by a sudden shock of domestic
calamity, was driven out of her senses, and ever
afterwards, in a madman-like ecstasy, tosses
in the sky, and feeling that her fellow-creatures could do nothing for
her relief. Can there be Englishmen who, with
a good end in view, would, upon system, expose
their brother Englishmen to a like necessity of
looking up to the sky; or downwards to the
earth, after it shall contain no spot where the
destitute can demand, by civil right, what by
right of nature they are entitled to?

Suppose the objects of our sympathy not
sink into this blank despair, but wandering
about as strangers in streets and ways, with the
hope of succour from casual charity; what have
we gained by such a change of scene? Woful
is the condition of the famished Northern in-
dian, dependent, among winter snows, upon the
chance-passage of a herd of deer, from which
one, if brought down by his gun, may make
the means of keeping him and his com-
panions 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 endeavors 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,
however wise, 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 entails
work, may find work; 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 stand-
ing; and some light and nice exercise of the
fingers, to which an artisan has been accus-
tomed all his life, for severe labour of
the arm; the best efforts would turn to little
account, and occasion would be given for
the unshaking and the inexcusable reproach
those who are put upon such employ-
ment, 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 to the arguments of the opponents of
relief as it is now administered, to which
we might find no answer. But this is
true. To the benefit of all countries, it is
in dispensable for England, upon whom coast families are per-
petually deprived of the support of ship-
wright, and where large masses of men are so
liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means
of gaining bread, by changes in commercial in-
tercourse, 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 source of infinite misery to
the inconsiderable classes of the nation
by the abruptness with which they have been
carried into practice.

But it is urged,—refuse altogether com-
plementary 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 the assistance of
men, 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 in-
variably found, that wherever the funds have
been raised and applied under the superintend-
ence of gentlemen and substantial proprie-
ators,
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acting in vestries, and as overseers, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper care in that quarter would effectually check what is felt, in so far as it is to be one of the worst evils in the poor law system, viz., the readiness of some and merely propitiatory to join in imposing rates that seemingly subject them to great hardships, while, in fact, this is done with much 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 related, 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 long been in possession of property. 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 peasants and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of pride 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 in the instances of things only as they are to be examined, we have a right to expect that lawyers should take into account the various temperaments and dispositions of mankind; while some are led, by the existence of a legislative provision, to extravagance and extravagance, the economical virtues might be cherished in others by the knowledge that, if all their efforts fail, they have in the Poor Laws a "refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat." Dependence and destruction are no friends to prudence: the springs of industry will relax, if cherished; and education, by anxiety and hope, may become reckless, and have a sullen pride in adding to the heap of their own wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellows will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself, will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that lose the semblance 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 more prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them off from labour; and to them expense: and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own, and merely from 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 patrimony 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 to be in want, if many theorists had their wish, would be thrown upon one or other of those three sharp points of condition before adverted to, from which the intervention of law has hitherto saved them.

All that has been said tends to show how the principal contention for makes the gift of life more valuable, and has, it may be hoped, led to the conclusion that it is to make men wiser of that gift; in other words, not to degrade, but human nature. But the subject must not be dismissed without adverting to the indirect influence of the same principle upon the moral sentiments of a people among whom it is embodied in law. In our criminal jurisprudence there is the more undeservedly exalted, that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer; so, also, might it be maintained, with regard to the Poor Laws, that it is better for the interest of humanity among the people as large, that ten underfeeding should partake of the funds provided, than one morally good man, through want of relief, should either have his property carried, or his energies destroyed; than that such a one should either be driven to wrong, or be cast to the earth in utter hopelessness. In France, the English maxim of criminal jurisprudence is reversed; there, it is the duty of the state to see that ten innocent men should suffer, than one guilty escape; in France, there is universal provision for the poor: and we may judge of the small value set upon human life in the metropolis of that country, by merely noticing the disrespect with which, after the revolution, it was treated, not by the thoughtless vulgar, but in schools of anatomy, presided over by men allowed to be, in their art, in the first rank of science, among the most enlightened in the world. In the East, where countries are overrun with population as with a weed, infinitely more respect is shown to the remains of the
deceased; and what a bitter mockery is it, that the real injury should be found where civil
policy is so bony in minor regulations, and
ostentatiously careful to gratify the luxurious
propensities, whether social or intellectual, of
the multitude! Irritatio, is, no doubt, much
concerned with this offensive disrespect, shown
to the bodies of the dead in France; but it is
naturally attributable to the state in which so
many of the living are left by the absence of
compulsory provision for the indigent so hu-
mankind established by the law of England.

Sights of object misery, perpetually recur-
ing, often the heart of the community. In
the perusal of history, and of works of action,
we are not, indeed, unwilling to have our com-
miseration excited by such objects of distress
as they present to us; but, in the concerns of
real life, men know that such emotions are not
given to be indulged for their own sake: there,
the conscience declares to them that sympathy
must be followed by action; and if there exist
a previous conviction that the power to relieve
is utterly inadequate to the demand, the eye
shrinks from communication with wretched-
ness, and pity and compassion languish, like
any other qualities that are deprived of their
natural aliment. Let these considerations be
duly weighed by those who trust to the hope
that an increase of private charity, with all its
advantages of superior discrimination, would
more than compensate for the abandonment of
those principles, the wisdom of which has been
here insisted upon. Now discouraging, also,
would be this sort of injustice, which could
not fail to arise in the minds of the well-disposed,
if the burden of supporting the poor, a burden
of which the selfish have hitherto by compul-
sion borne a share, should now, or hereafter,
be thrown upon the benevolent.

By having put an end to the Slave Trade
and Slavery in Britain people are exalted in
the scale of humanity; and they cannot but
feel, if they look into themselves, and duly
consider their relation to God and their fellow-
creatures. That was a noble advance; but a
renewed effort will assuredly be made, if
ever the principle, which has been here de-
fended, should be either avowedly abandoned or
but ostensively retained.

And perhaps there may be a little reason to
apprehend permanent injury from any experi-
ment that may be tried. On the one side will
be men naturally rising up in her own defence,
and on the other prudential selfishness acting
to the opposite purpose: from a conviction that,
without a compulsory provision for the exigenc-
es of the labouring multitude, that degree of
ability to regulate the price of labour, which is
indispensable for the reasonable interest of arts
and manufactures, cannot, in Great Britain, be
upheld.

1. In a poem of the foregoing collection, allusion is made to the state of the workmen
congregated in manufactories. In order to re-
move many of the evils to which that class of
society are subject, and to establish a better
harmony between them and their employers, it
would be well to repeal such laws as prevent
the formation of joint-stock companies. There
are, no doubt, many and great obstacles to the
formation and salutary working of these ob-
ciencies, inherent in their nature; yet laws which
would obviously benefit. But the combinations
of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of
labour would be fairly checked by them, as far
as they were practicable; they would encourage
artisans, as much as they would enable a man
to draw inducements from his savings, by investing
them in buildings or manufactories with which he was habitually con-
nected. His little capital would then be working
for him while he was at rest or asleep; he
would more clearly perceive the necessity of
capital for carrying on the great works; he
would better learn to respect the larger portions of it
in the hands of others; he would be less
tempted to join in unjust combinations and,
for the sake of his own property, if not for
higher reasons, he would be slow to promote
local disturbance, or endanger public tranquil-
ity; he would, at least, be loth to act in that
way knowingly; for it is not to be denied that
such societies might be vehicles of opinions
unfavourable to a mixed constitution of govern-
ment, like that of Great Britain. The demo-
cratic and republican spirits which they might
be apt to foster would not, however, be danger-
ous in itself, but only as it might act without
being sufficiently counterbalanced, either by
landed proprietorship, or by a Church extend-
ing itself so as to embrace an ever-growing
and ever-shifting population of mechanics and arti-
sans. But if the tendencies of such societies
would be to make the men proper who might
belong to them, rulers and legislators should
rejoice in the result, and do their duty to the
state by upholding and extending the influence
of that Church to which it owes, in so great a
measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory.

This, in the temper of the present times,
may be difficult, but it is become indispensable,
since large towns in great numbers have sprung up
and others have increased tenfold, with little or
no dependence upon the gentry and the landed
proprietors; and apart from those mitigated feudal
institutions, which, till of late, have
acted so powerfully upon the composition of
the House of Commons. Now it may be affirmed
that, in quarters where there is not an attach-
ment to the Church, or the landed aristocracy,
and a pride in supporting those principles,
will dislike both, and be ready, upon such in-
clemences as are perpetually recurring, to join
in attempts to overawe them. That it is a
neutral ground here: from want of due atten-
tion to the state of society in large towns and
manufacturing districts, and ignorance or disre-
gard of these obvious truths, insensible im-
meaning persons became zealous supporters of
a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers of which,
whether destructive or constructive, they
otherwise had been afraid of; and even the
framers of that bill, awayed as they might be by
party reminiscences and personal ambition,
could not have gone so far, had not they too
been lambsquently 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
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In pernicious regrets; and let those party dis-

II. A philosophic mind is best pleased when

III. The most eager to swing it with their voices

IV. There is a loud clamour for extensive

V. That familiar and justifiable use of the word

VI. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt
to carry, and how things are confounded by a

VII. The great religious Reformation, in the

VIII. did not profess to be a new construction,

IX. There are the dupe of words; and it is painful
to observe that so many of our species are most

tenacious of those opinions which they have

X. are the readiest to meddle with public affairs,

XI. that they may be eased from the trouble of

XII. and thus is deputed to mechanical instrum-

XIII. And probably will continue to be, it is no small

...
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, unnoticed 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 should not only be irreproachable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. As necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society, with the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity, and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education, cannot have brought with him these accomplishments: and if the scheme of equalising church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down: surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionally weakened. As arguments 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 accurately understood. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or right; when, in short, that which humans in the first of benefactors who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish invaluable guidance through the obsessions that surround them: and who, appealing to the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its inculcation on a clearer light, that superstition shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the disrepute of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is this, then, in regard to civic duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important: it is still more so for fostering the growth of private and personal discontents. In all places, and at all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispositions of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are taught, and rebounds 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 conscious of deal with what is in the least unadvisable, or what 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 others' will, and, lighten, by patience, irritations which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing of public good at least, is generally acceptable, but what we believe can be expedient: even in action, and specific acts and formal courtesies of human understanding. A Christian influence thoroughly accomplished would be a standing restraint upon such presumptuousness of judgment, by impressing the truth that—

In the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us.

A better eye than ours.—MS.

Revelation points to the purity and peace of a future world; but our sphere of duty is upon earth; and the relotions 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.

It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to draw attention to the argument which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income, and an institution upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation know what good the ancestors derived from their church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated to a great measure as comparatively poor country, through the far greater position of which prevails a uniformity of employment; but the acknowledged defect of these points arising among the clergy of that church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there, may be unpalatable to inquire, and might prove invidious to determine: one thing, however, is clear; that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Establishment should bear an analogy to the state of society, otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and fruitful, the character of its clergy must unavoidable sink, and their influence in every where impalpable, if individuals from the upper ranks, and men of leading talents, are to have no inordinate to enter into that body but such as are purely spiritual. And this "tinge of secularity" is no reproach to the clergy, nor does it imply a deficiency of spiritual endowments. Parents and guardians, looking forward to sources of honourable maintenance for their children and
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We often direct their thoughts early towards the church, being determined partly by outward circumstances, and partly by indications of seriousness, or intellectual fitness. It is natural that he who has such a prospect before him, should turn his attention to those studies, and acquire those habits and inclinations of reflection, which will in some degree tend to prepare him for the duties he is hereafter to undertake. As he draws nearer to the time when he will be called to these duties, he is both led and compelled to examine the state of his heart. He becomes more and more sensible of their truth. Devotion grows in him; and what might begin in temperate doubt, will end (as in a majority of instances we trust it does) in a spiritual-mindedness not unworthy of that Gospel, the lessons of which he is to teach, and the faith of which he is to propagate. Not insensibly may he be here repeated an observation which, from its obviousness and importance, must have been frequently made, viz. that the impoverishing of the clergy, and bringing their incomes much nearer to a level, would not cause them to be come less worthily-situated; the emoluments, however reduced, would be as eagerly sought for, but by men from lower classes in society; men who, by their manners, habits, abilities, and the scanty measure of their attainments, would unavoidably be less fitted for their station, and less competent to discharge its duties.

Visionary notions have in all ages been scoffed upon the subject of best providing for the clergy; notions which have been sincerely entertained by good men, with a view to the improvement of that order, and eagerly caught at and dwelt upon, by the designing, for its degradation and destruction. Some are beguiled by what they call the voluntary system, not seeing (what stands one in the face at the very threshold) that they who stand in most need of religious instruction are unconscious of the want, and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to make any sacrifices in order to supply it. We refer to the licentious, the sensual, and the depraved, taken from the means of their gratification, to support a discipline that cannot advance without uprooting the trees that bear the fruit by which they derive so greedily! Will they pay the price of that seed whose harvest is to be reaped in an invisible world? A voluntary system for the religious exigencies of a people numerous and circumstance as we are. Not less ridiculous would it be to expect that a knot of boys should draw upon the pitiful of their pockets-money to build schools, or out of the abundance of their discretion be able to select fit masters to teach and keep them in order. How, who clearly perceive the competence and folly of such a scheme for the agricultural part of the people, notwithstanding think it feasible in large towns, where the rich might subscribe for the religious instruction of the poor. Alas! they know little of the thick darkness that spreads over the streets and alleys of large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a few years since, contained not more than one church and three or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting chapels, of every denomination were still more scantily found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish amounted at that time to upwards of 30,000.

Were the parish church and the chapels of the Establishment existing there, an impediment to the spread of the Gospel among that mass of people? Who shall dare to say so? But if any be, in the face of the Gospel, which has just been stated, and in opposition to authentic reports to the west, to reflect from various other quarters, should still contend, that the voluntary system in sufficient for the spread and maintenance of religion, we would ask, what kind of religion? wherein it would it differ, among the many, from Repealable fascinations? For the preservation of the Church Establishment, all men, whether they belong to it or not, could they perceive that their reason would be astounded: but how inadequate are its provisions for the needs of the country? and how much is it to be regretted, that while its restraints yield to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent, they should so much overrate the danger to be apprehended from that quarter, and almost overlook the fact that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally of the Church of England, never enter her places of worship, rather have they communication with her ministers! This deplorable state of things was partly produced by a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly by a want of due expansive power in the constitution of the Establishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors, in their efforts to build and endow churches, have been frustrated, or too much impeded by legal obstacles: these, where they are unreasonable or unfitted for the times, ought to be removed; and, keeping clear of insolvency and injustice, means should be used to render the presence of the head 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 continuance or not, all should be made to contribute to its support. If this ground be abandoned, cause will be given to fear that a moral wound may be inflicted upon the heart of the English people, for which a remedy cannot be found by the utmost efforts which the members of the Church will themselves be able to make. But let the friends of the Church have 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 structure, accompanied to this or that demand of finical taste, nor by cutting off this or that from her articles of Canons, to which the scruples of the overweening may object. Covet simon, and open nonconformity, will survive after alterations, however promising in the eyes of those whose subtility had been exercised in making them. Latitudinarianism is the parhelion of liberty of conscience, and will ever successfully lay claim to a divided world. Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and Independents, there will always be found numbers who will rise of their several creeds, and some will come over to the Church. Conversions may happen; congregations in each denomination may fall into decay or be broken up, but the conquests
which the National Church ought clearly to aim at, for among the thousands and tens of thousands of the unhappy sects who grow up with no religion at all. The want of them cannot but be feelingly remembered. Whatever may be the disposition of the new constitutives under the reformed parliament, which the men of the shire may be inclined or compelled to follow, it may be confidently hoped that individuals acting in their private capacities, will endeavor to make up for the deficiencies of the legislature. It is too much to expect that proprietors of large estates, where the inhabitants are without religious instruction, or where it is scarcely supplied, will deem it their duty to take part in this good work; and that existing monopoly laws will, in their several neighbourhoods, be sensible of the like obligations and acquiesce with generous revery. Moreover, the forces of public opinion are rapidly increasing; and some may be found in who are not so happy as to be payload by a higher motive; especially they who derive large incomes from lay-appropriation, in traces of country where ministers are few and meagrely provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superfluous habitations, or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favour or purchased at insignificant prices after church-splavishment; such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that) may be prompted to make a return for the hospitality of their tenantry and dependents will learn to bless their names. An impulsive benevolence is the result of an accession of views from these several sources, co-operating with a well-considered change in the distribution of wealth, parts of the property at present possessed by the clergy and the Established Church, a justly exercised upon the respect to law and justice, we trust, bringing about so much of what her foes deny, that the clergy is really wanted far, with useful for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought uncommon in a layman, to have treated at length with a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. And yet, with impunity, speak of what deeply concerns all: nor need an apology be given for going over ground which has been trod before so ably and so often: without decimals, however, to any thing of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to shall, which will save the writer from the suspicion of having little to recommend his labours, but goodness of intention.

I refer to thoughts and feelings expressed in verse, that I endeavoured upon the same notice, and with verse I will conclude. The passage is extracted from any of the national constitutions. Forty years ago: it bears upon the individual dignity which humankind of social condition does not precisely, the frequency. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-motions, but if a single workman, who being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an ignominious or, who, being dismissed 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 being credit as a poet with intertemporarists, who think differently from me upon political philosophy or public relations. If the class-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. Hope of high service is performed within, When all the external man is rude in show: Not like the people rich with pomp and gold, But a mere mountain chapel that protects Its simple worshipers from sun and shower. Obscure, said I, shall be my song—of these, If nature's presence me for the task, Will I recite the praises, making verse Visit boldly with substantial things—truth And sanctity of passion, speak of these, That justice may be done, obscurity paid Where it is due. Thus I will I shall teach Inspire, through small simpler cars Four capture, tenderness, and hope: my theme No other than the very heart of man. As found among the best of those who live, Not unadorned by religious faith, (few, Nor unimproved by books, good books, though In Nature's presence: theme may I select Surrow that is love and desert, in the face Of miserable love that is not pain And solace in the drop of the simplest tear Therefore in human kind, and what we are, I demand to follow with meaning step Where every daily task shall be my pride While I have dared to tread this holy ground, Holding no dream, but thing that I can tell, Matter not lightly to be heard by those Who in the letter or the outward promise Do read the invisible soul: by men adroit In speech, and for communion with the world. Accustomed, minds whose faculties are then Most active when they are most asleep, And evermore the thought and the expressed. Men may be found of other monad than these; Who are theirs own upon everything themselves Encouragement and energy, and will; Expecting livelier thoughts in lively words As native passion dictates. Others, too, There are among the walks of humanity, the higher, and for nondescriptions framed; shy, yet unclassified in the style of phrase; Most men, whose every thought and word could sink With them, summoned to such intercourse. Where is the language of the heavens, the power, The thought, the image, and the silent joy? Words are but undergirds in their souls: When they are grasping with their greatest strength They do not bear among them; this I speak In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts For his own service, knowing, love us, When we are unregarded by the world.